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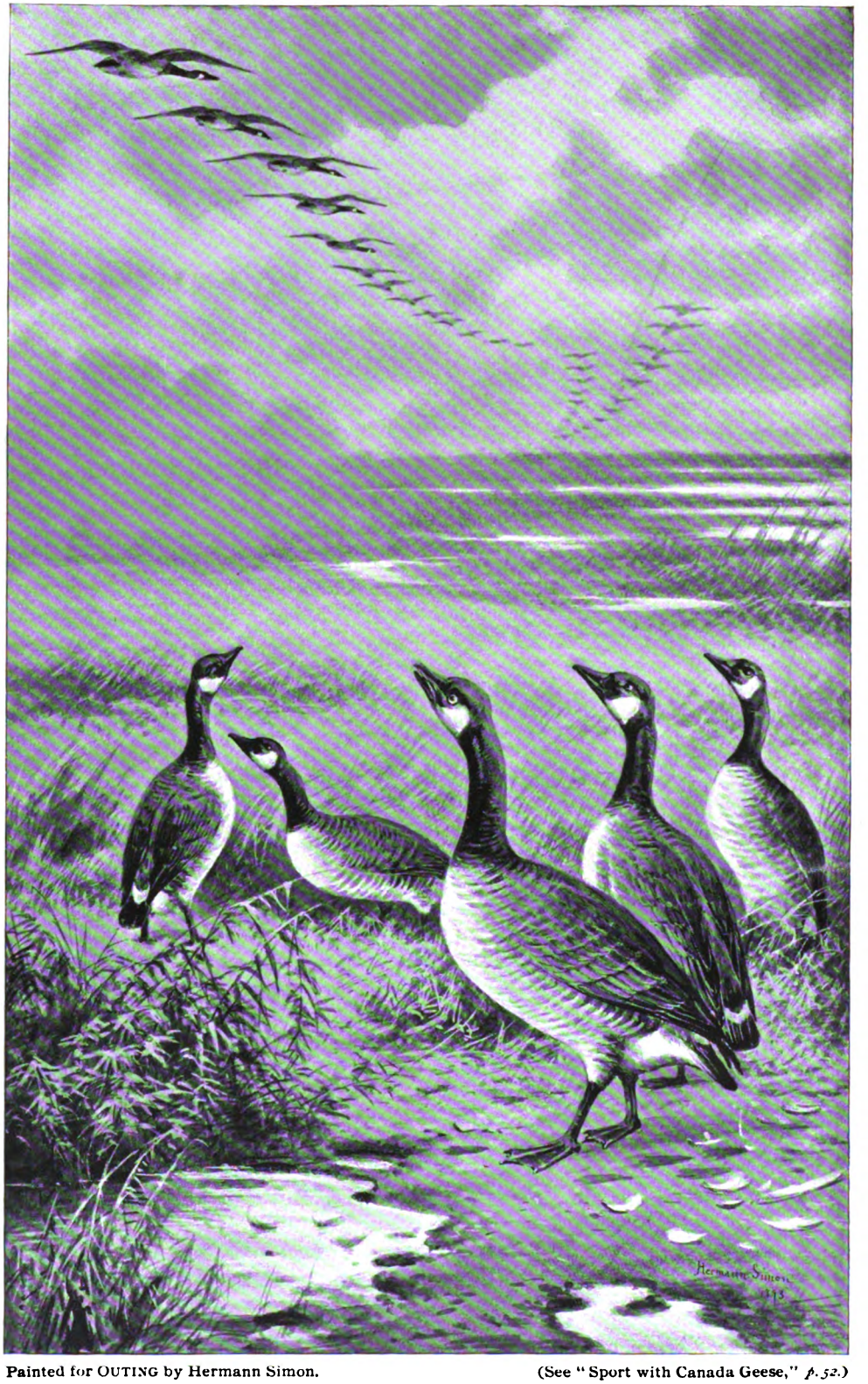

Painted for OUTING by Hermann Simon. (See "Sport with Canada Geese," *p. 52.*)

THE MORNING FLIGHT.

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OF

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VOL. XXII.

APRIL—SEPTEMBER, 1893.

JAMES H. WORMAN. *Editor in Chief.*

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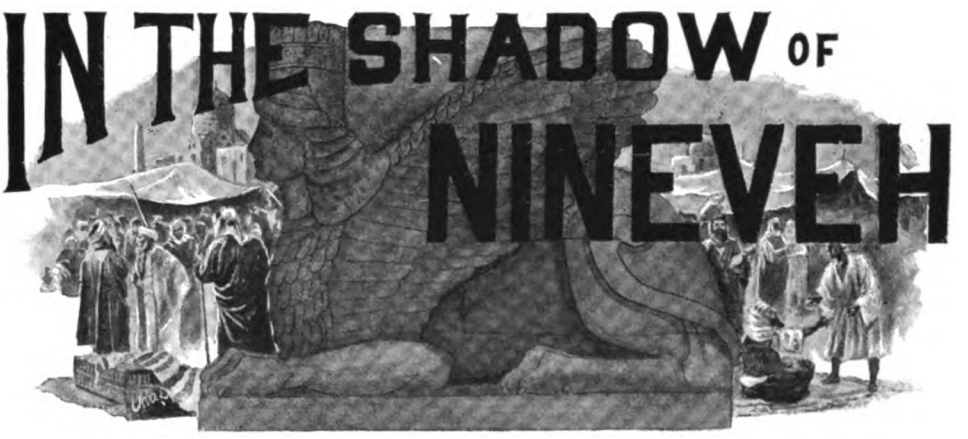

A STRANGE ADVENTURE.

BY WILLIAM HINCKLEY.

THE hot Oriental sun had just sunk from view behind the Kurdish hills, leaving the plains in twilight, when a solitary horseman might have been seen riding from the gates of the little city of Mosul, situated between the Tigris and Euphrates rivers.

He proceeded at an easy gait to the summit of a rise in the ground, and paused there to gaze long and earnestly, through the gathering gloom, toward the grave of ancient Nineveh.

The miserable inhabitants of the country about him—Arabs for the most part—were driving before them with shrill cries the flocks of gaunt sheep and herds of camels, returning from the pasture-lands at the base of the hills; but to these signs of modern life the watcher paid little heed. He seemed lost in meditation, and might have been carved from the alabaster of the neighboring heights, so motionless did he and his horse remain.

Finally he seemed to have reached a decision, for in response to a quietly spoken word, the intelligent creature upon which he was mounted wheeled about and started back toward the city gates from which they had come but a few moments before. He entered without opposition from the indolent and unsoldierly looking guards who lounged there, and rode in a leisurely manner to the British consulate, where, hastily dismounting and tossing his rein to a native servant waiting to receive it, he went at once to a part of the house remote from the noise and bustle of the street below.

He paused before the entrance to a room of moderate size evidently used by the Consul as a study, in which an observant person would probably have noted with some surprise several articles of furniture which the patriotic owner had brought out from his native land.

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Seated within this room, beside a reading-table littered with scientific papers and books, was an Englishman of apparently thirty years of age, whose broad forehead and well-developed head hardly required the evidence of his present occupation to have assured one that Henry Eldredge was a scholar of more than ordinary ability. So deeply was his attention fixed upon the open volume before him that he seemed not to observe the entrance of the person first mentioned, who stood in the doorway, gracefully leaning against it. The look which one might have seen in the honest brown eyes of the newcomer evinced an unusual degree of interest in the man before him; indeed, they were more like brothers than friends, and the ties which united them were to be strengthened in the not far distant future by the marriage of Eldredge to the sister of his friend, Frank Hardinge. The silence was broken by the latter, whose voice had a ring of merriment in it as he exclaimed:

"Well, by Jove, Harry! You're a lazy book-worm, if ever I allowed my admiring glances to rest upon one!"

His friend, startled by the interruption, turned a bewildered countenance toward the speaker, and the air of evident preoccupation seemed but to increase the hilarity of Hardinge, who watched with keen amusement the changing expression of the face before him.

"There," he added, with a mock sigh of relief, "I think you are better now, and, to use the language of our brethren of the medical profession, will pull through all right with careful nursing. To be candid, I was rather fearful that the latent spark of intelligence had flitted from you forever, when you looked at me like that!"

As they stood thus, they represented two very distinct types of their countrymen. Eldredge, sedate and undemonstrative, lived in an atmosphere of books and letters, in which his well-balanced mind expanded; Hardinge, on the other hand, was nervously energetic, but while somewhat less a student, was possessed of talents which would have assured him a conspicuous place in the scientific world, had he chosen to use them. But impatient of restraint, his energies found a vent in active outdoor life, and his light-hearted and reckless bearing would have given a casual observer the erroneous impression that he was thoroughly heedless, and indifferent to the responsibilities of life. To Eldredge's friendly disapproval of what seemed to him a waste of valuable time Hardinge would answer with a laugh: "My dear boy, I did all the hard studying at college that I was unable to shirk—now I am resting from my arduous labors."

The two men were nearly of an age, and had been friends since boyhood, having been graduated from Oxford in the same class with honors, though each had pursued a different course of study; and nothing was more natural than that, having unlimited means at their command, they should have wished to supplement the knowledge thus gained by observation, and they had therefore arranged to travel through the East.

Eldredge was something of an archæologist, and had persuaded his matter-of-fact chum to visit that portion of the Ottoman Empire in which we meet them, and which was so rich in monuments of the past as to afford a profitable field for the exercise of this bent. To Hardinge these evidences of antiquity were of passing interest only, and he spent many hours each day in the saddle, scouring the plains as far from the city as the uncertain character of Arab honesty warranted. He had been kindly received by such of the tribes as he had fallen in with, and had more than once partaken of their hospitality, not, however, as he remarked to his friend, without a vague longing to know what the contents of the dishes set before him had been when alive; but the season was fast approaching when those who lived in the desert, and subsisted upon what they could steal from their weaker brethren, were to be expected in the immediate neighborhood of the city limits, and these trips on the part of Hardinge were becoming extremely hazardous. This was pointed out to him by the Consul, who had been a warm friend of Eldredge's father, and at whose cordial invitation the young men were spending the time of their sojourn in the East at the consulate, but, with his usual recklessness, Hardinge did not heed the warning.

"Well," continued the latter, in the bantering manner which sat so well upon him, "you look as though you

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were regaining consciousness and could grasp the intricacies of an ordinary conversation, so to speak. Is it not so?"

"You are always joking, Frank," said his friend, with a pleasant smile. "I really don't believe you indulge in serious thoughts more than once a day, if as often as that! What's the matter now, old fellow, for I hardly need to be told in so many words that you have something on your mind?"

"You're right, Harry; in fact, you are usually right. But why shouldn't I be 'always joking'? Would you have me going about with a countenance suggestive of the tomb? The matter is this: I've just been indulging in my daily ration of 'serious thoughts,' which you are so good as to concede to me, and they are so *extremely* serious that I have an uncontrollable desire to ride out toward the ruins by moonlight, and thought I might induce you to accompany me. Don't you think you had better lay that stuff aside? The path will be as clear as daylight could make it, and we need not remain long. Fact is I have felt as though we had lived in a Dutch oven ever since we came to this beastly place, and long for a breath of fresh air. What do you say; will you go?"

Eldredge pondered a moment, loth to disappoint his friend, but equally reluctant to lay aside his work.

"I don't believe I will, Frank," said he finally. "Under ordinary circumstances I would go with pleasure—indeed I would, old fellow—but I have been chasing a pet theory ever since luncheon, and am about fagged out. Then, too, I'm so near the end of my investigation that I cannot bear the thought of putting it down just now. Why don't you wait until to-morrow night? The moon is not yet full, and the trip will lose none of its enjoyable features by being postponed for twenty-four hours."

"'Pon my word, Harry," said Hardinge, with affected ill-humor, "I think

"STANDING ALONE IN RESPECTFUL SILENCE." (*p. 11.*)

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"THERE HE HUNG, NOT DARING TO LOOK DOWNWARD." (*p. 12.*)

you must have been born tired! You're the most inconsistent fellow I ever met; you blame me for not having what you are pleased to term 'serious thoughts,' but when, by a great mental effort, I manage to corner one and get it safely lodged in my brain, you try to persuade me to let it escape by waiting twenty-four hours! No! I'm going to strike while the iron's hot and get what benefit I may from my present mood; I'm sure it isn't likely to visit me very often! But if you are really too tired to go (and I suppose I'll have to give you the benefit of the doubt), I'm going alone, and perhaps be hospitably killed by some of those dirty Bedouins for my pains, worse luck!"

The serio-comic expression with which this was said caused Eldredge to burst into a hearty laugh, but he immediately became grave again as he realized the possible danger to which his friend exposed himself.

The site of the city of Nineveh was some seven or eight miles distant, and to take the trip across the comparatively uninhabited country at night was attended with considerable risk. They well knew it to be the custom of the plundering Bedouins to swoop down upon a traveler unlucky enough to be without escort, and having stripped him of everything of value, to leave him upon the plain more dead than alive, while their fast-flying mares soon placed them beyond the risk of capture by the irregular Turkish cavalry.

Eldredge arose, and slipping his arm through that of his friend, who had turned to go, walked with him to the street, again urging him to give up the trip until some more propitious season; but Hardinge was not to be dissuaded from his plan, and laughed at the idea of there being any danger on such a short ride, adding that he would take his revolver, and trust to his horse and good fortune to take him out of the scrape unhurt.

With much regret, therefore, Eldredge saw him depart alone, and returned to his room ill at ease, and wishing that he had consulted the Consul, whose experience would probably have enabled him to persuade Hardinge to abandon the idea. He sat for an hour longer, vainly trying to read, but his thoughts were with his friend, and he finally retired for the night, feeling that he could then do nothing to change matters, and was doubtless giving himself unnecessary disquietude. He tried to sleep, but somehow his mind was filled with forebodings of evil, and he tossed restlessly to and fro, the half ridiculous expression of Hardinge—"and perhaps be hospitably killed by some of those dirty Bedouins for my pains"—though said in jest, now dinging in his ears until it seemed as though he would become insane.

As for the cause of this state of affairs, he rode slowly through the city streets, to avoid the donkeys and camels with their lazy drivers, and such of the native population as chanced to be abroad taking advantage of the coolness of the evening air. As he neared the city limits, however, he urged his horse to a canter, passing the guards, to whom his face was familiar, without question, and was soon well on his way to the ruins.

He lighted a cigar and abandoned himself to the influences of the hour. Nothing disturbed the calm serenity of the Oriental night but the regular, hammer-like strokes of his horse's hoofs upon the

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path, trodden hard by the feet of many sheep and cattle. To be sure, now and then might be heard the barking of dogs and the voices of the inhabitants of the neighboring village of straggling huts, but one by one these were left behind, and he was soon alone on the desert highway. At such times man appreciates the companionship of the dumb beasts, and Hardinge patted the neck of his good horse, who seemed to feel the sympathy expressed in the action, for he tossed his head and whinnied in a friendly way.

The distance separating the city of Mosul from that greater city, sleeping the sleep of death, was soon covered, and as the enormous mounds standing out boldly from the face of the plain became clearly visible in the light of the rising moon, the rider slackened his pace and at last halted at their foot.

Not far distant the majestic Euphrates flowed on in solemn silence, as though meditating upon its approaching union with the Tigris, and beyond this stretched for many miles the great desert of the Sinjar, here and there dotted with smaller mounds and oases offering shelter and refreshment to the caravans of merchants journeying to the Bagdad market. On the opposite side the Kurdish hills, those retreats of the fierce and warlike tribes against whose semi-independence the palsied arm of the Turkish Government is ever raised in impotent menace, shut off the view, while over all the queen of the heavens shed brilliancy and peace.

Hardinge, despite his impetuosity, was keenly appreciative of the beauties of nature, and as he watched the scene before him he felt the inspiration which it offered, and longed to possess the pen of the poet or the brush of the painter, that he might transfer to paper or canvas the thoughts which filled his mind as he thus beheld a living heaven brooding over a dead earth.

Dismounting from his saddle, he led his horse close in to the foot of the mounds, and securing the bridle to a stunted tree, one of many which grew around and upon them, he climbed to the summit and thence picked his way to the point where men of the nineteenth century had dared to search for truth beneath the mass of overlying earth. As he stood upon the bank beside the trenches and gazed downward, his heart thrilled with a feeling of awe, for there rose before him the work of men's hands which had withstood the ravages of time since the childhood of earth's civilization; work

"HE FLUNG HIMSELF UPON THE CHEERLESS STONE BENCH." (*p. 12.*)

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"DOWN! DOWN! DOWN!" (*p. 13.*)

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which, chronologous with the building of Egypt's pyramids, and little less stupendous in its conception than they, had yet lain undiscovered for so many centuries. He could not but realize the insignificance of his puny existence in the passage of the ages, and for once in his life his abundant spirits deserted him, leaving him oppressed and gloomy.

In the trench by which he stood the excavating party had uncovered the walls of what must have been a king's palace, for even in the uncertain light of the moon there stood out in bold relief scenes of triumph in war and the chase, and of the domestic lives of the ancient city's inhabitants, sculptured there in characters beside which modern methods of preserving history are but as snowflakes, to disappear with the rising of the sun of time.

He had remained in silent contemplation of the monuments for some minutes, his thoughts far away, when suddenly he started forward, impelled by an undefinable feeling of approaching danger. He had scarcely taken a step when a blinding flash passed like jagged lightning athwart his active brain; his body appeared to be on fire, as though undergoing a transformation, and consciousness fled.

In the delirium which ensued, how odd it was to be retraveling the beaten track of the past! The brief span representing his own existence was soon undone, and one by one the flitting years sped by again, as so many milestones on an interminable journey. He watched with emotion the flight of a century, another and another, each with its lesson rehearsed before his astonished eyes; down past the dark period of intellectual decline which marked the middle ages; through the brighter years which preceded them; past the founding of the mighty Roman Empire, until his eyes were blinded again in the effort to follow the ever-shifting kaleidoscope, and he closed them wearily.

Gradually he could detect through the drooping lids the breaking of the dawn of another day, and opening his eyes, once more he beheld in the soft light the city of the past, seeming to rise as a beautiful woman from her couch, and laying aside as a mantle the encumbering earth. Appalled by the scene, he gazed in silence, as one by one the palaces of the Assyrians emerged from oblivion, resuming, as they came forth, all the beauty which had adorned them in the long ago, their brilliancy of color undimmed by the grave. The earthy cloak which had so long concealed them seemed to recede from above and around their mighty walls as water subsides from the land when great Euphrates has overflowed her banks, and once more Nineveh arose in all its glory, truly "a great city of three days' journey." Again the mighty arched doorways, with grand sculptured beasts standing in grim silence at their sides, obelisks and basreliefs appeared.

To the unaccustomed eyes of Hardinge these majestic creatures and shapes possessed a terrible fascination, but even as he regarded them, a distant hum, as of many human voices raised in song, smote upon his ear, now advancing and anon receding, but each time drawing nearer the spot where he stood listening. To remain there might be to court danger; to fly from them — no, his whole nature rebelled at the thought of flight; he would await their approach. The strains of music which had reached his ears suggested peace, not war, and, at all events, he was safe where he was until danger had shown itself; and with no knowledge of his strange surroundings, flight might make matters worse. He therefore stood his ground, and noted with curious interest the signs of reawakening life that appeared on all sides.

Men and women, camels and horses passed and repassed him, heedless of his presence, and all intent upon the avocations which had occupied them in the dim past. The swarthy faces and dark eyes of many were turned toward the stranger, but they seemed not surprised at the union of the centuries in his person. This caused him much wonderment until he looked upon his garments, only to see that all semblance of his English riding habit had disappeared, leaving in its stead a loose-fitting toga, or mantle, secured at the waist with a silken girdle. Upon his head, in place of the tourist cap which he had worn, he felt a peculiar turban, such as he knew not; his feet were protected by sandals of a sweet-smelling wood, bound on with leathern thongs, while at his side hung a short sword such as he observed in the possession of the men about him.

He had only time to note these

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circumstances, when there appeared at the further end of the avenue in which he waited, a band of priests in strange garb, followed by singing girls and musicians, who played on harps an accompaniment to the deep-toned chanting of the priests, while around them all danced little children robed in white, who scattered flowers in profusion on every side.

Hardinge withdrew to the shadow of a massive arch as the procession neared him, and waited for it to pass, but as no one appeared to remark his presence, he watched the multitude with all the curious interest of a stranger. Arrived before a temple of vast proportions, which he had previously noticed, the singing girls and musicians paused, and the priests alone entered the building.

The solemnity of the scene was so much in keeping with the feelings which animated the young Englishman that he bowed his head in silence until the throng had begun to disperse; then, touching upon the arm a man who had paused for a moment near at hand, he inquired the meaning of the demonstration.

The stranger turned quickly, saying in a rich, musical voice: "Art thou but lately come to the city, that thou knowest not of the worship of Belus? It is the hour of the morning sacrifice, and they whom thou hast seen to pass within are priests of his temple. Thy countenance would seem to betoken that thou art not of the people of mighty Assyria. Who art thou, friend, and whence comest thou?"

This was a contingency for which Hardinge had made no provision since his strange arrival. To have endeavored to explain his presence and give his questioner an answer which his intelligence could comprehend was out of the range of possibility, for to have stated the facts would have subjected him to the suspicion of being mad; so he unhesitatingly replied that he was the son of a merchant from the south, intrusted by his father with the care of a caravan bringing dried fruits to the local market; that he had but lately arrived, and this being his first visit to the city, its manners and customs were strange to him.

This reply seemed to satisfy his simple-minded companion, for he added pleasantly:

"If thou wouldst see the greater glories of our city, of which truly thou hast seen but a glimpse, let us go hence, and I marvel not thine eyes shall rest upon sights and scenes that will cause thee endless wonder long after they have faded from thy view."

Hardinge gratefully accepted this courteous offer, and his good-natured conductor led him past the bazaars, at which were offered for sale flowers, fruits and confections, matchless linen from Nineveh's renowned looms, silks from Arabia, cunningly wrought specimens of the gold-beater's handiwork, and the thousand and one things, both luxuries and necessities, which the people of an Oriental city require, while here and there were booths at which the thirsty passer-by might linger to sip delicious beverages, nowhere more thoroughly appreciated than under the burning Eastern sun.

Everything was so novel to Hardinge that he scarcely noted the flight of the minutes. As they turned into the great central plaza of the city, surrounded on all sides by massive buildings faced with alabaster and limestone, he could no longer maintain the air of idle curiosity which he had deemed it best to assume, but broke into exclamations of unfeigned delight. In the middle of the plaza a fountain fantastically wrought threw its sparkling contents high into the light of the morning sun, and on every side appeared evidences of the splendor of which he had heard. Immense human-headed figures having the bodies of lions, bulls and winged creatures; basaltic obelisks, inscribed on all sides with the prevailing cuneiform characters, which his companion explained chronicled the history of the wars of the first Assyrian Empire, came into view.

The apparel of those who passed the two men was similar to that depicted in the surrounding carvings, and was rich to the degree of extravagance.

As they stood in admiring silence—the one with pride glowing in his face that his native city should thus arouse the enthusiasm of a stranger, the other with all the appreciation of beauty which his complex nature possessed called to the surface by the inimitable skill displayed in what he saw—a blast of trumpets was heard reverberating along the fronts of the immense piles. As the echoes died away a change came over the bearing of

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his companion, and Hardinge, with characteristic insular contempt for cowardice, could not repress a feeling of scorn at the cringing attitude of the man. Agitation and fear were written upon his face as clearly as though sculptured by his skillful countrymen upon their native stone, and this could not have been due to other than a confirmed habit. When next he spoke, his voice quavered with emotion, and the reason for it was given in these words:

"'Tis the King! Bow down thy face to the earth, good stranger, lest his mighty wrath be kindled against thee, for none dare look upon his countenance unbowed and live! Did he see me, a citizen of his capitol, in thy presence, and note that thou bendest not to the majesty of his presence, my miserable life and thine would be put out as is the light of a rush-torch in the wind!"

But a strange fatality seemed to possess Hardinge's soul. He heard the words but regarded them not, and he who had uttered them, perceiving that he was apparently addressing a madman, fled precipitately from his side, and was lost to view in the crowd about them, whom Hardinge now observed prostrated upon their faces in the manner of miserable slaves; and such indeed they were, for was not the despot whose approach they thus obsequiously heralded, the arbiter of their existence?

Hardinge paid little attention to the unceremonious leave-taking of his late companion, but stood as though rooted to the spot as the cavalcade approached. Never in his travels had he beheld such magnificence.

Sardanapalus, the king, for it was he, was borne aloft by twelve sturdy Nubian slaves dressed in brilliantly colored garments, finely contrasted with the blackness of their muscular arms, that glistened like polished ebony as they moved forward with stately tread. The chair of state in which their imperious master rode was literally coated with golden plates cunningly wrought into designs representing birds, beasts and flowers, while precious stones gleamed and sparkled in the sunlight.

The monarch was arrayed in flowing robes of a surpassingly beautiful texture, which well set off his fine martial figure, and the regal effect of his presence was heightened by his lustrous black eyes, now angrily glittering beneath his bushy brows as they rested upon the erect figure of Hardinge, standing alone in respectful silence but evident disregard of the national custom.

Warriors and statesmen, clad in garments less magnificent than their ruler, but nevertheless of great beauty, surrounded him upon all sides. The former wore coats of mail and helmets embossed with figures of strange divinities, and carried the universal short sword, together with a thrusting-lance and bow and arrows. To one of these attendants the king spoke quickly, at the same time pointing his jeweled finger with an angry gesture to where the bewildered Hardinge stood watching the scene, and at a word of command several warriors left the ranks and strode toward him.

He could not doubt their intentions, which were all too apparent, but he made no effort to escape, which, indeed, he instinctively felt would have been futile, and he was seized with a grip in which he was as an infant, despite his previous athletic training. Notwithstanding his earnest protestations against such treatment, his words seeming in his excitement a mixture of his native tongue with that of the people of the city, he was hurried through the kneeling multitude to a building which proved to be a prison, for one of his captors signed to an invisible warder, and the great brass door silently swung open, to close upon them as silently.

After being deprived of his sword, the prisoner was unceremoniously pushed into an inside room, to which entrance was gained by another door of the same metal as the first. Here the men released their hold, and turned to go, when Hardinge, fearing that he might not have another chance to explain himself, grasped one of them by the arm with the energy of despair, thinking to detain him long enough to listen to his statement, but the man, believing himself attacked, wheeled quickly and dealt the unfortunate fellow a blow in the face that hurled him to the floor stunned and bleeding, and the door closed with a vicious clang.

Well would it have been for the prisoner could he have passed away without regaining consciousness, but that was not to be. At the expiration of a half hour, when his eyes opened and he was able to control his thoughts enough to realize his position, he groaned bitterly,

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for that he was in a place from which there was little hope of escape was only too apparent. The only window was far beyond his reach, and, in addition, was protected by a heavy brass lattice. So smooth were the blocks of stone of which the walls were built that no foothold could be obtained, and the interstices between the courses were matched to a nicety unknown to the unfortunate prisoner. No cement had been used, the builders apparently having relied upon the size of the blocks and the accuracy with which they had been quarried to keep them in place.

A heavy bronze staple or ring, embedded in the floor, held a chain by which to confine the miserable wretches for whom the cell was destined, and Hardinge ground his teeth in impotent rage at the thought that it should have been deemed necessary to add any other safeguard to the impregnable walls. With discouragement bearing him down, and nearly crazed with the throbbing of his wounded head, he flung himself upon the cheerless stone bench beneath the window, and abandoned himself to most unhappy reflection.

That he should be able to explain to his jailers the circumstances attending his strange entrance into their city, if, indeed, they gave him a chance to do so, seemed doubtful, and he shuddered at the uncertainty of the fate which they would mete out to him. Where were Eldredge and the Consul? Would they not make a search for him? Surely his countrymen would demand his immediate release from those who now detained him, for was he not a subject of one of the most powerful kingdoms of the earth? Yes, it was all a miserable mistake, and he would be liberated on the following morning at the latest; but in the midst of these attempts at reassurance his thoughts reverted to his singular journey, and a glance at his odd garments warned him that his friends were utterly powerless to reach him.

A realization of the worst gave him a feeling of self-reliance, and he became stolidly calm. He arose quickly and examined the cell to see if there might not, after all, be a way of escape, but no — not a crevice appeared through which a mouse might creep. On one side the massive door, devoid of a peep-hole, shut him in, and in all other directions the solidly constructed masonry offered no encouragement for release. He was about to abandon his examination, when he observed that the floor had been hewn from one immense block, and where this joined the base of the walls were a number of minute piles of sand, evidently produced by the friction of one stone upon another.

His curious mind led him, forgetful for the moment of his misery, to a mental inquiry into this phenomenon, and its solution came to him with dreadful force. He had read of persons standing over an active volcano, unsuspicious of danger, but how much more terrible his own position! *The mass upon which he stood was arranged to move downward and backward below the foundation of the walls*, and at the caprice of his jailers he might be cast into space, and, far removed from his friends by a vast expanse of time and distance, who would ever know?

The fiendish ingenuity of him who had planned the cell well-nigh caused the unhappy prisoner to lose his intelligence. His thoughts traveled like lightning to his home in remote England, and before his eyes appeared a vision of the sweet face of his only sister Molly, and Eldredge. To be sure, they would mourn him sincerely, but would be happy in each other's love. England! Molly! Eldredge! Were these names nothing more than the creations of his puzzled fancy? Did they or did they not exist?

In his distracted state inaction meant but an earlier death, and that at his own hands, and he feverishly examined the cold walls again. The bench—ah, he could still escape them by standing upon that when the floor slipped from beneath his feet! But no; even this consolation was denied him, for it, too, was arranged to move with the floor, of which it was a part.

How he did it he could not have told, but the importance of making an effort to save himself was before him, and with superhuman strength he sprang upward from the bench and felt his bleeding fingers close upon the brass lattice of the window. There he hung, not daring to look downward; his strength fast ebbing, his thoughts — he had no thoughts, for the disjointed fragments of impressions which flitted through his mind could not be so called. In strange contrast to his terrible plight,

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the air without, redolent with the scent of flowers, always suggestive of peace, was wafted through the grating to his panting nostrils, telling him of the freedom which should have been his.

Feeling a breath of dampness against his limbs, he turned his eyes and looked over his shoulder toward the floor upon which he had so lately stood. It had noiselessly moved away, and in its place yawned a gulf whose black interior his eye could not pierce. His brain reeled in delirium; he felt his hold upon the lattice gradually slipping, slipping away, despite his frantic efforts to retain it, and with a pitiful cry he lost consciousness and fell backward and down, down, down, grasping at the vacant air.

As silently as it had disappeared, the great stone returned to its place, and the majesty of the king was upheld.

* * * * *

At a late hour in the same night in which Hardinge had set out upon his wild errand, a party of a dozen horsemen left the city gates and took the path leading to the ruins. At the head of the little company rode Henry Eldredge, deep anxiety written on every lineament of his thoughtful face. The protracted absence of his friend had caused him great unrest, and each hour as the night wore away he had started from troubled dreams only to find the bed on which Hardinge should have been soundly sleeping still vacant. He had therefore aroused the Consul and explained the situation, at the same time expressing the fear, which he could not throw off, that his friend was in need of assistance.

The Consul's face assumed a look of deep concern as he listened to the recital of his guest's folly, and he promised to have an immediate search made for the missing man. In order to do this, he summoned his body servant and instructed him to have two horses made ready for instant departure, and seizing pen and paper, scrawled a few hurried lines, which he sent, notwithstanding the hour, at top speed to the Pasha of the district, with whom his official duties had brought him into friendly relations, briefly stating the facts and requesting a cavalry escort to assist in the search.

The messenger soon returned with the reply that his Excellency begged leave to express his sympathy with the Consul and Mr. Eldredge, and would personally accompany them, if agreeable. Furthermore, the desired escort would be ready to leave without delay, and would at once repair to the consulate. This accomplished, nothing more could be done until their arrival; but the time consumed while waiting for them seemed to Eldredge ages long, though it was in reality but a few minutes.

Promptly upon their appearance, the party set out, under the leadership of the Consul, the Pasha for the time being having resigned this responsibility into his care. As they galloped through the deserted streets, the sound of their horses' hoofs echoing loudly through the stillness of the night, and rousing from slumber such of the natives as the heat had driven to the house-tops for comfort, Eldredge's anxiety seemed to communicate itself to his companions, for no word was spoken. The gates were quickly left, no halt being made for the exhibition of passes, as the guards readily recognized the uniform of the Pasha's household troops, and they were soon riding hard upon the path taken by the missing man earlier in the night, guided by the Cawass, to whom the surrounding country was familiar.

It was not long before the distance separating them from the ruins was covered, and within the shadow of the mounds the party divided itself into several groups, with instructions to make a rigid search for any evidences of the presence of Hardinge. Several of the troopers were to remain at the point at which the party broke up, lighting a fire for the double purpose of keeping off such beasts as prowled around the ruins at night, and as a guide to the searchers in the event of it being thought wise to come together again for further consultation.

Eldredge and the Consul rode to the river bank, calling loudly Hardinge's name, and stopping at brief intervals to listen for any sound in reply, but nothing was heard beyond the howling of the skulking hyenas and jackals, who, however, kept at a safe distance from the friends. By the light of the still brilliant moon the marks of many hoofs could be discerned in the mud at the ford of the river, and Eldredge uttered an exclamation of dismay when he discovered signs of a considerable body of

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horsemen having recently crossed there. The small imprint of the hoofs left but little room to doubt that the horses were from the desert, and, if so, their riders were in all probability the very persons against whom Hardinge had been warned.

Eldredge and his companion were able to follow the tracks to within a short distance of the ruins, where the trampled condition of the ground showed a halt to have been made. They carefully examined the vicinity for any trace left by the missing man, and had given up hope of finding any, when an exclamation from the Consul, who was some distance away, brought Eldredge to his side. The sight that met his eyes was little calculated to allay his forebodings of evil.

At the bottom of a gully which had been left by the spring rains, lay the body of Hardinge's magnificent horse, shot through the temple. The saddle and bridle had been maliciously slashed in a dozen places, but had not been removed, probably because too likely to be discovered if in the possession of any but the rightful owner.

Eldredge sank upon the ground, a chill of dread stealing over him at this evidence of the character of those into whose hands there was good reason to believe his friend had fallen. The Consul, hoping to arouse him from the unhappy frame of mind into which this discovery had thrown him, called his attention to the probability that Hardinge's captors had taken him to the desert to be held until ransomed by his friends, and that the finding of his horse's dead body was not of necessity to be accepted as a sign that its owner had been foully dealt with, as the presence of the former in the possession of the thieves would at once have directed suspicion to them.

This reasoning seemed so plausible that Eldredge could not but acknowledge its truth, and they had started back to the spot where their horses were patiently standing, intending to remount and return to the point of rendezvous, when a distant bugle-note was borne down the wind to their ears. This had been agreed upon as a signal in case anything of importance was discovered, and as the ominous sound died away, the two men with sinking hearts turned their horses' heads in the direction whence it came, and galloped as fast as the unevenness of the ground permitted.

Their way led them back past the brightly blazing watch-fire, and a hasty inquiry of those who had remained there, for any news, met with the answer that they, too, had heard the bugle-note, but having orders to remain where they were, they had refrained from following it to its source. Other than this they had nothing to report, and the two men urged on their horses as fast as possible, guided by the mournful sound of the bugle, which was blown at intervals by a trooper stationed upon a prominent point with a brightly blazing torch.

As they rounded that portion of the mound which abutted upon the plain, they swung themselves from their saddles and scrambled as well as they might up the steep ascent, and to the edge of one of the trenches, preceded by the man with the light. In the excavation were grouped a number of his comrades, and in their midst Eldredge could discern, in the flickering glare of the torch, the form of his friend, lying as he had fallen from the height above, his handsome face covered with dust and blood, and his arms outstretched, as though having tried to stay his downward course.

Fortunately the body had fallen into a well-like depression, the straight walls of which had made it inaccessible to the beasts of prey, who had been put to flight by the finders of the body. Indeed, the snarling pack had rendered good service to the search-party, who had been attracted to the spot by the commotion made by them in their vicious attempts to reach their quarry.

In an instant Eldredge had swung himself down to the side of his friend, who, to all appearances, was past human assistance. A terrible wound in the back of the head, sufficient to have killed a man of less vitality than Hardinge, showed clearly why he had not returned. The pockets of his clothing were inside out, and so thoroughly had the thieves done their work that nothing of value had been left behind.

By this time the remainder of the party had gathered, and the still-breathing form was tenderly lifted to the surface and deposited upon a stretcher roughly improvised from the stunted trees growing about, and they returned to the city as rapidly as the condition of the wounded man allowed.

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His Excellency placed the services of his own physician, an Armenian graduate from one of the best schools in Europe, at the disposal of Eldredge, and his skillful treatment, coupled with the untiring devotion of the latter, who felt that he was in some degree responsible for the trouble, soon restored the incorrigible Hardinge to consciousness, and he was able to relate his singular experience. With his characteristic humor Eldredge vowed that he would never again indulge in "serious thoughts," unless positively assured that they would not result in such misfortune to himself as had just visited him.

The Pasha, whose chagrin was unbounded at what he was pleased to consider, in Hardinge's ill-treatment, an insult to his own person, caused a strict search to be made for those to whom the latter so nearly owed his death.

DAYBREAK IN EGYPT.

AR to the East, along the lonely Nile,
The dawn its roseate incense softly burns;
Upon the dewy banks the chiseled ferns
Bend o'er the depths and make soft etchings, while,
Amid the tangled grass for mile on mile,
The Egyptian lilies rear their golden urns;
And here and there the drowsy lotus turns
In sadness from the coming sun-god's smile.
Before me, silvered in the moon's last ray,
A ghostly figure looms up as of old;
And as a zephyr bids the veil of haze
Loosen its tender hold and fade away,
It shows the Sphinx, majestic, awful, cold;
A riddle still in that hard, smileless gaze!

EUGENE FELLNER.

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CANOEING ON THE CONCORD AND MERRIMAC.

BY JOHN N. DRAKE.

WE were off at last for our long-talked-of trip by paddle and portage on the Concord and Merrimac. For the next two weeks we were to eschew the habits and garments of civilization, forget business and office cares, and, relapsing into barbarism, lend our minds to camp life and cookery.

Our load included a camera with all the necessary paraphernalia for photography, and a pleasant burden it proved, securing for us many a pretty view. The start was made from Riverside on the Charles River, and the day appointed proved one to tempt a hermit from his cell. The last package was securely stowed and canteens freshly filled, and we dipped our paddles in the gently flowing stream and started on the first stage of the trip, our intended destination being Cow Island on the Charles, where we knew there were good camping ground and plenty of fire-wood. The river was low at this point, and it was not long before the cry of my companion of "Out and push!" was heard, and wet feet were the order of the day. Shoes were however necessary, for the bed of the river was covered with clam-shells and sharp pebbles, making walking with bare feet impossible. We waded up-stream, dragging the canoes until deeper water allowed us to proceed under paddle.

The Charles at this point is a beautiful stream, winding through rich pastures, under the shadow of venerable oaks and willows growing to the water's edge. How cool it seemed when, after a two hours' paddle beneath the scorching sun, we ran in under the shadow and descried through the trees our first "carry," one of a series of magnificent stone arches and dams!

It is stiff work carrying our craft over the dam, and as we stop for a breathing spell, let me introduce the voyageurs. First comes Charley D——, a prosperous merchant in the "Hub" and the recently elected vice-commodore of a prominent canoe club. He is an old canoeist, an A. C. A. man, and a boon companion for a trip by land or water. He is also an excellent cook. Nor are his powers limited to the culinary department, for the dampest fuel and the most stubborn fires burn brightly under his magical touch. The camp is quickest made under his directions, and if it takes a woman to pack a trunk, a dozen could not load a canoe with half the rapidity and skill of this devoted knight of the paddle. Charley uses a canoe of the "Rob Roy" model and to windward in a sea, in rapid water requiring a nice touch and quick work; and for easy paddling, the little *Halcyon* has few superiors.

The author has less experience than Charley; nevertheless he is an eager disciple of MacGregor. His powers lie

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not so much in the cooking as in the eating line, and as he understands the mysteries of fixing a camp and unpacking a canoe, and general handiwork, these duties generally fall to his share, as also the not unpleasant work of foraging at the neighboring farms for fresh provisions. His hungry companion waiting by the fireside often thought that much more time than necessary was consumed in bargaining with farmers' buxom daughters for fresh milk and eggs. The canoe that carried him was a double open craft, rather heavier and a foot longer than the *Halcyon*, very "cranky" when loaded, and called, for want of a better name, the *Blackballer*.

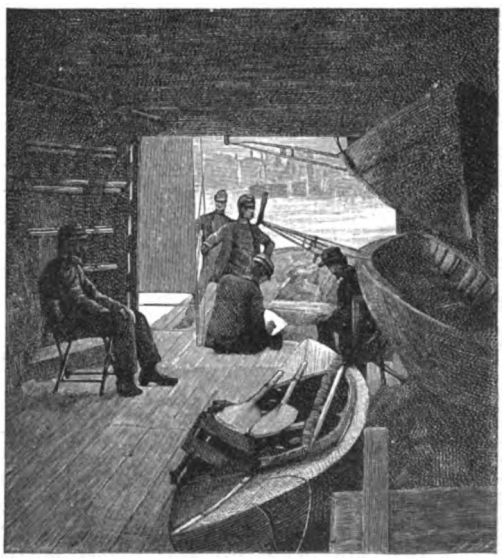
The dam was finally surmounted, and another half mile of paddling brought us to Echo Bridge and another dam, and here the machine was unpacked and several views taken. After this three more dams were passed, at which we were obliged to completely unload the canoes. We finally entered the smooth stretch to Cow Island, where we were only too glad to turn in early after a hard day's work.

Welcome sleep brought sweet relief to tired muscles, although it seemed but a moment before I was awakened by Charley's brisk whistling outside the tent. Emerging from the blankets, I found my companion squatting over the embers of a hard-wood fire, busily engaged in broiling ham and tossing flapjacks. A plunge into the cool water of the river, then breakfast, and canoes packed and launched ere the sun showed over the trees. We intended reaching South Natick by noon if possible, but alas for human calculations! the river was winding, the temptation to rest often was strong, the views took much time to secure, and—well, those pretty girls from Wellesly in the boat, you know! At any rate, when we reached the town it was close to camping time; so after hauling the canoes into the bushes, we got supper at the only hotel in the sleepy little place. After propping up the canoes we erected the tents, and crawled into the "cockpits," and lighting the old brier root, smoked and discussed the day until, soothed by the wind in the trees and the babble of the water, we fell fast asleep.

Shall I ever forget the morning ride to Lake Cochituate, where we launched our canoes for the next stage? The night before we had engaged a man to take canoes and canoeists with his team to the lake. Prompt to his promise, he appeared with a pair of colts and a lumber rack; but in such a condition! As he expressed it, he was "roaring full, but he calc'lated he could pack them boats daown to the pond, right side up, 'specially ef we guv him a drink uv licker to settle his narves." In despair of finding any one else at that hour, we loaded his team, he saying he guessed as how we knowed the way to pack boats, and he would watch the hosses; but in reality he fell asleep.

Then began a long ride, not without fears on our part for our frail craft, for our Jehu cared not whether he drove in the road or down a ditch or watercourse. His hat was picked up from the road every five minutes, and at last Charley sat with him to hold him on and keep an eye on the colts, while I walked in the rear to see that everything held fast and the boats did not slip. Our trip, however, was attended with no mishap, and after paying our driver, and much disgusting him by the small amount of "licker" that we gave him, we started down the lake.

The paddling was delightful, and at noon we branched off into the natural outlet of the lake, which we mistook for the Sudbury, or, as it is called below Concord, the Concord River. The dam



IN THE WAMESITT CLUB-HOUSE.

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at the foot of the lake being under repair, the water was shut off, and the view down-stream gave small hope of reaching Saxonville that day, or, in fact, of going farther at all. In the afternoon we toiled along the almost dry water-course, dragging the canoes through wet meadows and taking short cuts over high ground. We were eaten alive by mosquitoes and tortured by intense heat, and thus far enjoyed this day's trip the least of any. It was not until five P. M. that we reached a point half a mile above the town and cooled ourselves by a dip in a convenient pool. Then we realized that this kind of work gives the spice to inland canoeing.

By dint of questioning we learned from a son of the Emerald Isle cutting grass by the river-side—who would not vouchsafe any answer until we told him we didn't belong to "any of thim rigiments beyant there at Framingham"—that we could get a team at the town to carry us to Stone's Bridge. Perhaps his curiosity arose from the fact that we both wore blue trousers and naval caps, or from the sight of the revolvers which we each had on our hips. We were too tired to talk much with him, and leaving the canoes in the meadow, started for the town.

These handy little pistols, by the way, had a wonderful effect on two of the tramping fraternity who wandered into camp one day about dusk. On their inquiring why we carried pistols and how they shot, I pointed to a flapjack pinned against a tree-trunk, riddled with holes, and said that it was the result of five shots from my companion's weapon at twenty-five yards, and that we carried them to scare thieves. This may have had the effect of cooling their possible longing for our provisions, for after a muttered consultation they sauntered off. Charley was a good shot, and many a turtle have I seen him knock off a log, as we floated past, in the river; and his stories of Western ranch life made no unwelcome addition to our camp-fire chats.

Camping was an impossibility that night, for the mosquitoes on the marsh below Stone's Bridge were thicker than flies round a honey-pot, and savage enough to carry away canoes and all. After a cold supper we crawled into the canoes and, with netting pulled over the cockpits, passed a miserable night.

Next morning breakfast was eaten at Fairhaven Bay at a farm-house, four miles below our camping ground. What subtle influence the sight of a canoeist exercises over the rustic female mind I cannot say, but after declaring that they could not sell us anything or give us breakfast, as the hens had failed them and there was no meat in the house, they invited us to breakfast with them. And such a breakfast as it was! Plates of delicious blueberry cake, potatoes stewed in milk, ham and fresh eggs, hot biscuits and very fair coffee were heartily relished, and we started for the canoes, laden with eggs, milk, bread and apples. I am ashamed to say that we could not induce them to accept more than a quarter of a dollar apiece for it all—and Delmonico could not have suited us better.

For some miles above Concord the river was much choked with grass and lily-pads, which retarded our passage to such an extent as to oblige us to pull the canoes along the bank on several occasions. A swarm of small-winged insects collected on the weeds and grass-stems, and the movements of the paddles caused them to fly into our noses, mouths and eyes, greatly annoying us.

All things must have an end; but it was late in the afternoon when we came out on the wide stretch of water above Egg Rock, and the beautiful bluff, with the carved tablet relating to the treaty of the first settlers with the Indians, looked, with tents crowning the summit, so inviting, that we agreed to camp there for the night. We found the campers to be two brother canoeists, who with their wives had been voyaging by easy stages down the river and had put in here for a few days' camping.

Very pleasant comrades indeed were they, and very handy boats they had, built from their own designs.

After a truly pleasant evening varied with song and story, we turned in on the sweet hemlock boughs, to dream of swarthy savages lurking in the bushes, and started in our sleep to hear the blood-chilling war-whoop of two hundred years ago.

We left our new friends about nine A.M., having secured pictures of the camp and added material to the note-book, and then paddled down-stream to Concord. On the left bank of the stream stands the statue of the "Minute Man" of '76

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marking where the "farmers stood, and fired the shot heard round the world." The statue is of bronze, and represents him leaving his plow and grasping his musket to fight for home and country. On the opposite side of the "rude bridge which spans the flood" is the battle monument marking the graves of the British regulars killed in the fight.

The old town is full of interest to the newcomer, and it was not till after visiting the old church and burying-ground, the old "manse" of Hawthorne, and the many points of interest, that we pushed off, and paddling steadily past Billerica, reached Bleachery station outside of Lowell by nightfall.

Here a portage must be made if the voyage is to be continued down-stream. At North Billerica we met a gentleman and his wife canoeing up-river. He very kindly gave us the direction of the canoe club at Bleachery, the Wamesitt C. C., of which he was a member, and said we would no doubt find some members, who, if we mentioned his name, would render us any assistance in their power. Following his directions, we found two members of the club, who, by their many acts of courtesy, rendered us much valuable assistance, helped us to find an expressman to cart our canoes across the city, and offered us the use of the club-house as a sleeping-room. As the night was damp and chilly, it is needless to say we accepted their kind offer.

Bright and early in the morning our jovial expressman appeared on the scene with a commodious wagon and everything necessary for safe transportation of our frail craft. The boats were packed with great care, and after bidding good-by to our kind friends, we drove through the still-sleeping city and launched just below Hunt's Falls. After much previous discussion with our friends at the Wamesitt C. C. house we decided not to run the falls, although they said Dr. Pillsbury had done so with wife and child, without taking in a drop. It seems, however, a most foolhardy thing to do, for the water boils and surges like a mill-race, and the river bed is covered with ugly rocks of a slaty formation, between which are narrow channels and sharp turns. Woe to the canoe that struck upon one, for it would be split from stem to stern instantly, so furious is the rush of water.

No further incident occurred until reaching Lawrence, when it was found advisable to leave the *Halcyon*, which was leaking badly, for repairs, and to continue our voyage in the *Blackballer*. So weeding out several traps which experience had taught us we could do without, and stowing the rest of the baggage on the *Blackballer*, which, when loaded, would comfortably carry two, we started on down-stream. At the lock just below the mills we encountered a party of "Teck" boys, jolly fellows, like us canoeing to Boston, and joining company, we camped about three miles below the city for the night.

The next day was Sunday, and properly a day of rest. So we had decided; but Charley having a bad stone bruise on his heel, was suffering intense pain, and we thought it better to go on to Newburyport for arnica and salves, and thence, if it still continued painful, to Boston by train. Easy paddling and the slight excitement of running the Lower Falls or rapids brought us about camping hour to Ram Island, across the river from Newburyport, where, drawing up the canoes, we pitched camp for the night. A couple of the boys went to the town to secure fresh milk and provisions. Stories and songs and the ever-enjoyable pipe occupied the evening. The gay glees and beautiful "yodels" of our new friends sounded sweetly to the Newburyporters, to judge from the crowd which one of the boys, going to the canoes, spied on the opposite wharf. By ten o'clock only a few smoldering embers of the fire and an occasional heavy snore gave life to the camp, and we slept as if we already knew that the next day's work would be a hard one.

The morning broke cloudy with a fresh east wind, which meant hard paddling until we could strike the mouth of Plum Island River. After breakfasting in the town, we started amid an admiring crowd of natives, who, with many speculations and inquiries about our craft, seemed of the opinion, one and all, that we would surely drown if we went outside that day.

The wind having hauled around a point or two, by steady paddling and with the help of the lateen foresail we passed Castle Neck by noon and entered the river. Now the rain, the first storm in a week, came down in torrents, and a nasty, cross sea made

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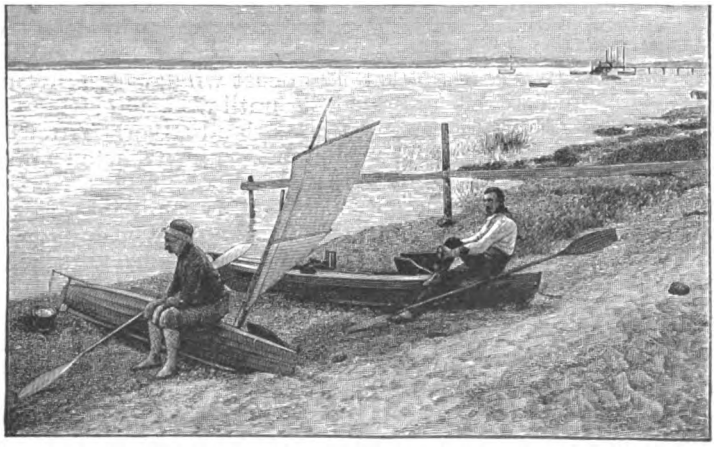
paddling disagreeable. Hatches were drawn and sou'westers donned, and a tough pull of five miles brought us by three o'clock off Coffin's Beach, on the north side of Annisquam harbor, and right into the teeth of a roaring squall. For a few minutes it was black as night and the waves rolled completely over us, several times nearly capsizing us, and, as it was, soaking everything in the canoe. But she proved herself a good sea boat, and we ran ashore and pulled her up, wet to the skin and half frozen. The other canoes were not in sight, but the mist lifting we saw them huddled in a bunch about half a mile off shore.

A pistol-shot showed them our whereabouts, and by luck in a short time we struck a small road or beach house, closed on account of the temperance laws. Finding the proprietor about the place, we bargained with him for the use of the tavern for the night at fifty cents a head, and took immediate possession, using the empty rooms to spread our wet blankets and clothing. A rousing fire was built in the kitchen stove, and we brewed a pail of something hot. How it rained that night! The old house shook and groaned, and the blinds rattled and slammed; but we were sheltered, and the storm might rage at will.

Our last day proved cloudy, with occasional showers. An early start was made, and Gloucester was reached about 10.30 A. M., and we pulled up at a staging, where the owner, with an eye to the main chance, charged twenty-five cents apiece for landing our boats. A council was held, and we found the experience of the day before had decided the "Tecks" to go home by steamer or sailing vessel, if possible. Accordingly Charley and I went to the clearing-house, and finding that a brick schooner was ready to drop down the bay for Boston at the first fair wind, a bargain was struck with the captain to take us and our canoes thither. Saying good-by to the old town, we shipped, and making a bowl of punch, enjoyed our last evening together.

Four bells from a schooner yacht at anchor near us, the flagship of the little fleet at anchor in the harbor, found us at the windlass, and as soon as the anchor was hove short, the jib was run up, and we started for Boston with a fresh breeze. This, however, became by noon a dead calm. After drifting off shore for an hour, during which we had a swim, the breeze sprung up and we bowled steadily past Magnolia and its cluster of cottages; past the dreaded reef of Norman's Woe, in Longfellow's poem; past Eastern Point and Marblehead, with its squadron of yachts; past Half Way Rock, and soon Boston Light loomed into sight on the port bow.

Good-by were spoken, and the "Tecks" dropped off to paddle to Hull and Boston, while, as our craft was going directly to our wharves, we stayed aboard. By six o'clock P. M. we, too, had dropped off and were pulling up at our boat-house, and our pleasant cruise was ended.



"THERE'S REST FOR THE WEARY."

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HUNTING A TAPIR.

BY ALLEN CHAMBERLAIN.

FOUR of us were gathered to a little feast in honor of a friend who had lately returned from toilsome engineering work in the wilds of Central America. He was a keen sportsman, and a close observer, and had given a number of interesting descriptions of wild life, when a chance remark turned the conversation upon big game. Many questions and answers followed, until at last he remarked that "as we seemed bent upon pumping him dry anyway, he might as well spin a yarn, and be done with it." He continued as follows:

"We were in a rough country, and my 'pard' and I divided the work of keeping the camp supplied with meat. Sometimes it was a turkey or a monkey, and occasionally we would try together to stalk a deer, but those fellows were too few and far between. At rare intervals some larger game would come within our range. For instance, there was a puma that annoyed us for a week once, by raiding our provisions every night, while we were located on the Rio San Francisco. We laid for him, and got him. Four men to one poor lion. Then there was the old alligator—the natives respectfully called him Commodore—who used to sun himself on the river-bar just above Greytown. He never did *us* any harm, but then, the natives told us that in the course of his life —something over 100 years, I wouldn't dare to say how much—he had eaten seventeen men, and this alone was provocation enough to cause us to resolve upon his extermination.

"We adopted the old 'Commodore's' invulnerable hide as a target, and every morning we used to pop at him while the cook was making coffee. We never hit him, and I have an idea that he used to enjoy the fun as much as we, for when a ball would strike in the sand close beside him, sending a veritable shower-bath of granulated shells in his face, he would extend his chronic grin into a gigantic smile. Suffice it to say that he is still alive, or was when I sailed from Greytown.

"If you want a hunt in which there shall be a refreshing combination of real sport and just enough of the dangerous element to make it exciting, go to Central America and find a tapir. Ah! that was game, big game, and the morning that I shot my first tapir was one of the most eventful in my whole career.

"We had been working up a line along the valley of the Rio San Juan, and having struck a rather difficult piece of swamp-land we were kept within a few miles of the point where we started in for over a week. Game was not very plentiful, and having had our fill of monkey stew and parrot fricassee (which I may say are all very well in their way), all hands began to clamor for something heavier. My 'pard' suggested venison, but Ansel, our Carib guide, informed us that there were no deer in that locality. So we dropped the question for a few days and lived on canned beans and corned beef by way of variety, but this only served to whet our appetites to even keener edge for something fresh. At last, one morning, Ansel said to us at coffee, 'I dream ob danta las' night, boss. Fo' two nights I dream danta. Ef I dream danta to-night we shoot danta to-morrow fo' shoo, sah!'

"This was a cue for my 'pard' and me. Danta! Why on earth hadn't we thought of danta before? And without waiting for Ansel to dream again, we determined to hunt a danta the following morning.

"Right here I will interrupt my narrative, and say a word or two about this curious animal. He is more commonly known as the tapir by the general public, but the natives call him *el danta*. In color, size, and form he resembles somewhat a baby elephant, his trunk being rather shorter than that of his African and Asiatic cousins. He has the thick, tough skin of the elephant, all bristling with sparse, coarse, black hair, and the small, bead-like eyes of his

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Oriental relative. Unlike the elephant, however, he has no tail, and instead of the broad, flapping ears, he has a pair of aural appendages like those of a clipped bull-terrier. His body is heavy and fat, supported on short, stumpy legs, and averages in weight about eight hundred pounds.

"Now the work on the line had to be carried on just the same, for the wet season was pressing on and in a few weeks we should be shut out from that swamp tract for several months by the freshets. We therefore decided, in council of two assembled, that one of us was all that would be needed on the line for one day, and we would draw lots then and there to see who should hunt and who should labor. With unusual good fortune the hunt fell to me, and I believe the anticipation of the promised sport acted as an incentive to labor and good spirits, for I accomplished more that day and felt less fatigued than I had in an equal time for many moons before.

"That night I turned in early, for we were to start before daylight in the morning, and with my thoughts full of danta, I fell asleep. Believing thoroughly in Ansel's theory of prophetic dreams, I was determined to 'dream danta' that night myself so as to insure success should Ansel fail. The result was altogether startling, but none the less assuring.

"It seemed to me that I must have dreamed pretty much all night, for in my slumbers I traveled hundreds of miles, back to the United States. I thought that the hunt was over, that I had killed a mammoth tapir, for which feat of prowess I had almost instantly gained a world-wide celebrity, and that I had accepted an invitation to return to New York and lecture upon the danta under the auspices of the Cooper Institute. I was just alighting at the City Hall, feeling mightily important, amid loud, prolonged cheers and the last discordant clashes of a brass band, when I was rudely awakened to a realizing sense that the only resemblance to a brass band within many hundred miles was the fist full of tin dippers which the negro cook had been rattling in my ears, and the only shout audible was his everlasting morning salutation of 'Mawnin', boss! carfee, boss!' with which I had been awakened every day for months and months.

"Before I had finished my pint of that vile concoction which goes by the name of coffee in the South, my two companions of the hunt appeared in the doorway of the tent, Ansel, the foremost, saluting, and assuring me that we could not fail to find and kill our game to-day, as he, too, had 'dreamed danta.' Therefore, while munching my last piece of pilot-bread, I followed them down to the dugout by the river.

"It was still bright starlight, and the huge full moon of the tropics threw a farewell stream of silver light across the tree-tops on our side of the river, showing the opposite bank an apparently unbroken wall of dense jungle. Ansel, the Carib, took the stern paddle, Leocardio, a full-blooded Ometepec Indian, the bow, while I, wrapped in my blanket amidships, nursed my rifle across my knees. With a few powerful strokes we shot directly across the river and, diving into that wall of jungle, entered one of those little tributaries which feed the larger stream at every mile or two. Here all was darkness, the tall trees on either hand shutting out what was left of the light of the fast-sinking moon; but the Indian, with an eye like a cat's in this Egyptian blackness, spied out and evaded or jumped the innumerable sunken logs which lay across the stream. Thus we shot silently ahead without a word or sound of any kind to break the loneliness. At length we left the woods and wound along through a low swamp for some two miles, and at last reached a broad grass swamp covered for several acres with tall reeds through which the stream ran narrowly. Passing through this in turn, my guides ceased paddling just on the outskirts of the swamp, where the ground began to rise, and pushed the canoe in among the tall reeds, thus completely concealing both canoe and men.

"As we lay waiting for our prey, with naught but the vault of the heavens visible beyond our blind of grass, the stars began to fade out one by one, and the first faint gray of dawn appeared, heralded by the usual tropical signal of coming day, the howling of hordes of Congo monkeys—an uproar which the novice might easily mistake for the cries of a hundred lions and tigers in desperate encounter.

"Thus we lay for a few moments, when Ansel softly touched my arm and, with

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a warning signal to be quiet, directed my attention to the opposite bank. After listening a moment, I distinctly heard a rustling noise among the reeds, as if some large animal were pushing his way through the tall grass. Leocardio had heard it too, and turning, whispered cautiously in Spanish, 'viene el danta.' I was now all eyes and straining every nerve to get a peep at the game. As he emerged from the edge of the rushes there was scarcely light enough to get a good shot, and knowing his fondness for a morning tub, at which he generally spends at least half an hour, and as we were well to leeward, thus preventing all possibility of his scenting us, I waited for a more auspicious moment. In the uncertain light, and half hidden as he was among the reeds, the fellow looked as big as an elephant. After a moment's hesitation, apparently for a reconnaissance, he came out upon the bank, and with a long-drawn wheeze slipped contentedly down into the water.

"Here he stood about half submerged and all the while keeping up a most distressing asthmatic wheezing. Naturally I began to get just a bit anxious for a shot and commenced to pull myself together for action. Crawling up from the bottom of the canoe on to my knees I began peering about among the reeds for a sight at the beggar, and in my eagerness leaned a little too far out on one side, almost capsizing the craft before I realized that I was not on board a ship and must be careful. In the sudden jump that I made to right the canoe, unluckily my foot struck against a paddle, making a most uncalled-for racket. I could have torn my hair with rage at my carelessness, but at that instant, with a loud snort and a splash the tapir rushed for the bank, and, forgetting all else save the fact that my game was getting away, I seized my Winchester and sprang to my feet. Now I could see him clearly, scrambling as fast as he could with his short stumpy legs to scale the slippery bank, and fearing lest he should succeed and get away, I brought up my rifle to shoot. In my excitement I had forgotten to pump up a cartridge into the chamber, and the result was that the gun only snapped. By this time the tapir had given up all hope of climbing the bank, and turning, swam rapidly down-stream with only the tip of his short black snout above the water. With a yell and a great clatter of paddles the men urged the canoe from the reeds and we were after him in hot pursuit. But that danta swam remarkably fast for one so large, and it required a lot of well-applied muscle to overtake him.

"When we had come within twenty feet of him I again tried my luck, and fired at the black spot on the water, The first shot missed, but another hit, when instantly the danta turned and, raising his head farther out of water, swam directly for the canoe, his little black eyes glistening viciously, clearly showing that he meant blood. It didn't take me long to pump another cartridge into that rifle, but he was nearly alongside by the time that I was ready for him, so that the muzzle almost rested on his head when I fired. This finished him, and with one final snort he threw up his head, nearly capsizing the canoe, —for we had drifted directly on to him —and sank slowly out of sight. A few bubbles rose to the surface, nothing more. The spot where the carcass had sunk was very nearly in midstream and in about twenty feet of muddy water. Scarcely had the huge black body disappeared beneath the surface when Leocardio, after quickly divesting himself of his scanty clothing, plunged after it. After a few seconds he rose to the surface and informed us that he had located the body on the bottom. How he had been able to see anything down in that dark water I never was able to understand, and I have sometimes been led to believe him almost superhuman, for he would find his way through the jungles on the blackest night, almost as readily as by day.

"Having regained his breath, Leocardio dived again, this time taking with him the long painter of the boat, made of plaited thongs. Again he rose, bringing one end of the rope with him, while the other he had made fast to one of the danta's hind legs. With great care not to upset our craft, all hands then manned the rope and drew our victim to the surface. With considerable difficulty the carcass was towed ashore and taken into the canoe, his weight loading the little shell almost down to the gunwale.

"Well pleased with the morning's sport we started back toward camp in the

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clear, broad daylight. Silently we drifted down the stream, the death-like stillness of the jungle only broken by the scream of an occasional macaw, startled at our approach. As we swung around one of the many short, sharp bends there loomed up before us another danta, looking even bigger than the one in the canoe.

"There he stood beneath the bank, his fat sides sleek and glistening after his morning toilet. Our recognition had been mutual and instantaneous, and without waiting for any further salutations, with one terrific wheeze and snort he started for the shore. In a twinkling he was up the bank, and as I sprang ashore I could hear him crashing through the thick underbrush, which soon wholly concealed him. I was forced to abandon the pursuit, and as all hands had arrived at a ravenous point, we agreed to run into camp as soon as possible.

"Even if one bags no game on a trip of this sort, he feels amply repaid for his early rising and hard work by the rich feast of form and color which Nature in that land sets before his eyes with a lavish hand. Speeding down-stream, we shot under huge cables of twisted vines, forming natural bridges from bank to bank, and depending from the tree-trunks overhead the tropical hanging baskets stooped toward us. Along the banks grew scarlet passion-flowers, while flocks of brilliant and unceasingly noisy macaws flew hither and thither across the stream, their long tail-feathers streaming after them, adorned with all the iridescent colors of the rainbow.

"Coming into camp my partner and the rest of the men ran round to ask what luck, and amid exclamations, grunts, and tugs, we succeeded in hoisting up on shore what Leocardio then pronounced to be the biggest danta he had ever seen. In an incredibly short time the men had the carcass dressed, and—this is not a fish yarn—the hide was almost an inch in thickness, but the meat was as tender as the finest beef, albeit a trifle gamier in flavor, and a darker shade in color. After that we did not want for meat for many days."

A SHOT AT CLOSE QUARTERS. (*p. 23.*)

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A WHEEL TO SAN GABRIEL AT EASTER

"Were we up with the birds, the night-hawks?"

IF there is a climate more favorable to a healthy growth of laziness than that of the winter season in southern California, I have never found it: a long-continued flood of sunshine as brilliant on New Year's day as on May day, and as brilliant on May day as on the Fourth of July. Especially is one inclined to enjoy one's self when each regular mail brings news of the discomfort of friends and the unbearableness of a series of blizzards. It feeds one's fancy to be more comfortable than one's neighbors.

We had spent four months in California. We had come with the earliest tourists and had basked in the sunshine nearly every day of the one hundred and twenty-four which had elapsed since our arrival. We had gathered our chairs into little groups on the piazza and studied the views in every possible direction. We had admired Mt. San Jacinto and criticised Mt. San Antonio quite to our own satisfaction. We had eaten hearty suppers and slept after dinner, until we were total wrecks, so far as ambition was concerned, when lo! our ideal world began slowly to vanish before our eyes; for what makes up a world if not the people? and the people were vanishing.

It was one morning in April that we awoke and found our little party the only guests in our great hotel. We were lonesome. Our bouquets of roses and heliotrope were not half so fragrant, now there were none to envy and admire them, and, altogether, we were quite disconsolate. Nature was more beautiful now. The scent of peach and apricot blossoms was rich on the air; besides, the grass was still green, and soon it would be an ugly brown and quite dead.

It was the second evening of loneliness that we gathered our little party on a side veranda and held a consultation. It was very evident that we must return home. To stay longer would be like lingering in one's box when the play was over; but one thing was certain: we must have one final jaunt.

The gentlemen of our party fell readily into our plan, and, while we were still discussing as to where our jaunt should lead us, began disposing of us with as little concern as though we were part and parcel of their belongings and worthy of only as much consideration as their fishing-tackle and portmanteaus.

We objected to climbing. We had tried our muscles in that direction quite to our satisfaction in a climb up Mt. San Antonio that made our heads dizzy. The gentlemen would please make another choice. It took some little time to bring our already determined plan into a vortex of favorable opinion; not so long, however, for the men to really agree that the jaunt might be a pleasant one, and plan the morrow for its taking place.

There really seemed but one way for us to get to San Gabriel Mission, and this was the most agreeable way. Our horses, which had been hired for the season, had been returned. There was no railroad; our bicycles only remained.

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But, thanks to California! the roads were smooth even if they were dusty, and the distance but thirty-three miles.

When we rose the next morning and began making preparations, there was hardly a glimpse of daylight. I do not know but that my good resolutions would not all have been thrust aside, and I have left California without seeing this venerable pile in Easter array, had not F—— *persisted* in waking me up. When we were once out in the cool, bracing air, wheeling our way from the great hotel and the village itself, how different were our sensations! The eastern sky seemed ablaze with a far distant light; the hills were bathed in the first glimmering dawn.

It was the hour that inspired Corot to paint those wonderful, misty, impossible landscapes that have made him famous.

As we passed round a sudden hillside curve, I buttoned my jacket closer about my throat. There was nothing in the atmosphere now to warn one that before noonday we should be sweltering with heat. My fingers tingled a little as they grasped the metallic handles of my wheel. But instantly we were around the curve and sheltered from the wind, when we were quite comfortable.

We were on the hard adobé roads now, without even dust to impede our progress. S——, the one marriageable lady of our company, boldly led the way, supported on either side by two of the men who had shadowed her footsteps since first we entered the State. I felt sorry for the one, for I knew he was as much out of his reckoning as a dog in church. Later, however, he fell back, when our party moved on, protected in the rear by F—— and me.

The sun was putting in an appearance now. The golden clouds had disappeared from the east, to rally in scattered platoons in every corner of the heavens. The hills were growing a brighter and livelier green; but, despite the brightness, I was decidedly uncomfortable. The stimulant afforded by my light breakfast of coffee and rolls had been expended in my effort to complete my toilet. Besides, I had not come to California for my health, and had always suffered friendly taunts concerning my appetite. At this direful complaint F—— pulled out a couple of sandwiches, which he had managed to store in an outside pocket, probably in view of this crisis, and we indulged, as two well-developed starving humans can, upon a couple of hotel sandwiches.

As the sun rose higher, we discovered we were traveling through a bed of bloom — not patches of flowers here and there, but the earth one perfect floral mat. The sweet little pink and blue babyeyes nestled close to the earth, as if fearing to lift up their heads among tall grasses and statelier flowers. Delicately tinted cream-cups, blue star-flowers and lavender feather-balls mingled freely with gorgeous Chinese poppies and red warriors. We were in the "land of the lily; the gay, blooming flowers."

When the effects of our sandwiches had passed away, and I was feeling very much in sympathy with a sinking ship, we came in sight of a house. It was an "adobé," with a low roof and wide, open doors. A low, broad veranda extended along three sides of the building and was the most occupied portion of the house. N—— interviewed the owner and ordered our breakfast. He had been chosen chief barterer and beggar on our first jaunt, and had since held his position to the perfect satisfaction of the whole party.

The house had a half-neglected air, possibly interesting. The windows were dingy and the doorstep was worn half in two. But forgive my even mentioning it; for had you seen the children, all ages, sexes and sizes, your only wonderment would have been that there were any windows left. I have seen children before. I have admired their smiling faces and washed their faces that I might admire them still more, but this swarm, this never-ceasing flow of young human animals that came from the rear end of that house and poured into the kitchen, was beyond my comprehension. I am happy to say they swarmed back again at the sight of strangers, else the frugal meal might have been shared amongst them, and I never rescued from famine, and this account never have been written.

Another stretch of cactus fields, another grassy plain thickly strewn with wild flowers, by a row of hills, and we were in sight of the Mission.

If the Mission was not equal to my expectations in some respects, it certainly surpassed them in others. It was in good condition, though having stood

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one hundred and twenty years, and was in every way roomy and comfortable. If we could have worked changes by magic, we might have moved the string of chime bells from the rear of the church to the front, but, undoubtedly, we would only have exasperated the old friar.

As we neared the building, the group waiting outside the church doors eyed us curiously. Had they seen a phantom, or the crew of the Flying Dutchman suddenly betake themselves to wheels, their expressions would not have been more difficult to analyze. We were allowed to dismount unmolested, and placed our wheels in the shade of a neighboring sycamore. When we returned we found them securely fastened to the trunk of the tree by means of numerous strands of tow string. I have yet to learn whether this public-spirited citizen who performed this friendly office was more afraid of a runaway or an explosion.

Within the church all was in festal array. An archway, made of such flowers as we had been wheeling through all the morning, stood in front of the altar and reached from the floor midway to the ceiling. The altar, itself, was literally covered with bloom. The images, which I am sorry to say were few in number and poor in quality, were covered with roses and wild flowers. Even the pictures, which I confess looked shabby, in comparison with so imposing an edifice, trailed their decorations in the dust. The seats—they were hardly pews—were hard, stiff and uncomfortable, yet a rest from our wheels.

Grizzly *señors*, grave *señoras* and bright-eyed, round-faced *señoritas* began filling the church. Directly before me knelt a sweet-faced girl. Her cheeks were full with a touch of roundness, her lips were red and well curved, while her eyes were *Spanish eyes*. I fancied I had found Ramona, and looked about me for Alessandro. He appeared later, a true type of Indian. Again I was reminded of the pleasure one may enjoy by looking through other people's eyes, for who but Helen Hunt Jackson could find charm in an Indian?

I was still thinking of my newly found Ramona and wishing I could pluck her from the dark-faced man and the group of children surrounding her, when the bells at the rear broke into an uproarious, musical chime. I think I would have enjoyed their music far more if one had not been cracked. We did offer to draw lots as to who should cut the rope attached to this particular bell and thus spare our tortured nerves.

After an hour and a half spent more in looking about us than in listening, we were once more in the open air. The crowd was more motley now than before, while a noonday sun poured down upon our unoffending heads, treating saint and sinner in the same ruthless fashion.

We had barely succeeded in picking ourselves out of the crowd, and I had seen my Ramona perch herself on the high spring seat of a lumber wagon and drive away, when a shrill cry in the Spanish tongue attracted our attention. "Nice hot *tamales!* dear little *tamales!* very nice, very hot! Only try them, senors, senoras, and senoritas!" Then in the same coaxing voice by another salesman: "*Tortillas!* warm, light *tortillas?* Come, senors, here is a dinner for your sweethearts!"

We bought some *tamales* and found them to be all we desired. The meat used in their construction was real chicken, and not any of the many substitutes too often employed. The olives and other condiments were also excellent. The *tortillas* too nearly resembled heavy, hot cakes to be inviting. It is needless to say we did not buy any.

After a substantial lunch of such viands as we found for sale about us, we turned our backs upon the gray old walls, the belfry and its many apartments, the worn plank steps, the path, the crowd, and were once more wheeling our homeward way; not, however, until we had heard a certain word fall from happy lips which convinced our already persuaded minds that even in California, young men do not persistently wait upon young ladies without a purpose. We only wish them much joy, and feel certain if some of the party forget our Easter at San Gabriel Mission, all will not.

JESS.

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THROUGH ERIN AWHEEL.

BY GRACE E. DENISON.

ABOUT a year ago, in looking over a daily paper, I came across the following sentence, "Dublin is the cyclist's Paradise, and Ireland his happy hunting ground," and, with the quickened interest of the true lover of the wheel, I perused a column of attractive statements which followed the above-quoted remark. The facile pen of the writer described the ways and whims of Irish cyclists, their enthusiasm and good fellowship, their quaint club-house buried in the beautiful mountains of Wicklow, their very club-name, "*Ohne Hast*" (take it easy!), and, as I read, a thought grew big within my brain, a dream hovered on my mind's horizon, and spread in misty radiance over the heaven of my soul. I stood, like Moore's Peri, at the gate of paradise, but not, like her, disconsolate—rather daring, planning, working to get through the barrier, which was twofold wide, and long, and deep, and strong. A managing editor's will, and the yeasty, briny Atlantic Ocean!

Then, as the winter months passed by, spring came with promise; slowly the way opened, the path cleared, as ways and paths do when one has will and courage, till the thought was matured, and the dream took on reality, to the extent of a granted vacation and an ocean steamship passage, lying tangible and palely blue, in paper, on my writing-table. Along with these two precious needfuls were presented various gratuities in the line of advice and discouragement. "*You'll* never ride that distance." "From Dublin to Killarney—oh, train it; that will do just as well, and won't use you up!" "You'll be shot from behind a hedge in that wild country." "Irish roads are something awful, and think of the mountains to climb, and THE BOGS!"

I did think of them—oh! how often! and the more I thought the more I fretted to set out. As to the roads, I cheerfully re-read the newspaper article, and in fancy followed the "*Ohne Hasts*" on their runs, being strengthened by the therein contained assertion that old folks with gray hair were among the most brisk and energetic of the number, who took their pleasure for pleasure's sake alone. The idea of being shot at was beneath acceptance, as was also the base suggestion of learning the true inwardness of Ireland, her beauties and her faults, in the stuffy and commonplace precincts of a railway carriage. Many were the solemn conclaves I held in secret with those who had "gone before," not in a ghostly and spiritual sense, but sturdily pedaling with their own good legs, and observing with very keen and knowing eyes. A poet, a student and a merchant aided me with varied experience, and one delightful word, "GO!" As to a suitable outfit, I could get no pointers from such as these, and finally concluded that the trim navy serge which had borne the burden of the winter and spring wheel-

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ing was good enough to be engulfed in a bog, or riddled from behind a hedge. Light shoes and cloth gaiters, chamois gauntlets and blue cloth cap went into the compact bundle at the bottom of the trunk, and with many a bright anticipation, one more trusting female set out to do what pleased her best, in spite of the calm disapproval of all and sundry.

"From Dublin to Killarney" rang a sweet refrain to the rattle of the train, the throb of the steamer, and from Dublin to Killarney was the ride finally selected. The mountains of Donegal, rough and impassable as they looked while we steamed past them on the way to Derry, seemed to smile at me in grim welcome, the soft land breezes sighed "come," the hill torrents laughed and beckoned with their watery fingers — never was I drawn to any land in such sweet way as this! Was it the bicycle, or am I Irish after all?

As we feasted our eyes on the loveliness of Lock Foyle, and heard from a brilliant Irish girl words of comment and loving recognition of every beauty spot as we passed it, and received indisputable proof that the Irish roads were anything but bad, the line of rosecolor began to glow over the fair June sunset, it spread to the dream that kept my fancy, it glowed through the realization, and the afterglow shines yet. If my will had needed bracing, pugnacious and staunch old Derry would have done the job—strength, dogged endurance, con-

THE BROKEN CHAIN-GUARD.

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stancy and victory breathe in the air of that historic city—just as palpably as do easy-going, *laissez-aller*, procrastinating whispers float in the very atmosphere of "dear dirty Dublin."

But I had not been an hour in the latter city ere I began to doubt the entire accuracy of my newspaper writer's remark about the cyclist's paradise. Rather is Dublin the cyclist's rampage ground, racecourse or warpath. Hooting, scooting, bellringing, bent double, time breaking, life imperiling Dublin cyclist, here's to your appalling memory! I got accustomed to you, whilst I was your awestruck neighbor, but you have grown weird and startling as at first, since I have returned to the *dolce far niente* of Canadian wheeling. The Irishman is impetuous on the sturdy support of his own two legs—what shall we designate him, when, uplifted and exhilarated by a high geared pneumatic wheel, he drives young men and maidens, old men and children, not to mention old women, scuttling like autumn leaves in an East wind, out of his way? *Faugh the ballagh!* Clear the track! and he is gone, before the affrighted squeak of his victims has died in the air. He gets there, truly, but just as truly he doesn't care how, through, under or over what he flies, so long as he makes time and arrives comparatively whole in wheel and carcase. He is forever up for repairs. The cycling depots are busy, busy, mending punctured tires, straightening bent pedals, adjusting handle bars, pushing saddles as far back as possible, that the "monkey on a stick" attitude may be duly observed, and the air resounds with rumors of slips and slides, and contusions and smashes, tales of woe of various kinds and degrees. These are usually told with a chuckle and a grin, as if it were rather a capital joke to arrive home, sitting uneasily on a jaunting car, with a demented looking wheel, wavy in the tire and erratic in the spokes, reposing behind the driver, for, as a merry-eyed Irish lad told me gleefully, "You see, a jaunting car just seems built to carry a wheel."

In every direction round Dublin stretch perfect roads and pretty scenery; guidebooks are compiled giving the minutest particulars as to distance, state of roads and scenic attractions, and if one enthusiast affects the South, and assures you that the Northern or Western roads are abominable and uninteresting, there always follow him two more ready to pick up the gauntlet in defense of the disparaged localities, and to belittle the beauties of the Wicklow hills. It must be always remembered that what may be a trying road, if taken at full speed and carelessly, is possibly a very decent highway under other conditions, and I generally observed the "other conditions" myself. I rode a Raglan wheel, and the only occasion when my mind misgave me was when I stood, on the morning of my departure from Dublin, looking the dainty machine carefully over to make sure it was in perfect order, and thinking of the trials that lay before it. I may add that it was as good as ever at the end of the trip. After the costume and the wheel, came the itinerary. (Isn't that sequence a confession of sex?) I had maps and advice galore, and a good share of undiluted Hibernian pessimism, with large portions of much watered veracity, and highly colored adjectives. And in the face of it all, I often wilted and stormed. However, much gabbling and contradiction had its final result in a route selected partly because of its scenic interest, a good deal because of its good roads, and in some instances, because of "pure cussedness" and obstinacy on my part in fixing my hopes on seeing some out of the way place, which for one reason or another was an object of curiosity or interest to *me*. Pretty and grotesque were the names which jostled together in my memory, and fell in decidedly un-Celtic accents from my lips. The Dargle, fondly dilated on by the author of my being in far off childish days. Blackrock—just under my nose, as it were. (*Why* had I always in fancy located it at or near *Cork?*) The Scalp, the Powerscourt Waterfall, Glen-da-lough, Enniskerry, Avoka; shades of poets and saints—what an essence of romance and holiness combined was here! Kilkenny, where a Bishop held out kindly hand of welcome; Cashel, where the chapel of King Cormac, the Holy Stone, and Druids only know what of upturned sacrificial altar and hoary interest is to be found; Tipperary, where the plucky Smith-Barry and the Land League met in mortal combat, and which I had determined within myself to visit, *coûte qu'il coûte!* Kilkenny Caves and Mallow Castle, and various "kils" and

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"ballys" and such delightful localities. We wanted to go here, there, and to all points of the compass at one and the same time, but finally succeeded in arranging a route which could be gone over in the time at our disposal, accidents notwithstanding, and which I have designated in the accompanying map. I have dropped naturally from singular to plural, because by this time there was a "we"—a handsome Irish cousin, who had pledged himself in black and white to ride with me to the world's end, if I would allow him. He knew scarcely more of the road than I did, had never seen Killarney, and was not the least bit interested in the natives, but he took keen delight in a pretty view, his muscles were in undoubted condition, his *savoir faire* admirable, and for these good reasons his offer was accepted as a distinct blessing, and as eminently comforting to a lone woman liable to be shot or engulfed at any moment!

A week was spent round and about Dublin, where I rode blissfully through sylvan scenes and intersecting tramlines with equal immunity from far worse fates than possible shooting or engulfing—to wit: puncturing my pneumatic tire, or landing on a greasy, wet, stone pavement and spoiling my clothes. I had, at any rate, found my niche in the paradise of the newspaper article, though I rode very meekly and neither shouted at nor scared my fellowmen, as is the habit of the gentlemen angels on wheels. Some people don't call them by this pretty name, and one crusty editor, with an anti-pneumatic soul, and a lack of *la politesse*, actually nicknamed them "cads on casters." Perhaps a fair medium between the two is about what they deserve, for though they are "impetuous," their hearts are in the right place. Mine was not, however. It seemed to be straying somewhere away "over there," where the blue Wicklow Mountains looked down at me, ever whispering—even amid the laughter and pranks of the merry "*Ohne Hasts*," as we skurried out to the farm club-house for tea; even over the "sough" of the sea round Ireland's Eye as we hilariously picnicked at Howth; even louder than the crash of the band as we trundled easily round Phœnix Park, or leaned against our wheels on Kingstown pier—ever whisperng, "Come, we will please you better!" And so one cool Monday morning, after dawdling and forgetting and doing and undoing, in true Dublin fashion, until half-past eleven—until I was ready to cry with impatience and exasperation, we set out southward, and sped, too swiftly for an all-day ride, out of the tarrying city, where the "*Ohne Hasts*" grow, into the land of promise.

Our first day's ride was to end at Glenda-lough, the place of the Seven Churches; we were to ride through Powerscourt (don't say *Power*, but *Pore*, please!), which is the home of Lord Powerscourt, and also the home of a wonderfully pretty little waterfall, made by the River Dargle, which takes a leap over a precipice some seventy feet in height, and falls in sprays and sparkles that are dainty and tinkling and pretty as one could wish to see. We took unapostolic purses and two coats, also some small toilet comforts, in the waterproof bundles on our luggage carriers, and the Irish cousin (whom some fellow-student of Trinity had basely nicknamed Tim) carried a semblance of a watch on his chain, which, being interpreted, turned out to be a dear little drinking-glass of the telescopic variety, with a compass on its cover. Of course we had sandwiches. I was the commissariat, and carried the provisions in a hand-bag on my lamp-hook; Tim was the canteen, and relied on the mountain springs for drinks. We pedaled merrily along, only arrested by the small catastrophe of my chain-guard becoming loose unbeknown to me, and getting promptly whirled by my left pedal into a shapeless lump of twisted wires. "Shall we go back and get it mended?" said Tim doubtfully. But I was too much afraid that if we turned back we should *never* get started again, to listen to such a suggestion; so I climbed on my wheel after freeing the pedal of its bedeviled necklet, and by dint of sitting on my skirt, contrived to keep it from catching in the chain. Of course it wasn't pretty, nor very comfortable to the cyclist, whose one care in mounting is to adjust her skirt as carefully as an exquisite parts his hair; but it was better than the misery of turning back, at all events, and in the beauty of the mountains and the smoothness of the road, I soon forgot to consider appearances. Enniskerry came upon us in pretty wise nestling in the shadow of the "Sugar,

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loaf," a grand cone-shaped peak which is a landmark far across the country side. The canteen located a mountain spring, the commissariat dispensed the toothsome sandwiches, and we lunched on the top of a low wall, and looked across admiringly at Enniskerry. It is a sweet little picture with its church spire, its white cottages straggling along the street, and cuddled into a little bunch of a village, while the protecting Sugarloaf towers heavenward behind it. "We've got to get to the other side of *him*," said Tim, waving a sandwich in the direction of the mountain. "We go through the Scalp (which means a cleft or gorge), and if you don't get a hill long enough to satisfy you before night ——" and an expressive pause ensued as Tim engaged his energies on the last sandwich. "How long?" I asked, with the confidence of the greenhorn. "Three miles," muttered Tim, in a rather muffled and sandwichy voice. "*What!*" I gasped. He nodded gravely. "A scorcher; you'll have to walk it," he said, calmly. "I *won't*." "All right, old lady, let's get on to Powerscourt. Have another drink?" Tim had by this time arrived at a sufficient estimate of me never to argue with me; he made his statement, and when I disputed it, or rebelled, he simply said, "All right," and allowed subsequent experience to convince me.

We got on to Powerscourt in peace and satisfaction, and on producing an order, which we had got for the asking from Lord Powerscourt's agent, we were admitted by an ancient lodge-keeper into the beautiful demesne, and took a ride through that sixteen thousand acres which own Lord Powerscourt as lord of the soil. Of course it goes without saying that the roads here were something perfect, and on either side clumps of rhododendrons, white, pink and crimson in full bloom, ferns and wild flowers, rustic bridges and shaven turf, grand old trees, and many a tinkling rill, at the sound of whose silvery voice we always fancied we heard the first echo of the far-famed waterfall. But sixteen thousand acres gives quite a lengthy ride, and we were surfeited with glimpses of lovely places, soft lawns, bosky dells, dainty deer flitting under the great oaks, or staring knee-deep in the feathery ferns, before we came to the foot of the cliff and in sight of the little lace-like fall, leaping and dashing from a rock seventy feet above us. This is one of the picture places of Ireland, and the only part of it reserved from the tourist is in the immediate vicinity of the Hall, where one reads on a signboard that tourists are requested not to take the road past the front of the residence. Out of the handsome demesne, in a sudden flurry of mist and rain we presently wheeled to face the scorcher—that three-mile hill of which I had lightly spoken at lunch. Of course I tried to ride, but the stones were damp and slippery, and I was soon glad enough to dismount and even accept the help of Tim's sturdy hand to assist me in pushing along my wheel. The mountain air was sweet and light and bracing, and a grand view rewarded this long climb—not to mention the happy consciousness that for all this mounting there must be a corresponding descent once we had passed the Scalp. One can always bear hard things if one is sure of their reward. The climb had been absolutely lonely and desolate, but now we began to meet people, on cars and on foot, with cloaks and shawls over their heads, and on all those patient faces was a smile gentle and kind. I don't deny that I smiled first, often I laughed, too, at the quaint greetings of "More power to you, ma'am!" "God bless the lady!" "Eh, it's you that do be going!" with which our hurried passing was announced. One quaint carload, an Irish wedding party with a smiling, pretty bride in a tulle veil and white wreath, and a very tipsy but beaming bridegroom, halted at the inn at Roundwood, where we were having our tea, and very strange and peculiar it seemed to my American eyes to see the cars turn by the inn door, and the host bring out the tiny glass of *potheen*, which the bride must sip and the groom drain at every hospitable door. No wonder the poor fellow was heavy-headed and rather unsteady on his seat! Tim gravely informed me that it is the duty of the best man at Irish weddings to produce the groom at the ceremony in a state of almost inebriation, hardly knowing what he is doing or saying. We temperately confined ourselves to tea, the good Irish tea, which puts to shame many a modish brew in this our land, and the inn servant put bread and butter galore at our disposal, and charged us a quarter

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"WE LUNCHED ON THE TOP OF A LOW WALL." (*p. 32.*)

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apiece. It was not far to Glen-da-lough, where our dinner was ordered; so we partook more delicately of the bread and butter than we usually did, and soon wheeled out of Roundwood in the most charming sunlit evening that I ever looked at. The ruined chapel of Annamoe necessitated a halt, an agonized climb over an iron-spiked gate and an inspection of the quaint little chapel, where two *potheen* bottles reposed in the font, and scores of names were scribbled over the whitened walls. "Sure, 'tis Annamoe Chapel, my lady; we do not be goin' there now," explained one of a lounging group by the wayside, as, flurried and breathless, I scrambled over the gate into their midst. "A straight wheel to Glen-da-lough and no more halts!" ordered Tim, who was thinking of his dinner; and so we proceeded down a charming road, and at a quarter to eight we alighted at the low-eaved white cottage where we were to spend the night. It is not an inn, though tourists may stop there in very limited numbers, but it is the cleanest, coziest, most reasonable and best managed cottage in all Ireland, and its name is "Richardsons."

"MORE POWER TO YOU, MA'AM." (*p. 32.*)

To be continued.

EASTER LILIES.

GARLAND the Easter lilies,
In the land of pine and palm,
The lilies that know no frost and snow,
For a joyful Easter psalm.

Wreathe them around the altar stairs,
The font, at the foot of the shrine,
Till each gold heart glows like the soul of the rose,
In the consecrated wine.

They say in the icy northland
That without the Winter's sting,
And the cutting wind, we can never find
All the beauty and warmth of the Spring;

That joys are sweeter if sorrow has wrung
The tortured heart alway;
But the scar of the pain must ever remain
I care not what they say.

The flowers are none the fairer
For the Winter's weary thrall,
And undefiled is the joy of a child
That has never known grief at all.

So the lilies that swoon in their scented breath
Are the Easter lilies to twine;
Spring sings them a song the whole year long,
In the land of the palm and pine.

Then gather Ascension lilies,
In their pure perennial bloom;
Let there be no taint of sorrow's plaint
At the Saviour's empty tomb.

Let the languorous Easter lilies,
In the Summer land of the palm,
Chant the glorious theme, He rose to redeem,
In a glad thanksgiving psalm.

EMMA PLAYTER SEABURY.

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A SOCIAL philosopher has asserted that the less intellectual a people are the more they dance, because, being unable to enjoy the higher mental pleasures, they resort to mere bodily movement for amusement; and another has stated that those who are fondest of dancing are most deficient in brain power. This proposition he tries to prove by calling attention to the rage for dancing among savages and, in fact, all primitive people, whether they are black, red, or white.

Light heels and light heads are supposed to go together in modern life, but this is evidently somewhat of an exaggeration, as persons of the highest culture may be the most airy and graceful of terpsichoreans, their subtler intelligence enabling them to express in their actions the veritable poetry of motion.

It may, perhaps, be fairly said that, as a general rule, those hare-brained creatures who consider that no pleasure in life can equal that found in a ball-room are the least serious in the community, and, to use a military phrase, "exceedingly light artillery" in any contest requiring brain or brawn.

There are exceptions to this rule, as there are to all others, but I think it will hold good as applied to those who like dancing for the mere sake of dancing, and not for the opportunities it affords for being sociable.

One of the old maxims on dancing as it should be practiced in public by well bred people is: "If you dance well, dance seldom; if you do not dance well, do not dance at all."

The object of this advice was, apparently, to prevent good dancers from displaying their ability or agility in too pronounced a manner, as if they were so many dancing masters, and to save the poor dancers from making a laughing stock of themselves.

This delicate counsel is rarely acted upon, however, even by well-bred people, their vanity being greater than their power of self-denial, especially if they are adepts in the terpsichorean art. It is related of the famous Marshal Saxe that nothing pleased him so much after one of his victories as the opportunity to display his fine person and gorgeous uniform in a ball-room to the admiring gaze of bright eyes, and that he was one of the best patrons of the floor. The English royal family are reported to be very fond of dancing and excellent dancers, the Prince of Wales being considered one of the best waltzers among the prospective crowned heads of Europe.

Whoever has seen him whirling

PINNATED GROUSE.

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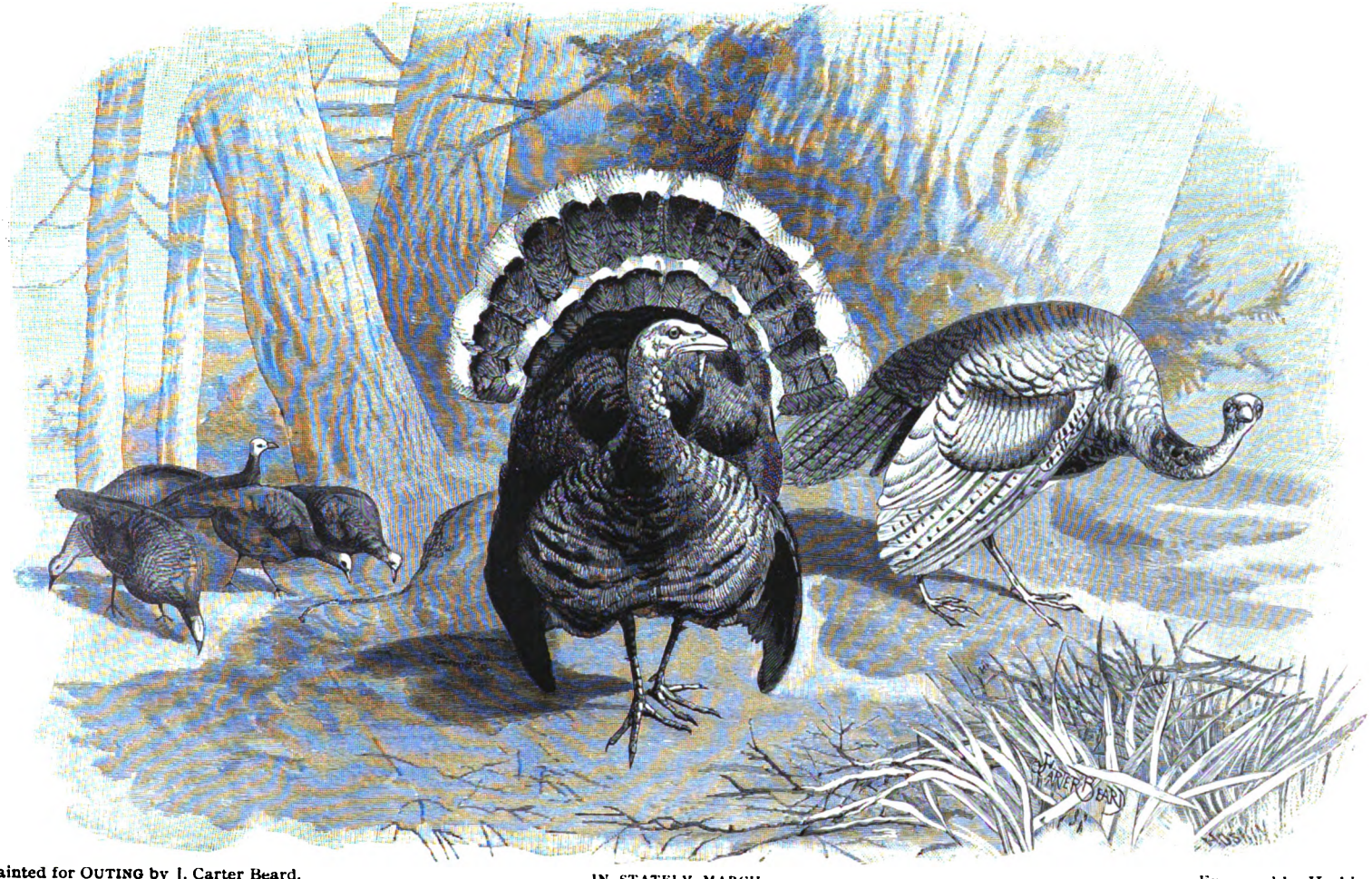

Painted for OUTING by J. Carter Beard.

IN STATELY MARCH.

Engraved by Hoskin.

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around a ball-room in Homburg or Nice could readily believe this, as he seems to dance with his whole heart and soul, and as if it were the greatest pleasure on earth. I have seen many an untutored Indian, however, who excelled him in strength and intensity of action, and who danced as if his life depended on its perfect accomplishment. If I were asked to give an opinion as to who are the greatest dancers in the world I should point to the Western Indians, as they introduce dancing at every feast and fast and for every imaginable purpose on every possible occasion, from a preparation for war to rejoicing over the capture of a deer, bear, wolf, or rabbit. It is with them, however, as it was with the ancients, more of a religious than a social ceremony, and they depend upon it as being their greatest, in fact only, means for obtaining the "good medicine," or magical power, with which they hope to overcome all the difficulties of life, become successful in war, chase and love, and checkmate or defeat all enemies. It is to them what prayer is to a Christian or Buddhist.

Victory or defeat, disease or death, good news or bad, abundance or starvation are equally made the occasion for a dance; yet they rarely permit the women to join in it, even when it is of a purely social character, as they consider that such a display of equal rights would result in "bad medicine," or ill-luck.

On the few occasions in which females are allowed to indulge in the amusement, or rather violent and laborious exercise, they are treated more as accessories than participators, as if they were merely intended to heighten the dramatic effect of a scene and to enable the warriors to contrast the vast difference between themselves and the squaws by recounting their own mighty deeds by flood and field and indulging in the most extravagant boasting concerning themselves and their paternal ancestors.

Thus, while ladies in civilized communities are the great attraction of a ball-room, and are expected to lead in the mazy evolutions, the light or brilliant conversation, and to display their most exquisite dresses and fascinating manners, they are, in savage society, expected to act as wall-flowers, keep as silent as they can, and confine their taste to admiring the dress and antics of the madly bounding braves jumping in circles before them.

We can see from this that man occupies much the same position as to dress and dancing in primitive society that a woman does in civilized circles, and that the lower we descend in animal life the more of a coxcomb does the male become.

We find this fully illustrated among both birds and quadrupeds, the deep-voiced lion, with his shaggy mane and powerful frame being equally as conscious of his strength and beauty as the proudest peacock is of his gaudy plumage, or the sweetest songster of the grove of his most brilliant and dulcet notes.

These animals receive their power, gay feathers or harmonious voice in order to win the admiration of the less pretentious females, and they use them mainly for that purpose, just as the painted savages of the Far West dance best and vaunt loudest in the presence of the squaws, or the dandies of a "German" assume their most gracious airs to captivate the attendant belles.

Man being a compound of all the virtues, vices, and habits of the lower animals, it is only natural that parallels should be found in their manners and customs, whether it be in war or in love. The gallinaceous birds of the United States are, probably, his best imitators in dancing, it being almost as prominent a feature in their existence, especially during the mating period, as it is in that of the Indians before one of their raids, or the youths of both sexes in civilized communities during the winter.

The latter and the birds employ dancing largely, if not mainly, for the same purpose, that is, to win the admiration or companionship, for better or worse, of the opposite sex, but with this difference, that the birds, knowing nothing about any other method of wooing, always resort to it whenever they want a mate. Like the savages, the birds only allow the males to indulge in the amusement, the females being on all occasions mute but admiring wall-flowers, or lookers-on from a distance.

The most enthusiastic devotees of dancing among the American avifauna are the sharp-tailed grouse (*Pediocetes phasianellus*), whose habitat

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extends from Illinois to Alaska. This species varies slightly in coloring in different localities, but that which is best known in the Central West is blackish above, variegated with brownish-yellow; the scapulars are broadly streaked with white; the head, neck and ground color are white; the under markings are dusky; there are dusky spots on the throat; the toes are feathered, and the two long feathers in the tail, which have given it the general name it bears, are very conspicuous. It is about the size of the prairie chicken, and its flesh is both succulent and palatable. Although the males of most of the gallinaceous order indulge in various forms of what might be called dancing to win their brides, yet none practices it so assiduously as the sharp-tail, or spotted chicken.

The terpsichorean evolutions are begun in the spring, soon after the birds are in their gayest plumage and most vigorous condition. The grouse first assemble in small flocks, and these increase steadily in numbers until in the course of a week perhaps they amount to scores. If this number is considered too great for one party, secessions occur until the assembly is reduced to the proper proportion; then immediate preparations are made for opening the season.

The first movement of the males is to find a suitable plot where shrubbery grows, and to trample down the grass over an area of thirty or forty square feet. When this *al fresco* ball-room is ready those intending to become benedicts frequent it every morning and evening for fifteen or sixteen days, and indulge in the most ludicrous antics ever witnessed by civilized man.

The females retire to one side and look as coy and demure as they can, while the masculine ballet-dancers step boldly into the cleared space and begin to display their airs and graces, their stately forms and new spring suits, and, above all, their perfect knowledge of the terpsichorean art, with all the self-consciousness and assurance of an old-time fop or a modern coxcomb.

They first ruffle up their neck feathers, elevate their tails, drop their rigid wings close to the ground, and, while keeping up a rapid vibratory or drumming sound with them, circle round and round one another in slow waltzing time. They chassez to the right and left, stop, and bow to partners, then squat on the ground in the most ridiculous postures and gaze rapturously, or rather lackadaisically, at each other for several moments.

On arising they inflate their bodies as much as possible, strut around like Belgian drum-majors, assume the most pompous attitudes, and act as if they were overcome with their own importance. They move in couples, fours and groups, advance and retire, balance partners, and when wheeling indulge in gentle clucking, as if they were complimenting one another on their fine appearance, the success of the meeting, and the "exquisite and delightful pleasure of your company, don't you know."

They certainly act as much like prigs as the bipeds of the civilized ball-room, but they are far more interesting, because there is some character in their movements, and not a little amusement for the human spectator. The figures of the grouse dance are like those of a minuet, but more complex, for, though all the birds go through the same movements, each couple or group acts independently, and dance as they please. Their style is strongly suggestive of a rustic ball where only two or three are acquainted with the figures, and they try to push or drag the others through them.

The pace of the feathered terpsichoreans varies considerably, being sometimes quite fast, though oftener slow and measured, but in either case they act as if they thought the proper execution of the dance was the most serious work of their lives. And so it is, for, unless they acquit themselves creditably, they are liable to remain bachelors for that season.

When a bird gets tired it leaps to one side and gives a gentle cluck, apparently to excuse its conduct to its partner. It plays the part of spectator after that until it is rested, then bounds in and dances with as much vim as ever, as if it were bound to show the gentle wall-flowers that it could outwaltz all its congeners. It seems to be quite ignorant of the aphorism "If you dance well, dance seldom," or else it defies such counsel by doing the very opposite.

As soon as the males have shown the ladies all their accomplishments they

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Painted for OUTING by J. Carter Beard.

THE WHITE CRANES' MINUET.

Engraved by Held.

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choose partners for the season and devote the remainder of the year to rearing young waltzers.

Their ball-rooms, which are known as "chicken stamping grounds" in the West, can be readily recognized by the way in which the grass and low shrubbery are trampled down, and the numerous runways in the adjoining bushes.

Old hunters and ranchmen assert that each flock, if it is not disturbed much by sportsmen or stock, returns to the same ball-room or stamping ground year after year, and that if driven from there temporarily it will wait for some time to see if it is safe to return before attempting to prepare another.

Young birds do not always follow their parents, however, for if they did they would have more opportunities for fighting than dancing and for running than wooing. One may see from ten to fifty of these ball-rooms close to a stream in a day's march in parts of the West, particularly where shelter and food are abundant and settlers scarce, for the sharp-tail, unlike the prairie fowl, flees before man, while the latter accompanies or follows him in his migrations.

The pinnated grouse, or prairie fowl, (*Cupidonia cupido*), are also fond of the saltatorial art, but their dances, like those of some human denizens of the Western border, are very liable to end in bloodshed, particularly if female partners are not so abundant as they should be. These birds select an open ridge covered with short grass for their ball-room and run over a large area, now strutting in the most stilted style, inflating the distensible sacs on each side of the neck, expanding the little wings or tufts beside them, erecting and spreading the tails, and tooting or booming in a clamorous manner; or they may engage in a lively and original quadrille in which dancing and quarreling are about equally mingled.

If two engage in a combat, it terminates only with the flight or death of one of them. They are much addicted to the habit of calling the hens to gaze on their forms or to witness their contests on the field of Mars or Terpsichore, and if they succeed in their purpose they seem to attain the acme of happiness in the grouse world. This "calling" is done with the air reservoirs, which are alternately filled and emptied, and produce sounds similar to the roll of a muffled drum. This roll can be heard a mile or more in pleasant weather, and is always the signal for the hens to assemble as spectators at rout or tourney *a la pied* and choose their companions for the year.

While not so interesting as that of their congeners, the spotted chicken, still, the dancing of these prairie roamers is quite unique and amply repays one for the time spent in witnessing it, particularly if the martial god rules the assembly in place of the gentle goddess with the plectrum.

When the females have selected their partners all the drumming, parading, dancing and fighting cease among these feathered knights, and they become as peaceable and unobtrusive as so many turtle doves. Is this an additional proof of the truth of the adage that a female is at the bottom of all trouble on earth? If it is, then it may safely be stated that she is not to be blamed for it, as the fault—if fault it is—does not originate with her.

The males of the Canada grouse or Spruce partridge (*Canace canadensis*), whose range extends as far north as 70°, woo their companions by displaying their forms, fighting, and calling or drumming. They expect to win their partners more by their drumming than dancing ability, still they resort to a certain form of march when they wish to appear most fascinating. They have the habit of rising spirally in the air at intervals, and making a drumming, metallic sound which is loudest as they descend. The cause of this is apparent in the broad spread of the tail, which is turned over the back, and the acute angle which the wings make with the body so that the filaments act like taut harp strings and produce a metallic resonance.

The dusky grouse (*Canace obscura*), which is probably the handsomest member of its family when in full plumage during the spring and early winter, is evidently very proud of itself, for it struts about with the self-conscious air of an invincible lady-killer, and calls loudly to the hens to view it on dress parade.

An adult male swells with pride if he fancies some coy female espies him, and marches slowly, and with a mien that always reminds one of a dark dandy in

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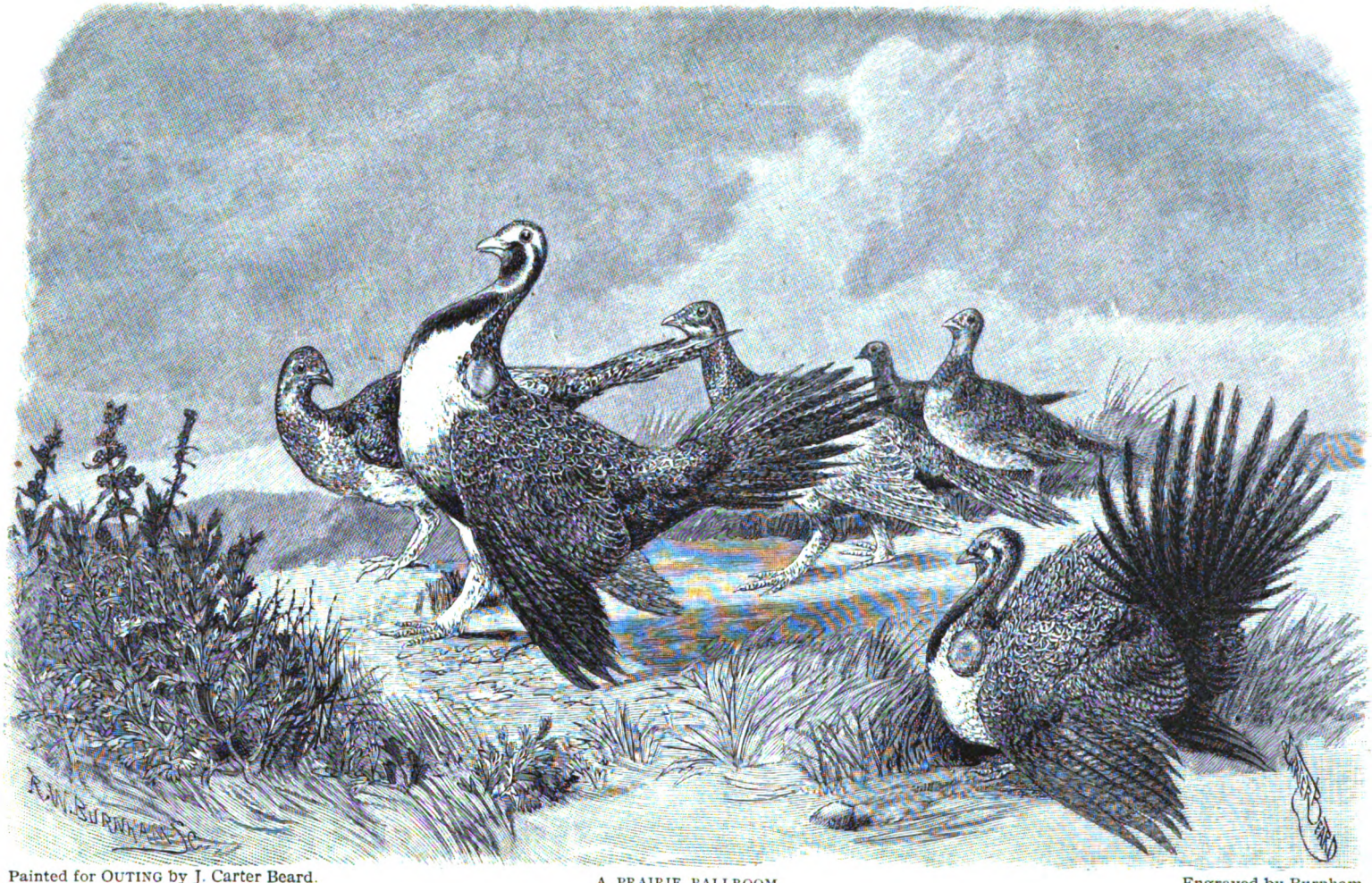

Painted for OUTING by J. Carter Beard.

A PRAIRIE BALLROOM.

Engraved by Burnham.

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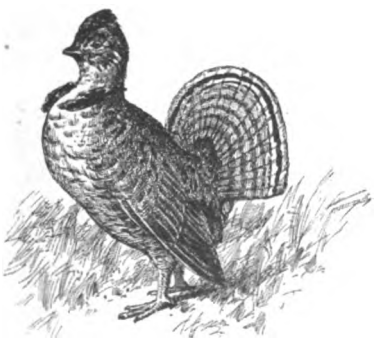
DUSKY GROUSE.

holiday attire walking proudly in front of a bevy of dusky belles.

This species of grouse is probably the best ventriloquist on the continent, for on hearing the "call" one might think it quite a long distance away, when in fact it may be only a few feet, and he may seek the retreat for hours without finding it, yet the sexes fly to each other without a moment's hesitation.

The dusky grouse is a most persistent troubadour during the mating period, often keeping up his courting song night and day with only slight intermissions. This song is a deep, prolonged whirring noise, which is repeated several times, then stopped for awhile. It is supposed to be produced by the alternate inflation and contraction of the air sacs on the sides of the throat. Although this bird may be considered a dancer to a certain extent yet it places its main dependence for winning a mate on its drumming and ventriloquial power.

The ruffed grouse (*Bonasa umbellus*), which is found from Hudson Bay to Texas and from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, may be considered both a drummer and a dancer, for, though the male is perhaps unexcelled among his family in the former capacity, he may also be said to be unapproachable as a dancer. He is too proud and stately to condescend to dance the minuets of the sharp-tails or the quadrilles of the prairie fowl, so he confines his saltatory exercise to exhibiting his swelling form while parading on a log to the music of his own drumming.



RUFFED GROUSE.

During the wooing season he marches steadily for hours and clucks his sense of satisfaction at his own importance quite frequently. He often stops abruptly in his marching and flaps his wings so vigorously that they produce a booming sound, which reverberates for half a mile or more through the forest.

After drumming for several minutes he ceases suddenly, then resumes it, and sustains it until he becomes weary. This booming is not unlike the roll of a kettle-drum, and is so very deceptive in woods that one is often misled as to its direction. The drumming and parading begin between February and April, according to the mildness of the climate, and continue until all the fertile birds have paired. Barren hens frequently drum during the summer, and young males in the autumn, soon after leaving the family brood.

The drumming is heard more in the morning and evening than at any other time, and is persistent in cloudy weather and often continued all night. Old farmers and hunters say that the drumming is always heard before a rain; therefore, if they see the birds flying to the trees when the day is fine they expect rain, but if they remain on the ground, though the sky should be never so threatening, fair weather is expected.

Few woodland scenes are more interesting to a lover of nature than beholding a couple of these birds marching up and down a log in all the glory of a new plumage, and drumming vehemently for the females to come and admire them. The latter at first seem to be totally unaware of the presence of such ardent wooers, though they are looking directly towards them; but, demurely pecking at imaginary seeds or insects, they gradually approach the parade-ground of the drummers.

Should one coyly reply to a drummer, the other considers this an insult that can only be wiped out in blood, so he

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boldly issues from his retreat and attacks his rival with all the fire and fury characteristic of his pugnacious family. The contest is opened without any preliminaries and continued until terminated by the flight or death of the weaker.

The victor then marches away with his feathered Helena and tries to breathe his notes of love into her ear before he has recovered from the exhaustion of the desperate struggle he waged in her behalf.

The plumed knights of old were always ready to throw down the gauge of battle to all rivals in honor of some "faire ladye", and the feathered knights do exactly the same thing amid their woodland retreats. The Bayards of the chivalric era sang only of war and love; their avian prototypes of to-day cannot sing about anything else.

During the spring, their whole thoughts seem to be an echo of the Teutonic saw: "*Ohne Magd geht es nicht*" ("You cannot do anything without the ladies"). They are therefore entitled to be considered as chivalric as any members of the human family who pride themselves on their courteous gallantry to the fair sex.

The sage cock (*Centrocercus urophasianus*), which is a resident of the region lying between Western Kansas and the Sierra Nevada and Cascade Ranges, depends more on his vocal than his drumming and dancing abilities for winning his bride. Yet he parades a great deal, and is evidently as proud of his stately marching as a member of a crack regiment can be of his.

When he goes on parade he spreads the tail into a fan-like shape, inflates the neck and air sacs to the fullest extent, lowers the wings until they sweep the ground, and then marches, wheels, struts, and sings until some female takes pity on his forlorn condition and accepts him for better or worse.

He is certainly the most devoted of lovers, and displays more of those characteristics known as "idiotic softness" and "spoony melancholy" than any of his congeners. His courting song is a deep, guttural and unmelodious whir—whir—whir—hoo—hoo, which sounds as if he were troubled with a bad cold, or had a bush in his throat. This is apparently intended more for the purpose of calling the attention of the females to his whereabouts than to captivating them, he depending for that

CANADA GROUSE.

mainly on his airs and graces. He is a most indefatigable marcher, and struts and stares, and inflates himself until he seems ready to burst.

The males of this species do not seem so pugnacious as their congeners; they do not, at least, consider every attempt at singing an erotic lay by a rival, a challenge to a deadly combat. They fight occasionally, of course; what ardent wooers do not? but they may be considered quite peaceable compared to the remainder of their order.

A cursory review of the grouse family reveals the fact that some of them win their brides chiefly by a display of their dancing ability, while the others, though depending largely on the same method, vary it with exhibitions of ventriloquism, drumming, and very hoarse singing. The terpsichoreans are, chiefly, denizens of the plains and prairies, and the drummers and serenaders of woods and forests. The main reliance of all, nevertheless, is in their fighting power, as they know that a successful warrior is always able to win the lady of his choice; for in the lower animal world it seems to be the law that each Helen belongs to the victorious Paris.

Strength, endurance, and pugnacity rule there, and are far more potent than any other accomplishments in winning the female heart.

The wild turkey gobbler may also be

SHARP-TAILED GROUSE.

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considered a dancer, as he indulges in stately marching and wheeling and indignant hopping when he sees a rival. These hops are always in keeping with his feelings at the moment they are made, so that a keen observer can generally guess at his mental state by watching his movements.

If he is parading alone during the pairing period he usually moves in slow and measured time, displays his beauty of plumage to the utmost limit, and calls loudly for some lovely companion in golden bronze to join him in his evolutions. If none responds he becomes more vehement in his demands, and apparently tries to split his throat, while his movements change gradually from slow and sedate to quick and agitated time, especially if the fair creature still remains obdurate.

Should he detect one approaching he again becomes calm, assumes his most majestic mien, and, with all his plumage expanded, marches up and down his parade ground, turns to the right or left *tempo comodo* and stops and bows or assumes a rigid position of "Attention!" As soon as he notices that the female is inclined to advance towards him he may allow his feathers to fall into their ordinary position, then expand them suddenly by spreading and erecting his tail, depressing the wings with a quivering motion and sweeping the ground with them, drawing back the head on the shoulders in order to increase his dignity of appearance, and causing every feather capable of being moved to spread to its full dimension.

He then resumes his pompous strutting, wheeling, and gobbling until he attracts a bride to his side or perhaps some rival wooer who challenges him to mortal combat. On seeing the latter approach, his *andantino* marching changes to *andante*, then to *allegro*, and finally to *allegrissimo* when his competitor is within striking distance. In other words he becomes hopping mad, and he makes it hot and lively for his antagonist until one or the other yields or dies.

If he proves victorious, he seems almost overcome with his own prowess and importance, and struts about, loudly gobbling his defiance to all rivals, and should the other knights of the spur refuse his challenge, he parades before the admiring belle beside him, and, after showing her all his beauties and good qualities, proudly escorts her to some sylvan retreat where they live happily until the nesting season begins, when his spouse deserts him abruptly and keeps by herself until her young family are old enough to take care of themselves.

This desertion is not the result of fickleness on the part of the female, but of her maternal instincts, for she knows full well that, though her chosen warrior may be an excellent lover, he is a poor protector of her little flock. He has, in fact, the exceedingly reprehensible habit of destroying the eggs whenever he can find them, in order to keep her in his company as long as possible. This would seem to prove that the fondest of lovers may be the worst of fathers.

The long-legged grallatores may be considered to rank next to the gallinaceous fowls as dancers, but it is a very difficult matter to describe their dancing, on account of its erratic character, its sudden commencement and cessation, and apparently indefinite purpose. It consists, chiefly, of some very ridiculous hopping on one or both legs, changing positions, bowing and squatting, and attempts at flying. Whoever has seen it cannot soon forget it, and if he had any sense of mirth he must have laughed heartily at the ludicrous antics of those feathered bipeds on stilts. They rarely indulge in dress parades or dress rehearsals like the turkeys and grouse, and their dancing seems more like an attempt at being ceremoniously if not ridiculously polite than at any effort at proving their terpsichorean ability.

An aged negro once tried to explain to me the cause of the turkey's strutting by saying that "De Laud gin dem gobblehs sech little pimples o' heads dat He could not get no sense into 'em, so He med 'em act like stuck-up dandies foh to get wives."

"How is that?" I asked.

"Why, all de sense dey got is in dey clothes, sah; dey aint got none in dey cranooms. Dey's sinsless, sah, jes' like nigger dudes what 'pends on de clothes dey neber paid foh to get de gals to lub 'em. No, sah; dem gobblehs and black dudes ant got no tracshuns foh de female heart 'cept in dey airs, and dey knows it. Dats why dey strut so much."

JOHN MORTIMER MURPHY.

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LONG-DISTANCE RIDING.

BY CAPT. HENRY ROMEYN.

THE long-distance ride of the Austrian and Prussian officers, with its fatal sequel for the poor animals ridden by them, has brought to light many instances of a similar character, though less tragic, in this country, and many more could doubtless be added, were not the human performers men not familiar with the use of the pen, or unaccustomed to having their actions made matters of record by the press. Some such incidents came directly under the notice of the writer during years of service on the frontier; others were related to him by persons familiar with the facts and were alluded to in course of conversations as though they were ordinary events of everyday life.

In June, 1868, a man named Morris rode from Saguache, then a small settlement at the head of the San Luis Park, Colorado, to Fort Garland, nearly one hundred miles, between three o'clock A. M., and half past one o'clock P. M., the same day (ten and a half hours). The reason for the ride was a threatened outbreak of the Tabaguache Utes. The horse ridden was a broncho raised in the San Joaquin Valley, California, "crow black," about fourteen and a half hands high, weighing about 750 pounds, and carried, including saddle, about 165 pounds, about twenty-two per cent. of his weight. He had had no training, but was driven in from the range with the herd; "lassoed, saddled, and away"—"wild as a hawk, and with devil enough in him for a dozen," to quote the language of the soldier who cared for him after he was purchased by the writer. The next day after his long ride the courier joined the infantry company sent to the scene of the threatened attack soon after it went into camp, nearly fifty miles from the post, and on the third day the broncho was pushed about eighty miles more, his rider, sent ahead to notify the settlers of approaching aid, having been chased far out of his road by Indians, and forced to return to the command and march in with it during the night. The horse was not at all injured by his exertions.

"Tom" Tobin, whom every officer who served in Southern Colorado or Northern New Mexico knew, when a mere lad carried dispatches for General Kearny, during the Mexican War, from Santa Fé to Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, over 800 miles, in less than eleven days, using six horses, and procuring his re-mounts from Indian camps found en route.

John Kirley performed similar service from the camp of the Army near Salt Lake, during the Mormon troubles, to Fort Leavenworth, nearly 1100 miles, in seventeen days, using four horses. He abandoned his last mount a few miles out from his destination, and carried his saddle in.

In 1874, one of the since notorious Dalton family repeatedly rode from the writer's camp near Caldwell, Kansas, to Cheyenne Agency, Indian Territory, 110 miles, in twenty-seven hours. On some of his trips the streams which the trail crossed were not fordable. Dismounting and taking his horse by the tail, with a long switch in his down-stream hand to keep the animal from giving way to the current, and with his dispatches in the crown of his hat, he really lost little time in crossing, and on several occasions made the return journey with but a day of rest.

In January, 1875, the writer with one companion, a citizen scout named Schmalski, rode from camp on the Washita river, on the Pan-handle of Texas, to Fort Supply, Indian Territory, estimated by others to be 110 miles, in about thirty hours, six of which were passed in a ravine, under the lee of a steep bluff, to escape the fury of a "norther." The first third of the distance was through snow about six inches deep, which "balled" badly the feet of

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shod animals, and for the last twenty miles it was over a foot in depth and no trail broken. The post was reached late in the evening, and the animals had had but one very light feed since starting, but when, about two miles from the post the rattle of the drums "beating off" tattoo struck the ear, the horse ridden by the writer pricking up his ears at the sound, "took the bit in his teeth," and pulled till his rider's arms ached, the remainder of the way.

He was a magnificent animal, and something of his history may not be out of place here. A natural pacer, but trained to three or four other gaits at the will of his rider, and by a mere word or touch of rein, he never seemed to tire, or to fatigue his rider. Chestnut in color, sixteen hands and an inch in height, hips broad to raggedness, with high carried head, arched crest, and eye like a falcon's, a spirit which never flagged, and a temper which brooked no harshness and instantly resented it, with a frame which seemed made of steel, and power which, suddenly called forth, made his rider feel as though astride of a locomotive with throttle wide open and a full head of steam on, he was "one of a thousand."

Before coming into the possession of the writer, he had been the property of a cattle dealer in the Cherokee Nation, and was known far and wide for his peculiarities. He would never let another horse pass him if he could help it, or if a stranger, come up alongside him while moving, nor would he allow any man to approach near enough to touch him when carrying his master, and in passing around a curve of the road in the timber he always chose the outer path, so that he could not be easily surprised by any one lying in wait for his rider. On long trips, such as they frequently made together, he was as much companion as servant, and in camping out, as they were at times compelled to do, when the rider wrapped himself in his blanket and pillowed his head on his saddle, the good steed lay as near him as his tether would allow; while on more than one occasion, fearful of thieves in that semi-civilized region, they shared the same bed in the stable of the half-breed's cabin. On several long journeys made in the line of duty by his owner, carrying a load of over 200 pounds, he averaged over sixty-five miles per day, and he invariably traveled the last few miles of a return at a rapid gait and under a tight rein. On one occasion at the end of a journey of nearly 400 miles made in six and a half days, and of more than sixty made that day, he "pulled in" the last six miles in three-fourths of an hour, too impatient to allow the rider time to mount quietly, after walking down a rocky hill.

In 1877 F Company Fifth Infantry, mounted on captured Indian horses, rode from the mouth of Tongue River, Montana, where Miles City now stands, sixty miles without a halt, in pursuit of a band of hostiles, covering the distance in less than twelve hours, and most of the soldiers and some of the officers were new to mounted service.

In 1854, a bay mare of unknown pedigree owned by Sheriff Borradale, of Wayne County, New York, was driven one hundred miles in harness, over a section of country road, without any special training and without injury, in a few minutes less than ten hours.

In 1860, the writer drove a bay mare raised in Lenawee County, Michigan, harnessed to a road sulky weighing 110 pounds, 109 miles in sixteen hours, driving time, with but three halts, the first of which was forty-eight miles from the starting point. These did not include stops for water, which *was offered* at frequent intervals in quantities of from one to four quarts, the time of the stops not averaging more than one minute each. At each halt of any duration she was taken out of harness and well rubbed down. The exertion did not injure her in the least. Her pedigree was also unknown, but limbs, coat, and temper indicated a large percentage of thoroughbred in her constitution.

In 1866, a chestnut mare belonging in a troop of the Third United States Cavalry, on the occasion of serious injury to an officer and consequent need of surgical attention, was ridden from Cimarron Agency to Fort Union, New Mexico, fifty-five miles, in four and a half hours without injury, and in 1868, a bay horse bred in Missouri, and owned in the San Luis Valley, Colorado, near Fort Garland, repeatedly traveled from Culebra to that post, twenty-one miles (measured), in an hour and a half, only breaking his gallop at the crossings of two streams, and invariably ended his course under a strong pull at the bit.

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THE YACHTING OUTLOOK FOR '93.

BY CHAS. LEDYARD NORTON.

SHORTLY after the last international yacht races were "on" it chanced that a certain effete Eastern tenderfoot was riding up a pass in the Rockies in company with a casual ranchman bound in the same direction. After some desultory talk the Westerner, who had not heard any news for a week or two, asked suddenly: "Has the yacht race come off yet?"

"Oh, yes; three weeks ago."

"Who beat?"

"We did!"

"Hurrah for us! Say, pardner, what is a yacht, anyway?"

Explanations followed, and the Easterner, who was something of a yachtsman, was astonished at the intelligent questions asked by this rough rider who had never seen a sail-boat in all his life. In view of the vast American *clientêle* that will suddenly awake a month or two hence to the fact that there is an unknown something termed a yacht race occupying a large share of public attention, nautical readers will pardon a reiteration of facts and theories that to them are as familiar as household words.

Yachting seasons in America may, perhaps, be properly divided into the common domestic variety and the international sort. The former is very well in its way and affords, even in a dull season, a wholesome kind of excitement for all concerned, but it is all in the family, as it were; and while it differs from the ordinary family quarrel in that it lacks the usual unhappy results, it falls far short of the element of manly rivalry in an international contest.

Prate as we may about the far greater benefits that accrue in the long run from recreations that do not involve a strife for victory, there is nothing that so stirs the blood as the *gaudia certaminis* — that is what we all love. An English writer has lately read us a lecture on this very subject, telling us that we do not run or sail or ride for the love of it; that our more nervous American temperaments care too much for the excitement of a fight, friendly or otherwise, and that we can never become, as Mrs. Partington said, "well rounded carackters" until we take our constitutionals in dead earnest. Granting that there is much truth in what he says, it is nevertheless easy to reply *tu quoque*, for, after all, what is there that an Englishman enjoys more than a fight, whether it be with gloves or without, on land or sea, on race-track or over a yachting course?

The simple fact is that the fighting instinct is so deeply implanted in our fallen natures that it is at least doubtful if it can ever be eradicated. Place two girl babies, old enough to sit up, on a rug together, and the chances are that they will be pulling hair within five minutes if left to themselves, and this is no less true of the rest of the animal kingdom than it is of human beings. Who has not seen two chickens just out of their shells attempting a mimic battle royal? As we reach years of comparative discretion we satisfy our natural pugilistic propensities by making believe fight under all sorts of artificial conditions, prominent among which is the noble sport of yacht racing.

It is now six years since *Thistle* came over here with a splendid record of victories in English waters, her purpose being to carry home the America's Cup. Before that, in 1885 and 1886, *Genesta* and *Galatea*, respectively owned by Sir Richard Sutton and Lieut. William Henn, of the Royal Navy, crossed the Atlantic with the same end in view. All of them met their match in American centerboard sloops. It is not fitting here to give a résumé of all the races that have taken place for this coveted trophy — a trophy, which, despite attempts that have been made to discredit its credentials, still commands a preeminent position among yachting prizes.

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Briefly, the story of the cup is that, in 1851, the year of the first World's Fair held in London, a syndicate of New York yachtsmen commissioned George Steers, then our most famous designer, to build a schooner yacht on the general lines of a New York pilot boat, and sent her across the ocean to challenge for any honors that offered. Her wonderful sailing qualities were so speedily apparent that there was some difficulty in making a match for the Yankee stranger, but the great British public arose in its might with the London *Times* at its head, and swore roundly that somebody must at least make an effort to save the national credit even if defeat were certain. Accordingly, when the Queen offered a costly silver cup for a prize, seventeen yachts were loyally entered to defend it. Not one of them was in sight when the *America* crossed the finish line. The *Times* of September 2d, 1851, said editorially: "Of all the victories ever won none has been so transcendent as that of the New York schooner," and the British public in general took the defeat with characteristic good humor. The *America* was sold shortly after her triumph, but never particularly distinguished herself under English management. She tried her luck at blockade running during the Civil War and fell again into American hands. She is still in commission as a yacht, and was raced not long since by her owner, the late Gen. B. F. Butler, against some of our fastest modern craft. She was beaten, but the old general is said never to have lost faith in her powers, and believed till the day of his death that she only needed proper "tuning up" to place her again at the head of the fleet.

A very large majority of American yachts of all sizes then, as now, were centerboard boats. Now, perhaps, out of respect to our Western friend, who so frankly admitted his ignorance of yachts, it may be permitted to explain a little. Every boat that is propelled by the wind, must in some way be prevented from moving sidewise through the water. In keel boats this is effected by a solid structure, the keel being in effect a plank attached lengthwise on edge to the bottom of the boat. In a centerboard craft the same end is gained by a very strong board or plate arranged so that it may be lowered into the water through a trunk or case constructed for the purpose within the boat, thus offering a broad surface for lateral resistance when needed, and being readily hoisted into its trunk so as to be out of the way. The centerboard was invented by Captain Schank, of the British Navy, and a boat was built by him at Boston, Mass., in 1771 for Earl Percy, afterwards Duke of Northumberland. In 1789 he built a centerboard cutter to the order of the British Admiralty, which gave good satisfaction, but for some unexplained reason never had any successors to speak of.

In American waters, on the contrary, the centerboard idea took at once, and has developed such a high degree of perfection that the British yacht clubs, after long and incredulous opposition, have at last, largely through the efforts of Lieutenant Henn, overruled the objections heretofore maintained, so that boats of this type can now be admitted to regattas in English waters. That there should still be, however, a widespread prejudice against centerboards among English yachtsmen is perfectly natural.

In England, indeed, there seems to be even at this day a general conviction that the centerboard is merely a racing device; that it is used only for pleasure boats, and has no place in the general work of fishermen and professional sailors; but, in point of fact, perhaps eight-tenths of the vessels in our enormous coasting fleet are provided with centerboards.

In smaller sea-going vessels of this class we may instance the large fleet of Chesapeake oyster boats that run up and down the North Atlantic coast between New York and Norfolk all the year around. They draw from three to four feet of water, and if caught out in a wintry gale seem to make about as good weather of it as any boats of their size. The centerboard undoubtedly owes its development in American waters to the frequency of small and shallow harbors, into which boats of deep draught cannot be carried.

In England, on the other hand, deep harbors have rendered it possible to use boats of deep draught almost everywhere, and the construction of keel boats has been carried to a high degree of perfection. While we in America have built plenty of keel boats, as instanced in

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the case of the yacht *America*, we have diverged somewhat from the lines laid down by the British love of heavy, solid work; nevertheless, some English racing machines that have been sent across the ocean do not last longer than our own lighter framed vessels.

From the performances of these different types of boats arose the bitter controversy between sloops and cutters, or, more correctly, between centerboards and keels, which has now lasted some ten or fifteen years, and which has been waged with unnecessary heat on both sides. Among the poineer American advocates of the cutter theory was the late C. P. Kunhart, the yachting editor of *Forest and Stream*, and following his lead the present editor, Mr. W. P. Stephens. These two have done more, perhaps, than anyone else on this side the ocean to advocate keel boats of deep draught. That a great change has been effected is not to be denied, but the contest is not by any means settled, and a very large majority of American yachtsmen and merchant skippers pin their faith to centerboards. The opinion of such men is certainly entitled to more respect than it has received at the hands of the uncompromising cutter element. In rig sloops and cutters are now so nearly identical that it is often impossible to distinguish between them when seen at a distance under sail. The real difference lies in the device for preventing leeway.

Without attempting to decide which is the better boat—a question which seems as far from solution as ever—it may be fairly admitted that both types have their advantages as well as their disadvantages; and he would be a very narrow-minded advocate of either type who should say that each has not been largely influenced by the other. Any cutter man who sets himself resolutely to prove that the centerboard has been theoretically exterminated by the keel will no doubt succeed in proving his position to his own satisfaction; but, on the other hand, any advocate of the centerboard, who chooses to do so, can make out an equally good case on his own side.

The controversy began, as has been said, some fifteen years ago, but did not assume its most virulent phase until a little prior to the last International Yacht Races. It progressed during those races, and, as we have seen, the centerboard came off victor in the three great contests then inaugurated. There was, however, some disposition on the part of cutter men to say that in the great races the wind was so light as to afford them no fair opportunity; therefore several events were arranged with conditions more satisfactory to the owners of keel boats.

Prominent among these was the race between the *Thetis* and *Stranger* during a wild northwest gale on September 20–21, 1886, the course being from Newport to Boston, around stormy Cape Cod. The result of this race was likewise in favor of the centerboard, the cutter being four hours behind, although the sloop twice carried away some of her running rigging and had to lie to for repairs. The cutter men, after their custom, belittled the violence of the gale, but it is in order to speculate as to what would have been their course had the result been reversed. *Thetis* also won in two races out of three subsequently sailed off Marblehead. Lieutenant Henn wrote a manly letter, published in the London *Field*, in which he frankly admitted the virtues of the American type of boat even in high winds, and owned that he was fairly beaten. It would seem that this would have sufficed to teach moderation, not to say fairness, to cutter men on this side the water, but they do not learn wisdom by experience, and to this day some of them persistently ignore all the virtues that belong to the distinctively American type.

Such was the state of affairs until after the last International Yacht Race between *Thistle* and *Volunteer*. Up to this time these races had been sailed under deeds of gift which were confessedly objectionable, and a committee of the New York Yacht Club was appointed to draft a new deed. By this time, October, 1887, George L. Schuyler, Esq., was the only surviving representative of the original syndicate that sent over the schooner *America*. It is not worth while to quote here the entire deed of gift, but it contained among other provisions, the following: "The club challenging for the cup, and the club holding the same, may, by mutual consent, make any arrangements satisfactory to both, as to dates, course, number of trials, rules and sailing regulations, and any and all other conditions of the match; in

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which case, also, the ten months' notice may be waived."

The deed, as a whole, at once excited a storm of denunciation, particularly in England, where it was declared that it was drawn with the sole purpose of making it impossible for any English club to challenge for the cup. In this country, as well, the criticism was by no means confined to the advocates of the keel boats. It seemed to many that the rules regarding measurements and other conditions were far too severe, and the general conclusion for the first two years after the issue of the deed, was that international yacht-racing must end until some new and sufficiently attractive prize should be offered. There were those, however, who held that what is known as the mutual agreement clause, cited above, ought to make it possible for any fair-minded yachtsmen to make up a match; but it was not until within the last year that this possibility seems to have been recognized on the other side of the Atlantic. Mr. Dixon Kemp to this day denounces the deed as an unsportsmanlike document, drawn up merely for a selfish purpose; but it is evident that other English yachtsmen think otherwise, for Lord Dunraven, after a protracted correspondence, has found the New York Yacht Club perfectly willing to accept a challenge under conditions that are mutually satisfactory to all parties. It is not unlikely that Lieutenant Henn has made his influence felt in bringing about the present match; for in a recent letter addressed to the London *Field* he says:

I may here remark that I am certain, as far as the New York Yacht Club is concerned, that at any time during the last two years a match for the cup could have been arranged pretty nearly upon the same terms that are now agreed upon.

In spite of all the objections that have been raised against the new deed of gift, I think that most of us will agree that in all fairness the old deed required some alteration or amendment, if it was only for the two reasons mentioned by Mr. Maitland Kersey in his letter to the *Field:*

First—At the time the new deed of gift was made centerboard yachts were, by the Y. R. A. rules, debarred from racing in British waters. (This fact seems to have been overlooked by British yachtsmen.)

Second—Some sort of safeguard was necessary to prevent the possibility of a recurrence of the unfortunate error which was made when the L. W. L. of *Thistle* was given. That this safeguard, known as the dimension clause, was made much too stringent is generally admitted by our cousins on the "other side," and it is the only departure from the terms of the old deed of gift which is really objectionable, with the exception of the no time allowance clause.

* * * * * * * *

It must also be remembered that the new deed gives the challenger certain advantages which he could not claim under the old one. For instance, it abolishes the "inside," or club course, to which all challengers have objected, and enacts that in future all matches for the cup must be sailed on "ocean courses, free from headlands, and practicable in all parts for vessels drawing twenty-two feet of water." Under the old deed, if the parties could not mutually agree upon the terms of the matches, then one match, and one only, could be sailed for the cup, and that one must be sailed over the club course, the much-abused "inside" course, which, by the way, is not a bit more objectionable than many club courses in England. The new deed says: "If the parties cannot mutually agree," etc., "then three races shall be sailed on ocean courses free from the headlands," etc. This is a concession to the challenger; and, if it is true that the right of sailing five matches has been conceded to Lord Dunraven, he has obtained better terms than any of his predecessors did.

I heartily indorse every word in the last paragraph of Mr. Maitland Kersey's letter, and will conclude by saying (although perhaps it is hardly necessary for me to do so) that in my experience of international and home racing I have never met better sportsmen, more honorable antagonists and practical seamen than the yachtsmen of America. WILLIAM HENN.

At the present time no less than eight boats are building with a possible view to participating in the coming races. Last fall Mr. Royal Phelps Carroll decided that he would build an eighty-five foot boat to cross the ocean and win back, if possible, the Brenton's Reef and Cape May cups won by *Genesta* when she was here in 1886. Then came Lord Dunraven's challenge, followed by the announcement that Watson and Fife, the two famous builders and designers of the Clyde, would build two new yachts to the order of English and Scotch syndicates, which might take part in the preliminary races. Lord Dunraven had already given his order to Watson, and the new *Valkyrie* was already well under way. The Prince of Wales, too, ordered a boat from Watson, so that there are not less than four first-class yachts on the ways in British waters. It may well be said that Dunraven will find that he has very formidable rivals at home without seeking them on this side the Atlantic, and it is not impossible that English yachtsmen will favor sending some boat other than the *Valkyrie* to race for the *America's* cup. In

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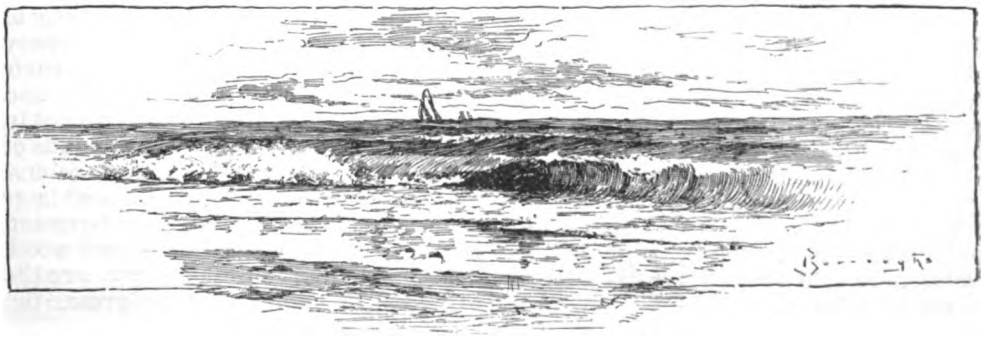
that case the mutual agreement clause of the deed of gift may again be the basis of negotiation.

This activity in English shipyards naturally led Americans to believe that it would be well to have something in reserve. Mr. Carroll had expressed his willingness to abandon his intended trip to the other side in view of a cup race here, but this will be unnecessary since four syndicates were promptly formed, and their boats are now on the ways at Herreshoff's yard, and at Lawley's in Boston.

There is a very general impression among yachtsmen that Lord Dunraven's boat is to be fitted with a centerboard, but the greatest secrecy is observed in regard to the construction of all the vessels. The workmen are pledged to secrecy; the windows of the American shops, as well as those on the Clyde, are carefully screened; night watchmen prevent the approach of the "camera fiend" with his possible flash-light, and, in short, every precaution is taken to prevent any definite information from leaking out concerning the boats.

Within a few years a new element has become prominent in the designing of sailing yachts; namely, the device known as the fin keel. In general terms, this is an exceedingly deep fixed keel, of any shape that may seem best in the eyes of the designer. Several notable successes have been scored in favor of this device within the last two or three years, as has been noted in the OUTING Records. The fin keel is, in effect, a fixed centerboard, some advantage being claimed for a structure of this character over the deeper and fuller lines necessary in the old form of deep-draught cutter. Some of the designs having fin keels involve very dangerous projections or "jags," which might prove very serious in case of running aground or passing over any partly submerged object. Aside from this, however, their purpose is obvious; namely, still further to perfect the form of the racing machine pure and simple. Anything that will attain this end will meet the favor of yachtsmen, and, barring accidents, will pretty regularly carry off the prize. The latest development of the fin keel, known as the "ballast fin," is the attachment of a cigar-shaped weight, usually of lead, to the extreme lower edge of the keel. This, of course, is outside ballast, seemingly in its ultimate form. The outside ballast of a few years ago was merely a solid casting of lead or iron bolted to the lowermost edge of a vessel's keel. The new form attaches it to a knife-like board or plate, suspending the greatest weight at the greatest possible distance from the center of stability, and offering a minimum of resistance to forward motion. The merest tyro can understand that such a weight as this, suspended rigidly several feet below a boat's bottom, must necessarily add very greatly to her stability. An admirable paper on this subject, by Capt. A. J. Kenealy, appeared in OUTING, July, 1892.

It will be an unlooked-for outcome of modern yacht-building if a centerboard boat should be built in British waters, as a final resort, to accomplish in America what has never been successfully done with keels; and if the Herreshoffs should turn out a keel boat to cross the ocean and try conclusions with British keels in their own waters, the situation will assume an unlooked-for interest. Whatever may be the outcome, lovers of fair play on both sides the ocean will unite in the wish that the best boat, the best skipper and the best crew may win in every case.



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SPORT WITH CANADA GEESE.

BY ED. W. SANDYS.

A BRIGHT sunny day with a gentle breeze from the south telling the frost-bound land the first news of coming spring. Under foot is dampness, in the streets small rills of dirty water course along merrily, overhead is a vast dome of flawless blue. In the fields the snow lies dark in comparison to its original spotless purity, and where the warm tooth of the south wind has bitten strongly, show bare patches of moist earth. Every mound and hillock is bare and forlorn looking, reeking with moisture and plastered with flattened, lifeless grasses. The surfaces of lake and stream, where late the skaters sped and curved in easy grace, are furrowed and honey-combed, and pooled with fresh-thawed water. Something in the air, some mysterious influence proves the coming of the spring, and that the change is not an accidental mild day but the first of many to follow. It will surely turn cold again suddenly, for old King Winter does not abdicate his icy throne without protest and failing efforts to maintain his rule. But his time has come—something in the breeze, in the appearance of the sky, in the whisper of loosened waters, in the slight swelling of buds, tells those who can read the signs that the North is stirring uneasily in her sleep and will shortly wake to all the merry joys of flower-laden, song-shaken spring.

From far o'erhead, from the long silent dome of blue, a sudden cry falls like a plummet earthward. "Honk-honk-a-wunk," and dimly seen at its vast altitude, a thread-like black wedge floats northward. In roaring street and lonely road men glance an instant, or stand at gaze, and he who has sportsman's instinct and time to spare will watch the dim wedge lovingly till it vanishes in cold thin air, for 'tis a token of winter's death.

"Honk-honk-a-wunk-onk," fainter and further the challenge sounds, and watching eyes strain after the blurring wedge until it is lost for aye in blue haze. The geese have come. They never fail. For age after age, for springs beyond all written history, those gray wedges have driven northward with unerring regularity. True as needle to the pole, orderly as trained veterans of many wars, they perform their marvelous march northward, sweeping in grand flight over sodden lands and wastes of failing ice and snow, borne upon the first breath of the spring. From the rice fields and bayous of the far South their flight begins, and it ends only in the icy waters closest to the vague, undiscovered pole, for flocks of geese, the same gray wedges, have cleft the polar air further than man has yet won his perilous way, and doubtless they have known for ages the baffling riddle of the North.

All of the migrating battalions do not march so far northward. Some find temporary homes in rock-bound Labrador and Canadian wilds some distance south of the Arctic Circle, but no matter where they tarry to nest and rear their young, their annual northward migration is one of the most marvelous and beautiful illustrations of the strange instinct which governs the movements of so many living creatures.

There are several varieties of wild geese indigenous to America, but the finest and best bird of the family, judged from a sportsman's point of view, is the Canada goose, *Anser Canadensis*. These are the loud honkers and formers of the well known wedge-shaped flocks which labor with strong pinions from south to north and from north to south with unfailing regularity every spring and fall. They are of all their family first in sight, first in flight and first in the hearts of sportsmen. In their wake come rapid-winged clouds of duck, scattering woodcock and robins, lone, soft-warbling blue-birds, and later countless hosts of painted feathers and myriad voices to people marsh and wood, field and shore; but the geese are the pioneers of northward progress, the

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scouts who trail the mystic route across unmeasured wastes of blue for all the feathered migrants to follow.

Every American sportsman of ripened experience probably knows well the wedge-shaped flights and has heard the ringing "Honk-a-wunk" of the leading gander breasting the air for his disciplined cohort and questioning how the rear-guard fares. Thousands of men who enjoy a shooting holiday every season have seen and heard the flying geese, but comparatively few have enjoyed the triumph of making a fair bag of these fine birds. In fact many sportsmen who are deadly among ducks and water-fowl fail signally when they try goose-shooting, even upon grounds where the honkers are quite plentiful. Time and time again I have heard keen sportsmen, veterans of upland and marsh shooting, declare that they could never bag a goose. They had plenty of seemingly fair opportunities at times, but something invariably appeared to go wrong and the intended victims escaped by a peculiar combination of circumstances. One man had perhaps "lain low" for a coming flock many times, but the birds seemed to know where their enemy lay and sheered off just when he counted upon dropping a couple at least. Other men had "knocked feathers out of them" dozens of times but always failed to kill. In such cases it is quite reasonable to say that the fault lay with the sportsman. The ways of the wild goose are wondrous and not one sportsman in fifty understands them, and without a thorough knowledge of the birds success in their pursuit, if attained at all, is merely a bit of undeserved good fortune.

Wild and shy to a degree, suspicious of every unusual sight or sound and craftiest of all feathered game, the Canada goose is no quarry for careless sportsman or eager novice. Yet there are several methods by which these feathered foxes may be outwitted readily enough, always provided that the sportsman is a well-informed, close observer, a man of much patience, and a fairly good shot. Some men stoutly maintain that for successful goose-shooting one must needs have a great blunderbuss of a weapon which will carry tremendous charges, necessary to pierce the feathery mail of the strong honkers at long range. This is sheer rubbish. I will, of course, admit that a heavy ten-gauge, or an "eight," or one of those shoulder cannons, a "four," will kill geese at greater distances than are possible with a twelve-gauge, but I will not admit that the big guns are *necessary* to bag the game. A man who really understands geese and can properly judge the distance he may be from a large bird on the wing, and can hold far enough ahead to cause his shot to strike the bird *well forward*, can kill all the geese he wants with a good twelve-gauge charged with four drachms of black powder and an ounce of big shot. I am aware that many practised nimrods will be inclined to sneer at this statement, and to make oath that nothing smaller than a "ten," and a big ten, will rightly do the work. That is their firm conviction, but most likely they have never tried the lighter weapon. Heavier weapon than a ten-gauge I would never level on any American beast nor bird, save perhaps a grizzly. The big pieces such as "eights" and four-bores may answer for pot-hunter's use, I want none of them, and in my opinion they should never be manufactured. Nor would I lug a heavy ten-gauge about for one day if the gun was to be presented to me when night fell. Such a gun is excellent for trap shooting and wild-fowl shooting on sea-ways or broad waters, especially during rough, blustering weather. But I have found by personal experience that when a high-class twelve-gauge fails to score satisfactorily when properly charged and when tried at ranges possible for its bigger rival, that the fault is more apt to rest with the man holding the gun than with the gun itself. I have used "tens," twelves," "fourteens," and occasionally little "sixteens," and found each size to do the work fitted for it very well, if held and loaded aright, but for all-round shooting, at traps, at geese and water fowl, at anything that wears feathers in America, I prefer a twelve-gauge by some standard maker. My favorite weapon is a seven-and-a-quarter pound twelve-gauge hammerless, cylinder bored. Such a gun I have used for years, both on the marshes of the East and on the prairies of the West and Northwest, and on game and at the traps it has never failed to do its part

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when the fellow that held it was in proper fettle.

When after geese, I loaded shells for this gun with four drachms of fair black powder, one ounce of what we called "three A" shot, and all the wads the shell would take—a thin cardboard over the shot, of course. Such charges made the little weapon "grunt," naturally, but they made the geese grunt, too, and the recoil was nothing if the gun was held snug to the shoulder. Many a time has that gun or another of same size, cracked away beside fine tens of superb finish and by leading makers, and when the final count was made the little 'un claimed its full share of the dead. The little gun was also of fine finish and bore a name known wherever fine guns crack, but generally the owner of the "ten" would end by asking "How the deuce *do* you kill 'em so dead with that thing?" The reason was simply that the gun was plenty big enough and shot quite hard enough, while I had been trained by countless failures to properly estimate distances and to hold right for geese—most misleading game to shoot at, as they always appear to be much nearer than they really are. They also fly much faster than they appear to be going, which causes many fine shots to hit their birds too far back for the charge to be fatal immediately, or at all.

I first tried my hand on geese long, long ago, and invariably failed. Then the shot, or the powder, or the gun, was always wrong to my notion, when in reality I was a duffer at the business and the fault was mine alone. For several seasons I failed to bag a bird, but at last I learned by experience. I was then, as I am now, nothing more than a moderately good shot. I never claimed, nor possessed any great amount of skill with the gun, but it was not all lack of accuracy that baffled early endeavors. I could shoot quite well enough to hit a goose within fifty yards at least six times out of ten trials—still uncounted failures faced me and I began to figure as to the why and wherefore of it all. In time I realized that geese were crafty, and with that knowledge came improved methods. The great question was to circumvent most cunning fowl, so I studied their habits carefully, and at last came to the conclusion that they were smarter than I had been. Vantage points were carefully selected, most cunning, inconspicuous "hides" were planned, clothes were closely matched with natural surroundings, I learned to "call," or imitate the cry of the birds and to correctly estimate distance and speed of flight, and at last, one April morning I killed a couple stone dead with the little twelve-gauge, and the problem was solved. It was skill and average shooting, not big gun and good luck, that were required, and from that time success followed wise efforts as a rule.

This early shooting was done upon the broad plains contiguous to Lake St. Clair, the very grounds whereon "Frank Forrester" of undying fame, enjoyed rare sport in the past. These plains in several places are miles broad, hence perfect judgment and a close study were required to enable a single gun to be posted in the best spot of such roomy expanses. The plains farmers cultivate immense fields of corn, and much fodder and grain is left upon the ground during winter, forming ideal feeding places for geese and duck in the spring, when waters from melted snow and flooded rivers and creeks cover almost the entire expanse.

I have shot geese, Canadas, "wavies," etc., about the waters of Minnesota, Dakota and the Canadian northwest prairies, where the fowl absolutely swarm during migrating periods, but though I got more game on the new grounds, I did well enough and certainly had most fun upon the older plains contiguous to Lake St. Clair. At earliest dawn the geese would begin to leave the lake and swing in over the plains to some chosen cornfield to feed, and I would be out an hour before dawn to take such toll of passing flocks as luck ordained. The in-flight would continue in an irregular manner from before sunrise until sometimes nine A. M., during which time thousands of geese would be seen a-wing. About nine o'clock the flocks would begin the out-flight lakeward, but generally flew high and afforded few chances.

In shooting geese several methods are employed, and not infrequently live decoys are utilized, though I care little for them on account of their being awkward wretches to carry when the grounds must be reached by wading through long reaches of shallow muddy water,

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with treacherous footing below. Profile decoys answer very well upon the western plains if set up naturally and aided by the magnetic influence of good "calling." On the prairies the sportsmen usually dig shallow pits for places of concealment, and when these are well made, and the loose earth carefully spread so as not to attract attention, the geese will fly over them without paying them any attention. In wet places, a tight barrel sunk almost level with the ground makes a capital "hide," but the preparations are rather troublesome. For the white "wavies," or snow geese, good-sized pieces of white paper weighted or pegged to the ground so that a corner or two may flutter in the breeze, make excellent decoys. As a general thing, the chosen feeding-grounds of geese afford plenty of natural cover, either about border fences or on the open field, for in reality only a very slight amount of cover is required.

Ninety-nine sportsmen out of every hundred will build an artificial "hide" of fodder, grass, or twigs for geese, near which no sane goose would ever think of venturing. The fowl have in all probability flown over the ground many times before the "hide" is constructed, they know every yard of the country and every bit of natural cover, and instantly detect and sheer off from the carefully, but outrageously planned "hide." If a man will let "hides" alone and go to a field, though it be bare as his hand, and there lie flat to earth clad in clothes that closely match the color of the ground he lies on—if, in addition, he can "call" and will keep his face and hands from showing, and trust to his ears to tell him by the mighty whish-wish of strong wings when the birds are over him, he can kill geese anywhere. At points along the Northern Atlantic Coast, and on the St. Lawrence River, sportsmen garb in white, use white painted skiffs, and build "hides" of fragments of ice upon solid ice-floes, and these methods are deadly and will deceive the craftiest goose, or any waterfowl that flies. A great point is for the sportsman to mark the coming flock while it is yet a dim thread against the horizon, and to at once get down in position and *stay down!* No bobbing up and down of head for just a peep to see where they are—"Brer Rabbit lay low" and he "got there" in astounding fashion, and the goose-shooter had best follow Brer Bun's example. A man may possibly hide before it is absolutely necessary, but 'tis better to be too previous than too subsequent, and a goose's keen eye is wondrous reaching, and will spot a crouching or restless figure much further than most men imagine can be possible.

When shooting upon the plains near Lake St. Clair I evolved a little scheme which materially assisted me in obtaining shots at reasonable range. As a rule, the geese coming in from the lake to feed followed a course above the centre of the broad open stretch of level, the general airy path being perhaps not more than three hundred yards in width. This held good when no wind was blowing—when the weather was rough calculations regarding position had to be based upon the direction of the wind, for the fowl prefer to work up-wind to their feeding-ground. April was, however, seldom a blustery month, and if a smart breeze did happen to blow, careful observation of its direction and force and a hint from the course taken by the first flock to appear, generally placed me so that I would depend upon being within, at least one hundred yards of the main flight. Subsequent flocks could be lured more or less from their chosen line by careful "calling," and a trick almost forced them to pass either directly over me, or close on either side. The trick was as follows:

When shooting alone, or with one companion (I seldom had more), "stands" were chosen nearest to where the probable flight would cross a wire fence, no matter if the spots happened to be perfectly bare of cover. There were sure to be a few clumps of dead weeds here and there along the fence, and we kept at least seventy-five yards from such of them as looked like "hides" in which guns might be concealed. If the wind compelled us to take a certain stand and a suspicious-looking clump of weeds grew too near, we pulled the weeds up and used them to lie on. As we had to be on the ground before daylight, the air was chilly and some sort of heavy coats were worn over the shooting coats. About the time when the geese would begin moving the overcoats were removed and carried at least one hundred yards on either side of our stands. At those distances we would fix the coats

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among some weeds, so that the geese could just detect them and no more, the idea being to convince the fowl that the coats were lurking sportsmen hiding in the weeds. Such flocks of geese as flew near either coat were almost certain to detect it and sheer off toward the safe-looking open stretch where we lay, and having once seen the coat their attention was concentrated in its direction and they were less liable to scan the ground too closely as they neared us. This scheme will generally allow one man to cover as much ground as two could under ordinary circumstances, and it has enabled me to bag many a fine bird.

Now to glance at the sport of an April morning, not a phenomenal day's shooting, but a fair example of the fun full oft enjoyed on Raleigh Plains, Kent County, Ontario.

I had just settled down in my den one morning to load "goose-shells," when I was told that a boy wanted to see me at the door, and upon going down I found a hardy youngster from the country, with a complexion like a turkey-egg and a wealth of mud upon his heavy knee-boots. He fumbled in his pocket for a time and finally produced a little ball of brown paper, which he handed over saying: "Crow gin it to me fur to fetch to you," then he took himself off.

Upon being unrolled the ball proved to be a fragment of an old paper flour sack, and on it was scrawled in Crow's well-known fist:—"Get down here to-night, they're in. Aw-unk!" To the ordinary reader that note would not be intelligible, but I understood it perfectly, and had been expecting something of the kind. It simply meant that the geese had appeared on the plains, and that my presence was desired to help immolate a few of them.

I at once returned to the shell-loading, and when enough had been securely reamed down I held a council of war, with the twelve-gauge and a big pair of rubber waders as silent witnesses. Crow's house lay on the river bank some seven miles down-stream and about two miles from the part of the plains where our shooting would be done. I knew that the road thither would be almost impassable either for driving or walking, for April mud in that county is something astonishing. From my window I could see the river, more than bank-full and rushing along in a muddy torrent, and as I looked I saw a big drift-log gliding down-stream at a rate that would take it past Crow's house within an hour and a half. My mind was made up at once. The canoe was the thing, no matter if the return trip against the current should prove difficult. The river would soon lower anyway.

Forthwith the canoe was brought down from the loft where it had lain all winter, and, after the needful dusting and overhauling, was carried down to the water. Traps were soon stowed, and away I went, the current doing all the work, which suited me famously.

Let those who prefer it have a pleasure-boat, I want it not—though it be built of cedar from Lebanon, seats of olive, rowlocks of polished brass, and upholstered with velvet or with purple and fine linen. Give me instead the "Peterboro" with her graceful cut, silent swiftness and liberal storage capacity. For the first mile I sprawled idly on my back, letting the craft speed with the stream and merely keeping a sharp lookout for snags. This soon grew monotonous and I was trying to make up my mind to paddle, when a little "butterball," as we dubbed the buffle-head duck, flashed in a glance of black and white overhead. I almost upset the canoe trying to reach the gun, and, of course, the duck had vanished ere I got straightened up, and, equally of course, the gun proved to be unloaded when secured. However, I inserted a couple of shells charged with "number four," and paddled rapidly on, hugging the bank and keeping a sharp eye ahead for more duck. I did not have long to wait, for rounding a bend I almost paddled over a dozen "butterballs." Some took wing at once and I stopped a couple, while the remainder dived. Hastily reloading I managed to stop one of the divers as the lot rose from the surface some distance away. Further down stream I found some more, and also got a pair of hooded mergansers. When Crow's was reached I had seven duck, such as they were.

Before I had drawn up the canoe, Crow came down from the house and remarked that he had heard me cracking away up-stream, so had quit work and commenced loading shells at once. He had not expected me before evening, as he had concluded that I would walk down, but my being a trifle early was all the better.

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While he was talking I noticed that his face bore a queer expression, and presently he said, "I've just received a present; a ten-gauge breech-loader, and it's a daisy; wait till I show it to you." Presently he returned with the prize, handing it to me for inspection. It was a good-looking, heavy "ten," very neatly finished and seemingly brand new. I looked it over carefully and told him it appeared a serviceable sort of gun, and was going to hand it back, when he said, "Take a look through the barrels and see what they're like." Now, all the time I had been handling the gun and talking about it I had also been looking for a lever, or knob, or something to open it with, but could discover nothing for that purpose. I don't like to be stuck with anything, especially anything connected with a gun, so, never giving a sign but that it was all right, I pulled off the fore-end to see if it worked smoothly, and at the same instant stole a swift glance at Crow's face. Something I saw there at once convinced me that he knew no more how to open the gun than I did, and I suspected that beneath all his assumed indifference lay a keen anxiety to discover how the gun worked without betraying his ignorance. Therefore, while replacing the fore-end, I carefully examined the trigger-guard, and noticed that there was an unusual space between the right trigger and the bend of the guard. I guessed that I "had the drop" on Crow, so, turning around, I pushed the trigger forward just when he could not see, and lo! the gun opened.

His face never changed as I commented on the fine appearance of the barrels, but he eagerly reached for the gun before I could close it, and proceeded to do so himself. Smoothly the barrels went into place and I shook with inward merriment, for the trigger gave no sign, and he was just as wise as he had been before. But he was determined not to confess his ignorance, and goodness knows how long he might have kept up the farce had I not focused matters by offering to bet that he couldn't open it. Then he owned up and I showed him the way of it, and he was greatly tickled thereat. The best of the joke was that he had owned the gun for a couple of days, and, as he put it, had "fussed and fiddled with the cussed thing till his fingers were sore" in vain efforts to obtain a peep at the inside.

That night we arranged our plans. Crow had been out watching the plains from the dry elevation of a railroad track and had noticed just where the flocks pitched. There was no prospect of a change in the weather, so his observations held good.

About four A.M. an alarm-clock roused us, and after a hurried breakfast we picked our way across country to the edge of the plains, and thence by careful wading to the dry bank of a ditch, which was surmounted by a wire fence. The soil proved dry enough to lie on, and as the gray light spread we looked about. At long intervals near the wire fence were clumps of dead weeds, and each of us doffed his overcoat and, walking a hundred yards from the stands, arranged the coats in suitable weed-clumps so as to represent skulking men. Then we both returned to our chosen stands. At mine the bank was bare of standing stuff, though littered with fallen weed-stalks, and these were exactly of the shade of my shooting-coat. Selecting the broadest fence-post, I gathered as much dead stuff as I could hold in one hand and hung it close to the post, upon the lower wire of the fence. That was all the "hide" I made, and it was ample, though barely enough to half screen my face should I desire to peep through it. Crow's preparations were as simple.

By the time the few arrangements were completed, a pinkish tinge showed in the eastern sky and sounds of fowl life were audible. Now and then the guttural voice of a shy old black duck, or the rasping query of a mallard, broke the shadowy stillness, and a hissing wing clove the air. These unseen ducks hissed overhead and pitched in the old cornfield behind me, and now and then I caught the faint honking of some sturdy gander far away.

Presently the air was filled with a roaring sound, and soon above it swelled the gabbling chuckle of a great flock of pintails. A dark cloud drove past, low down, as two streams of fire rent the gloom and I heard a rapid "spat-spat-spat-spat," as of bodies striking wet soil. A low laugh sounded from Crow's direction, and he chuckled, "Guess you downed about half of them." Again came the hissing roar of wings

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and another mass of duck drove past, but too far off. To my intense astonishment a double flame flashed up from just beyond where I had placed my overcoat, and a gun sounded weakly twice. The reports seemed to be half-starved, a feeble "punk-punk" instead of the aggressive double roar of a gun charged properly for geese, and I started to investigate. A few rods beyond where my coat was rigged I discovered a particularly small and gentlemanly-looking old fellow with snowy mustache and hair—the very last man one would have expected to find out in that marshy waste at such a heathenish hour. He looked cold, too, for such sport is hard on the temperature, but he had the regular sporting cut and was a perfect stranger.

"Good-morning, sir; you're out early!"

"Yes, I made a mistake and got up at two o'clock, but as I didn't want to turn in again, I concluded to come out here. I'm staying at a farm-house a mile away." I chatted with him for a moment and then looked at his gun. It was a handsome "twelve," a trifle heavier than mine, and remembering the faint reports it had made, I offered him a couple of my shells, hinting that his own were too light. He agreed that they were, and accepted mine pleasantly; then I hurriedly explained our arrangements and invited him to take a better stand about half-way between mine and where my coat was ambushed. He had not heard us until I fired at the duck, and he chuckled when I explained why the coats were so disposed.

The light was increasing rapidly and we were soon in our stands, having agreed to shoot at no more duck until the larger game appeared. My new friend had stated that he would give almost anything to bag a goose, and I had assured him that he was almost certain to get one or more if he adopted our system, which he did at once.

We were barely settled when we heard distant honking, and at the same moment the gold rim of the sun flashed above the level eastward. Presently a long, wavering line showed on the western horizon, and my ears caught the well-known cry of geese in flight. At once the lower wire of the fence vibrated slightly—Crow had seen the geese and signaled to me by striking the wire.

On the flock came, increasing in size every moment. Once they swerved and headed for a distant meadow, then swung back in our direction, then decided that the meadow was best, and swerved again. As they turned I counted eleven beauties and almost prayed for them to turn again. Hearken to Crow! From his "hide" on my right rose a masterly imitation, vibrant with appealing force —"Honk-a-wunk-onk-onk!" From the leading gander came a ringing "Haw-unk!" in reply, and I flattened myself into nothingness as the flock wavered as though to drift our way. With face close to the ground, never daring to as much as glance out of the tail of an eye in their direction, I began to what Crow terms *talk* goose. "Aw-unk! onk-onk-onk-or-r-onk!" Back came the reply, sounding nearer; once again I parleyed, then lay still as a dead man, straining my ears to catch the sound of wings. I had not long to wait. Whiff-wiff-whiff-wiff—mighty feathered fans were beating scarcely twenty yards above my head. Then a sort of startled grunt sounded seemingly in my very ear, and, thrilled with triumph, I leaped to my feet and pulled right and left—whang! bang! Two big geese came whirling down and a yell of delight hailed their coming, but the yell died suddenly as one bird caught its balance again and began to labor upward.

Quickly the lever was shoved aside and a fresh shell inserted, and, though he was getting far away, a sudden lurch proclaimed that the shot was not in vain. My little friend on the left was about delirious with joy, but Crow was the practical man. An involuntary motion caused the struggling goose to describe an airy semicircle, and it began to fly better, though in a direction which would force it to cross the fence some distance below Crow's stand. He saw his opportunity at once, and sped down the ditch to head it off. Goose and man reached the crossing point at about the same instant, and the roar of the new "ten" ended the bird's struggles for all time. Crow never misses in such cases, and his half-choked laugh as he returned with the bird testified to his thorough satisfaction.

A couple of stout weed-stalks were inserted in the necks of the geese, which were then placed for decoys, and we resumed our watch. In a few moments another flock came past Crow, and he

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scored a rattling double at rather long range, one of the birds struggling in my direction until stopped with a charge sent to guard against an improbable escape.

And so the early morning wore on. We watched the west unceasingly, dropping and calling as the flocks hove in sight, shooting as they passed above or to either side. Several times we missed when there was little excuse for so doing. Sometimes a hard-hit bird had to have the second barrel, but by the time the main flight ceased we had six fine "Canadas" in hand and another marked down for dead half a mile away, near the path for home.

All this time our little stranger had not fired a shot, as the course taken by the birds left him somewhat out of line. I was anxious for him to score his coveted kill, but the prospect seemed dark. At last a flock appeared, and when they had approached within hailing distance I called a couple of times until they headed for me, then lay low and watched them. As luck would have it, they veered a trifle to my left, and as they drew close I stood bolt upright and whacked away both barrels at the nearest goose, the end bird of the line. I hit him hard with each shot, and eventually bagged him by following for a mile to the place where he went down. My sudden appearance and double shot, caused the flock to sheer off at once, and it passed directly above our little friend.

Precisely at the right instant he jumped up and let fly one barrel and nailed a big goose fair and true, but I fancy he forgot what manner of shells were in his gun. The totally unexpected recoil was too much for him, and I grieve to state that he measured his short length in the mud and water at the bottom of the ditch. But the old boy was game as a gaffed cock, and in some mysterious manner he rolled over in his wallow and fired the second barrel, but without success. Then he picked himself up and stood grimy and dripping, gazing anxiously about for his goose. Crow and I were choking with laughter, for mortal man could not have resisted the absurdity of the scene. His first bird had fallen in some water, and as he had no rubbers I waded out and retrieved it for him. As I handed it to him I burst out laughing, he at once following suit. Prouder man I never beheld than he, and the tumble and partial ducking were forgotten for the moment in admiration of his prize. The only reference he made to the collapse was a significant wink and a jerk of his little gray head toward his right shoulder as he remarked, "I'm satisfied that *my* shells would never have killed one."

Then he produced a small silver flask, which a personal examination proved to contain "cherry bounce," which he said was his own brew. After gathering up the spoils, we presented him with a plump goose to match his own, and he departed along the ditch bank toward the farm house, being anxious to change his clothing.

Crow and I stood and watched him, admiring his erect carriage and firm stride. "What d'ye think of that, Crow?" "W-all, he's just about the gamest I've ever seen, and he is sixty if he is a day."

Long life to the stout little heart, clear eye and steady hand. May heart and foot be as light to the end of his days, and may that end be long a-coming, is my honest wish. I shall, most probably, never set eyes on him again, and, unless he happens to read this, he will never guess what an impression his healthy vigor and true sportsmanlike bearing made upon the heart of the lanky six-footer who gave him the big shells.

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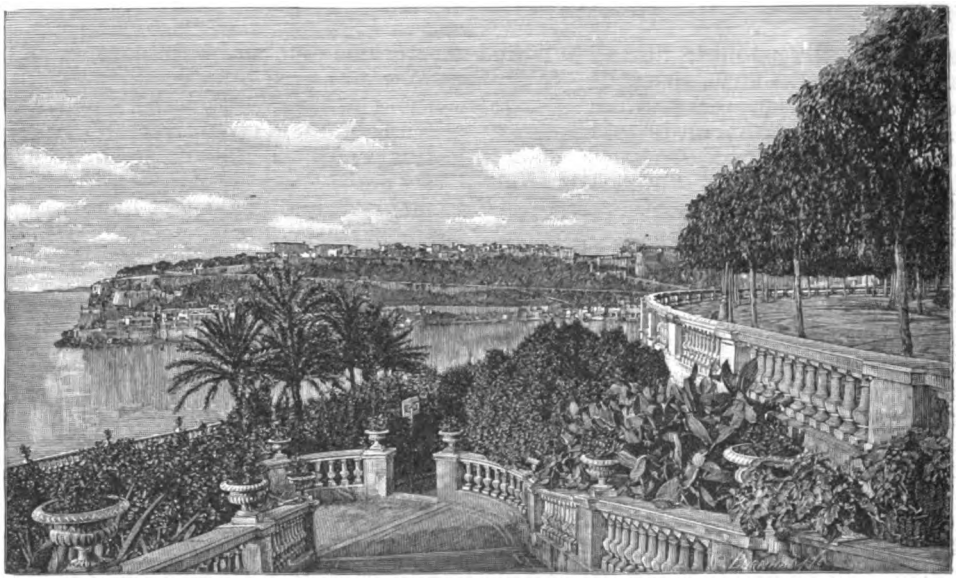

MISS CARUTHERS' PARTNER.

An Easter Story of Monte Carlo.

BY ANNETTA JOSEFA HALLIDAY.

THE winter had been unusually gay at the Mediterranean resorts—a continual round of parties, picnics, theatricals and dances, with whist clubs and music clubs for the nights not otherwise occupied, and coffee and cognac for the gossipers in comfortable corners, and moonlight and solitude for the lovers. There were never actors costumed as upon this stage of Monte Carlo—such marvelous freaks of dress; such bold, daring flights of color and pattern; gorgeous silks; golden opera cloaks; lace shawls of matchless Brussels; diamonds at the throat, in the ears, upon the hair; and by and by, when faces and figures grow more familiar, one realizes that these Dryads and Hamadryads are in a state of eternal change: the woman in white in the morning is the woman in gold in the afternoon; the lady in black on the promenade is the scarlet siren of the evening. The whole whipped cream of Paris—yea, and of England and America and of many other countries—flock in this direction for the winter season, and form a part of that spectacle which throws the glamour of the footlights upon roulette-worship, and which has made Monte Carlo the most delightful little ducal corner in existence.

It was the loveliest of Easter weather. The air had the buoyant freshness of early spring. All day the odor of the fruit and bloom of the orange trees had swept over the little town, with the suggestion of weddings in their fragrance. All day the softest of breezes had whispered through the olives and the palms. The sun, sinking, had dipped the Casino spires and domes in fire, and night, with the radiance and tenderness beloved of the Mediterranean shore, was upon Monte Carlo.

It was the night of the French financiers' ball at the Casino, and the gold and green kiosk held the splendid band of a Prussian regiment, some fifty strong. Lamps were sprinkled here and there through *allées verts*, and dots of light moved over the waters that flow between the little ivy-clad quays.

The yellow columns of the House of Gaming reflected a long line of electric jets, the waiters performed their own especial ballet in the café, and in the pauses of music, laughter and noise could be heard the rhythmical click of the galloping roulette ball.

There were a hundred little marble tables outside the windows, mixed up with the promenaders, at which many sat and sipped tranquilly their ices or

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champagne. From one of these arose, hastily, as the whirling couples within the ballroom passed the nearest window, a young man, tall, dark and somewhat slender, presumably an American. That he was preoccupied was observable from the fact that champagne, cognac, coffee and ices had each been ordered by him in turn, and each still stood untasted. He had paid no attention whatever to the remarks vouchsafed by a companionable Frenchman at the same table; he had put his foot through a costly lace flounce with as much nonchalance as might be, and had never heeded the reproachful look, the shrill scream, nor the word "beast," which had been hurled at him, and upon his sudden exit from the table he had in his hurry overturned a glass of wine full into the lap of a portly, benevolent-looking German doctor, who glanced after him significantly and tapped his own forehead as he undertoned to a friend:

"Mad, like most of his countrymen!"

Reaching the veranda, Cyril Knoxen paused and looked again anxiously at the crowded ballroom. It had a Louis Quatorze flavor, as if people of quality a hundred years ago had danced their sarabands and minuets in it. Indeed it looked as if it were stolen out of a French royal palace, with its cupids and arabesques and gilding. The rooms were a mass of gold and delicate white, over which a blaze of light sparkled. The givers of the ball had spared nothing in adornment, and in the richness of their magnificence, French artists had almost run wild.

"Julie!"

The tone was low but penetrating, and a very beautiful woman turned from her partner and glanced outward as the word reached her ear. What picture the low French window framed for her, her companion turned to see; but ere he looked a young man clad in evening dress had stepped within the ballroom and was bowing low before the beautiful Englishwoman.

"Miss Caruthers," he exclaimed, "is your card full? Permit me to look at it and claim the first vacancy."

He spoke earnestly yet with something of command in his voice, and the other man, a German count, regarded him lazily. The lady was somewhat paler than she had been half an hour ago.

Penciling his name upon the daintily jeweled trifle, the young American returned it to its owner, bowed gravely and withdrew. Miss Caruthers' escort threw his arm around her as the regimental band burst out in that favorite dance of the *Riviera*, "The Boston," and a woman of middle age, closely resembling the young lady, approached hurriedly and exclaimed, "Julie," I have just seen Cyril Knoxen; what will you do?"

"I have seen him too, mamma," answered the girl. "I have promised to dance with him. He was very grave and serious."

"Have you at last found your own mind?" questioned the mother tenderly. "Don't trifle with him longer. Believe me, a woman makes or mars a man, as a man does a woman."

"Then, after all, mythology didn't need the fates," laughed the girl. "Come, Count Von Busch, we are losing that lovely dance."

Twice in the length of the ballroom she met Knoxen. He noticed the faint pink that crept into her face, and the blood tinged his own in answer.

The Prussian band was discoursing the most exquisite of the Waltz-King's creations, full, rich, tuneful, soft, loud, when Julie Caruthers and Cyril Knoxen stepped upon the floor. They were not unknown as partners in that ballroom. All the winter through, the chaperones had glanced significantly at each other whenever the handsome couple passed them, and declared that it was a burning shame that such a coquette as Julie Caruthers should so monopolize the heir to many American dollars.

"The most audacious flirt since the time of Cleopatra," asserted one dowager; while another added:

"And perfectly heartless; she wouldn't care if he shot himself to-night." And a third chimed in:

"If he lost his money she would refuse to know him to-morrow. There's no heart in Julia Caruthers; I am glad she is not my daughter!"

The subject of all this doubtful comment owned an American mother and an English father. Mr. Caruthers was a magnificent man in body and mind, said to possess every talent except that of using his talents. Mrs. Caruthers had the reputation of a great wit at the present day and the after-flavor of having been a great slayer of hearts

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some twenty-five or thirty years ago. The effervescence of youth having subsided, had left in its place, a wholesome regard for appearances, an immense tact born of great experience, a large contempt for the snobbery of a title without hard cash, and an all-absorbing desire to marry her beautiful Julie to an American.

The young lady, however, was a puzzling study to father and mother alike, and to all who knew her. On her paternal side she had inherited the magnificent physique and constitution of the Englishman; from her mother came the vivacity and fascination of which the American girl is acknowledged queen, while, as an unclaimed heritage, a something evolved from herself—Miss Julie developed an incorrigible waywardness and a fickleness which had left her at twenty-five still unwed. It was not for lack of admirers, for it had been a French banker, a German or Italian noble, an English squire or a Russian ambassador, together with many lesser lights which had been entirely eclipsed in her flame, ever since she was in her teens. Perhaps it was true what people said, that she had no heart and that she was waiting for some fabulous American fortune to be laid at her feet. Be that as it may, ever since the first night that Cyril Knoxen, her senior by but a few days, had appeared at Monte Carlo, Julie had attached him in the capacity of prime minister to her court, which position he had accepted and filled with the evident determination to share the throne if possible.

What had first attracted Miss Caruthers was the young American's dancing. If she acknowledged a love in the world, it was for the art of terpsichore—not, however, as expounded by the Frenchman, who clasps his partner with both arms in a mad embrace and whirls her round and round like a Persian top; nor by the Englishman, who walks through the most inviting dance with a frigidity that chills one, and with about as much grace as a churn might be reasonably expected to display; nor by the German, with his great feet and arms and clumsy movements, and with whom one dances with much the same feeling as if he were a tame bear, and the possibility of stepping upon one or accidentally falling upon all fours close at hand. An American is usually the most perfect of dancers. If he waltzes, it is the poetry of rhythm, and his companion can abandon herself with perfect safety to the charm of the movement; if he galops or polkas, his navigation is as true as a pilot's; if he walks through a quadrille, there is a delightful suggestiveness of repressed motion, and a cotillon with him is the embodiment of grace.

The fair Julie had noted all these variations and drawn her conclusions accordingly. All her favorite dances were reserved to be shared with Knoxen, and he, loving to "tread the airy mazes" with an enthusiasm second only to her own, and recognizing in her the ideal partner, soon grew to be known as Miss Caruthers' property, and in waltzing away his time waltzed away his heart as well.

Suddenly he left Monte Carlo. Days passed and nothing was heard of him. Some said that he had realized his folly and fled from it; others that he had offered himself and been rejected. Only Julie and her mother knew for a certainty that, after all his devotion, he had not asked her hand in marriage, and that he had disappeared as suddenly and mysteriously as those Mediterranean clouds which hang so low and threateningly from a clear sky, and vanish swiftly without fulfilling what their nearness promised.

Miss Caruthers was puzzled. That he had loved her was certain. Why, then, had he left her? Had he tired of her? The suggestion was not complimentary, and the beautiful Julie dismissed it peremptorily with the consciousness born of power. Did she care? No—oh, no! of course not—only the ballroom was not quite the same in his absence. The different nationalities who danced with her were more stupid and awkward than ever; and while she repeatedly asserted to herself that his going was nothing to her, there was one question which sprang into being from every corner of this pleasant little town of iniquity, "Will he come back?" and now he was here. She had not cared—oh, no! but something very nearly akin to emotion sent the blood racing to her white cheeks, and caused her to long for the dance which was to be his, and to which time and absence imparted a magnetic influence. Should she welcome or repulse him? Should she be

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sweetly inviting or coldly inscrutable? Should she—just then she passed him as the German count promenaded her around the room. There was a look of veiled expectancy, the anxiety of despair in Knoxen's eyes as her own met his, and suddenly the blood seemed to forsake her heart, and all sounds and sights merged into the one supreme consciousness that he was there.

Strauss has never written anything more appropriate to the dramatic interests of Monte Carlo than the "Wine, Women and Song" waltz. With its opening bars Cyril Knoxen and Julie Caruthers were upon the floor. Many eyes were watching them, many tongues commenting on the infatuation to which his reappearance gave proof.

As the Prussian band stopped with a final crash, the American drew a long, shuddering sigh, and bending over his companion, whispered:

"Come out into the gardens; I have that to tell you which cannot be told here."

Cyril Knoxen drew his companion down upon a stone bench by the wayside, and looking away from her, out upon the sea, exclaimed, "Julie, I cannot ask you to marry me. I must this night ask you to cast me out of your life forever!"

She rose to her feet and stood for a second gazing down upon him with scorn and something else in her eyes.

"Listen!" he cried, hurriedly; "don't misunderstand me. You know well that I love you. Two weeks ago—the very night upon which I intended to ask you to be my wife—I received a 'cable' from home and was obliged to go direct to Paris. What I learned there in these subsequent days it will take me but a brief time to tell you. I, whom you thought fortune had so favored, am a beggar. I, to whom a thousand dollars was like that sand yonder, have not as many francs. My father has lost everything, and I am ruined."

She did not speak, but sat down again very quietly beside him, with her great gray eyes riveted on his face.

"And, Julie," he continued, "often I have heard you say that marriage without money was more than a failure—that it was a crime. I know I must not woo you to share poverty. My intention was to have sailed yesterday for New York, but—but"—his voice faltered, and he turned his head away.

Miss Caruthers laid her hand upon his arm. "Stop!" she exclaimed imperiously; "I forbid you to shed a tear for me; I am not worth it. Let us walk—walk anywhere to get away from ourselves." So they strolled toward the beach together.

"I shall leave here to-morrow," he said, as they approached some peasants, and she started violently and uttered a faint cry. All at once, like the flash of light which precedes dissolution, it was borne in upon her what this separation would mean. Had she found him again but to lose him? Her heart's wild pulsations seemed to sway in rhythm with a great palm-frond close by. Sky and sea seemed appallingly real; she felt she would hate them forever after. Her whole soul yearned for happiness. Seeing her emotion, Knoxen gazed at her in beseeching anxiety. His face was ashen and his lips quivered, and she saw that, struggle as he might, her beauty held him in thrall and that the outpouring of his love was only restrained by force of will. Cyril seized her hand and covered it with trembling kisses.

"Julie," he began, passionately——

"Sir," said an approaching peasant, "will not you and madame come and witness our egg dance?"

They had barely time to move apart when a group of perhaps forty French peasants surrounded them, explaining the peculiar dance of Easter eve. A hundred eggs were scattered on the level green and covered well with sand, and a lad and lass, holding each other by the hand, executed among them a dance of the country. According to old tradition, if the figures were finished without the breaking of a single egg, the youth and maiden became affianced, and their union could not be broken off even by the will of their parents. It is called, in the picturesque language of the peasants, a *mariage aux œufs*, and such a one was that of Marguerite of Austria and Philibert of Savoy. Four couples had already tried it unsuccessfully, and peals of laughter had derided their attempts. When the last unfortunate pair had retaken their places as spectators, Cyril Knoxen turned to his fair companion and proposed to her to try the egg fortune.

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"We are both good dancers," said he. "Come," and she did not resist him. In a few words he told their nationality to the peasants and that they desired to enter the competition. The onlookers cheered and applauded, charmed by the grace and beauty of the two dancers. "Are you superstitious?" whispered Cyril, as he led her forward. She did not reply, but he thought he saw a softened, subdued, tender look that had never rested on her proud features before.

"She perhaps will regret me the veriest trifle," he thought to himself, moodily, as he watched the moon-rays play upon her soft, light hair. Who shall say the world is not a stage? Our feelings are rarely interpreted what we know them to be, the expression we show outward upon our faces too often serves but a cloak to the inward thought, and when sincerity comes accidentally to the surface how many will hesitate to challenge it as cant!

Up the sloping prospect of orange trees and vineyards, Monte Carlo, with its thousand lights, gleamed like a gem; far to the south stretched the sea, with the dim gray outline of the distant Corsican coast. Here in true peasant fashion, with rows of sturdy sons and daughters of the soil on either side, danced the champions of the Monte Carlo ballroom. Without a single crash these two, light upon their feet as feathers in the wind, succeeded in treading the perilous maze. Not one egg was broken. As they stepped from the sand the church-bells from the heights above rang out for Easter eve.

"England and America!" shouted the crowd. "You have won!" Cyril glanced at his companion. She held out her hand to him before them all, a blush divine in its purity tinging her fair cheek as she spoke with a shy sweetness. "We will adopt the custom of the country, Cyril," she said, with the light of love in her eyes.

WALKING

by Malcolm W Ford.

ALL the exercises engaged in by man as sport, walking is the one that comes to him most naturally.

In England, the home of outdoor sports, walking has always been indulged in as a pleasure and a healthful exercise.

About 1876 walking as a competitive sport took a great start in this country. Six-day contests were instituted and the public went wild over the results, and although this particular form of contest seems in recent years to have lost interest somewhat, walking races of shorter distances are still very popular. To one not accustomed to witnessing athletic contests, the styles of traveling as exhibited by trained athletes in a walking race seem very grotesque and unnatural; in fact theirs is an unnatural gait and must be learned to attain speed. There are a few, to be sure, who use a somewhat natural style, but as a rule walking contests seem to the uninitiated ludicrous.

No such speed as has been attained can be accomplished in the ordinary mode of walking natural to human beings. In the exercise of the natural gait anyone who can travel five miles an hour on foot, thinks he is walking pretty fast. To an athlete this would literally be sauntering, for unless he can do nearly seven miles, he feels that he had better keep out of competition. Eight miles has been traveled within the hour by a professional, and an amateur has taken but 2 minutes 8½ seconds above the hour to cover the same distance.

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The modern walker uses almost every muscle in his body. The action of the arms and shoulders is so great as to bring about a profuse perspiration even in temperate weather. The leg motion is hard to judge, for, although it is quite well understood what it should be, only a very expert eye is capable of judging a walking race where the tendency is to lift, as unfair walking is called.

The prominent point in "*a fair gait*" is that one foot must be on the ground before the other leaves the ground, and that the knee shall be bent only on the leg that is being put forward. After the stride is made and the foot is on the ground the knee must be kept perfectly straight until it is off the ground again. The action in making a stride is almost entirely from the hips, and one foot is placed directly in front of the other in order to lose no ground. One reason why walking is so hard to judge is that there is such a variety of gaits and peculiarities of walkers that, even though they may be traveling in a perfectly fair way, they appear to be lifting. Walkers have also been seen who were not walking fairly, but who impressed the majority that their gait was fair simply by having some little peculiarity which looked well. As an instance of how opinions differ in this line, it may be mentioned that Frank P. Murray, who in his time was the best amateur walker in this country, was denounced as walking unfairly by Englishmen when he was over there in 1884, and yet he was considered here to have one of the fairest gaits. When C. W. V. Clarke, who won the English amateur championship seven mile walk in 1887 and 1888, was in this country in 1887, he was disqualified in the American championship three mile walk for what was considered to be a most unfair style, and yet on the other side he was thought to have a good one.

A judge of walking at athletic games is not an enviable position. It is impossible for him to keep his eyes on all the men at once, and many of the contestants run when he thinks they are walking, and others purposely lift when they think the judge is not observing them. Tracks that have a high inner curve are looked on with much gratification by walkers who do not wish to be judged strictly. If the track is six or nine inches below the field, it can be imagined that a judge of walking would have quite a task to decide whether a gait was fair or not, for unless he is on the track he cannot see whether one foot is on the grouud before the other leaves it. The knee action can be judged easily, and some judges say they can tell by the knee whether a

"ENDURANCE IS THE TEST." (*p.* 67.)

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A PLODDER.

man is lifting or not, even though the knee-action may be fair.

John Meagher, the champion professional walker of America, is universally considered to have one of the fairest styles possible. He is now about 30 years of age, is 5 feet 8½ inches tall, and weighs 154 pounds in athletic costume. He takes an unusually long stride—as long, in fact, as most professional walkers several inches taller than he. He has a very free hip motion, and this is what enables him to reach out so well. His arm-motion is more of the across-the-body style than simply forward and back, and when traveling on the track, by reason of his immense stride, he seems to be walking very slowly. In spite of his long reach he strides rapidly, and this, of course, explains why he is so fast. He has accomplished the following times in a style which no one seems ever disposed to question: One mile, 6 min. 36 3-5 sec.; two miles, 13 min. 49 3-5 sec.; three miles, 21 min. 11 1-2 sec.; four miles, 28 min. 42 1-2 sec.; five miles, 36 min. 8 sec.; six miles, 43 min. 41 sec.; seven miles, 51 min. 11 1-2 sec., and eight miles, 58 min. 37 sec. He achieved all of these feats in 1882.

Records faster than the above are credited to several other walkers in both professional and amateur ranks. In England W. Perkins is credited with walking one mile in 6 min. 23 sec. in 1874, and an amateur named H. Whyatt is credited with doing the same distance in 6 min. 32½ sec. in 1884. In America F. T. Murray is credited 6 min. 29 3-5 sec. in 1883. All these performances are faster than Meagher's, but they are not supported by the element of absolute fairness that is associated with him.

A directly opposite style to that of Meagher is shown in the illustration "*a walker who is skipping.*" Both feet are about an inch off the ground, and no better detector of unfair walking can be found than the instantaneous photography by which this illustration was procured. The bending and straightening of the knees are just the reverse to that shown in the first picture, and there can be no doubt concerning the unfairness of the style. It is a well-known fact that when a walker grows very tired in a race the tendency to lift shows itself. The walker would not skip simply to gain speed, but to ease the muscles.

THE PROFESSIONAL STYLE.

It might be supposed that length of limb would have much to do with speed in walking, for, on account of both feet having to be on the ground at the same time, no shortness of limb can be compensated for by extra power in bounding or springing, as in running. It stands to reason that an athlete with a limb 36 inches in length can take a longer stride than one with only 32

A WALKER SKIPPING.

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inches. In running, length of limb has been long known to be of no special advantage, and it would seem that walking falls under the same rule, as will be shown by a few statistics.

W. R. Burkhardt, who held the American amateur one-mile championship in 1889, stands under 5 feet 5 inches in height when on the track. For years back short men have won this race. E. D. Lange, of the Manhattan Athletic Club, won it in 1886 and 1887. He is about 5 feet 6 inches tall. In 1885 G. D. Baird was the winner. He was 5 feet 5 inches tall. The two previous years F. P. Murray was the victor. He was 5 feet 8 inches tall. The three-mile walk shows about the same results, for Baird, Murray and Lange figure again as winners during the past half-dozen years, except the last one, when C. L. Nicoll, of the Manhattan Athletic Club, was the victor. Nicoll is very different in build from the other four mentioned champions, for he is 6 feet tall in his low-heeled walking shoes. In England the physiques are about the same, for the men of short stature predominate in numbers over the tall ones in walking races, although in the professional ranks over there there have been several excellent performers who were tall.

These statistics tend to prove that endurance is the test of a successful walker, much more so, especially in long races, than mere so-called speed. There is no way to show muscular power in walking as there is in running or jumping, and the fact of its being such hard work in proportion to the amount of ground covered shows that there must be some restriction on the muscles, and that the effort is being used in a needless way, so far as getting over the ground quickly is concerned. It is known to be easier for an average athlete to run a mile in 6 minutes than to walk one in 8 minutes. Any athlete unaccustomed to walking would have a terrible time in covering a mile in the heel-and-toe style in 8 minutes, yet if he endeavored to use a style which came easiest to him to cover the distance in the same time, a jog-trot run would be no exertion at all. These points have often made people think speed-walking an artificial and useless gait, it being nothing more than a test of endurance, and never being used by any one to cover a long distance quickly. It is used as a means of getting exercise in the open air, but on these occasions speed is not thought of. If a man walks thirty miles through the country he generally does it to get fresh air, but it is safe to say that most men having to travel a distance of three or four miles quickly, there being no conveyances at hand, would take a slow run, for a heel-and-toe gait at any kind of speed would exhaust them before their journey was half over.

A FAIR GAIT.

SPRING.

THE sun has kissed the slumbering buds
And waked the earth to glory,
Aroused from winter's dreary sleep,
As in the fairy story

The prince's kiss awoke the maid
When he in slumber found her,
And at the touch the sleeping world
Moved, rose and stirred around her.

The spring is here. In bush and tree
A hundred birds are singing;
The flower-buds swell, and from the earth
A hundred shoots are springing.

We till the ground, we plant the seed
While balmy winds are blowing,
And pray God bless the harvest field,
And prosper all our sowing.

ENA O. WRIGHT.

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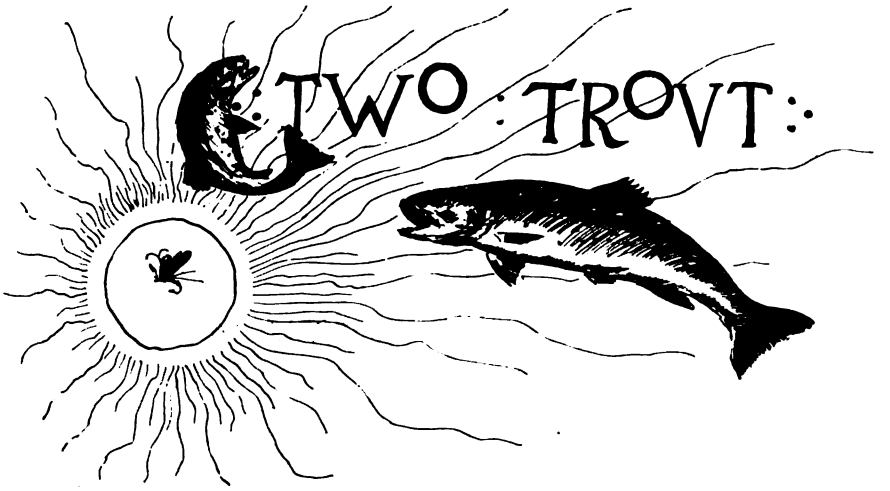

THE disciple of Walton has properly little history of the heroic kind. He is happy in the undisturbed and even tenor of his way. His avocation is distinctly peaceful. He does not seek the moving accidents and hair-breadth 'scapes of flood and field, and chooses naturally, instead, the still water and pleasant streams bejeweling the sweetest of sylvan scenery. Necessarily, therefore, he is a man of contemplation, and the risky and terrible are not of his province in sport, as they are legitimately that of his venatic brother of the gun. Hence the annals of the rod lack to a great extent the dramatic element so necessary to attract the lover of romance. Even the story I am about to relate, of two perilous adventures, will probably not arouse wild interest. A fish-story, to be generally palatable, must be very highly spiced with romance. This one is a record of veritable experience.

The incidents of my blended story occurred many years and thousands of miles apart; but coincidence connects them with each other, in the fact that they both occurred on the same date—May first—and that their salient features were alike, as were also their results.

I was born on the banks of the English Thames. My father and generations of his ancestors were professional Thames fishermen. So it is easy to understand that I loved and learned fishing as soon as I could walk. Therefore it came to pass that I could handle a rod long before most boys hear of one, and I was a constant companion of my father whenever possible. He was a *great* fisherman (at his best with the trout), keen of eye, intuitive, strong, and a fish lover. Thames trout are a brown trout (*salmo fario*), and grow to sixteen pounds on exceptional occasions, and average—or did—from seven to ten pounds. Such fish were rare, I am bound to admit; but my progenitor seldom failed to capture the "sockdolager" of some dam or weir above the tideway each season. He had his own methods. His rod was of light-red deal and lancewood, and some fourteen feet long. The line was fine strong silk, the leader a six-feet length of good stout gut, and the single hook a No. 1 Sproat or Limerick, baited with a small fish, named bleak or bley, similar to but brighter than a "shiner."

The manner of using this outfit was simple. These large trout frequent the deep, quiet eddies adjacent to the rough water of the dams or weirs, and there in some corner watch, in perhaps twenty feet of water, for what they may devour. Now, above and some eight or ten feet over these dams is built a beam as a bridgeway—a single beam *without* railings—and the significance of this latter feature was for the public. Only danger-loving English boys would dare to run along its dizzy path and gaze into the tumbling water below—the general public never intruded. This beam always formed the "coign of vantage" on which my father took his stand for the capture of the glorious Thames trout.

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From this standpoint the bait was manipulated deftly across the rushing water, and there were frequently ten or fifteen yards of loose line drawn from the reel and coiled in a figure 8 in the hand preparatory to casting. Many a time had I watched his dexterous movements with envy, and once, after aiding to boat a particularly large fish, I remember the resolve was suddenly born in my boyish heart, that *I* would, could, and must do likewise.

The fishing season began in April; and behold me, therefore, one bright May-Day morning, a boy of about twelve years, in a light skiff, eager to reach the vicinity of the weir. I remember the joy I felt! It comes back to me now with the sweet scent of the hawthorn hedges rich in their masses of white bloom, the carol of the skylark, the song of the thrush and the blackbird, and even the brilliant azure and orange-red hues of the kingfisher as he darted by. All nature was radiant. I soon reached the venerable weir, and selecting, with a general's eye, the most likely spot, made the boat fast and climbed lightly on to the beam. Very soon I was sitting astride it, and deftly casting the brilliant minnow and maneuvering it from cataract to eddy through the myriad-jeweled spray. As it skipped and danced from crest to crest it seemed like some silvery butterfly rather than a fish. Herein lay its attraction, and before I had fished twenty minutes the great tortoise-shell shoulder of a big trout heaved above the torrent, and with a determined plunge he had seized the bait and sank for his watery lair. How well I remember the thrill of awe-like ecstacy I felt! And then began the battle. I will not attempt its description. Such combats have been portrayed by more masterly pens than mine. It is sufficient to say, that from my high post it was one of tragic interest to me as well as the fish, and just as the latter seemed to become sufficiently amenable to reason to allow of my seeking the shore with a view to landing him, I remember the top of my head seemed to be swimming off somewhere. Then the water became sheets of silver flame; I staggered, recovered myself—for I had risen on the narrow bridge the better to traverse it shoreward. Then the loose line dropped from my left hand, and I rolled off into the boiling torrent below . . . down . . . down . . . down to the abysmal depths!

The cold water revived my brain, and with a good diver's presence of mind, I held my breath and sought to emerge from the twisting fury of the maelstrom of which I was the sport. Try as hard as I would, I found my arms and legs held as in a vise and powerless. Then, after a time, interminable as it seemed, I was violently thrust forward as by some strong human arm, and found I was ascending. With one convulsive kick I rose amidst a great clot of white foam, which, I remember to this day, looked from below just like a great sky window. My breath came back convulsively, and oh, ye gods, how painfully, and in another moment I was washed on to the shallow "riffle" ten or twelve rods below the dam. There I lay for quite a time till I could cough up what water I had unavoidably swallowed, and then began to realize. The first thought was "*the fish!*" The loose line had wound round and round my legs, body and arms in the eddy, but still something was attached to it. This was the rod. Carefully I drew it up and reeled in all the line that I had disengaged from my body. There was still a lot of line in the water, apparently entangled upstream. I unsteadily wound it in—it was apparently fast around the woodwork of the dam. I tried to draw it to me—then suddenly outsped the still attached fish. Was ever such good fortune! Reader, *I fought that fish anew and landed him. He weighed seven and a quarter pounds!* He should have been a large one I know, but—I cannot tell a lie! This occurred at Chertsey Weir, England, May first, 1867, and many yet live near the spot who can attest the occurrence.

* * * * *

My second episode occurred A. D. 1891, at the East Greenwich dam, Battenkill River, Washington county, New York. Time of year, May first. A glorious morning for the fishermen was this, when I drove up to the hotel as the gray dawn was breaking. The robins were still at matins around the house, and very soon I had mine host and his satellites roused. A keen sportsman he, and to his salutation I returned, "Is the dam in good order for fishing?" receiving an affirmative reply in no uncertain tone. No boat being on the

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river, I had taken my canvas folding-boat, intending to fly-fish all the likely spots of this famous trout water. Very soon I had the boat geared, and with rod rightly arranged, was pushed off into the stream.

In this instance I was below the dam, and intended approaching as near as might be advisable, and anchoring, and altering positions to suit circumstances. A crowd had gathered on the shore and were taking in the situation with enjoyment, and I soon increased their admiration by boating a nice little twelve-ounce fish. Now, this dam was built for supplying a knitting and flour mill near by, and is not at all a formidable one, its fall not being more than ten feet; but at the time of which I am writing a very respectable volume of water was coming over, and there was one part, near the side, a swift and powerful undertow—a fact of which I was yet unaware. Presently, however, a good fish rose to my Royal Coachman, and as I struck him and saw him plunge, I knew it was a two-pounder at least. How he did fight! And finally, finding I would have trouble in boating him, I determined to raise anchor and let the boat drift to the shallow water, where I could step out and accomplish the deed. The raising of the stone anchor I easily accomplished with one hand, and then prepared to manage the fish. As the boat drifted, however, I found she took a rather erratic course, which, being so light (seventy pounds only) I attributed to the pressure I was putting on the fish. At all events I suddenly realized that we were in the undertow and rapidly approaching the dam's fullest rush of water. Once under that, and, with my heavy boots and other paraphernalia, I was doomed. I tried to row her free, but the hold of the stream was great. Still, I should have rescued her had not the light oar suddenly snapped. Then, when there was nothing else to do, I jumped, and, as fortune would have it, I escaped by some miraculous means the force of the deflecting current, and with nothing more than a good ducking and some excitement I swam to shore as best I could and was pulled out on *terra firma*.

And "what of the fish?" do you ask?

I cannot tell a lie, as I said before; I didn't find it. It broke loose. But it weighed just two pounds seven ounces all the same. I am positive of that, for two months later I was fishing the dam of a flax-mill a mile lower down the same river. It was evening, and as the soft-winged moths fluttered alongside my own artificial "White Miller," I "rose" a fish and hooked him. Moreover, I landed him; and in his mouth was the remains of my identical "Royal Coachman" fly, lost at the upper dam in early season. (No one makes this fly just as I do.) This fish weighed two pounds seven ounces, exactly—that's why I am positive of the weight of the lost one.

A SPRING WEEK OF OUTINGS.

BY LUCY ELLIOTT KEELER.

"WHEN comes Aprille with his showres sweete," chanted Dulcinea, "we will take a vacation. You shall leave your desk, I will cease embroidering, and we will

> 'Mix our blood with sunshine
> And take the wind into our pulses.'"

Thus spoke the oracle on the last night of March.

Next morning, accordingly, she sounded the whistle, which brought the dogs around us. Four of them responded; the greyhound, possessed of a passion for stepping over such obstacles as sheds and saplings rather than take the trouble to go around them; a water-spaniel, grown fat and old in the family service, and seeming to the casual eye to be a cross between an opossum and an elephant; a black-and-tan, whose valor was out of all proportion to his size; and a cur, who was remarkable only for his gait, which a young woman, learned in these matters, described as a trot before and a gallop behind.

The dogs stood around in a circle while Dulcinea flipped the penny. Heads meant to the right, tails to the left. When we revolted from its commands, as we sometimes did, we gave it away to the ubiquitous small boy, a custom

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which occasionally put us in the position of Frank Stockton's king, the chain of whose followers reached back to his palace doors.

On this occasion heads won—Dulcinea always tossed heads—and we sauntered on to the brook. Here, in earlier days, we had launched boats weighted with flowers and fancies; here we had angled with bent pins for the minnows which flirted in and out the eddies; and here we had learned to row and skate and almost to swim.

"Oh, memories!
Oh, past that is!"

The penny was forgot and we followed up the stream. Ah, here was the first water-cress; and we filled our hands with its spicy leaves, only to empty them at each fresh batch; for water-cress in its perfection grows far up stream. Behind the hill, where the anemones grow and the bloodroot lifts a snowy head in defiance of its name, a sycamore had fallen, and its smooth, white trunk stretched across the bank. Dulcinea sprang upon it, crossing and re-crossing, calling in sweetest tones to the dogs, one or two of whom fell in at each passage. But, alas for Dulcinea! Forgetting that to the swift belongs the spoil, she paused upon the slippery bridge, and, losing her balance, went to taste the joys which she had prepared for others. The dogs and I laughed to see the sport, while Dulcinea, like a second ghost in Hamlet, stalked forth and was hurried home.

The expedition was not continued the next day, for a sudden north wind had blown a skin of ice over the water, and well-beaten paths seemed preferable. Dulcinea's star was in the ascendant, and her gayety undamped by the disagreeable task of oiling the tricycle. Over the smooth road we rolled, down the narrow sidewalk of the long hill—the man at the foot always went to his stable when he saw us, ready to drive for the surgeon in case our wheels swerved two inches from their limited path—past the block where lived the eighteen children who always clamored like a Greek chorus for a ride or a penny, and into one of the busy streets.

Suddenly a cry of fire broke from a building opposite us, and congratulating ourselves upon our good luck in being on the spot, we turned into a deep doorway and awaited developments. A crowd sprang up, like toads after a rain, and skipped about with as little motive. Excited mothers threaded the throng with perambulators and screamed at the clatter of the approaching engine. Bells rang, horses reared, wagons were backed violently into side streets, and with a swoop and a thud the hose was unreeled and fastened to the hydrant. A moment after, the people about us surged forward, Dulcinea scrambled off her seat and basely retreated into the barber-shop, and I, turning, looked down the very mouth of the cannon. An instant and the ammunition of a broken hose descended upon me. You think it was pleasant, that cold day, with Dulcinea surreptitiously coaxing the greyhound to open his mouth in the grin which was a mark of his blue blood?

Wednesday morning Dulcinea drove up in the cart, and I joined her, armed with a road-map which had been stealthily borrowed from the county clerk's office. We started forth, turning the map to match the vagaries of the road. This little creek, we discovered, possessed the euphonious name of Hog's Run, and joined forces with the river below to swell Lake Erie. This house belonged to John Smith, a fact of striking interest, and the same nabob owned the barns across the road. The fields were all mapped out, echoing with their outlots and in-lots the gerrymandering districts of the State. Meanwhile Bucephalus, left to his own sweet will, wandered from side to side of the road and narrowly escaped upsetting us into a convenient ditch. Bucephalus always reminds us of some people who walk the city streets. They approach by the outer edge of the sidewalk, but while you wink they bump into you next the building. You could forgive their lack of grace if only they would not wobble. Trollope somewhere describes a tar and his wife just landed from a long voyage and taking their first walk on land. Still propelled by sea-legs, they get out of step. They collide in the middle of the sidewalk, sway apart to the edges, and so meet and separate again until the spectator is dizzy with watching.

As we draw near our destination a woman dragging a child by the hand starts to cross the street before us. Knowing our steed's vagaries, Dulcinea draws him suddenly up. Meanwhile the woman has stopped in her course

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and waits for us to pass. A moment's hesitation on both sides, when, just as we start forward, our opponent picks up courage and dashes under the horse's very nose. "Such is the feminine mind," I murmur, while Dulcinea reminds me of our last lunch in the city. "What kinds of soup have you?" I had asked the waiter. "Julienne, mock-turtle, celery, puree——" Then I calmly interrupted him, "I will take half a dozen fried oysters."

We had a visitor the next day who incidentally informed us she was fond of walking. "You shall walk," we telegraphed from eye to eye, and with the refinement of hospitality decided upon a roundabout jaunt which we thought would reduce her proud spirit to becoming humility. She liked landmarks; we would show her landmarks. Our first objective point was a little hollow in a far-distant cornfield. A stone in the middle of it marked the boundary of an Indian reservation. Five fences beyond was a stump riddled with bullets in the war of 1812. Across that hill yonder was the road down which the hero of Tippecanoe brought his forces to the relief of the town. In the next village had been a battle celebrated in local annals. To each spot we led her and called upon her to admire. Exhausted ourselves, we at last sat upon some bowlders near a discarded lime-kiln and pondered upon the glacial theory, while our guest flung pebbles at a giant "nigger-head." "Manitoes—Indian spirits—sometimes appear in the shape of animals," she remarked; "but more often they take the form of stones which, being broken, are found full of flesh and blood. You have dangerous seats, you two," and she laughed slyly. "Have you forgotten that I spent last summer in the Alps and could outwalk the whole party? For your sakes let us turn homeward."

The event of the week occurred Friday. A dozen of us were to ride to a suburban resort for a breakfast of waffles and frogs' legs. Dulcinea was mounted on a beautiful mare, lent to her for the occasion, and looked complacently at my beast, which was handsome only in so far as he handsomely did. The roads were perfect and all nature a-smile. All went merry as a marriage-bell until, turning the lane toward our destination, we saw the path spotted by a flock of geese. Did they behold in me the little girl who used to chase their ancestors with a view to quill feathers for popguns?—for a score of them drove madly at my horse's legs. We paused not upon the order of our going but went at once. A kick from behind, a leap into the air,

"And there, through the flush of the morning light,
A steed as black as the steeds of night
Was seen to pass as with eagle flight."

But who clattered alongside? Dulcinea! And as I gripped the pommel with my knee I remembered the caution of the mare's owner: "She will follow any leader."

Down the road we saw

"How in a trice the turnpike men
Their gates wide open threw,"

and the people on the piazza rushed out to see the race. Two miles beyond, the horses stopped of their own accord, docilely obeyed the rein to turn, and retraced their way. Fortunately, the sequel to John Gilpin was omitted, and we dropped off, shaken and disheveled, at the hotel porch.

Saturday, and our vacation almost gone! The freshly painted little skiff was slid down into the water, Dulcinea drew the rudder ropes about her—more effective reins than those of yesterday—and I pulled easily up the stream. The white trunks of the sycamores glistened against the blue sky; tenor and soprano duets from rapturous songsters filled the air, accompanied by the drum of the woodpecker, the cymbal of the frogs, the bass rumble of the falls below. Shadows chased each other along the cliff, which rose straight from the water; while on the other side, down broad Lilliputian steps, left in the sand by the receding water, the sandpipers stalked to their bath.

An old worm-fence wriggled down the bank to drink, and, running ashore, we found behind it a hillside of hepaticas, "one giant smile of the good brown earth." We felt rich and enlightened, to quote from James, and as if we had suddenly "put half the universe in our pockets." Gathering our hands full of the woodsy darlings, we pushed off and floated down the stream, leaving a sweet wake behind us on the water, a trail of purple stars to guide us back some other spring to a week with nature.

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LENZ'S WORLD TOUR AWHEEL.

FROM BEARMOUTH TO RATHDRUM.

THE name Hell Gate Cañon naturally suggested scenery of the savage order, but was rather disappointing. Nothing about it suggests the narrow gorge, or gate, as it is really a beautiful valley, varying in width from one to two miles. It is about forty miles long, extending to the confluence of the Hell Gate and Big Blackfoot rivers, where it broadens into the valley of the Bitter Root. The scenery of the cañon is, as a whole, pleasing, and portions of it might be termed grand. Easy slopes of pine-covered mountains rise upon either side in graceful masses, varied here and there with sterner pictures where the grim rock-ribs of mountain bulks show bare and gaunt. Through the level of the valley winds the erratic river, a goodly stream, with many prettily wooded islets gemming its shining floods. On more than one of its tributaries the angler can find capital sport with the trout. The cañon has several important mills, the lumber of which finds a ready market in Butte. These mills and some mining operations comprise the main industries of the district. Near Carlan section-house I found my road closed by a padlocked gate, but the tollman cheerfully allowed me free passage in return for a brief description of my experiences and future intentions.

At the little station of Bonita I called a halt. I had covered fifty-one miles for the day, and felt ready to lay up. Hotel there was none, but I found some prosperous ranchers who, with true Western hospitality, offered to feed me and lodge me for the night. They were good fellows, and spared no effort to make me thoroughly comfortable.

A flawless morning found me astride my stanch steed, working westward down the cañon. I felt well, and was confident of enjoying a pleasant day, but later developments considerably marred my fun. As I progressed, many difficult stretches of road were found, stony, uneven bits which taxed the pneumatic severely. But such treatment only brought out its good points. More than once I almost despaired of getting through safely; but the good machine responded nobly to every demand, and, as the pugs say, "came up smiling" after every heavy blow, and twice after actual knockdowns.

At one point, where the road crawled high up the mountain-side, it was guarded by a low embankment of stones. Just how the crash came I don't exactly know — possibly I was scenery-gazing and riding a bit too carelessly. Suddenly the wheel drove into a lot of loose stones and swerved. I was too much surprised to straighten up, and the next instant wheel and rider struck the embankment, toppled over it like a steeplechaser and jockey falling over a jump, and away we went, end over end, crashing down the mountain side. I was more than scared, for the crashing of the wheel against the stones suggested terrible damage, and I was by no means certain where I'd bring up; but luckily I fouled some brush about thirty feet below the embankment, where, as I had hung for dear life to the wheel, I managed to check our mad career. Looking down, I could see where the wheel might have clattered away for fully half a mile, and no machine on earth could have made such a trip safely. With sore misgivings I dragged the wheel up to the road again and proceeded to

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sum up damages. My kit was disarranged a bit, and my arms and hands were bruised and scratched severely, though not seriously. When I had examined every inch of the machine I could scarcely believe my eyes. Marked and chafed it certainly was in several places, but never a break nor a bend could be found, and I could have cheered from sheer joy, for an accident at that place would have meant terrible toil and trouble, and probably serious delay in my tour.

After a rest and a careful overhauling of kit and pockets to make sure that nothing had been lost, I remounted and wheeled away, taking precious good care to run into no more loose stones. After passing the small lumber towns of Clinton and Bonner, I found a better road. Missoula was now but seven miles away, so I put on more strain and soon emerged from the cañon into the Bitter Root valley, commanded by the thriving city.

Missoula, the seat of Missoula County, is finely placed at the western gateway of the Rockies, on a plateau spreading north from Missoula River. The adjacent country is admirable for agricultural purposes, and the numerous handsome, public and private buildings attest that the city enjoys a lively trade. The elevation is about three thousand feet, the climate is healthy, and certainly the picturesque surroundings of the place leave nothing to be desired in that line. It commands a most pleasing view of the valley, bounded by mountain ranges in every direction.

As I wheeled up the main street, I met Mr. W. A. Hoblitzell, local L. A. W. consul, and the only man in Missoula who rides a pneumatic. There are about ten wheelmen in the city, and they were anxious that I should tarry for a day or so, but I was eager to reach the coast and had to refuse.

The old government trail extends from Missoula westward through St. Regis and Fourth of July Cañon to Cœur d'Alène, Idaho, but I heard such bad accounts of it that I decided to travel by way of Hope. So, after dinner, Mr. Hoblitzell and I started, he accompanying me as far as De Smet, a run of half a dozen miles. From here I pushed up the next divide by way of O'Keefe's Cañon, over a stony and difficult trail. Hard work for ten miles brought me to Evaro, on the summit of the divide, from which point a very fair road, mostly down-grade, extended for eleven miles to Arlee, a small town located on the Flathead Indian Reservation, and named in honor of a chief of that tribe.

The reservation comprises about 1,500,000 acres and extends along the Jocko and Pend d'Oreille rivers, a distance of sixty miles. A well-timbered mountainous region comprises, perhaps, the greater portion of it, but there is also a fair percentage of choice grazing land and many sheltered arable valleys. The Flathead Agency is under the control of the Jesuits, who have a mission there, and who have also worked a deal of good among their dusky flocks. About twelve hundred Flathead, Pend d'Oreille and half-breed Indians are on the Reservation. Many of these have excellent farms and plenty of choice cattle and horses. Others, as is invariably the case with Indians, prefer to loaf as much as possible, camping at will and depending upon the government rations and a little hunting for their support. The government supplies plows, wagons, saw and grist mills, blacksmith shop and threshing machine for free use. Even the most civilized of these Indians, however, forsake their houses during summer, preferring to live in old-fashioned lodges. Near Arlee I found a good-sized village, but the old chief, like most of his nation, was suspicious of the camera, and would have none of it. The amateur photographer fiend would have a hard time of it among such folk. Had the light been better, I would certainly have stolen a few snap-shots. As it was I could do nothing.

I made an early start, leaving the Reservation. The air was keen — indeed, I had found a sharp early morning and late evening temperature at all points in the mountains. The best remedy for this was, of course, a fast mile at starting, which invariably toned me up to proper pitch. Ravalli lay ten miles down the valley, and the road thither proved fairly good. The scenery of the valley of the Jocko river is a long succession of charming pictures of mountain, rock and forest. The heights upon either side are hardly great enough for grandeur, but they are remarkably effective. After wheeling for some time I found

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that my road led across the Jocko, and I was compelled to ford the stream. I felt the water and found it cold as death itself, so concluded that the best scheme would be to take off shoes and socks. Wading across was like traversing so much ice-water, and my feet were numbed when I reached the other side. Dry foot-gear soon remedied this, and I sped along through a wild but pleasing stretch of country, passing in turn the section houses known as Jocko, Duncan, and Parma stations. At a point forty-four miles west of Missoula the Jocko empties its flood into the Flathead river. For the next twenty-five miles the united streams are known as the Pend d'Oreille river. Then the muddy Missoula adds another current, and the name of the river changes to Clark's Fork of the Columbia; which it retains to its confluence with the Columbia river north of the international line, save in one place where the stream broadens to form lovely Pend d'Oreille lake.

At Parma my road recrossed the river and led over a mountain, so I decided to avoid another chilly ford by taking to the track of the Northern Pacific and wheeling on it to Paradise Valley and Horse Plains. The wheel covered the rough ties well, and now and then I could ride a trail made by the Indians along the track. I met quite a number of "Reds" at different points, and every mother's son of them, and daughter too, found much to admire in the wheel. In fact their delight was almost childish, and many a bold buck looked as though he would have swapped his whole herd of ponies and thrown in a few squaws and papooses in exchange for my trim, steel broncho from the far East.

My first view of Paradise Valley afforded a pleasing change from continuous mountain prospects. Nearing it, I passed the first Chinese laborers I had seen working on the railroads. They looked comical enough in rough costumes, topped off with huge sun-hats of bamboo, but they are useful workers, and are paid $1.15 per day, which enables them to save at least $25 per month. Numbers of them go back to their celestial homes in a few years with enough American currency to rank as rich men in China. Others gamble and smoke opium, and as a consequence remain almost paupers.

Entering Paradise Valley, I found it to be a beautiful fragment of fertile country, covered with a luxuriant growth of nutritious grasses, and surrounded by a cordon of stately heights, the whole forming a charming, though lonely scene. The valley is only four miles long by two broad, but it and Horse Plains, six miles away, have long been famous among the Indians as wintering grounds for the ponies.

The six miles of railroad between these points afforded pretty rough wheeling, but I bumped along over the ties at a fair gait. Horse Plains is a circular expanse about six miles in diameter. The fertile soil carries a great growth of grass, and on every side are high mountains, which, viewed from the level, present a most imposing appearance.

From Horse Plains a stony, dusty road extended through Eddy to the Thompson river. In many places I had to give it up and ride the ties, and more than once I noticed where wagons had traveled along with two wheels on the railroad and two on a narrow smooth strip beside the rails. All this stage lay through an unbroken mountain region, but I was amply repaid for toil and trouble by the scenery. Mountains towered high above the road; grand steeps and sternly rugged crags shut out a farther view, but every turn in the road revealed some new prospect apparently more impressive than the last, and I fairly reveled in the picturesque for mile after mile.

Upon reaching Thompson river I found that the five-mile run to Thompson's Falls had to be made over a road which traversed a flat and a timbered expanse, neither of which presented attractive features. Once the Falls appeared, however, I had a picture worth looking at. In the foreground the foamy tumult of tumbling waters—not imposing, but possessing that strange power common to all cataracts—and further off a long succession of wooded, rounding hills, their bases laved by the hurrying river, till lost in a blur of blue in dim distance.

From here to Hope, Idaho, seventy-one miles distant, an old Indian trail leads through a wild, pine-forested region and traverses impossible mountain sides, if considered from a wheelman's point of view. The value of the "pneu-

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matic" was now more apparent than ever, for I had to make a long trip on the railway ties, and even over such a course the wheel could easily be made to cover from thirty to fifty miles per day.

Leaving Thompson Falls next morning at eight o'clock, I followed a fair road near the track west to the Belknap bridge for five miles. Here my long ride on the ties began. Luckily the track was, for the most part, very well ballasted. An old road near Vermillion station leads to Trout creek, and I tried it, but two or three miles over broken trees and stumps drove me to the ties again. The country is a tract of unbroken forest; mile after mile on the south side of Clark's Fork river is completely burned out. The air was thick with smoke from forest fires and it was impossible to see farther than half a mile, while the rays of the sun did not cast a shadow even at high noon. In the afternoon I continued on the track past Noxon station to Smead's, where there was a large shingle factory and quite a settlement. Here I stopped for the night, forty-two miles from Thompson Falls.

My ride next morning continued through more burnt forests. The ties were not so well filled in through Heron-Cabinet to Clark's Fork, but from here to Hope greatly improved. A poor road leads part way to Hope, but I preferred the ties.

Hope is a small railroad town, consisting of twenty or thirty houses and a fair sprinkling of saloons. But the little town possesses the grand advantage of being situated on the shore of lovely Lake Pend d'Oreille. Imagine a broad winding valley filled to the road-level with sparkling water and guarded on every side by steep forested mountains, which cast marvelous shadows across the flood, and you have an idea of Pend d'Oreille. The lake is, including its many windings, perhaps sixty miles long, and varies in width from three to fifteen miles.

Here I set my watch to Pacific time, three hours slower than when I left New York. Having four hours yet to sundown, I pushed on. Three miles west of Hope, a long trestle spans the Pack river and some low marshes. The timbers were only four inches apart, so I was able to ride the entire bridge, a mile and a half long. The track bed was well packed between the ties, and I soon reached the once lively western town of Kootenai. Many buildings still remain, with doors and windows nailed up. Only two or three places are occupied. I kept on five miles farther to Sand Point, a small lumber town.

I was now thirty-three miles beyond the State line. Montana was the longest State I passed through, the distance from Beach to the Idaho line is eight hundred and thirty-two miles by road, about the distance from New York to Detroit.

The few roads near Hope and Sand Point are almost impassable for a wheel, stumps of trees being strewn all over them. I was informed that from Granite, twenty-two miles farther west, there was a fair road to Rathdrum.

Taking to the railroad ties out of Sand Point I rode over another mile and a half trestle across the outlet of Pend d'Oreille lake. Riding a mile farther a new railroad bed had lately been built, the gravel was thick and loose on the ties, so I was compelled to walk five miles. To Cocolalla and Granite it was fair wheeling again. Striking a wagon road here that was considerably used and cleared of all obstructions, I was soon merrily spinning through the pine forests. My hard ride of one hundred and nine miles on the ties was soon forgotten, but the road led to a farmer's ranch, who informed me, to my horror, that I was six miles north of the road to Rathdrum. Usually, when taking a wrong road I could easily get righted by going ahead and crossing over; but in this instance I was compelled to go back south over the same road to Granite. Being in a sparsely settled and a thick forest country I preferred to stay at Granite rather than run the risk of being caught out at night in the forest, and chance unsought interviews with wild animals. All along the Clark's Fork river and through this section, large and small game is plentiful. Deer had crossed my path, but vanished with remarkable rapidity at sight of me. Sometimes I saw the large footprints of bears, but I was not particularly anxious to follow them up.

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THE SOUTH DAKOTA NATIONAL GUARD.

BY CAPT. PETER LEARY, JR., U. S. ARMY.

THE troops composing the National Guard of the States of North Dakota and South Dakota were first organized under authority of the Organic Act of Dakota Territory and of the Acts of the Territorial Legislatures of 1877, 1883 and 1885.

As early, however, as 1862, when the settlements were few and at great distances from one another, a force of about four hundred citizens organized themselves into military companies, in response to a proclamation issued by the Governor. They furnished at their own expense the necessary arms, ammunition, equipments, subsistence stores and transportation for defense against the Sioux Indians in the bloody campaigns of that and the following years. They fortified the few towns in the territory, escorted families to places of safety, and generally maintained their simple organization during the period of active hostilities.

In June, 1863, Brig.-Gen. Alfred Sully, United States Volunteers, was detached from the Army of the Potomac and ordered to the Northwest to conduct a campaign against the Sioux. With a force of volunteers (mounted infantry, cavalry and artillery) he marched from Sioux City in the summer of 1864, and on July twenty-eighth found the Indians, consisting of Uncapapas, Sans Arcs, Minneconjous, Blackfeet and Yankton and Santee Sioux, between five and six thousand strong, formidably posted on Ta-ha-kouty Mountain.

The following spirited narrative of this action, by Col. U. T. Thomas, of the Eighth Minnesota Volunteer Infantry (in this campaign mounted as cavalry), is taken from "Minnesota in the Civil War," published under the authority of the State of Minnesota:

"On July twenty-sixth we corralled our train on Heart River, and leaving it under a strong guard, started northward in search of the Indians, and in the afternoon of the twenty-eighth found them located on Knife River, or rather among the foothills of some mountains near it. The camp was an extensive one, and embraced one hundred and ten bands of Sioux. They had congregated this great force to clean out the white soldiers, and appeared to believe they could do it. We were about three miles from the camp when they were first discovered by the scouts. There was no excitement apparent on either side, and both deliberately prepared for battle with equal confidence. The line was formed by dismounting three men out of four, leaving the fourth man in charge of the horses, who followed the line in close columns. The dismounted men were

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ADJ.-GEN. E. HUNTINGTON.

formed in line as skirmishers, about four paces apart, with a reserve of cavalry to cover the flanks, and the artillery within supporting distance of the line of battle. It was a formidable-looking force, and when the 'Forward' was sounded there was a determined look on the faces of the men that indicated that now they had a chance to get satisfaction from the redskins. The Indians gathered on their horses, stripped for battle, and began to leisurely ride out toward us; first a few fine-looking fellows rode up nearly within gunshot, to reconnoiter, and then little bands would leave the camp and advance, but without any demonstration other than waving their arms in the air or cantering across the plain.

COL. MARK W. SHEAFE, 2D REG.

LT.-COL. E. S. MILLER, 1ST REG.

"At last they came within our reach, and a few rifle-shots precipitated the conflict, but not until we had passed half the distance to their camp. At the first shot everything was changed. The bands concentrated and, uttering their war-cries, they dashed toward our lines. Riding at full speed, they would fire their guns and wheel and disappear, and come again in front, and flanks, and rear. It was a continuous succession of charges, that were always repelled by the steady volleys of our men. We kept steadily advancing, their camp our objective point. Their confidence was such that they did not make an effort to save it until we were within half a mile; then, for the first time, we set the artillery to work and threw shells from eight guns with terrifying effect. Sixteen hundred lodges, filled with women and children, dogs and horses, and all the paraphernalia of their homes, and they attempting to save them, with the shells bursting about them, carrying destruction in their path! The lodges came down, but too late. The warriors shot their guns, and arrows hissed through the air; but onward went the blue-coated line, and the camp was taken. The fighting was kept up in a desultory way until the sun went down, but the Indians were whipped, and, what was worse, had lost their camp and all supplies, and were fleeing, almost naked, into the mountains. The white soldiers camped upon the ground. * * * Sully had 2,200 men, and he estimated the number of Indians at from 5,000 to 6,000, and that their loss was from 100 to 150 killed. * * * The one supremely sad thing about a battle is burying the dead, and in this case, although they were but few, it was sad indeed. In the middle of the night the graves were prepared, and, without a light or the sound of a drum or bugle, their bodies were placed in the earth and carefully covered up, leveling the surface so that the grave would not be noticed, and when the command marched over them they would be hidden from the sight of the Indians, who would mutilate and despoil them."

LT.-COL. J. M. ADAMS, 2D REG.

General Sully's force in this engagement consisted of two brigades; the First Brigade, composed of

MAJ. CHAS. T. JEFFERS, 2D REG.

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eleven companies of the Sixth Iowa Cavalry, three companies of the Seventh Iowa Cavalry, two companies of Dakota cavalry, four companies of Brackett's Minnesota Battalion, a company of seventy scouts and a battery of four mountain howitzers, commanded by Captain Pope. The Second Brigade, commanded by Colonel Thomas, was composed of ten companies of the Eighth Minnesota Infantry, six companies Second Minnesota Cavalry and two sections (four pieces) of the Third Minnesota Battery, under Captain Jones, who was a fine old ordnance sergeant of the United States Army in the battle of Fort Ridgeley, on the Minnesota, in August, 1862. All were mounted. This action took place on Knife River, near the Whetstone Hills, and near the South Fork of the Cannonball River.

Returning to his camp on Heart River, General Sully resumed his advance and pushed the Indians through the Bad Lands of the Little Missouri, toward the Yellowstone River. When he first saw the marvelous freaks of nature in the Bad Lands, he characterized them to Colonel Thomas, of the Eighth Minnesota, who was riding with him at the head of the column, as "Hell with the fires put out."

Several severe fights between the troops and the Indians took place before the end of the campaign, which closed with the surrender of the Indians.

In the outbreak of the Sioux, which immediately preceded Sully's campaign, over seven hundred persons were murdered and two hundred women and children were carried into captivity. After trial and conviction by a military commission, Gen. Henry H. Sibley, United States Volunteers, caused thirty-eight of the Indian murderers to be executed at Mankato, Minnesota, on the twenty-sixth of December, 1862.

The Organic Act, the Act of 1877, and the amendments to the body of laws known as the "Political Code" in 1885, had provided for the enrollment and organization of the territorial militia; but no positive effort in the direction of National Guard organization was made until 1885. Governor Ordway, in 1880, reported to the Secretary of the Interior that, although the territorial Legislature had, several years before, enacted a comprehensive militia law, it had not been put into operation for want of arms and equipments. The War Department had charged to the Territory large quantities of arms and ammunition, drawn under Governor Faulk's administration "for the ostensible defense of the territory against Indian raids, but which were really distributed to irresponsible persons, who lost them, or, possibly worse, sold them to the Indians."

While this pecuniary charge stood against the Territory, the War Department declined to equip the militia, and the law remained a dead letter. Governor Ordway reported that independent military organizations existed in different portions of the Territory, which desired to be enrolled as part of the territorial militia, provided arms and equipments could be secured for them. He advised the Secretary of the Interior that "A reasonable number of efficient military companies, located in different sections of the Territory, would be conservators of the peace and useful in case of incursions from hostile bands of Indians, and keep alive the martial and patriotic sentiments of the people."

In the summer of 1884 this martial spirit of the people began to show itself, and by the next summer nineteen companies were in existence and were incorporated into the First and Second Regiments, Dakota National Guard. In obedience to orders from the Governor of the Territory, commissions were issued as colonel to Mark W. Sheafe, Esq., of Watertown, and as lieutenant-colonel to Dr. William A. Bentley, of Bismarck, who organized the two regiments; Colonel Sheafe, the Second Regiment, from those companies in the southern part of the Territory, with his headquarters at Watertown; and Lieutenant-Colonel Bentley, the First Regiment, from the northerly and central companies, with headquarters at Bismarck.

The two regiments were assembled in a camp of instruction in September, 1885, at Fargo, where they spent four days in military exercises. Lieut.-Col. Edwin F. Townsend, Eleventh United States Infantry, under orders from the Secretary of War, inspected these troops and assisted the regimental commanders materially in the way of suggestions and instruction. Governor Pierce reported to the Secretary of the

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Interior that the encampment was highly successful and creditable, and spoke well of the interest manifested in the organizations by both officers and enlisted men. Among the results of this tour of duty, it was found that the law constituting the military code required considerable amendment, and, in the interval between the time of the end of the encampment and the assembling of the Legislature in January, 1887, Col. Mark W. Sheafe, Second Regiment, after consultation with officers of the army stationed in the Territory, formulated a system of law for the government of the territorial forces, which was approved March eleventh, 1887, and is now in force, with some slight changes and additions, in both States.

Under the provisions of this act all able-bodied residents of the Territory between the ages of eighteen and forty-five years are required to be enrolled in the militia and are subject to a call for active duty in case of war or invasion, or to prevent invasion, insurrection or riot. The organized militia was legally known as the Dakota National Guard. Provision was made for a battalion of artillery, a battalion of cavalry, two regiments of infantry, an adjutant-general's department, an inspector, and judge-advocate's department, a supply department, an engineer and ordnance department, a medical department and such staff officers as may be necessary. Discretion was given the Governor to organize one battery of artillery and one troop of cavalry. Provision was also made for a brigade organization, and such was the elasticity of the system, that the Governor could, without further legislation, in case of imminent danger, increase the numerical strength of the organizations in existence at the time, and form such new brigades, regiments and companies as the exigencies of the service may have required.

A numerous and an influential element in the population of Dakota consisted of soldiers and sailors of the regular and volunteer services in the Civil War. This element introduced into the military code a bureau of pensions for the purpose of assisting old soldiers and sailors in securing their pensions under federal laws, without fees or commissions, and placed it under the direction of the adjutant-general of the Territory.

It is safe to say that no Governor of a State or Territory in this country has any greater control over the military organizations and administration of his State than had the Governor of the Territory of Dakota under the military code of 1887. The territorial Legislature vested powers in its executive over the military forces of Dakota greater than those which Congress placed in the hands of President Lincoln in the most doubtful period of the Rebellion, and greater than have been placed in the hands of any Chief Magistrate of the Union since the adoption of the Constitution. The Legislature also indulged in a wide departure from the organization and methods of administration of the regular army. The officers of the adjutant-general's department, unlike those of the regular service, have no functions as inspectors when circumstances require the performance of such duties. The duties of inspector-general and judge-advocate general were merged into one office, the incumbent of which is styled inspector and judge-advocate general; and those of the quartermaster's department, the subsistence department and the pay department were vested in a supply department, consisting of one chief of supply with the rank of brigadier-general, and two assistants (commissaries of supply) with the rank of major. The functions of the corps of engineers and the ordnance department were concentrated in the engineer and ordnance department, to consist of one chief of engineers and ordnance with the rank of colonel, and one assistant with the rank of major.

The drill, discipline and uniform of the troops were to correspond with those of the regular service, and an annual encampment for not less than ten days of all organized commands was required, under proper orders from the Governor. Besides the tour of duty at the annual encampment, each troop, battery and company was required to have annually not less than five drills, parades, musters or inspections, and, in addition, not less than six drills at times fixed by its commanding officer. Target practice was encouraged and suitable rewards offered for good shooting, which was placed under the supervision of the officers of the engineer and ordnance department.

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AMATEUR SPORTS AND PASTIMES

Outing MONTHLY · RECORD ·

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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OUTING will in this department record all important events within the domain of pastimes and of strictly amateur sport; therefore these pages are open to members of organized clubs engaged in the reputable sports of the period. The editors of OUTING RECORD cordially invite full reports of contests and events of interest to officers and members of amateur clubs and associations.

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THE founding of the *Wheelman* by Col. Albert A. Pope some ten years ago in Boston, and his liberal appropriations for the support of such a journal, and later of OUTING (which opens with this issue Volume XXII.), have borne fruits such as he could never have hoped for in his fondest dreams. Not only has cycling become a national pastime, and its adherents the promoters of good roads, but the spirit of OUTING possesses the American people to such a degree that the desire is paramount to enjoy the wholesome blessings flowing from such a life as OUTING teaches in every page. This radical change in our national type has come within the last decade — the years in which OUTING has lived and labored; and though other agencies may have been promotive of this good end, it is principally due to the zealous work of OUTING that the change has come so soon. And "what will the harvest be?"

The growing interest of our people in outdoor-life recreations, not only under summer skies, but in the inclemency of winter, is the sure harbinger of a better type of physical manhood and womanhood. The college boys of to-day are not lean and lank fellows, but heavy weights, who wield an oar, toss a ball, and mount a horse or wheel as if reared on the plains and born for the field and the forest. The college girls, though they do not play football, except in the pages of *Life* and *Puck*, show a strong disposition toward taking to lawn, field and stream recreations with the same zest as the boys; and the result of all this cannot but be favorable to us as a race—first physically, then mentally.

The college students, male or female, attune the moral sphere of every hamlet, town or city where they make their abiding place. The strong tendency in our people toward greater intellectuality is due largely to this wholesome condition of our college halls and fields. Less of the drinks that stupefy and more of the draughts of the elixir of outdoor life give the rosy cheek that does not burn nor fade, and with unfaltering steps, graceful form, well-trained muscles, and a fully disciplined volition the readers of OUTING in 1893 enjoy not only their sport, but also their study.

What is true of the college is especially true of the home. Wherever OUTING goes, it begets the desire for an outdoor life, and in its train follow the blessings that flow from such a living. And what grand sires the readers of OUTING will make to those who shall be the readers of OUTING when another, in our stead, writes the introductory to the volume of a decade hence!

J. H. WORMAN,
Editor in Chief.

BASEBALL.

AMONG all the complications brought about by the undergraduate rule in college athletics, that in baseball is the worst; for here there is not only a lack of existing leagues and agreements, but a pre-existing jar that, of itself, would have made diplomacy difficult. The origin of this trouble dates back four years. Princeton's famous eleven of 1889 was composed so largely of graduates of doubtful standing, and beat Harvard so thoroughly, that in a fit of mingled pique and righteous indignation Harvard withdrew from all college leagues. The following spring, 1890, Harvard did not play Princeton, but Yale played both her rivals, and won from both. In 1891 the Yale team was weakened and the Harvard strengthened. Yale politely refused to play Harvard again, unless Harvard would play Princeton. Accordingly the Harvard captain arranged games with Yale, agreeing to play Princeton also. Negotiations, however, were carried on without proper authority, and the Harvard Athletic Committee refused to consent to the games with Princeton. Accordingly Yale canceled her games with Harvard. In the Yale-Princeton series Princeton won. Last year Harvard and Princeton arranged dates, and negotiations were opened with Yale, but Yale persisted that the game on neutral grounds should be played first, and the game at New Haven last. Harvard maintained that this would give Yale an unfair advantage. The result was that the game on neutral grounds was dropped. Harvard won at Cambridge 5–0, and Yale at New Haven 4–3; Yale refused to play off the tie. Both won from Princeton. Thus, to summarize, in 1890 Harvard and Princeton did not play, and Yale beat both. In 1891 Harvard did not play either rival, and Princeton beat Yale. In 1892 Harvard beat Princeton, tied with Yale, and Yale beat Princeton.

In the present season there were fair hopes that some satisfactory agreement would be made, until the undergraduate rule was sprung upon the athletic world. As a result of this rule the Yale nine is very much weakened by the loss of her Law School men; the Princeton is weakened little or not at all; and as Harvard has refused to adopt the rule, her nine is as strong as ever. The situation was not serious until Princeton took to extreme measures. In spite of the fact that Yale has arranged games with the University of Pennsylvania, Princeton refuses to recognize her neighboring rival; and, moreover, as if for consistency's sake, refuses likewise to play Harvard. Such action has a decided squint; it is as if Princeton were confident of beating the crippled Yale nine, and did not care to wage any other battles. It is rumored that Princeton graduates have

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interceded to induce the college to play Harvard, and it is certainly to be hoped that this is true, and also that, for Princeton's own sake, she will play the University of Pennsylvania. Yale and Harvard have arranged two games, Yale persisting in the course that last year resulted in such an unsportsmanlike conclusion of the season. The upshot of the present complications is that while Princeton seems determined to shut herself out of competition with all worthy rivals except Yale, both Yale and Harvard will play all comers, Yale with a college nine, Harvard with a 'varsity nine.

For three years past the baseball situation has been an affliction to all lovers of true sport and sincere negotiations, and such a tangle as is threatening this year, makes one almost despair of frankness. Particularly exasperating is the fact that from the time Harvard so hastily withdrew from the Intercollegiate League to the late ill-considered legislation at Yale, all the discord has come under the guise of zeal for athletic purity. This zeal is beyond doubt strong at all colleges. The pity is that in all of them it should be tainted with narrowness and self-seeking.

The individual make-up and general strength of the various nines can as yet be estimated only roughly.

Of last year's Princeton team four members have not returned to college, namely: Laurie Young and Brown, the battery; Wright, center field, and Ramsdell, short stop. The five remaining are Captain King, second base, by far the most brilliant player on the team; Mac Kenzie, left field; Trenchard, right field; Woodcock, third base; and Guild, first base. David Foutz, of the Brooklyn League team, has charge of the candidates for the battery. Drake and Humphreys, last year's substitute battery, are the most prominent candidates for their positions this year; but Trenchard has developed so rapidly in catching that he will possibly be taken in from left field and put behind the bat, while Woodcock, last year's third baseman, and H. Young will make Drake work to hold his position. From the fifty candidates who began training in the middle of February, an infielder and an outfielder are to be chosen. On the whole the material does not promise a brilliant lot of players, but by an early weeding out of the poorer candidates, and a thorough drilling of those left, it is hoped to make up in concerted plays what is lacking in individual excellence.

At Yale all of last year's nine have returned, and valuable additions have been made to the material; but a strict application of the undergraduate rule would exclude a large majority of all these. The excluded players have organized a graduate nine, which will train side by side with the college nine. How rigidly the line will ultimately be drawn between the two it is impossible to say. Greenway, for instance, who came from the University of Virginia, is technically not eligible to the college team, but is nevertheless training with it. The following members of last year's team are training with the college nine, with John G. Clarkson to coach them. Outfield: Bliss (captain), right; Case, left; and Beall, center. Infield: Jackson, (who may, however, catch), first base; Harvey, second base or short stop; Murphy, third base or short stop. Battery: catcher, Kedize or Jackson; pitcher, Carter. Among the new candidates, Greenway, catcher, is the most prominent. The personnel of the Law School nine is far more imposing: Bowers, the university pitcher of the past two years; Graves, for three years catcher of the Trinity nine; O'Neill, the remarkable first baseman of the Holy Cross nine; Norton, second base on last year's Yale nine; Parsons, a crack third baseman from Colby University; Foster, another old Colby player, and Redding, of last year's Syracuse University nine. A Law School baseball association has been formed, and officers elected. The nine is busy arranging its dates for the coming season. Among other games will be one, and possibly two, with Harvard, at Cambridge.

At Harvard, meanwhile, the university is working with unanimity. Of last year's nine only Bates, one of the two pitchers, and Cobb, one of the three catchers, have gone, though Hovey, short stop, may decide not to play again. The men for the other positions are: catchers, Mason and Upton; pitcher, Highlands; first base, Dickinson or B. Trafford; second base, Frothingham (captain); third base, Cook; right field, Corbett; center, Hallowell; left, B. Trafford or Mason. The new men are Sullivan, last year third base, and captain of the Amherst nine; Abbott, third base and captain of the Dartmouth team two years ago; and Highlands, '96, who rivals his brother pitching. The Harvard team of last year was acknowledged to be the strongest in the field, and one of the strongest nines that ever represented a college. The gains more than balance the losses, and there is little prospect that it will be beaten by any rival.

Among the other colleges baseball prospects are bright, and their showing bids fair even to surpass the football record of last year. The University of Pennsylvania has practically its last year's nine. That its courage and confidence are running high is evident from a remark of one of the college papers, the *Courant*: "Yale has conceded us second place, with Harvard first, but we think that the crimson even may have to give place to our colors, as leader, when the season is finished." Though Cornell has lost her great catcher, Fields, she has a strong team, and is rejoicing in the prospect of a game with Princeton, to be played at Ithaca. Brown, the leading baseball college in New England, has retained all of the players that succeeded last year in beating Harvard.

JOHN CORBIN.

HARVARD'S POSITION ON THE UNDERGRADUATE RULE.

THE rules for governing Harvard athletics, recently published by the Harvard Athletic Committee, give the first authentic basis for a comparison of the stands taken at Harvard and Yale. Both colleges aim at reform; the difference is in the expedients adopted for getting rid of undesirable players. At Yale the plan is to bar out all but regular undergraduates who have never been connected in any way with any other college. Harvard maintains that such a plan would exclude students in graduate schools who are entitled to the benefits of an athletic education, and proposes the following plan, which she claims will be as efficient and

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far more just. The first article of the plan stipulates that athletes are to be limited to amateurs in the strictest sense of the word. The second clause defines a *bona fide* student. To represent Harvard in athletics, a student must be taking a full year's work, and must be in full standing with his class. Moreover, "No one hereafter entering the University who is not a Freshman in the college or Scientific School, and no Freshman in either of these departments who has ever played in an intercollegiate contest upon a class or university team of any other college, shall play upon a Harvard team *until he has resided one academic year at the University.*" The third article has to do with the time limit. No student will be allowed to play more than four years, *beginning with the year in which he first represented any college or university.* However, in reckoning the four years, the year of probation mentioned in the second clause shall be excluded, and also any year lost by illness. These rules are to go into effect January 1, 1894.

It will be seen that each of these clauses is aimed at a particular class of obnoxious athlete. The first provides against professionals. The second does away with the imported athlete, for the cost of a preliminary year's residence and the diligence required to pass on a full year's work will exclude any one who comes merely to play on any of the teams. The third clause disposes of the perpetual athlete. Thus all undesirable players are shut out, without excluding any one entitled to the benefit of engaging in sports, and the various teams will be 'varsity teams in the full sense of the word.

It is not necessary to enlarge upon the superiority of this university plan. Even at Yale the utmost efforts of the captains were able to establish a college plan for a single year only, and at the last meeting of the Intercollegiate Athletic Association the college plan was defeated by a two-third's majority, when a two-third's majority in its favor was necessary to adopt it. According to every present indication this plan of Harvard, or something very like it, will be adopted generally among the colleges.

ATHLETICS.

THE recent business meeting of the Intercollegiate Athletic Association would have been of unusual interest on account of the many and various topics discussed, even if it had not been for Yale's all-engrossing proposition to adopt the undergraduate rule. The defeat of the proposition that "any college failing to score for three consecutive years should be dropped from the association" showed that the association very properly desires rather to foster athletics among all the colleges than to exist for the sole purpose of deciding championships among the few great rivals; while the admission of Brown and Wesleyan is evidence of this same extension of interest in track athletics which the association desires. The speedy defeat of Harvard's proposition to add a three-mile run to the list of events shows conclusively that there is no interest in distance races this side of the Atlantic. The defeat of the amendment that "all races requiring more than three heats for an individual to win should have the trial heats run off in the morning" signified that the association did not wish to enable the great athletes to compete in more than one or two events; and a similar desire to lessen the importance of the few powerful colleges was shown in the passing of the amendment "that not more than eight men should be entered in an event by any college, and that not more than five should compete." But the significance of such legislation was overshadowed by the defeat of the undergraduate rule proposed by Yale. Harvard's position on this rule was plainly shown by the fact that, though their representatives voted against it, they proposed a rule for next year which they believed would better accomplish the result aimed at by Yale. To carry Yale's amendment required a two-third's majority, whereas there was almost two-thirds against it; namely, twelve votes to seven. The action of the meeting shows that, in addition to the fact that Yale is supported by her own college under protest, she has practically no support among all the other colleges. The result of the vote was as follows: Yeas—Amherst, Cornell, C. C. N. Y., Princeton, Yale, Swathmore, Williams. Total, 7.

Nays—Columbia, Harvard, Rutgers, Stevens, Fordham, Trinity, U. of N. Y., Georgetown, U. of Pa., Union, Brown, Wesleyan. Total, 12.

The following officers were then elected for 1893: President, R. B. Wade, of Yale; vice-president, E. St. Elma Lewis, of Pennsylvania; secretary, T. Daley, of Union; treasurer, M. A. Doran, of Fordham; Executive Committee, W. L. Thompson, of Harvard; P. H. Davis, of Princeton; H. Johnson, of Columbia; P. C. Pentz, of U. of N. Y.

FEBRUARY 18TH.—At the sixth annual winter meeting of the Athletic Association of the University of Pennsylvania, M. F. Sweeney, of the Xavier Athletic Club, broke his own high-jump record of 6 ft. 2½ in., clearing 6 ft. 3 in. The previous record was made February 11th, at the meeting of the Boston Athletic Club, where he did not miss a single try, and in the last try jumped fully two inches above the bar. The high-jump contest at the U. of P. was won by Norman Leslie, of the Home Club, with an actual jump of 6 ft. 1 in. Leslie s best previous performance was 5 ft. 5¾ in. In the absence of Fearing and Green, of Harvard, and Kitchell, of Yale, Leslie stands without a rival among the colleges, and is practically sure of his event at the Intercollegiate games next May.

FEBRUARY 22D.—The indoor meeting of the Roxbury Latin School, held in the Technology Gymnasium, Boston, was remarkable for the high-jumping and pole-vaulting of two of the schoolboy competitors. C. J. Paine, of Hopkinson's, easily jumped 5 ft. 11 in., and narrowly missed 6 ft. ¾ in., which is a quarter of an inch above Fearing's Intercollegiate record. In this event W. E. Putman, Harvard '96, cleared 5 ft. 10 in., winning on his handicap. In the pole-vault W. W. Hoyt, Roxbury Latin, cleared 10 ft. 2 in. At the Yale-Harvard games, last year, this event was won with a vault of 10 ft., and at the Intercollegiate with a jump of 10 ft. 5¾ in. Both Paine and Hoyt will probably enter Harvard.

MARCH 4.—The Indoor Championships of the New England Interscholastic Association were in every respect successful. The events were all closely contested; one of the association records was equaled and three were broken.

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The championship trophy, a silver shield, offered by the Boston Athletic Association, was won by Hopkinson's School, which scored 25 points. The Worcester Academy was second, with 16 points, and the Roxbury Latin third, with 13½ points. The graduates of the schools that make up this association compose by far the larger part of every Harvard class, and the repeated victories of the Harvard Mott Haven Team are in great measure due to the athletic interest among the New England schoolboys.

Following is a summary of the events :

Forty-yard dash—I. S. Clark, English High, first ; M. Clark, Worcester Academy, second ; C. L. Smith, Jr., Cambridge High, third. Time, 44-5s., equaling previous Interscholastic record.

Three-hundred-yard run—E. F. Hull, Worcester Academy, first ; W. R. Mansfield, Berkeley, second ; F. H. Bigelow, Worcester High, third. Time, 38s.

Six-hundred-yard run—J. H. Gaskill, Worcester Academy, first ; H. A. Rice (3d), Hopkinson's, second ; W. G. Davis, Worcester High, third. Time, 1m. 24 2-5s.

Thousand-yard run—A. W. Blakemore, Roxbury Latin, first ; M. J. Cunniff, Boston Latin, second ; G. L. Sawyer, Worcester Academy, third. Time, 2m. 37 1-5s.

Half-mile walk—W. J. Delaney, Worcester High, first ; P. S. Dalton, Hopkinson's, second ; A. A. Lockwood, Worcester Academy, third. Time, 3m. 42 3-5s.

Two-hundred-and-fifty-yard hurdle race—R. H. Stevenson, Jr., Hopkinson's, first ; N. P. Hallowell, Hopkinson's, second ; M. Clark, Worcester Academy, third. Time, 33 2-5s., beating previous Interscholastic record.

Putting sixteen-pound shot—J. F. Driscoll, Boston High, first ; C. J. Paine, Jr., Hopkinson's, second ; C. Kimball, Newton High, third. Winning put, 36 ft. 5½ in., beating previous Interscholastic record.

Running high jump—C. J. Paine, Jr., Hopkinson's, first ; F. Holt, Roxbury Latin School, second ; J. M. Little, Jr., Noble's, third. Winning jump, 5 ft. 5¼ in.

Pole-vault—W. W. Hoyt, Roxbury Latin, first ; N. P. Hallowell, Hopkinson's, second ; W. D. Colton, Roxbury Latin, third. Winning vault, 10 ft. 3¼ in., breaking previous record.

The annual relay race is between the two schools which scored the highest number of points in the previous meeting. This year Roxbury Latin won from Hopkinson's, atoning for their defeat on the general score. Next year the race will be between Hopkinson's and Worcester Academy.

MARCH 11TH.—A series of indoor athletic events for the championship of New England were held in the South Armory, Boston, under the joint management of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and the Second Regiment Athletic associations. The track measured nine laps to the mile, and was without raised corners. These games were the first New England Championships in which Harvard entered a team, and there was a prospect at one time of a lively controversy between the Harvard and Boston associations over the points that might be won by athletes who were members of both. But all the men in question promptly decided in favor of the college association, with the exception of O. W. Shead, who took first place in the hurdle race. As a result, Harvard won the championship, scoring twenty-five points, to twenty of the B. A. A. The prospect is that in future the B. A. A. will have a strong rival in both indoor and outdoor championships, and the question of the propriety of a college club entering local championships is one that may well be considered and discussed.

A few of the events were of special interest. In spite of the fact that Fearing is training with the Harvard 'Varsity crew, his legs were limber enough to permit him to equal his Intercollegiate record of 6 ft. ½ in. in the high jump without a single day's preparation. The seventy-five-yard dash was awarded to Coombs over Bloss, though all of the spectators, and both of the athletes in question, thought Bloss won. In the mile-run, Elmer White, the outdoor New England champion, was conspicuous by his absence. Last month in a special race he beat Allison, of Worcester, by an eyebrow in extremely poor time, and apparently satisfied with his laurels. In this meeting he took third place in the thousand-yard run. Allison was beaten by Fenton, a new Harvard runner, in very good time, Morgan, of Yale, finishing third.

Following is a summary of events:

Seventy-five-yard dash—S. A. Coombs, B. A. A., first; E. B. Bloss, H. A. A., second; L. Sayer, H. A. A., third. Time, 8s.

Worcester-Suffolk team race—Won by Worcester (F. H. Bigelow, J. M. Gallagher, T. A. Lackey, H. E. Dadmun). Distance, eight-ninths of a mile. Time, 3m. 20 1-5s.

Special 1000-yard race—W. J. Batchelder, B. A. A., first; F. Rowe, Suffolk A. C., second. Time, 2m. 29 2-5s.

Eight hundred and eighty yards, heavy marching order—C. A. Poland, 2d Regiment, first; J. Boardman, 6th Regiment, second; G. A. Hodgkins, 1st Regiment, third. Time, 2m. 30 3-5s.

One-mile run—D. W. Fenton, H. A. A., first; W. A. Allison, Worcester A. C., second; J. E. Morgan, Yale A. A., third. Time, 4m. 42 4-5s.

Running high jump—G. R. Fearing, H. A. A., 6 ft. ½ in., first; C. D. Heywood, B. A. A., and P. C. Stingle, Melrose A. C., tied for second, 5 ft. 9½ in. Heywood won the toss-off.

Mile-walk—W. F. Marston, G. A. C., first; G. E. Wight, Yale A. C., second; W. A. Beaudette, W. A. C., third. Time 7m. 10s.

Seven-yard hurdles—O. W. Shead, B. A. A., first; F. W. Lord, B. A. A., second; K. Brown, H. A. A., third. Time, 9 3-5s.

One-thousand-yard run—H. E. Dadmun, Worcester A. C., first; J. Corbin, H. A. A., second; E. L. White, Suffolk A. C., third. Time, 2m. 24 2-5s.

M. I. T. class team race—Won by '95 (H. Casey, G. Clapp, A. C. Jones, J. W. Thomas). Time, 3m. 19 4-5s.

Six-hundred-yard run—By S. A. Coombs, B. A. A., first; S. M. Merrill, H. A. A., second; T. W. Kane, Suffolk A. C., third. Time, 1m. 19s.

Regimental race (1 mile)—G. H. Hodgkins, 1st Regiment, and C. A. A., first. Time, 5m. 32 1-5s.

Pole-vault—W. W. Hoyt, Roxbury Latin School, 10 ft. 3 in., first; T. E. Sherwin, H. A. A., 10 ft., second; H. M. Wheelwright, H. A. A., 9 ft. 6 in., third.

JOHN CORBIN.

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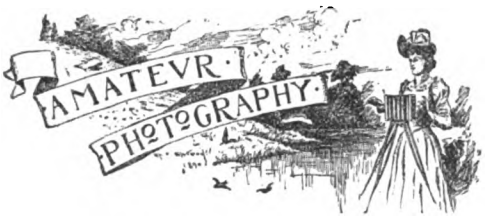

PROBABLY the most interesting addition to the *materia photographica* is the new developing agent, amidol—not that it is better than our old friend pyrogallic acid or than most of its newer rivals, but it is as good as it, or them, and it possesses certain properties which will make it more desirable than either. I think I have said before that it is a bad thing to run after every novelty that is introduced. It is equally foolish to insist on traveling by the old and roundabout road, simply because it is old, rather than take a new and shorter one.

In amidol I think we have a case in point. It will do all that pyrogallic acid will do, and more, while it is free from some of the objectionable features belonging to that old friend. While it will not, as claimed by its makers, exercise its influence in an acid solution, the degree of alkalinity necessary to set it agoing, and continue it up to complete density, is much less than that of any of its rivals, and consequently there is no tendency to produce the fog so much feared during protracted development, and, what will please the fairer portion of my readers better, no staining of either plates or fingers.

Snap-shotters, too, who often suffer from under-exposure, will be glad to learn, although I have not experimentally confirmed the statement, that, by a general consensus of opinion, it will bring out detail and give sufficient density with an exposure so short that with pyrogallic acid or any of the more recently introduced substitutes only "soot and whitewash" could be produced.

But amidol, like all things mundane, is apt to suffer from the mistaken kindness of its friends who have a tendency to claim more for it than is warranted by the test of experience. One of the most dangerous claims that has been made for amidol, and one unfortunately started and encouraged by its makers, is its alleged suitability for making a "one-solution" developer. Now, if this were true it would be, not a feather in the cap of amidol, but a serious hindrance to its progress; but it is not true. Its keeping qualities, when rendered sufficiently alkaline for developing purposes, are less, very much less, than any of its rivals—a quality, in my opinion, very much in its favor. "One-solution" developers have been the bane of photography, and are almost, if not quite, as objectionable as the "we do the rest;" they have altogether disgusted hundreds, and made them take to some other hobby, and have kept thousands as mere organ-grinders, who would, with intelligent development, have become past masters in photographic counterpoint.

To employ amidol properly, then, it is necessary to discard the formulæ sent out by the makers, so far as one-solutions are concerned, and prepare stock solutions of sodium sulphite and potassium bromide. The strength is immaterial so long as it is known, but ten per cent. solutions are more convenient than any other, as the simple addition of a cipher to any required number of grains gives at once the number of minims that must be measured out to obtain it. Such ten per cent. solutions are made by placing one part of the salt in a bottle, and adding water up to ten parts.

A handy measure for the amidol does away with the necessity for weighing, which, in the dark-room, would be inconvenient. I employ a wooden mustard spoon, such as may be got at any "notion" store for a couple of cents, filed down to hold eight grains, and as amidol is not compressible, or varying in density like pyrogallic acid, it is sufficiently accurate for all ordinary purposes.

Thus equipped, and with a little knowledge of the relative effects of the three ingredients, the photographer will find the amidol developer amenable to his every wish; that he can with it do all and perhaps more than he could do with either of its rivals, with a greater degree of certainty and less fear of fog or failure, and that equally for negatives, diapositives, and prints on bromide paper.

The strength of the solution and relative proportion of the three substances should be regulated according to the exposure, the nature of the subject, and the kind of negative desired, and therefore formulæ can only be indicative, not imperative. By way of such indication, I may say that, with what I consider a fairly correct exposure on an ordinary landscape, and with the desire to produce a well-contrasted negative, characterized by boldness in its effects of light and shade rather than by delicate detail, I place 40 minims of the bromide solution and 800 minims of the sulphite solution in a graduated measure, and fill it up with water to 4 ounces, which is the quantity required to cover the plate I generally use. To this I add a spoonful—8 grains—of amidol in crystals, and stir till dissolved. If the ciphers from the 40 and 800 are removed it will be seen that my developer consists of bromide 1 grain, sulphite 20 grains, and amidol 2 grains, to each ounce, forming, according to my experience, a normal developer, capable of bringing out all necessary detail, and bringing the image up to the requisite density in a period of time little longer than is generally required to start an ordinary pyro or eikonogen solution.

If a greater degree of contrast be wanted, it is readily obtained with the same conditions of plate and exposure by simply increasing the quantity of bromide and amidol, or reducing the sulphite; and, on the other hand, the reduction of both amidol and bromide by a half, or the omission of the bromide entirely, will result in a negative beautifully soft and full of most delicate gradation.

For the development of transparencies and bromide prints amidol seems to be pre-eminently suitable, and what I have given as a normal solution, simply diluted by a third or even a half of water, gives fine rich, velvety blacks, the shade of which may be varied from brownish to bluish, by varying the quantity of the bromide.

To use a favorite Americanism, amidol "has come to stay," and I shall not be surprised if it, by and by, altogether displaces the time-honored pyrogallic acid.

JAY SEE.

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PHOTOGRAPHY FOR WOMEN.

THE art-science of Photography is taking more and more strongly a hold on the attention and affection of the general public, and people are doing it the justice of bestowing on it serious thought, as is shown by an article in a Boston paper. The writer says:

"Up in the rooms of the Boston Camera Club on Bromfield street, new dark green cloth has gone upon the walls, and tacks, plain or brass-headed, may go where exhibitors will, and come out again and leave no devastating sign. A partition has given the place a sort of gallery air. Before the charm of the pictures in this exhibition an ordinary person stands abashed, conscious of past admirations of commonplace pictures, conscious of an expanding perception of the possibilities of the camera and the amateur. When one has once taken hold of the idea of photography, or rather when the idea of photography has taken hold of one, it is loth to part company with the object of its interest. A man who at first aims only at garden spots and princesses, becomes in later stages of his photography entirely certain of an ability to 'take' wild woodland ways and peasant girls. Now it is easy in this land of the free to find over-cultivated landscape bits, and it is not difficult to induce far-removed descendants of noble houses to pose and pose and pose again before a righteous camera. But we have no peasant girls; the descendants of peasants eliminate the element of peasantry even from their remembrance as soon as may be, while a drop of noble blood will tell on itself even unto the third and fourth generation of them that have it. The pose of a peasant is therefore wholly an artificial pose for any American, particularly for any woman, while to pose as a dame of high degree comes easy, and introduces that quality of nature which is like the artlessness of art to every daughter of Columbia."

A recent photographic writer gives this seasonable hint:

"With the dawn of the new year the camerist realizes that atmospheric conditions are improving in his favor. To be sure, there will be much cloudy, stormy and unsettled weather before the bright days of spring are ushered in, but even now, and for the next three months, the actinic quality of the light and its duration will be found to gradually increase day by day.

"This is one of the phases the camerist should make a most thorough study of. So much depends upon the knowledge of this existing light at the time of making an exposure as to its probable success. If you have never done so in the past, begin now; it is an excellent time, this beginning of the year. Most people have an indistinct or more or less vague idea that the sun is farther away from the earth in winter than in summer, and that as it gradually approaches the earth it increases in strength. But it is with the camerist that the actual differentiation from day to day is observed and noted, and the observation grows upon one with a positive and pleasing instructiveness.

"There are many camerists who have made such a careful study of weather that they are really walking barometers in the unerring accuracy with which they tell atmospheric conditions and possible changes—and it is all a direct result of their practice of photography. The art certainly calls into requisition one's keenest powers of observation in a score of ways."

One of the English magazines says:

"Our American correspondent quotes what Mr. W. E. Partridge has to say about the advantage of using the hand-camera without a finder, the operator being freer and perhaps more likely to obtain desirable poses if he looks at the object and not at the camera, trusting to that sympathy between eye and hand which grows with one. In this respect we may take a lesson from the practice of those who shoot at birds and small animals. It is not an unfrequent thing for persons of this class to hold the gun quite low down, and out of sight, and only to look at the animal it is desired to injure."

Suggestions as to the treatment of negatives in development seem never to be out of order, and these I offer may prove as valuable to others as they have been to myself. A small quantity of sulphuric acid in the alum bath has always, in my experience, been efficacious in clearing up shadows and giving brilliancy to the negatives. In speaking of drying negatives quickly, one authority says: "The general use of an alum bath, together with the introduction of harder gelatines, had the result of considerably modifying this state of affairs; and it is quite possible, with most modern plates that have gone through the alum bath, to dry at a very considerable temperature, and this especially if there is a brisk current of air, so that evaporation is stimulated without much danger of actual melting of the film. This proceeding can barely, however, be looked on as an advisable one. We remember one favorite brand of plates which seldom dried within the twenty-four hours, except in particularly dry and fairly warm weather, and which sometimes took a couple of days to dry."

An all-important fact in connection with photography lies in the illumination. There are good days and bad days; days when the sun shines so brightly that shadows are distinct and outlines are sharp and perfect. To obtain a negative under the best conditions the exposure should be made when the sun's rays have attained an angle of about thirty-five degrees on an object situated about twenty feet from the operator, who should have the sun behind his back. The general tone of the light should be blue; a yellow, hazy atmosphere will never give a satisfactory negative. No matter how perfect a machine may be, good results cannot be obtained if the operator is not careful to observe the needs of the moment. The camera may be pointed too high or too low, directly in the sun's path, or the hand may press the button at the wrong moment, or with a tremor that will cause the shutter to slide unevenly. It may be added that thousands of good exposures are ruined annually by fault of developers. Not enough attention is given to this subject, and the result is a general condemnation of all the cameras in existence. The first and most important rule is not to permit a ray of light to enter the dark-room; second, see that your hands are clean, and wash them thoroughly after each immersion in the separate baths.

CATHARINE WEED BARNES.

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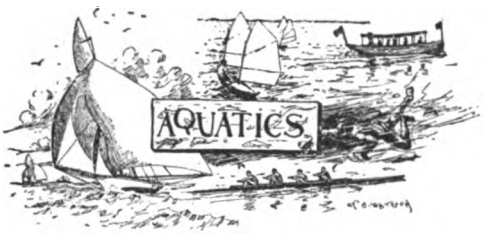

YACHTING.

APRIL is upon us, and the yachtsman that hasn't pluck and vigor enough to slink out of his shell of hibernation and wake up to the fact that he is a man and a sailor deserves to be keel-hauled. But, thanks to Neptune! such delinquents are few and far between. The American yachtsman is celebrated for his pluck. He goes in for the sport with a zest and a zeal in every way highly commendable. He may be a trifle slow in getting out of winter quarters—in thawing himself out, as it were—but when once the spring warms him up he "gets there with both feet," in the elegant phrase of the Bowery. April is a delightful month for yachting, even if it is a trifle chilly. Many happy days on the water have I spent in April, when men less devoted to the pastime have been sweltering in their bunks. And now, in my old age, I have the better of the luxurious Sybarites, inasmuch as I can live on the glorious memories of the past—of cruises in the English Channel, of sweet sails in the Mediterranean, of heart-thrilling races in American waters. All these make life endurable, and that is why I say to all my fellow-yachtsmen: Fit out early and go out of commission late.

Therefore, my brethren, you who are wealthy enough to exult in the ownership of a smart and tidy craft, let me beg of you on bended knee to get her in cruising fettle at once. We have only one life to live, and, so far as I know, there is no yachting on the dark Stygian lake, across whose waters the grim ferryman Charon will sooner or later paddle us. In fact, the vicissitudes of existence are so precarious that who is there among us that can be sure of an obolus to take with him to pay his fare across that gloomy stream?

But a truce to such dreary dreams! We are very much alive. Let us turn out of our bunks, take a "nip" or even a "nobbler," fill our pipes, go on deck and survey the situation. And in good sooth, shipmates all from captain to cook, the outlook is positively brilliant. The sport of yacht-racing has renewed its splendid and vigorous youth. The generous rivalry between England and America has developed the sport, and when, through some jealous misunderstanding the accustomed international race has not occurred, interest flags, people regard it not, and it seems to go to the limbo of deceased dogs.

It was always my opinion, and I think I have expressed it pretty freely in the pages of OUTING, that Boston would be well represented in the coming international race. It was impossible of course to keep General Paine out of the conflict. He had been so closely identified with the *Puritan*, the *Mayflower* and the *Volunteer*—that glorious trio of cup-defenders—that lassitude was out of the question. He was bound to take an active part in the contest, and so, as I related last month, a smart yacht from his own design and that of his son will be ready to take part in the trial bouts for the honor and glory of defending the *America's* cup against the British challenger. As soon as it became known that General Paine and his son—who, by the by, is a chip of the old sterling block—were about to build a racing craft with designs against John Bull, the wildest rumors were circulated. One newspaper, edited in Paris and published in New York, was silly enough to declare that the Paine craft was going to be a 70-footer with a fin-keel, and this too in the teeth of the conditions laid down by the *America's* Cup Committee that no yacht shall be considered whose length on the load-water line is not approximate to that of the challenger.

The Paine yacht will be an improved *Volunteer*. She will be fitted with a new device measurably combining the centerboard and the fin-keel. She will embody the latest improvements in scientific design, and if she does not distinguish herself, I for one shall be grievously disappointed. I have so much confidence in General Paine, having kept track of his great career as a yachtsman, that I am willing to stake my reputation on the success of his new boat. I am certain that she will sail well, and will be no discredit to him whether she is or is not selected as the cup-defender.

General Paine has always been celebrated as a man who could take hold of a losing boat and make her a winner. He has done this time and again. Don't you all remember the old schooner *Halcyon?* Well, she was so preposterously sluggish that she had not the effrontery to try to get out of her own way. I think her former owner paid General Paine a premium for taking her off his hands—she was so slow.

What did Paine do with her?

That is what I should like to find out. At any rate, from being the last boat in a race, she began to crawl out from the rear and assume a proud place in the van. It was magical and worthy of Aladdin's wonderful lamp. How did he do it? Who can tell? He was the only man that ever made the *Mayflower* sail. In my opinion the *Mayflower* is a much over-rated vessel. But with the general in charge she did herself proud, and easily vanquished the *Galatea*, Lieutenant Henn's "tin frigate." When Commodore E. D. Morgan bought her she could not sail worth a cent. Mr. Morgan is one of the best amateurs afloat, full of pluck, never knowing when he is beaten, but he found the *Mayflower* too tough a problem for even his master hand. I have sailed with him on the boat, and I am sure that he will admit the accuracy of my statement. The skill and the science that he displayed later in developing the speed of the *Gloriana* seemed to be wasted on the *Mayflower*. Nobody can explain this. It was the touch of the master hand, no doubt; but what is the secret of it?

Some people prophesy that the Paine boat will be a failure. They point out that the racing craft *Alborak*, built with a high purpose, was not worth a new set of sail for racing purposes. As a matter of fact she was not. But it is by no means likely that the general and his son will make so great an error again in the

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after-body of a ship as they did in her case. Experience teaches, and it is only by tentative attempts that success is at last achieved. My private theory is that if General Paine had only tried his level best to develop the latent speed of the *Alborak* she would have made a capital record for herself and never have earned the sobriquet of "all broke up," as some smart student of Harvard dubbed her.

There is no possibility, however, of such a failure in the new Paine racer. It is scarcely fair, let me remark *en passant*, to handicap a Christian craft with such an Islamite name as *Alborak*. Now, is it? The Paine boat is building at Lawley's yard, South Boston. There is no unusual secrecy attendant on her construction. The men employed on her make no daily affidavits as to her design, and their ability to speak the truth fasting. The fellow with a camera might even venture into the yard without being shot. There isn't any mystery in the Paine ship.

Hitherto Boston has had all to say about successfully defending the *America's* cup. *Puritan*, *Mayflower* and *Volunteer* all hailed from the "Hub." The New York boats, *Priscilla* and *Atlantic*, although eminently worthy craft, were just a trifle too slow to compete with the Eastern racers. Thus Boston led. All New York yachtsmen are interested in the three Herreshoff boats that are possible cup-defenders. We all look upon Commodore Morgan as a New Yorker. So also is Royal Phelps Carroll—by inclination, though not by birth. As for Archibald Rogers, he is a New Yorker from clew to earring. Mr. Carroll may not like to have his yacht *Navahoe*, just launched at Bristol, R. I., called a cup-defender, but the possibilities are that she may be called on to do her duty, and her owner is far too patriotic to be backward when the hour summons him.

What he built the *Navahoe* for was a sail across the ocean and an effort to show what a Yankee yacht can do in the way of prize-winning and mug-hunting. There are few more enterprising yachtsmen than Mr. Carroll. He demonstrated his love for cruising on the old schooner *No Komis* and his passion for racing on the 40-foot centerboard sloop *Gorilla*, one of those most excellent seaworthy craft turned out in such quantities from the board of Cary Smith. All that was amiss with the *Gorilla* was that she takes half a gale of wind to start her, but when she once begins to get a move on her she sails like a witch. For the last two seasons Mr. Carroll has not done any yacht-racing. A wedding and sporting trip through Darkest Africa occupied his time, but this year he intends to thoroughly enjoy his favorite sport. He has many friends in England, and will be accorded the warmest of welcomes by British sportsmen. His ship is fitting out at Bristol, by Capt. Charles Barr, who has been rather hampered by the bad weather in the early days of March in his efforts to get her ready for her voyage across the Atlantic. The *Navahoe*, which I have not yet seen, is described to me as resembling the *Wasp* in general appearance, but with the important addition of a centerboard. Her approximate dimensions are said to be: length on load-water line, 84 feet; length over all, 123 feet; breadth of beam, 23 feet; draught of water, 12 feet 6 inches; length of steel centerboard (1¼ inches thick), 16 feet long by 9 feet wide. This boat should render a good account of herself against the new steel cutter *Britannia*, designed by George L. Watson for the Prince of Wales, and which is now building on the Clyde, at the same yard as Lord Dunraven's cutter *Valkyrie*. The *Navahoe* will get across in time for the important races, and her contests with the above-named English craft will be watched with eager anxiety by the *America's* Cup Committee, which, as reorganized, consists now of Commodore James D. Smith, chairman; J. Fred Tams and A. Cass Canfield. General Paine having decided to build a yacht to compete, of course had to hand in his resignation, and so had Archibald Rogers for the same reason. The *Navahoe* will try hard to win the Royal Victoria Yacht Club trophy of gold, but I understand that she will not be eligible to compete for the gold challenge shield offered by the German Emperor. I heard not long ago that John Harvey had designed a cutter for the Emperor, and a mysterious mission to Europe lends semblance to the story. At any rate, the Emperor is too astute to try another season's racing on the *Meteor*, which is now a great "has been" so far as mug-hunting is concerned. It is not every craft that, like the *Volunteer*, can be turned from sloop to schooner and still maintain her place at the head. The *Thistle* was tried as a yawl and was by no means a howling success. I hope, therefore, that the Emperor has commissioned a man like Harvey to design him a real racing boat. If so, she will add much to the aquatic attractions on the British coast this coming summer.

A. J. KENEALY.

CANOEING.

THE Oakland (Cal.) Canoe Club has been holding regattas during all the winter months, while the Eastern canoemen have been skating and coasting. The climate of San Francisco permits a man to do canoe-sailing all the year round in comfort, and a correspondent writes us that the hardy ones go in swimming in February and March. Mr. George A. Warder, better known as the "Jabber," is sailing this year with the Oakland fleet, and seems to have carried off all the sailing honors in his canoe *Gnat*.

The programme of leading canoeing events for 1893 has been arranged, and includes (not to mention the usual local events of the clubs) the Marine and Field Club's Invitation Regatta for sailing only, on June 24th, at Bath Beach, New York; the meet of the Atlantic Division of the A. C. A. at Captain's Island, on Long Island Sound, July 1st to 15th; the Western Canoe Association meet at Ballast Island, on Lake Erie, July 15th to 30th; and the American Canoe meet at Kingston, on the St. Lawrence River, August 11th to 26th.

There does not seem at present to be much prospect of an international canoe race this year, unless some crack canoe sailor comes over to visit the World's Fair and incidentally takes in a canoe race on the way, or accepts Colonel Cotton's invitation to all foreign canoemen who are visiting the World's Fair, to attend the A. C. A. meet, of which event (as commodore) he has charge.

The single-hand cruising sail-boats known as canoe yawls, unclassified boats, and Class C canoes, are growing in favor for open-water

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sailing and cruising along the coast and on the Great Lakes, and many of these boats are now being built for the season of 1893. The tendency of the newer models is to depart from the general canoe idea and embody the latest yacht points — overhanging stern and full *Gloriana* bow.

C. BOWYER VAUX.

ROWING.

THE prospect of an international race this year is an exceedingly slim one. No good reason for not having one has been advanced. There is no doubt that the alumni of either Harvard or Yale would subscribe generously toward the expense a crew from either would incur in crossing the water. Oxford or Cambridge would certainly accept a challenge, if one were sent in time. What is holding back the challenge? Is it coyness, or what? I venture to assert that every man connected with rowing either at Harvard or at Yale would, if taken by himself, admit willingly that he would like to see an international race, and that it only requires a little determined effort to bring one about. But when he is with a crowd, while still admitting the desirability of a race and professing a wish to see one, he finds no end of "ifs" and "buts" and "you knows" as reasons against a challenge being sent by *his* university this year. Oxford last year expressed her willingness to accept a challenge and a desire to receive one. She imposed one or two conditions, which were surely not oppressive or prohibitive. The authorities at both Yale and Harvard have, or had, copies of the letters in which her views were expressed. It is within the bounds of reason to suppose that there are gentlemen at either university who are competent to negotiate terms of a race. What, then, is the matter? By the time this appears in print we shall know the results of the race between Oxford and Cambridge. A letter dispatched promptly to the winner, with a view to ascertain whether or not a race with the winner at New London could be arranged, would receive a prompt answer. Perhaps such a correspondence is actually taking place now. There are rumors afloat. I hope most sincerely that the wishes of nine men out of every ten, almost, will be gratified by a definite and authoritative announcement shortly to the effect that a race has been arranged.

In contrast to the secret ways of Yale and Harvard, it is refreshing to pick up the London *Field* and find in the rowing department a good deal of information, upon which we can thoroughly rely, about doings at Oxford or Cambridge. From a late number we learn that Oxford has declined a challenge from Cornell. I anticipated such an event some time ago. While I admire Cornell's ambition and perseverance, yet it can never hope to have a challenge from it accepted by the English universities until after Harvard or Yale has been met. It must first conquer the latter. No one is more anxious to see a race between Cornell and the latter than I, but I recognize the fact that there are many reasons why such a race is still only a possibility of the dim and distant future. At the date of writing, Cornell's proposition to be allowed to enter her freshman crew in the Harvard-Yale-Columbia freshman race is still under consideration. I think the real remedy for the existing difficulty in the way of all the colleges meeting each other, is to organize a genuine amateur regatta upon the lines of the Henley Regatta in England. But the regatta so organized must be under non-partisan management, composed largely, if not exclusively, of college men. The races should be short, say a mile and a half or two miles, in order to do away with the strain that more than one four-mile race in a season probably entails. The course should be either at New London, Newburgh, Worcester, or some other equally convenient spot for all. Such a regatta should offer encouragement to the smaller colleges to take up rowing again, as in the old Saratoga days, and enable the sport itself to take the position its merits entitle it to take.

It calls for supreme strength, pluck and endurance, in addition to a host of other good qualities, and avoids the risks to limbs which every football player incurs. If an oarsman is ever injured by taking part in a race it is apt to be the fault of his coach in allowing neglect of his physical condition. If his constitution is ever impaired it is apt to be his own fault for "breaking training" too suddenly after his race. Careful and intelligent coaching and rational conduct by the individual oarsman will avoid the few risks incident to rowing. The benefits which come from judicious physical exertion, no matter how severe it may be, will then alone result.

G. R. Fearing, the high-jumper and hurdler, is rowing regularly at No. 7 in the Harvard eight. He is a little long in body and legs for such a position, but his strength comes in well. The captain, Mr. Vail, has so far recovered from the injury to his knee as to be able to row at last. Nelson Perkins will probably coach the crew, and is considered well equipped for the position. He was a very pretty oarsman in his day, and is no doubt competent to instill rowing ideas into his pupils' brains and bodies. So far as system and effective organization go, things seem to be about as usual at Harvard. The *deus ex machina* of her boating interests seems to be laggard in appearing.

Yale is working steadily along on her accustomed lines, meanwhile. Van Huyck, Rogers, Balliet, and, of course, Ives, are on hand from last year's crew. There is little of importance to report at this early date concerning the details of training. In another month things will assume more "discussable" shape.

My old suggestion of a trial race at each college between two crews picked indiscriminately from the sixteen likeliest oarsmen in each college, and coached carefully, regardless, for the time being, of the eventual composition of the 'varsity crew, would, I am sure, be serviceable in aiding the selection of the best possible crew, if adopted. The races might come off about six weeks before New London dates. There need be no intermission or break in coaching or training. After they were over the eight best men could be selected from them, a number of others deemed possible being also kept in training until such a time as the final crew should be definitely decided upon. Five weeks should be ample to get this eight together, if the coaching previous to the trial race had been properly done. Cornell seems to have adopted something of the kind this year.

CHASE MELLEN.

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THE late meeting at Philadelphia of the L. A. W. was one of the most important and satisfactory in general results that that body has ever held. True it is that every one who went there with a scheme to further did not come away satisfied; but there must always be some one who isn't quite content over the result.

In the first place, the big fight was over the color-line question in the L. A. W., and while the advocates of the amendment favoring the limiting membership to whites alone were defeated, the strength its friends developed was a surprise. On a vote being taken it was found that 108 were in favor of the amendment for the exclusion of the colored man and 101 were against it. While it will be observed the "white" champions carried the biggest number of votes, it was not enough, as two-thirds are required to amend, and that would mean 138 votes. Mr. Watts, of Kentucky, the chief mover of the amendment, was not cast down by his defeat, but feels very much like trying it on again next year. It developed that Rhode Island was the only Eastern State for the exclusion; New York was divided; Pennsylvania was against the amendment. I have every reason to believe that this color-line question will be a very live issue in the next league presidential election, which may take place within a year; though Colonel Burdett is elected for two years, his resignation after another year's duty may make the position vacant. I understand that the colonel is not anxious to hold the presidency for longer than one year.

In connection with his possible successor I notice the official organ names George A. Perkins, of Massachusetts, and Charles D. Luscomb, of New York, and as these gentlemen were on different sides on this same color-line discussion, it is probable that this question will be one of the live issues. Perkins is against discrimination, while Luscomb came out flat-footed in favor of it.

The best thing done at the meeting was to kill the great burlesque with the grandiloquent title, "Constitutional Convention." For years the league has tinkered with this question and the proxy system, which has been abused down to the ground. It is all done away with now, as the amendments to the constitution can, by vote of the convention itself, be now made by the national assembly. What a relief this is! What a wise move!

Yes, and they didn't let the national assembly pass without a pruning down. Heretofore the basis of representation has been one delegate to every two hundred members, but now it will be one delegate to every four hundred members. This is a move in the right direction, for the reason that the drain on the division treasuries necessary to send a full delegation was enormous. For instance, it now costs Massachusetts and New York from $600 to $800 each year to send their delegates to the national assembly.

Some of the racing men were jubilant and some were despondent over the action of Chairman Raymond in withdrawing his amendments creating Class A and Class B. Under the rose, I am pleased that Mr. Raymond took this action. I have always held that the league, in making and recognizing these classes, was juggling with good faith. If the L. A. W. would only come out straight and say, "We will control professionals," I would say "Amen! you are good fellows;" but when they attempt to beat the devil around the stump by producing a creature which is neither fish, flesh nor fowl, I become nauseated, and my digestive organs refuse to do their duty in assimilating the conglomeration yclept "Class B." No, no! Let the league stand fair and square for the amateur, and let us call a halt on this shilly-shally compromise business. The Racing Board has taken a step in another direction by prohibiting the awarding of prizes exceeding $150 in value. No more pianos, no more $1,000 teams under this clause, providing the race promoters desire "sanction" at the hands of the Racing Board.

My readers will join me in extending to the family of W. H. DeGraaf (deceased) my heartiest sympathy in their loss. The New York State Division has lost an enthusiastic member and a faithful officer.

Some interesting facts brought out by the Membership Committee report showed that, out of forty-three protests received, twenty-seven were allowed, ten not allowed, four referred to Racing Board and two withdrawn, showing that the proportion of complaints received, as compared with the tremendous total membership, is infinitesimal. Mr. Isaac B. Potter's report, as chairman of the Highway Improvement Committee, was of necessity boiled down to the very lowest point, simply because if the subject had been treated exhaustively it would have taken half a day to read. Mr. Potter, however, makes a very comprehensive though brief report as to what sections are taking up the question of better roads in real earnest. The movement is especially noticeable in the New England States, while through the Central and Western States of the Union the same progressive sentiment prevails. In fact, the whole report breathes promise and encouragement for the future of the grand cause of better roads.

President Burdett, as chairman of the International Race Committee, made a most interesting report of the doings of this new and important special committee. He spoke of Mr. Raymond's trip abroad—of the satisfactory results therefrom. The amateur definition, as agreed upon between the National Cyclists' Union of Great Britain and the L. A. W. of the United States, is as follows:

"An amateur is one who has never engaged in nor assisted in nor taught any athletic exercise for money or other remuneration, nor knowingly competed with or against a professional for a prize of any description, or in public (except at a meeting specially sanctioned in writing by the union of the country in which he resides), or who is recognized as an amateur by the ruling body of his country."

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In connection with this report, Colonel Burdett presented the following letter from Chief Consul Gerould, of Chicago, which I reproduce herewith in full, as it is of the most vital importance as bearing on the racing interests of 1893 at Chicago:

CHICAGO, Feb. 14, 1893.

Col. Charles L. Burdett, Chairman International Race Committee L. A. W., Hartford, Conn.:

DEAR SIR—At the first meeting of our committee to me was assigned the duty of the local work in Chicago, such as looking up the matter of track, etc., and I beg to report as follows:

After considering various propositions for the holding of the International Races in Chicago during 1893, I would recommend that the proposition of the Chicago Ball Club, as explained in the attached letter and contracts marked No. 1, be accepted and the contract executed.

I would also recommend, if possible, that a guarantee fund of at least fifteen thousand dollars ($15,000) be obtained from the various people interested, in the shape of subscriptions, as outlined in the attached paper marked No. 2. I believe that a conservative estimate of the receipts and expenses will be as follows:

Gross receipts	$30,000.00
Less 1-3, share of Chicago Ball Club	10,000.00
Leaving a balance, 2-3, share L. A. W.	$20,000.00
Less estimate for track, promotion expenses, advertising, etc	15,000.00
Net profit to the League	$5,000.00

I feel confident that we can have an attendance of at least fifty thousand (50,000) people during a race meet of six (6) days, and at 50 cents, 75 cents and $1 for tickets, think thirty thousand dollars ($30,000) is a conservative estimate of the receipts.

From the above and the attached papers can be seen, first, the certainty of getting a track in Chicago; second, where it will be located; third, on what terms the League can get it.

As to when the track can be ready for use, that will depend entirely upon the energy that is shown. I would recommend that the L. A. W. conduct the race meet, taking full charge of it.

Respectfully submitted,

F. W. GEROULD.

I believe I have touched on all the real vital questions which came before the late meetings, and so will shut down on that subject after announcing that it was resolved to hold the 1893 meeting of the L. A. W. in Chicago in the month of August (date not yet decided on). Invitations for the meet of 1894 were received from Denver, Col., and Asbury Park, N. J.

I often get curious letters from readers of this column, and while the interest shown in my writings is, of course, gratifying, I am sometimes nonplused as to how to answer. For instance, here is a specimen from a very worthy and well-meaning correspondent: "Your 'cycling' column, by 'Prowler,' each month is very good. I hope you'll allow and instruct 'Prowler' to speak with plain, true and fearless criticism of the wheels at the Philadelphia show. I very much wish to know from a reliable, experienced and impartial person the very best wheel for a world tour, and why it's the best. Which is the best make of pneumatic tire, and why, for such a wheel; and is a spring fork or frame (as the 'Victor' and 'Columbia's' spring forks and the 'Rambler' spring frame) desirable, and why? Which is the best, and why? As OUTING'S 'Prowler' I believe the only proper one to answer these, I hope he'll do so at his earliest possible convenience."

Now, it is extremely gratifying to be looked up to as a "reliable, experienced and impartial" critic, but, alas! the little tin god himself must destroy the idol, and acknowledge that he is not all that the fancy of our correspondent has painted him. To be frank and above board, I would not recommend to my brother any one make of bicycle or tire as being "the best," for the very reason that, while I have strong personal preferences, perhaps, I cannot guarantee that my brother would find the same excellence in the wheel of my choice that I myself find. It is legitimate business for different manufacturers to claim (and I believe they are honest in their claims) that their wheel is the best; but when it comes to a point where an outsider—a mere rider—poses as an authority which is infallible for all kinds and conditions of men, he writes himself down an ass. Why? do you ask. For this reason: What may be the proper mount for A, who is built in a certain way, rides his wheel in a certain way and traverses roads of a certain quality, would be entirely unfit for B, who will use a wheel under entirely different circumstances. Let me give an example of what I mean: Suppose I were to get a letter from a man I never saw, who wrote me as follows: "Please tell me what will be the best suit of clothes for me to wear." Now, mark, he doesn't say whether he wants the clothes for business purposes, to go fishing in, to attend a funeral or to appear in a bridegroom's happy guise. He doesn't say whether he is fat or lean—whether he is living in the torrid, frigid or moderate zone. This is, of course, an extreme illustration; and I think you will admit that, if I suggested a "straight-jacket" for my imaginary correspondent, you would applaud my perspicacity. My moral is this (without any reflection on the gentleman who wants my impartial opinion as to the "best bicycle"): You cannot go it blind on advising any man as to the best bicycle, any more than you can the best kind of clothes. Men vary in tastes in the most trivial things, and they must make up their own minds as to the best bicycle for them, always bearing in mind that, while a most excellent article can be bought for $100, it cannot be expected that the buyer is getting a $150 machine at that price. Consult the advertising columns of OUTING, and you will find therein names of reputable firms who can sell you reliable goods. Frankly, there is the toss of a penny in my choice as between certain wheels. PROWLER.

AMONGST the wheels of the year worthy of buyers' attention are "The New Nassau," "The Road King" and "Road Queen," handled by Peck & Snyder, with Dunlop's detachable pneumatic tires. The resiliency of the P. and D. "Ideal" pneumatic tire is unsurpassed; the method of fastening to the rim is absolute and convenient. The tire cannot jump off the rim when deflated and the inner tube can be exposed for repairs in ten seconds and replaced as quickly—desirable features in a wheel.

"THE MAJESTIC LIGHT ROADSTER" of Hulbert Bros. is one of the highest grade bicycles made, irrespective of price. It could not well be better, for it is of the best steel drop forging and the best Credena steel tubing, with workmanship of the highest grade, and selling, as it does, at $115, it is assured of popular support.

COLONEL POPE has added to the many benefits he has conferred upon cyclists, by republishing a very reassuring article by Dr. Seneca Egbert, lecturer on hygiene, Drexel Institute, Philadelphia, entitled "The Bicycle in Relation to the Physician." This work should be read by every rider in the land.

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No need to tell you fellows what's up! Something's in the wind, and you know it—in that soft south wind which sweeps aside solid sheets of snow and bids the wondrous life to rise from its long sleep. From failing drifts in sheltered hollows small muddy rills trickle endlessly to swell the brook's hurried flood; the damp soil yields its strata of frost; buds swell to bursting in sunlit copses, and early birds flicker to and fro, and pry here and there for hints of the grand feast so soon to be.

Up Canada way and about Maine's ponds and streams the law says, "No, ye must bide the coming of the May," but such of us as haunt to the southward may fare better. In the Dominion full many a crack water is yet fettered with icy bands. The long-lying snow dies hard beside countless streams of Quebec's grim old Laurentian range and the feeders of Megantic. Winter parleys long with spring in the north Muskoka country, and yields, last of all, upon Superior's grand north shore—that rock-bound wild of many trout streams. In most of these slow-to-open waters it is claimed that the finest fish are taken when first the failing ice allows a line to be wet, but probably none but an iron, frost-proof resident, and an enthusiast at that, would care for such sport. You of New York State doubtless have some brook in mind for earliest trial. Now is the time. Thou art the man.

The tackle must first be carefully overhauled, lest moth, or rust or fray may have worked hidden mischief which might betray itself when too late for remedy. Every angler will go through his outfit, if nothing more, this month. Lines should be carefully examined and new ones provided if necessary. Let the old rod be put together and scrutinized with microscopic eye for the faintest sign of strain or wear. A touch of varnish or a strand of silk now may prevent disaster and disappointment by the brookside. Look well to the fly-book and see that it, and its contents, are as they should be. Every true fly-fisher has his own pet lures by which he swears, and no man can turn his allegiance from flies of merit proved by himself. But, in addition to such "reliables," a well-equipped book may contain the following, which are excellent for April, and useful at almost any time: cow-dung, granum, Parmachenee Belle, stone fly, red spinner, red fly, golden dun midge, gravel bed, Jenny spinner, and cinnamon. These are standard flies and well suited for the earliest fishing.

The matter of dress is one of great importance, particularly at this season of changeable weather, when an unexpected chilliness may be experienced. For wear next to the skin there is nothing better than pure wool of suitable weight. Drawers made to suit of best flannel are unsurpassed, as the man who wears them and light woolen socks need hardly trouble about a possible cold or chill following an accidental wetting. For outer garb the least conspicuous shades are preferable. What is wanted is a color that will best blend with the natural surroundings of the stream. Soft grays and browns answer famously. Corduroy of just the proper shade can be readily obtained, and it wears like iron and is very comfortable. Trousers of corduroy or fustian, cut to fit snug from the calf of the leg down, and buttoned or tied close with tapes about the ankles, are as good as anything. A useful and sportsmanlike style of coat is the Norfolk jacket, with a belt, and a very deep collar of velvet or soft corduroy, which can be turned up so as to entirely protect the neck should occasion arise. There is only one style of headgear for a fly-fisherman, and that is a soft felt hat of drab or gray, with a moderately broad brim. Spare flies find their way naturally to such a hat; it is thoroughly comfortable, and no amount of crushing can hurt it. Many of the soft hats which the fellows wear at present, with the crowns dented at the top, and the sides brought close together, would make ideal fishing hats. For the feet nothing is better, later in the season, than a pair of stout old laced boots, with a few cracks in them to permit water to escape readily. Water will surely enter them ere the day is done, for no good fisherman will hesitate over getting more or less soaked. But in April the good trout brook has a ghastly chill, and it works a man no material benefit to go wading around in fluid cold enough to be right for drinking. He may be strong as a bull and have a constitution like the United States, and all that, and may actually feel no disagreeable immediate after-effects of his exposure; but let him wait and learn. There is apt to come a time when certain muscular twinges and premature stiffness of joints will appeal to him in a manner not to be misunderstood, and will carry his memory back to the glad spring days when he was a deuce of a fellow that nothing could hurt, and gamboled at will in ice-cold torrents that made the other fellows fairly shiver to look at. Therefore the sensible man will wear good waders for his April fishing. For ordinary brooks light rubber waders, to come a short distance above the knee, answer first rate, and if the angler desires more protection he can utilize wading stockings, a useful make of which will allow a roomy pair of old boots to be worn over the feet to protect them from sharp stones. All kinds of waders have certain drawbacks in walking long distances or use on shore, but in cold water their value makes amends for other discomforts.

Guns will find much to do this month. Many a grand honker and shapely brant will fall fair game. Men who believe in spring duck shooting (which I do not) will kill their full share. Other men, many other men, will find sport upon long leagues of sodden beaches, in butchering at break of day flocked, stilt-legged varlets, unfit for gun that oft has scored o'er dogs. But have the sport, if such pleases ye, my masters bold. ED. W. SANDYS.

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THE RIGHT DIRECTION FOR TURF REFORM.

SINCE the article on "Turf Legislation and Discipline" which appeared in OUTING for March was written, many things have happened which emphasize the moral it pointed. The emphasis is, however, for the most part of the negative kind. In New Jersey a racing law has at last been secured which, sympathize as one may with all the developments of that sport, one cannot but acknowledge is but a feeble attempt at a measure of its kind—that is to say, when one looks at the subject from the standpoint assumed in last month's article. Not only is this new law not restrictive, but it gives unlimited freedom to managers of race-courses, provided of course that they can by hook or by crook secure a license from the Town Committee of the township in which the race-course is situated, or from the Board of Freeholders of the county.

With the moral standpoint of the matter as viewed by the large-mouthed gentlemen who delight in advertising themselves by condemning a sport of which they have scarcely even the faintest knowledge, we need not deal. Such views merely argue ignorance. Readers of OUTING do not require to be told that there is nothing intrinsically bad in what is without a doubt the grandest sport man has ever devised. The fanatics would tear down what they should aid in remodeling. In New Jersey, Monmouth Park has come in for nearly as much condemnation as Gloucester or Guttenburg; in Chicago the crusade, stimulated primarily by the winter racing at Hawthorne Park and Roby, has included Washington Park as a "gilded resort of vice." Nothing could be more foolish or short-sighted. Racing is an established unit of our social system, and not the united chorus of all the so-called reformers could affect its stability. The American people want it and will have it, but they want it purified and cleansed of many abuses that have sprung up within the past few years. They want it as a sport, a source of pleasurable excitement, a means of obtaining healthy outdoor recreation, with a strong and legitimate curb placed on the speculative side, which is inseparable from it. This is why, as has been already said, the New Jersey racing bills are failures. They place no limits on the dates of meetings held in the State, so giving free rein to the "merry-go-round" system, and, moreover, granting the gambling element an entirely free hand. Instead of encouraging internal turf discipline, they aim a blow at that already established, and the difficulties surrounding the enforcement of such discipline in the United States are so great that it is only with the aid of the strong right arm of the law, success can be hoped for in this direction.

The American turf of to-day comprises elements as little harmonious as it is possible for the mind to conceive. Between the aristocrats of the turf and the least desirable element, represented by the free-lance contingent of small owners, there is as great a prospect of amalgamation as betwixt oil and water. Granted even that a considerable percentage of the said aristocrats are running stables for the money to be made by them, the fact remains unaltered; while those members of the upper stratum who are racing for love of the sport have not a thought in common with these unscrupulous free-lances.

This may sound harsh language to apply to the small owners, and indeed some of them, it may be safely said, are as true and honorable sportsmen as any in the world, whether they are racing North, South, East or West, on Board of Control, Turf Congress or independent winter tracks. But get on terms of sufficient intimacy with the average owner of a small string of selling platers eking out an existence on a minor race-course, for him not to scruple to tell you some facts about the inside history of his transactions, and you will have your ears opened to an undesirable extent. Knavery and conspiracy are the mainsprings of his existence. Yet, oddly enough, in nine cases out of ten he does not realize how depraved is his moral standard. That it behooves him to keep faith with the public never crosses his mind; but let some jockey act dishonestly by him, and his denunciations are as earnest and heartfelt as if somebody had forged his name to a check. This may sound anomalous to those who have never had occasion to fathom such matters, but it is absolutely the case. If such men feel that any excuse is needed for their own conduct, they have what appears to them a good and sufficient one ready to hand. "If you are not in with the ring," they will explain, "you can't get any part of the money."

The perfect systematization of thievery that exists on courses where long-continued meetings of the cheap kind are held is scarcely credible. Suppose an honest man, with a few horses good enough to win in such company as they will meet there, puts in an appearance. Do you suppose that he has a clear course open to him, and that his horses can win just so many purses as their racing qualities entitle them to? Not a bit of it! A man might have a Salvator or a Hanover, and he would scarcely be able to pay his feed bill from what they would earn. There are tricks in every trade, but human ingenuity would seem to have been taxed to the utmost to devise the multiplicity of tricks by which the wire-pullers — too often, alas! the very management that is supposed to enforce discipline — can keep the game in their hands.

The honest owner, for example, has a lad of his own to ride — some boy whom he knows to be honest, if not a good jockey. Some turn of the odds is made an excuse, and this boy is taken down and another is given the mount, who will see to it that the outside horse finishes just where he should. The starter is another foe in disguise. The start has a vast deal to do with the upshot of the race in nine cases out of ten on the cramped tracks and in the muddy going prevalent during the winter. The starter can and will wait till the right

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horse is in front and the alien has his head turned the wrong way, or, from some other reason, will have all the worst of the send-off. "You can't beat the starter, but he can beat you all the time," is an oft-repeated remark. Then, if certain jockeys know such and such a horse "is not to win," it is safe to bet that some opportune crowding will settle that horse's chances as effectually as if he had never left the stable. And the judge has to be "beaten," too. There are none so blind as those who won't see, and the obscurity of vision that has on occasion attacked officials when the wrong horse had his head first past the post is little short of a modern miracle. A final resort, when other artifices have failed, is the dread edict of ruling off. The pooh-bah of such a race-course as that outlined has in his hands a power almost of life and death, as it were, and if the necessity arises does not scruple to employ it. So the "poor, but honest" owner finds himself cast on the cold, outer world, with his means of livelihood taken from him and the stigma of having incurred the ban of expulsion, even at a race-course notorious for dishonesty, attaching to him.

This is not a pleasant picture to draw of a race-course for any one who is as firm a believer in the sport itself as is the writer, but the colors are not, by any means, laid on too thick. As it is necessary for the surgeon to accurately determine the extent of the malignant growth he hopes to successfully excise, so must reformers comprehend the nature and magnitude of the evil they are combating. The unhealthy growths that have appeared on the body of the American turf can only be removed by a formidable operation; but luckily the surgeon has in this case a thoroughly sound and healthy constitution to deal with. It is even possible that these festers would heal of their own accord. The abuses have, in many cases, defeated the object of their origination by becoming so flagrant and notorious that even the innocent and unsuspecting public had their eyes opened and refused to supply the sinews of war. Signs are not wanting that this state of affairs may be repeated, but if the reforming element will aid in the operation, the cure will be sooner effected, and the way in which such aid may be most fitly given is by the support of properly devised legislative measures. The existence of these unhealthy spots forebodes no serious injury to the vigorous constitution that the turf, as a whole, possesses, but they are drawbacks and impediments to racing assuming its proper functions and position.

A question that, while indissoluble from racing yet is in some degree alien to it, is that of the city pool-rooms. That these gambling resorts constitute an evil of the most unmitigated description very few will care to deny. Under other conditions of society it is conceivable that pool-rooms would be, even to the most straight-laced members of the community, only a mitigated offense. In England, though the law is against the petty punter and forbids his small betting while his rich brother can wager his hundreds unmolested, in actual fact any one can bet his shillings, half-crowns or sovereigns with impunity. Yet, but little harm results. It is comparatively seldom that one hears of young men going headlong "to the dogs" from the effects of "backing their fancy." Here such instances are in every one's mouth, and, unlike England, where, as a rule, if any one comes to grief in this way it is the youth who has had thousands of pounds to disburse, it is small bettors who furnish the examples. Hence, dismal tales of dishonesty, embezzlement and misery.

Why is this? It is because the American is a born gambler, and if he is not risking his money on one thing he is on another. The clerk who in England would be saving five shillings a week out of his modest stipend of thirty shillings, is here not only living fully up to the limit of his twenty dollars a week, but is eagerly looking for some way to make it fifty or a hundred. He probably does not know a horse from a Durham bull, but to start him a friend gives him some sixth-hand "tip" on a horse running at the track that day. He invests his two or five dollar bill and, win or lose, he has acquired the taste. The pool-room has an unholy fascination for him, and happy he is if a series of bad speculations so thoroughly disgusts him with the idea of betting, that he turns his thoughts into some more legitimate channel.

Every pool-room should be swept off the face of the country. The gambling fever makes them a real danger to the community and a source of infinite detriment to the race-courses, with which they are more or less directly associated. It is the paltry punting which unsettles men's minds and renders them useless for business. A man may go racing occasionally, and even if he loses some money, he has had a day in the open air, and if he has gone to such race-courses as the sensible man alone cares to visit, he has, in all probability, seen some soul-stirring sport which will divert and ease his mind. Without pool-rooms there would not be the ceaseless dribble of dollars from pockets that can ill afford to lose them, and a large class of petty sharpers and touts would be forced to look for some honest means of making a living.

"Restrict the duration of race meetings and close the pool-rooms," is the motto which every reformer of racing should "paste in his hat." As was said last month, New York State furnishes a standing example of the good effects attainable by imposing legal restrictions on the days any association may keep its track open. This example is more or less felt at the present time, and its influence will extend much further yet. In the matter of pool-rooms there has been a woeful backsliding in the city of New York. It passes the ingenuity of man to say whether such resorts are or are not legal, but whether or no, they openly flourish, spreading their foul poison in every direction. Moreover, they furnish an incentive to the "merry-go-round" racing associations to continue operations. Were all the rooms in the city shut, so large a source of revenue would be cut off from these tracks that it is doubtful whether they would continue to pay their way. Even at Guttenburg, where, for a winter track, racing is conducted in a comparatively clean fashion, the income has been small this winter except from the pool-rooms. The number of bookmakers doing business at the track has fallen away immensely, and of those books that still lay the odds a very large proportion owe their existence to the association itself.

SPORTING TRAMP.

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KENNEL.

It's getting to be a "moral" that any undertaking of the Westminster Kennel Club means a certain success—nay! a "howling" success—and surely the club's show last month at Madison Square Garden scored a triumph. A grander lot of high-bred canines were perhaps never gathered under one roof, and from the "fancy" to the "four hundred," all united in the decision that it was an extraordinarily good show and admirably managed. For seventeen years the club has held regular annual shows, and it must be extremely gratifying to all concerned that the seventeenth fixture proved the best of all the long series. Unfortunately the weather was about as unfavorable as it could well be, and the attendance was not quite up to last year's record, though enough to leave a handsome cash balance to the good. Never was show better managed—but, then, Mr. James Mortimer was, as usual, superintendent, which explains everything. The sanitary arrangements were excellent, and the benching and feeding, by Spratts' Patent, allowed of no criticism. The handsome catalogue was good indeed, and the innovation in the matter of neat rosettes in lieu of diplomas seemed to give general satisfaction. Miss A. H. Whitney judged the St. Bernards, Newfoundlands and pugs; Geo. Raper, the mastiffs, bloodhounds, Russian wolfhounds, deerhounds, greyhounds, English retrievers, collies, poodles, smooth fox terriers, bulldogs, bull terriers, Clydesdales, black and tans, toy terriers and spaniels, schipperkes, and miscellaneous. G. Muss-Arnolt judged great Danes, foxhounds, dachshundes and bassets; W. Tallman, English, Irish and Gordon setters and pointers; E. M. Oldham, field, Clumber, cocker and Irish water spaniels; Major J. M. Taylor, Chesapeake Bay dogs; R. F. Mayhew, wire-haired fox terriers, Irish, Scottish, Dandie Dinmont, Bedlington and white English, Welsh, Skye, and Yorkshire terriers, beagles and Italian greyhounds. The awards were exceptionally well placed, considering the fine judgment demanded in many cases, for competition was very keen in most classes.

In regard to the dogs shown, the standard of quality was very high. St. Bernards were in force, and some superb animals competed. In the challenge class for rough-coated dogs grand Sir Bedivere, looking well as ever, beat that other good dog, Kingston Regent. In the challenge class for rough bitches, another crack, Lady Gladwyn, was alone. Twenty-six competed in open class for rough-coated dogs. The new dog, Marvel, a clinker, won, with Roland, Jr., second, Kamehameha I. third, and Altoneer fourth. Kingstonian Count, Roland, Refuge II., Bevis, Claudius II, Mauprat and George T. were other good specimens in the class. In the corresponding class for bitches some magnificent animals were shown. Peerless Princess Florence won, with Hepsey second, Miss Anna third, and Sunray fourth. Other fine ones were Judy, Uarda, Kingstonian Countess, Lady Taylor, Lady Nicotine, Nell Gwynne IV., Jungfrau and Streatham Belle. Twenty-two youngsters, nearly half of which showed great quality, competed in the class for rough-coated dog pups. The best were Lord Walbeck, Gen. Phil. Sheridan, Duke of Alton, Gen. Victor Joseph, Lord Essex, Sir Eldred Bedivere, Clairvaux, Benny, Gen. Joe Hooker, Lord Leander, Bayonne Hector and Brutus S. Among the eight competing bitch pups, Lady Bess II., Lady Charlton, Hero, Adna, Falicita, Duchess of Montreal, Daffodil and Lady Cora were all good and were ranked as named.

In the challenge class for smooth-coated dogs Scottish Leader defeated the good Nevis, while Empress of Contoocook beat Miss Alton and Cleopatra in the bitch class. A grand lot of fourteen competed in the open class for dogs. Melrose beat his brother, Melrose King, second, with Patrol, Hercules, Leicester, Jr., Sir Richard, Solace, Cæsar, Carlo A., Kingston Bosco, Apsley, Leon and Benoni in order as named. In the bitch class fine specimens, Lady Alton, Charmion, Bellegarde, Judith and Lady Gwendoline, ranked as named. Boston Boy and Miss Nellie, nice pups, were alone in their classes. In the novice class dogs were seven good ones among sixteen entries. Alton, Jr., won, with Fuerst Bismarck, second, Plinlimmon V., third, followed by Wieland, Mauprat, George T., Free Trade Tom, Rolfe, White Friar, Meldo and Defender. In the bitch class the best were Lady Alton, Uarda, Alberta, Fenton Peggy, Nell Gwynne, Lady Sif, Princess Isabella and Mistress Lemond. The contest for the club medal for the best dog in the show lay between Princess Florence and Sir Bedivere, the Princess winning.

Mastiffs made a fine showing, with Beaufort's Black Prince on top; Lady Coleus headed the bitches; a few bloodhounds graced the benches, the best being Victor and Judith. Great Danes showed well, the bright particular stars being Wenzel and Melac. The Newfoundlands were better than usual. Some fine Borzois were shown, notably Argos, Groubian and Zery. Hillside Warrior, Hillside Romola, Argyle and Hillside Ruth were most notable in a good small lot of deerhounds. Greyhounds were up to standard, with Gem of the Season, Bestwood Daisy, Honor Bright and Southern Beauty winners in the several classes. Foxhounds comprised a small class of excellent quality, and the winning harriers, Vagrant and Welcome, were very typical. A grand lot of pointers were shown. Lad of Kent, Woolton Game, Ridgeview Panic, Josie Bracket, Duke of Hessen, Lady Gay Spanker, Arthur, Patti, Odd Fellow, Lady Grace and Graceful II. were the cream of a clinking lot. It was enough to warm a sportsman's heart to see the setters, though it appeared as though the Laverack type found more favor than what I am disposed to term the "hardwork sort." Breeze Gladstone, Princess Beatrice, Real English, Countess Zoe, Deceive, Maid Marian, Domingo, Dominion and Antonio headed their rivals in the several classes. The Seminole and Oak Grove kennels were to the fore with a lot of rattling

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good Irish setters, grand dogs in the classes being Tim, Norna, Duke of Kildare and Queen Vic. Ivanhoe won among the challenge Gordons, as did Duchess of Waverly among the bitches. The standard as a whole was high, other fine ones being Ranger B., Lady Gordon, Robert Burns, Fairmount, Archibald and Katharine. Field spaniels were good, Beverly Negus, Bridford Ruby, Judex, Ace of Spades and Queen capturing the honors. Cockers were, as usual, strong. Fascination and Troublesome won in the challenge classes, with Middy and Realization on top in the open classes, the latter also taking first in puppies and novice class. Beautiful Roslyn Wilkes and Mitchley Surprise secured the honors in the challenge class for collies, Woodmansterne Trefort and Nancy Lee winning in the open class. A lot of only fair animals competed in the collie classes. Bulldogs and bull terriers presented a fine array of homeliness and mauling ability. Both classes were very strong and attracted great attention. Beagles were a splendid lot, over fifty competing. Fox terriers were in force and many of them beautiful specimens. Other terriers were good, and the classes as a rule well filled. Some nice pugs were shown, and the customary assortment of useless toys tapered down the classes to the point where nothing but yap and fuzz could be detected. DAMON.

LOFT.

WHEN it is remembered that the beginning of March is the all-important time in the breeding loft, it will be considered something wonderful that nearly 300 birds were entered in the Pigeon Flyers' division at the Garden.

And they were noted birds, too. Among others were the 1,183 miles Joseph and Darby, both fine as silk and apparently the better for the 2,486 miles they had covered by wing between May 27th, the date of their first journey, and August 10th, when they were home from their toss in Florida. Rhobe, of the same loft, was there, her distance through the season 1,307 miles, her honors the best speed from 150 miles or over, winning the New York Lady's trophy and the Royal Blue Line prize. All three were from the Fred Bowers loft, Fall River. In the J. A. Boutelle exhibit was Missy, a beautiful blue, and one of the gamest birds of last season's work; also Domino, Bobby, a relative of his Lady Kahler and the youngster of J. W. Brown, Pawtucket, liberated in New York by Colonel Morrissey. P. E. Galligan, of Providence, had in his exhibit Hylton, with record for 1,015 miles and winning the Stock-keeper cup for best speed from over 150 miles; also Balfour and Stanley, the distance in the day heroes, and many others. The Haden and Goodby entry of Providence held Ruth, Mrs. Hawk and Rover, three of the six champions for distance in the day; Big Ben, an English Birmingham from the South of France: also Haden's Vera, winner of the ring for best speed in two journeys. Harry Goodby, Providence, entered Peg and the Maid, with best speed to New England from Washington and best by hens to Providence.

John R. Hunsberger, Chestnut Hill, entered fourteen birds, nine with record from 540 miles and five with champion record for speed from less than 100 miles, their average being 1,457 yards for 75 miles, two of the three winning the RECORD's Interstate prize.

The Hillebrecht team of Pittsburg was ten birds, eight (six of them hens) with record of 540 miles, and 1,652 miles for their season's work; three of the hens with champion record from 500 miles in the day. The other two are the only white birds with record; both returned as youngsters last fall from Defiance, O., 238 miles. One of the two escaped from the basket and looked down upon the rest from the roof of the Garden. It had not been caught when the show closed.

The Royal Blue Line lofts showed the exchampions for distance in the day, the team that will start from the Columbian Fair grounds and the returns to the loft in the Constellation work last summer. The other Constellation birds present were J. Q. A. Herring and Miss Conover, of L. A. Mehler, Philadelphia, winners of the special prize for severest test of the experiment, being liberated from the northeast, when the previous one had been the week before from 386 miles southwest.

Another notable display was from the H. J. Thurston loft, Fall River. Dickinson, lost in the distance journey, was represented by his certificate of record back of the *Bulletin* silver cup, awarded him for best average speed ever made in four journeys; but Hazel, winning the *Clipper's* Queen prize, was there; also Montgomery, the old distance champion, and several others with 540 miles' record.

The winners of the OUTING prizes, Mr. April and My. Bolay, of the Clipper loft, Providence, were not present, owing to the serious illness of their owner. The total distance of their flying, and for which they hold the prizes, is 1,734 miles. The Darby and Joseph distance exceeds this, but the conditions limited the prizes to journeys from 550 miles and less.

One fact developed in the exhibit is that the female pigeon is the better worker of the pair on the wing, inasmuch as where the entry in the races was a like number of males and females the losses were of the males, and except in rare instances, the honors were carried by the hens. This fact, like the return of the Mehler birds, is entirely contrary to accepted theories and to all rules governing the use of pigeons as messengers; and it is worth all the season's work has cost to know it.

The officers for 1893 as elected at the meeting are: President, Wm. Haden, Providence; vice-president, Louis A. Mehler, Philadelphia; secretary, Lewis Turner, Washington, D. C.; auditor, E. W. Twining, Yardley, Pa. The changes in and additions to the rules governing the council are to limit the membership to those holding certificates of record for work in the previous year; to admit such proxies as are represented by members; to do away with the Board of Appeal; to have two meetings each year, one to be in December to close the season's work, the other within ninety days after for the business of the opening season. The action taken upon Missy's claim for best speed in the distance in the day race was to indorse the race agent's decision of insufficient evidence. This gave first place to Balfour, of P. E. Galligan, the speed in round figures 1,195 yards per minute, the distance 540 miles.

E. S. STARR.

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PLEASURE TRAVEL AND RESORTS.

NINETY days of continuous snow in even such a comparatively low latitude as New York compels the mind to revert with longing to those resorts from which we hear only of the plash of the paddle, the rattle of the tennis court, the whir of wings and summer holiday.

While the East has been snow-bound and the merry jingle of sleigh-bells and the ring of the skater's steel on the ice have been heard for all these many weeks, in California the air has been balmy with the breath of summer round fascinating "Hotel de Monte." This famed winter resort has had a prosperous season, not only in numbers, but in enjoyment. The sportsman, the active man of the world and the tourist who goes for quiet comfort can also find it here.

THE air is full of the World's Fair, and no aspect of it presents so many problems in all parts as the getting there with the minimum of trouble and the maximum of comfort.

Messrs. Raymond & Whitcomb have completed their main plans for taking care of the Exposition travel. There are to be daily special trains from the Eastern cities (Sundays excepted), made up of vestibuled Pullman palace cars of the latest and most elegant kind, both sleeping cars and dining cars. These will run to a private station, from whence the passengers will be conveyed, a distance of only two city squares, to the great hotel which the firm is building near the Exposition grounds, and which Col. Oscar G. Barron, the famous White Mountain landlord, has been engaged to manage during the Exposition season. This edifice, one of the largest hotels in Chicago, is already in a forward state of completion. Trains, station and hotel are all intended for the exclusive use of Messrs. Raymond & Whitcomb's patrons. Every ticket will include twelve admissions to the Exposition. A descriptive circular can be obtained of Messrs. Raymond & Whitcomb, 296 Washington street, opposite School street, Boston.

AMONG the many surprises in store for our foreign visitors to the World's Fair, none will be more startling than that of our railroads. To appreciate the comfort and conveniences of modern railroad travel one only needs to compare the journey which thousands made to Washington recently over the Baltimore & Ohio system, and which thousands more will make over the same route to the World's Fair, with any similar journey elsewhere in the world, and notably in Europe. Such equipment, such attention, such princely dining and sleeping cars, and withal such safety as is attained by the Baltimore and Ohio's vestibuled trains, place that system in the first rank.

WHILE the ruling powers of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad thoroughly understand that they control what may be termed the model railroad of the age—one with peculiarly attractive natural advantages and equipped in a manner unsurpassed—they never forget the fact that new patrons may always be secured. Travelers who know the scenery, the convenience and luxurious comfort of the "Central" require no explanation or urging of the road's claims, but for the benefit of those, as yet, unenlightened upon such matters, the Passenger Department has issued a charming little volume, the first number of the "Four-Track Series" for 1893, entitled "Luxury of Modern Railway Travel." The book contains thirty-two narrow octavo pages and is beautifully illustrated with numerous sketches of scenes along the route.

FEW inland hotels enjoy the advantages of "The Mizzentop" at Pawling, N. Y. Fifteen hundred feet above the sea, with a perfect ocean of rolling hills spreading in all directions as far as the eye can reach, yet surrounded, in the nearer reaches, by roads of gentle incline and unsurpassed excellence, it affords to the pedestrian, the cyclist, the naturalist and the historian a center of the deepest interest for rambles afield, and to the socially inclined all the comforts, refinements and social diversions of a first-class hotel. Captain Howe, "mine host," is well known as the manager of the "Princess Hotel," Bermuda. "The Mizzentop" has again been enlarged to make room for some of the numerous applicants anxious to spend the season there.

ANOTHER summer home in every sense of that word, but further afield from the metropolis, is Mt. Meenahga, in the Shawwangunk Mountains of Ulster County, New York.

AMONG the institutions that are destined to lend a charm to the greater New York—may it be called "Manhattan"—of the future are the superb edifices designed for the accommodation of the families of the well-to-do. Of these the "Sherman Square Hotel," at the junction of Seventy-first street and the Boulevard, is one of the most perfect examples. Situated upon the high ridge that traverses Manhattan Island from end to end, it commands from its upper stories a wide outlook over the river and bays, and in summer catches the sea-breeze that sweeps in across the harbor. In its interior economy it goes far toward solving the problems that perplex the American housekeeper. Under the able management of Mr. E. N. Wilson, formerly of the "Cordova," at St. Augustine, the "servant question" is satisfactorily settled. "In numbers there is safety." Men and women attendants are better content and render better services when they are sure of companionship in their daily tasks, and when they are at the same time under the experienced supervision of a *major domo*. Here the housewife who has quailed before the frowns of cook and maid may with a tranquil mind devote herself to her social duties and enjoyments, certain that the chamber work will be perfectly done; that breakfast, luncheon and dinner will be daintily served whenever wanted, and that the gentleman of the family will never have cause to grumble about inferior coffee or overdone steaks.

A WORD to those who travel and to those who stay at home: "Insure" your life, and insure it in an office upon whose integrity strict reliance can be placed. Such an one is the Phœnix Mutual Life Insurance Company, of which further particulars will be found in our advertising columns on page xxv.

Partridge & Co. Can Fill Your Orders.

The recent fire in Boston destroyed the stock of Horace Partridge & Co. at Lincoln street, but it fortunately left untouched their complete duplicate stock at Hanover street; so that their sporting friends' orders can be filled as usual.

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CHANGED HER MIND.

THE SHOPPING WOMAN: "How much is this silk a yard?"

THE CLERK: "Six fifty, ma'am."

THE SHOPPING WOMAN: "Then let me have a package of hair-pins."—*Chicago News.*

NOTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN.

DENNIS: "I see dey playd base bawl in de time of ancient Rome."

MIKE: "How so?"

DENNIS: "I wuz down at a book stan' yisterday, an' I see a book called de 'Rize an' Fall ov de Roamin' Umpire.'"—*Kate Field's Washington.*

"Do you love your teacher?"

"I suppose I have to."

"Why so, Tommy?"

"Because the Bible says we must love our enemies."—*Texas Siftings.*

A CANDID CRITIC.

AUTHOR: "Well, what do you think of my new drama?"

FRIENDLY CRITIC: "Splendid! The villain in particular is admirably portrayed. The very words he utters are stolen."—*Life.*

APPRECIATION.

BULLDOG: "That fellow was quite a dandy."

MASTIFF: "Indeed?"

BULLDOG (licking his chops): "Yes; he wore a very tasty suit of clothes."—*Truth.*

AT THE AUTHOR'S CLUB.

"HAVE you read Dawson's last book?"

"I hope so."—*Truth.*

HER DRAMATIC MISSION.

SHE: "Don't you think woman can do a great deal towards elevating the stage?"

HE: "Yes; she can lower her hat."—*Life.*

EXPERIENCES.

VAN DAUB: "Were you ever done in oil, Mr. Broker?"

MR. BROKER: "No; but I had three ribs broken in a wheat panic."—*Truth.*

HE who loves and runs away
May live to love another day;
But as a rule I am afraid
He also loves another maid.
—*Puck.*

POPULAR SCIENCE.

HE (of Boston): "Professor Skihigh is going to lecture on sun spots."

SHE (of Chicago): "Well, if I thought he could tell of a real sure cure for them I would go to hear him—I freckle so easily."—*Life.*

AT THE CLUB.

"WHAT makes Tompkins so stuck up?"

"Oh, because he's well posted, I guess."—*Truth.*

WE GO FROM HOME TO HEAR NEWS.

DOLLY: "Oh, mamma, I met a little girl today who had never heard of a cow."

DOLLY'S MOTHER: "That was strange, wasn't it? Who was the little girl, Dolly?"

DOLLY: "She said her father was a milkman."—*Life.*

UNAVOIDABLE DELAY.

TEACHER: "Why were you late this morning?"

WILLY SLIMSON: "Mamma overslept, and the cook had to get breakfast."—*Puck.*

SHOULD MEND HIS WAYS.

JAMES (piously): "What is the gate to heaven?"

JAMES' FATHER: "Well, it's not the gait you've been going at recently."—*Texas Siftings.*

FINDING OUT.

DAWSON (to stranger at Mrs. De Noo's reception). "Who is this Mrs. De Noo, anyhow?"

STRANGER: "She is Mr. De Noo's wife."

DAWSON: "And who on earth is De Noo?"

STRANGER: "I."—*Truth.*

MEANT SOMETHING ELSE.

JEUNE PREMIER (at the amateur theatricals): "I say, 'old man, have you got the stage fright?"

HEAVY VILLAIN: "No; I think she's in her dressing-room."—*Truth.*

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"In Arctic Seas," by Dr. Robert N. Keely, Jr., the surgeon to the expedition sent by the Academy of Natural Sciences to accompany Lieutenant Peary, is represented to the public in two parts: "The Voyage of the Kite" and "The Peary Expedition," and forms with its handsome illustrations a book of value and of timely interest. It is a mine of research and observation, and, amid thrilling adventure, facts instructive and of scientific value are brought to light. [Rufus C. Hartranft, Philadelphia.]

"The Last Voyages of the Admiral of the Ocean Sea," by Charles Paul Mackie, is a chronicle of the acts and motives of Columbus during the fourteen years succeeding the discovery, mainly taken direct from the writings of the Admiral and Viceroy as they appear throughout the history of "Las Casas." Inasmuch as the letters and reports of Columbus were tinctured neither by artifice nor reserve, the author, by his own translation direct from the original, has laid open to the reader an accurate history and interesting narrative of that embryotic period of American history. [A. C. McClung & Co., Chicago.]

"Five Little Peppers Grown Up," by Margaret Sidney, is a sequel to "Five Little Peppers Midway" and to "Five Little Peppers, and How They Grew," written in response to the popular demand for "more" about the charming "Pepper" family. Throughout the story one has a delightful consciousness of the growth in noble character and the stimulus that comes from a fine ideal skillfully wrought into practical living. And yet there is no preaching, save indirectly by example; and the young people are bright and rollicking, healthy and hearty, and enjoy life without stint. It is books like these of the "Peppers" series which inspire and encourage young people to be brave and true, manly and womanly, in all the duties and relations which encompass them. Their healthful spirit is contagious. and they prove a power for good in every community where they are introduced. [D. Lathrop Company, Boston.]

Among the "Knickerbocker Nuggets," a series of choice though diminutive classic gems, is found a bright and valuable book, "Whist Nuggets," selected and arranged by William G. McGuckin. It is not intended as a text-book on the scientific principles of the noble game, but presents many historical facts, critical comments and amusing anecdotes from able pens, and is arranged with admirable taste and literary discernment. [G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London.]

Reuben Gold Thwaites, in "Our Cycling Tour in England," made a singularly happy choice of route and, as was to be expected from "the Secretary of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin," he has brought to the narration of his journey the pen of a scholar and a mind in sympathy with the evidences and associations of the past. His outward travels through all the Southern counties of England from Canterbury to Dartmoor, and his homeward journey via Bath, Oxford and the Valley of the Thames, abounded in historical reminiscences and, being made along the ancient highways, which the traveler by rail so seldom sees, he has opened a mine of wealth for the American tourist awheel. To such "Our Cycling Tour in England" will prove a veritable and reliable boon. [A. C. McClung, Chicago.]

"Autumn, from the Journal of Henry D. Thoreau," is the third of the seasons compiled by H. G. O'Blake. Any selection from the writings of Thoreau must be interesting to all lovers of nature, and when they are grouped around a central idea, as in this case, their value is accentuated. Autumn in the American East has never received a more vivid or picturesque delineation. When the seasons have been completed, the rounded year will contain an epitome of Thoreau's best, and it would be difficult to match these volumes in all the range of our descriptive literature. [Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston & New York.]

A horseback trip through many of the prettiest villages of New England has prompted the pen of Isa Carrington Cabell in a series of admirable sketches and amusing incidents, entitled "Seen from the Saddle." The author's bridle-path leads along the picturesque banks of the Farmington River, and affords numerous glances at the cozy towns of that locality, with clever observations on typical New England life. This neat little volume, with an introduction by Charles Dudley Warner, forms one of Harper's "Black and White" series. [Harper & Brothers, New York.]

Books Received—"Danesbury House," by Mrs. Henry Wood; "'Gainst Wind and Tide," by Nellie Talbot Kinkead; "Modest Little Sara," by A. St. Aubyn. (Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago.) "Blood Royal," by Grant Allen; "Gentleman Upcott's Daughter," by Tom Cobbleigh; "A Blot of Ink," by Rene Basin, translated by Q. and Paul M. Francke; "At the Threshold," by Laura Dearborn. (Cassell Publishing Company, New York.)

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OUR THEATRICAL PLAYGROUND.

MME. ELEONORA DUSE, by her successive achievements at the Fifth Avenue Theater, has forced recognition of her dramatic genius even from those who at first were most skeptical of her art, and by her contempt for personal publicity, has won the hearts of the American public. Without the tinsel of sensational notices, with her private life cloaked from reportorial intrusion, this great artist has charmed and thrilled her audiences by delicacy of art, coupled with histrionic zeal and power. The most obtuse theater-goer cannot fail to admire her, while a full appreciation of her performances reveals the highest development of modern acting. Her manner sets aside conventionalities in the carrying out of the main task, the embodiment of dramatic character. To this end she puts forth subtlety of art and force of will. Her tears are real tears; her smiles radiate from the heart, and there is elocution in voice and every gesture. With the successive triumphs gained at the Fifth Avenue, there is achieved by her a higher success, the elevation of the standard of entertainments of the present season.

THE Empire Theater is a new and attractive playhouse, well designed, handsomely decorated and luxuriously appointed. On its dedication night Charles Frohman's Company very appropriately presented a new and thoroughly American play, "The Girl I Left Behind Me," by Belasco and Fyles. Despite its title, the piece contains strong dramatic situations, which the authors and actors cleverly rescue from a melodramatic character by tempering the villainy of the villain and avoiding sensational lines without the loss of realistic effects. Miss Sydney Armstrong takes the part of heroine with admirable grace, and an unpretentious and strong hero is found in Mr. William Morris. Messrs. Wheatcroft, Thompson, Mordant and Roberts fill their parts well, and the comedienne, Miss Odette Tyler, is discreetly amusing. The piece is beautifully set, and the production is in every way commendable.

'GLEN-DA-LOUGH," a romantic Irish drama by Edmund S. Gurney, has been presented at the Fourteenth Street Theater, and at various other theaters throughout the country, with a degree of success fully merited by the excellence of the production. Under the management of Mr. W. H. Powers, the piece is favored with every possible elaboration in scenery and stage effects, and an excellent corps of artists comprise its cast. The leading part is admirably taken by J. K. Murray, whose success as a soloist is likely to be rivaled by his marked ability in the rôle of Irish comedian. His rendition of "Kathleen Mavourneen" is especially effective.

"FRIEND FRITZ" was produced for the first time in this country at Herrmann's Theater by the Mason-Manola Company. The piece is a free adaptation by Stanislaus Stauge of popular "L'Ami Fritz," by Erckmann-Chatrian. With the beauties of this sparkling comedy are blended new and melodious songs, well suited to the mezzo-soprano of Marion Manola. The stage settings are pretty pictures of Alsatian life, and the simple story of Fritz Kobus, his strife against marriage and the downfall of his bachelorhood through Rabbi David's zeal and Suzel's beauty, excites and retains intense interest throughout each amusing scene.

"LATER ON," the musical farce comedy formerly produced with success by Hallon and Hart, is now achieving a series of triumphs in the principal cities of the West, and will return to New York about Easter. This jolly, sparkling piece has been revised up to date, and new and catchy songs have been added. It is presented by the popular comedians Wood and Sheppard, supported by a strong company, and Miss Clara Throop, the charming soubrette, is exceedingly clever in her productions of mirth and melody. The scenery is effective, the costumes are elaborate, the situations are highly amusing, and, in short, no elements of first-class comedy are lacking.

THE "Black Crook," at the Academy of Music, continues to enjoy the patronage of the metropolitan theater-goers. The entertaining features of this spectacle are so varied as to embrace all that appeals to the eye, while the many tuneful airs and clever specialties introduced throughout the production have become fully as popular as the gorgeously staged ballets. The grand ballet of "Gems" is one of the finest performances ever witnessed in New York. It is in this ballet that Mlle. Zola Tornaghi, the *premier assoluta* of the La Scala Theater, Milan, appears and executes her dance with the light, airy grace of a clever artist. Signor Nicola Guerra, the wonderful male dancer; Fielding, the marvelous juggler, and the four French dancers from the Casino, Paris, complete a programme of unparalleled excellence.

THE Manhattan Opera House—the only metropolitan playhouse that has been strictly observant of the Lenten season—will open its doors early next month for summer performances that deserve to wipe out the rather inky record of a hard winter. Mr. Oscar Hammerstein is now preparing the theater for the production of an elaborate spectacular piece. A roof garden will be a feature of the summer season, and excellent performances of a vaudeville nature are promised.

"NINETY DAYS," a spectacular drama by William Gillette, has been successfully produced at the Broadway Theater with a strong cast and elaborate mechanical effects. Amid startling situations the author has brought novel and nonsensical features of comedy, the lines of which find support in the absurdities of the scenes. The heroine is made legatee by the will of an eccentric millionaire on condition that she marry, within ninety days, the son of the testator's old friend. The son is a missionary in Burmah, and the heroine sets out at once in search of him. The adventures of this trip form the story of the play.

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ODDS AND ENDS OF SPORT.

THE securing of a State preserve in the Adirondacks, affording practically a mountain reservoir for the supply of the river and canal system of the State, and a public park for a whole people, unvexed by monopolies or exclusions, is one of the most interesting subjects that can engage the attention of the Legislature of the Empire State. The State government that gives successful progress to this work will deserve the gratitude of coming generations. Next to the Erie Canal, it will be the noblest work ever undertaken under the auspices of this State. A large portion of New York's highland forest may yet be secured for the vital objects that dictate its preservation. It will be a subject of deep and growing regret that so much of opportunity has been lost and so little done toward consummating a project fraught with such infinite benefits, and giving incalculable protection to a large and growing community. If only a mutilated *torso* of what ought to have been a noble monument of conservative legislation can now be preserved, even to secure so much is the high duty of the legislative and executive trustees of this supreme interest. While little has been done to carry forward this beneficent design, private and monopolizing schemes have invaded the required territory on all sides. Many thousand acres of State lands have been lost in a way that does not reflect credit on our public agents. In advance of the exercise of the right of eminent domain, to which resort should have been had years ago, private appropriation has stepped in and is now baffling, and threatens, in a great degree, to defeat a vastly important and indispensable measure of State policy and public preservation. A case has arisen where the public safety invokes the eminent power of the State, in view of which the Legislature should remember that the public safety is the supreme law.

AMERICANS are thoroughly aroused to the national importance of highway improvement. State Legislatures are deliberating, the attention of Congress has been directed to the subject, and the press is actively interested. As a natural sequence there is an increased demand for road literature. Farmers and business men of all classes are seeking for information on the construction and maintenance of good roads. Books of this kind are neither numerous nor exhaustive, though the next few years will doubtless add materially both to their volume and value.

Without any pretense at covering the entire field, but with a desire to aid the good cause, and, as far as may be, to respond to a general demand, Colonel Albert A. Pope has offered to the public a "Catalogue of Books, Pamphlets, and Articles on the Construction and Maintenance of Roads."

Copies of this catalogue will be given to the public libraries of the United States. The objects of its publication are to furnish a convenient book of reference, and to obtain information concerning all road literature which may have been omitted, so that the list may be made as complete as possible. A special collection of publications relating to road construction and maintenance is now being gathered together by Colonel Pope; this collection to be open for the use of the public.

In this country there are many libraries which have made efforts to obtain complete collections of books on special subjects; but no library, public or private, so far has made a specialty of collecting publications relating to roads.

The distinguished librarian of Harvard University, Mr. Justin Winsor, has recently published a valuable and interesting pamphlet entitled "Notes on Special Collections in American Libraries." An examination of this pamphlet shows that a large number of libraries have elaborate collections in certain departments. Apparently among some of the best collections on special subjects are the following: Textile fabrics, Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York; costumes, magic, or Congressional documents, Boston Public Library; ethics, General Theological Library, Boston; elocution and kindergartens, St. Louis Public Library; Bohemian and Scandinavian literature, Chicago Public Library; French history, Peabody Institute, Baltimore; Mexican literature, Sutro Library, San Francisco; philology, University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia; socialism, Columbia College, New York; witchcraft, Cornell University, Ithaca; and so on through a great variety of subjects, except roads.

Our readers can assist in making this list as complete as possible. By doing so they will confer a favor on all who are interested in the betterment of highways.

WHATEVER tends to reduce the risks of travel by road commends itself. Cyclers will not be alone in their appreciation of the numerous light-piercing lamps and ear-piercing bells which the Whitten-Godding Cycle Company supply. They are a boon, which, like charity, blesses him that gives and him that takes.

FOR exercise and the development of the muscular system the advice of a practical man should always be sought. Such advice can be obtained from the book of Prof. J. R. Judd, on "Special Training," or by direct application to the author at 1364 Broadway, New York City. Prof. Judd furnishes the latest devices for indoor exercise, including such machines as are recommended by physicians for the renovation of muscular power and the effective development of special sets of muscles, without injury to the system.

A DISORDERED liver, with its attendant miseries of biliousness and sick headache, robs life of all its charm, and will surely spoil the sweetest temper ever possessed by man or woman. Wise men eat moderately of wisely chosen food, and take no liberties with the susceptible organ which has power to sour the sweetest cup. Those not so wise, eat not wisely but too well, then turn to Beecham's Tasteless Pills for sure remedy for their own folly.

ONE of the most aggravating nuisances about a camp is a stove that will not properly perform its duties, and a powerful factor in completing the perfect pleasure of a holiday under canvas is a stove that will. Cree's Common Sense Camp Stove, manufactured by D. W. Cree, of Griggsville, Illinois, is precisely what its name indicates. Light, compact, no corners nor projections, a capital cooker and heater, it is made for use and will stand wear and tear, and give thorough satisfaction. We give on p. xxxviii a cut and description of this stove.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T. A. A., Plainfield, Mass.—The combination of sprinting and bicycle-racing has rarely, if ever, been tried. So far as mere fatigue is concerned, there would be no difficulty if the two events were twenty or thirty minutes apart. But it is probable that bicycle-training would in some degree stiffen the legs and lessen the speed in sprinting. The closest parallel cases in late years are those of Walter Dohm, of Princeton, who cleared 22 ft. 3½ in. in the broad jump at the same meeting where he made the intercollegiate record in the half-mile, 1 m. 57 1-5s.; and of G. R. Fearing, of Harvard, who has twice broken the intercollegiate record in the high jump on the same day that he ran two heats, each over the high and low hurdles. Evidently in some cases the spring that is the source of the sprinter's and jumper's power is present where the athlete is in form for sustained efforts; but it is probable that either speed or endurance would be greater if the athlete had not trained also for the other.

H. S. P., New York.—The world's record for the 100-yard dash is 9 4-5s., held by John Owen, Jr., Detroit Athletic Club, made at the American Championship games, Washington, D. C., October 11, 1890; also W. T. Macpherson, of New Zealand, made at Auckland, February 6, 1891. 9¾ has been claimed for Luther Cary repeatedly, but never allowed, and it is possible that the same has been claimed for Jewett, but his best recorded time is 10s., made last fall at the American Championships; and his general reputation is for the longer sprint, of which he holds the world's record.

P. D. M., Toronto, Ont., Can.—Mr. Lenz in his wheel tour went from Toronto via Detroit to Chicago, and you will find all about that route in our October issue of 1892. Should you prefer via Buffalo, you will find similar information by tracing the route backward in the same article in September and October.

A. E. Ellison, Phila., Pa.—Dissolve two ounces of it in three ounces of hot water, or mix it with cold water and apply heat, stirring constantly till it becomes clear, and, when cold, add about ten drops of strong ammonia. As this only requires a few minutes, it may be made when wanted, or, with the addition of a few drops of carbolic acid, it will keep indefinitely. The letter-press answers very well, but is not always at hand. The domestic wringer is to be found in every home, and is really better for the purpose than the letter-press. Cut a sheet of ferrotype to such a size as will go freely between the cheeks of the wringer, and keep it for the purpose. Pass the plate partly through, between the rolls, by half a turn of the handle; lay the mounted print face down on it, and turn slowly till the card is quite through; then reverse the motion so as to bring it back again. On examination adhesion between print and mount will be found perfect, and the gloss equally so.

"*Smudge*," *Balto.*—The record won the George W. Child's prize in 1889, when five birds left St. Thomas, Ont., early in the morning of August 4th, and were at home in Boston before five o'clock that afternoon; distance, 525 miles.

Mrs. Jones, Chattanooga.—Yes; you could find no better home in New York than at the "Sherman Square Hotel," so admirably conducted by E. N. Wilson, late of the "Cordova," St. Augustine. The care which Mr. Wilson has exercised in the selection of his guests makes it a choice place for families and even for ladies alone.

A. A.—In the contest for the pennant of the Amateur Baseball League, Staten Island Athletic Club were early in securing a lead, and by maintaining it they won the amateur championship for 1892. The New Jersey Athletic Club made a good fight, but the two other clubs of the league were left far behind.

Q.—The *Colleen*, *Maggie P.*, *Seabolt*, *Vision* and *Yankee Boy* were the winners. The *Seabolt* made the fastest time.

F. G. T.—It is natural that the colleges commence their training early in the season, as their season is shorter than that of other associations, such as the A. A. U. and Eastern Association.

H. C. V., Lynn.—The Erie Canal is owned by the State of New York, and the navigation is now free.

Alsace.—Sword-fencing should be practiced, as an exercise in true fighting, with a weapon the only offensive part of which is a sharp point.

The aim should be, first, and above all, to avoid any part of the body, without exception, to be reached by the adversary's point; and, second, when the opportunity presents itself, to push his own point into the opponent's body at such a place as to cause the fight to end.

Two fencers touching each other once every five minutes give a better show of skill than those who at almost every second say "Touched!"

The methods of French fencing need to be revised, simplified and re-established on the practical principles which were forgotten or abandoned for hazardous ones.

C. McB., Trenton, N. J.—Read Geo. R. Bidwell & Co.'s pamphlet, "Air: Its Soft and Hard Side," and you will understand the principles; or, better, call on them. For addresses consult our advertising pages.

Undergraduate.—Great attention should be given to the physical condition of the oarsman; that there should be exacted the utmost regularity in meals, hours of rising and retiring, practice, and every phase of existence during training. The food should be carefully selected and properly cooked—plenty of variety, but nothing fancy. Good roasts of beef or mutton, good steaks or chops, all fairly rare; fresh cod or mackerel, spinach and other healthy, fresh vegetables, potatoes once in a while—not at all the last week or ten days before the race—English breakfast tea at breakfast, not too strong and made freshly; orange marmalade and toast at breakfast; rice and jelly puddings at dinner, which should be at night after the day's work is finished; stewed fruits, oranges, figs, good plain bread; fresh lettuce or celery salad once in a while (plainly dressed) by way of variety; water as the chief beverage, taken sparingly; once in a while a glass of good ale.

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Painted for OUTING by Gean Smith.

NANCY HANKS.

(See "Queens of the Trotting Track," p. 97.)

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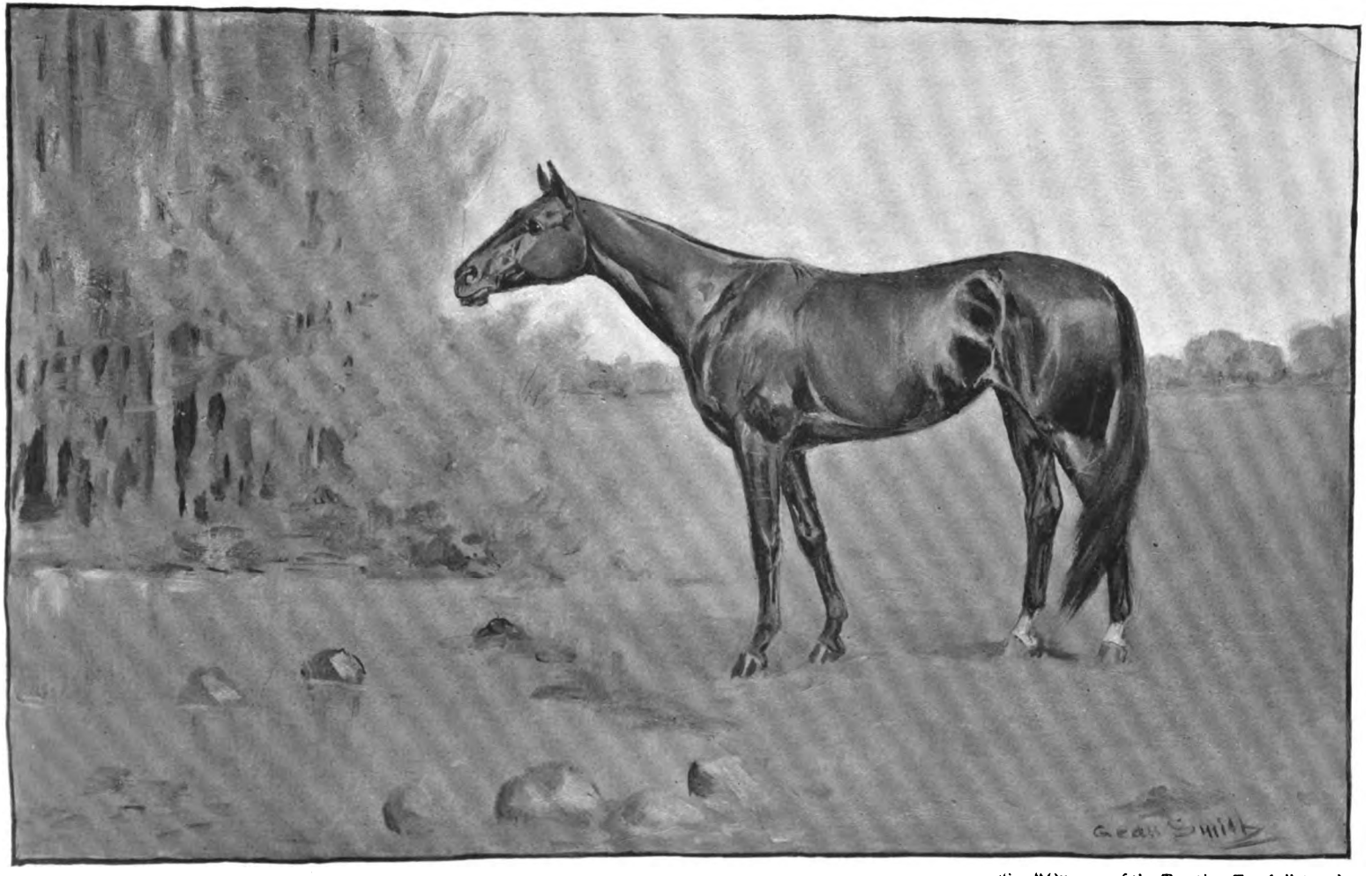

Painted for OUTING by Gean Smith. MARTHA WILKES. (See "Queens of the Trotting Track," p. 97.)

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OUTING.

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HOW THE MAJOR LEARNED TO FISH.

BY JOHN E. GUNCKEL.

THERE are but few places in northern Ohio more favorably known to the angler than Ottawa River, locally termed Ten-Mile Creek. This beautiful body of water, encircled by lilies, is really an arm of Lake Erie, some ten miles in length and varying in width from a quarter to half a mile, and in depth ranging from five to twenty feet. The water is often so transparent that minute objects can be seen at a depth of ten or fifteen feet. There, ofttimes plainly visible amid the marine forests and gardens of mosses of a hundred hues of green, sport the lordly black-bass, the greedy pike, the rock-bass, sunfish, perch and other varieties common to the northern lakes. Those who have floated upon these transparent waters, inhaling the sweet fragrance of the lovely water-lily, drinking to their soul's content the health-giving, balmy breezes of a summer morning as they are wafted from blue Erie across bloom-laden marshes, gardens and fields, know their real beauty in the early year, which is perhaps only eclipsed in autumn, after the hand of God has painted pictures upon island, forest and marsh, grander, fairer than artist's touch ever gave canvas, and with a beauty more of heaven than of earth. Those familiar with these pictures will not wonder why the local anglers of Toledo and other cities so frequently visit Ten-Mile Creek.

It was in this favored spot that some five years ago two gentlemen, one the Major, our hero, who is extremely distinguished in appearance — tall, graceful, born among the iron-bound hills of Missouri, an ardent lover of angling, but at that time a very unsuccessful fisherman—and myself were sitting in a boat, anchored in mid-stream, fishing with rod and line.

It was a beautiful day; overhead was a gray expanse of clouds, slightly stirred, however, by a breeze, so that a gleam of flickering sunshine might now and then be seen at its solitary play over the water. Fishing was unusually good; pike and bass were biting freely, and beside our boat floated a fine string of fish. But, as usual, the Major failed to land anything over a four-inch perch.

As the day passed, the sky became clear, the water smooth; long shadows stretched across the creek, and the big, red sun sank slowly behind the forest. The restless birds were calling from

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rustling copse and tangled dell. It was about time for fishermen to start on their homeward journey; but, like most anglers, we waited patiently for one more strike, anxious to add another fish to our string, and to give the Major an opportunity to redeem himself.

Just then the stillness of the scene was suddenly broken in upon by a woman's voice — soft, clear and sweetly resonant—with one of those dear old melodies which so quickly awaken sleeping memories.

All our interest in the sport ceased. We listened with emotion to the fading, softening effect due to the gradually increasing distance. The jointed rods were taken apart, the unused minnows were given their freedom, the anchor weighed, oars placed in position, and we quietly rowed in the direction of the vanished sound; but to no purpose. Not a vestige of evidence could we discover of the proximity of any other human being. I did venture to break the silence by saying, in my usual dry manner, "I used to think the sweetest sound to an angler was the cutting of his line through the water by a big fish, but I must own I never heard anything so sweet and touching as that song." I spoke to deaf ears. The Major's only response was the refrain of the song.

After that there was a marked change in the habits of the dear old Major. Instead of only taking an oar for companionship's sake, he would make for the creek at least twice a week, and while his health improved under the wholesome exercise, his success as an angler, judging by what he brought home, rather went into decline. Even perch and sunfish seemed to refuse his bait.

Weeks went by. He had never again heard "the sweet singer," as I was wont to call her, and he had long ceased to speak of her, when one Saturday afternoon, in the latter part of June, while we were fishing above the rustic bridge which spans the creek, his tall form looming above the wild rice, when just as he was about to pull up and go home, a lady suddenly appeared on shore beneath a row of overhanging willows.

Shoving a boat into the water, she pulled it to a long float extending to the edge of the channel, and after putting together a dip-net, set it in a quiet place, occasionally casting crumbs of bread upon the water. In a short time she caught all the minnows desired. Entering the boat, she rowed noiselessly to the opposite side of the creek, only a few rods from us. She was careful in anchoring the boat at a certain spot, and took her time in doing it, making several changes before appearing satisfied. The inside of her minnow-can

"IN A SHORT TIME SHE CAUGHT ALL THE MINNOWS DESIRED." (*p. 86.*)

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"NOW GIVE A GENTLE BUT QUICK STRIKE. YOU HAVE HIM!" (*p. 89.*)

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was lifted with care over the side of the boat into the water. Her fishing tackle she prepared with the same care, using a short jointed rod with a reel.

From under his broad hat the Major frequently glanced across the stream, watching her every movement, and turned his head to smile when he saw her use a five-inch golden shiner minnow as bait, the size of fish (perch) he was accustomed to take. When ready, she stood erect and gently made a cast over the clear water, some thirty feet up-stream. In a few moments she was coolly playing a pike. The Major was astonished, for he had fished two hours without a strike. The fish proved to be an unusually large one, and in her efforts to land him she found it necessary to throw back her sun-bonnet, thus enabling the Major to scan her face. It was a perfect picture of health and beauty, with sweet features and eyes that made him forget he was fishing. He felt sure she was the songstress who had left such a dreamy pleasure at his heart. Unconscious of his presence, she fished on, adding now a bass, then a pike or a sauger to her trophies, until, having caught all she wished, she left her mooring. As she carried her fish up the bank she began to sing. The Major recognized the voice and the song that had haunted him for weeks. After she had disappeared we moved to the spot where she had been so successful, the Major fishing until sundown; but, though he had several strikes, his stringer remained dry in his pocket.

That night he made up his mind he would learn how to fish, and of the lady he had seen at the creek.

Some strategy was used to obtain an introduction, and, ever gallant and polite and attentive to ladies, he found no difficulty, when once acquainted, in making her promise that she would teach him the art of angling. An afternoon was named when he was to have his first lesson. It is said that he walked from the city to the creek, a distance of some five miles. Verily, the true material for a good fisherman. Prior to this he had been instructed how to catch minnows. He proved to be the most successful manipulator of the minnow seine in all the country round about, and "The Major's minnows" is a familiar expression now along the lake. The day selected for his first lesson was cloudy, with a fresh westerly wind. It was one of those days when the occasional whirl overhead of a few wild ducks, and the bending, yellow rice, filled with black

"SHE LEFT HER MOORING." (*p. 88.*)

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and reed birds, remind the angler that autumn is near at hand. The Major was a willing oarsman, and knew how to drive the punt-poles deep into the sand.

As he was rowing through the tangled grass toward the channel, his fair teacher inculcated her first lesson, and a very good one it was. "In selecting your fishing ground you must always be governed by the weather. Upon stormy or cool days fish are more likely to seek the deep holes, watching the edges for food, if hungry. I have been most successful in catching large fish the very days when you city folks remain at home. Most streams which empty into lakes are subject to tides—strong currents in and out, according to the velocity of the prevailing wind. In the bends you will always find, on the opposite side of the incoming or outgoing current, a sort of an eddy; there is your place to anchor, both for the comfort in fishing and for fish."

"Suppose there is no wind, no tide?" put in the Major.

"Then anchor just over the edge of the grass bordering the channel, near a sandy bar, rocks or logs, and almost any place where the water is deep, being careful to fish either at the upper or lower end of the hole. When the water is smooth and quiet your movements must be equally so. I have watched you fish from behind the willows. You make too much noise; fish hear the scraping of your feet over the bottom of your boat. I care not how rough the water may be, under your boat it is generally quiet and clear. Large fish are suspicious of sounds; they stop, listen, and if it is repeated or they see a shadow, they are off. You, like others, have your boat just where your hook ought to be. Your minnows are too small. You fish in ten feet of water with a line three feet in length. I know by the manner you cared for your minnows that they were generally dead before you began to fish; and, worst of all, you city anglers throw your perch and sunfish in the bottom of your boat, there to remain to be trampled upon, to make a noise, to die.

"To-day it is cloudy; large fish will feed.

"Please row to the second bend, and anchor within easy casting distance of the quiet water."

"How will that do?" asked the Major, after tying close to the punt-poles.

"Very good," she replied.

"It matters not what kind of weather you fish in, or where you are—always make it your first duty to care for your minnows—your bait. See that your can is placed in the water at once, and be careful how you handle them when getting one for use. There are times when dead minnows are taken freely by bass and pike, but as a general rule the largest fish are caught by good, active bait. A live minnow will often tempt a sleepy bass, or an indifferent pike, and a better knowledge of the importance of good bait is one reason why some anglers are more successful than others. Please get the largest minnow in the can. There's a golden shiner about five inches in length, the size of the fish you are accustomed to catch and take home. Hook him carefully just behind the dorsal fin, so as not to injure his backbone or to prick him too deeply. Hooked in this manner, he will take darts around the sinker, and show his bright sides to great advantage. There are many ways of hooking live bait, but I have discovered that this gives the minnow more freedom, and it lives longer. To hook through the lips, head, etc., is all right where you are fishing in rapid-running water, or slowly trolling in quiet streams or lakes. Now that you are ready to cast, just let the minnow drop carefully in the water. The current will carry it to the desired spot, guiding it along the edge of the grass among the pond-lilies. I will not fish until you have landed your first pike."

In a few moments the Major's countenance changed—his eyes stood out like those of a goggle-eyed bass. He made a desperate grab with both hands for his rod, and began to brace himself, for the tugging at his line and the rapid movement toward the deep water indicated that a large fish had taken his bait. He became more nervous, and cried: "Shall I jerk?"

"Don't annoy him; let him go and use his own time in gorging the bait," she said pleasantly. "I will tell you when to strike. Let the reel run freely. Oh, no! don't jerk. See, he has turned down-stream, bound for his hiding-place. He stops, evidently turning the minnow so as to swallow it head first. When he again moves, carefully take in all the slack line. Now give a gentle but quick, firm strike. You have

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him! Now keep an eye on the movements of the fish; watch your line; keep it taut, and when he is through his wild antics slowly bring him to the boat."

This was all well enough, and good advice to a patient man and an angler with limited experience; but the moment the Major discovered that he had hooked a monster pike and saw him leap out of the foaming water, he lost all self-control. He forgot he ever had a teacher; he thought it was the largest fish ever caught; he lost sight of his reel. He imagined he was fishing with a cane rod he called "Jumbo," and such a scrambling was seldom witnessed in a small boat. The jointed rod was broken —ruined. The Major lost his balance and gracefully fell backward into the creek. The lady not only assisted him back into the boat, but landed the fish, which proved to be a pike weighing some thirteen pounds. This ended the Major's first lesson.

He was a patient and attentive listener, and in the end proved to be an apt scholar. His interest in all that pertained to angling increased, but not so much as his special consideration for the welfare and happiness of his teacher. To him there was no stream which had such pleasing attractions, such facilities for fishing, brighter and happier and health-giving surroundings as the waters of Ten-Mile Creek. To use his own language: "Nature can furnish no fairer scene than that unrolled to the eye of the artist as he stands at Edgewater and looks out toward the forest-covered islands, or, as the sun is setting, over the bridge, as his boat floats half a mile below. But the chances are that the eye of this artist at this particular moment is inspecting the beauties of a gamy bass or voracious pike which he has just taken from his hook."

The Major's fishing excursions became more frequent, his outings of longer duration. He soon discovered that his teacher not only possessed a rich, flexible voice, was a thoroughly successful angler, a splendid cook, a pleasing conversationalist, but also an interesting, sociable companion. It was from her careful teachings that he had learned how, when and where to fish, and to-day but few anglers of the Maumee valley have beaten his record. He is now familiar with the feeding and playing grounds of the black-bass, the haunts of the pike, and at almost any time can fill a half-bushel basket with sunfish and perch. One of the most difficult lessons he had to learn, so his teacher says, was "the importance of telling the truth as to the size and number of fish caught."

As time passed, the scholar gradually became the teacher in a study as interesting as the art of angling. At the close of a successful fishing season, when softly hung the hazes of Indian Summer wrapping the silent marshes in a veil of red and purple, when the migrating birds were flying in search of a softer clime, and the sun was darkened by thousands of wild ducks coming from the north, there was a quiet wedding on Ten-Mile Creek; and to-day there is a neat, comfortable fisherman's home located at one of the most familiar bends on the stream, and the happy occupants are none other than the Major and his teacher, who are always pleased to tell "How the Major learned to fish."

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A JACK-RABBIT CHASE.

BY BELLE HUNT.

HAVE you never enjoyed a May morning in western Texas? Take a boundless, rimless space of green earth and blue sky; throw on it, and over it, a blaze of calcium light through an amber globe—a brilliancy that is yet soft and luminous; set this luminosity to shivering with gulf breezes driving white foam-clouds, and bending and lifting pale-green grass; dash in the gently swelling mounds of red, white and yellow wild-flowers; shade it all down to a purple-pinkish haze where land and sky blend a hundred miles away—and lo! you have a Texas prairie in the springtime. A solitary mesquite tree here and there, fluttering its fern-like boughs, and small herds of grazing cattle, add to the scene's full peacefulness, giving that touch of throbbing, human life without which nature would seem dead, and not merely at rest.

Now, with the mind brought down to things finite and earthy, see what we Westerners call "a bunch" of horsemen huddled together on that great field, as a handful of chessmen tossed upon the board after a game. Most of the horses are bronchos, small, wiry, white-eyed and nimble-footed. They are cow-ponies, who can "turn on a silver quarter," and apparently scent a trail as accurately as a dog. About their heels—like pawns about the chessmen—are a pack of greyhounds, long, slim, supple of flank, pointed of nose and tail, and with coats like satin and heads like cameos.

The riders are only a tertiary consideration; for the best rider and most boundless enthusiasm on earth are as naught when badly mounted and "hounded." They are simply men and women, but they have in them the spirit of the West; their eyes shine, their cheeks flush, and their hearts swell as though they had never before run a jack-rabbit.

"Jumping" rabbits is the simplest thing imaginable. The grass is full of them and they want nothing better than a game of tag, now that their playground is cut up into barb-wire-guarded pastures, among which they may dodge the horsemen in most baffling fashion. In fact, the jack-rabbit of to-day considers himself an unconquerable monarch of all he surveys.

Hearing the hounds and horses, he squats down in the grass, flaps one ear over his eye, and pricks the other one up, to catch the exact locality of his pursuers.

If they miss him — drawn off by the scent of one of his brothers more directly to the windward—so much the better. If he is discovered there is nothing to do but to give hounds and horses a little exercise.

Up goes the other ear, and back with its mate flat on his back, their velvet tips reaching his haunches, and away he goes, two paws straight out in front and one behind, the fourth one doubled up under his belly as a reserve force in case he is headed off or finds himself otherwise cornered. Away go dogs, horses and riders! Away go whips, spurs, hats and handkerchiefs! Did you ever hear a cowboy yell when he jumps a jack-rabbit? If not, you have missed a part of life's grand possibilities. There is nothing in song, elocution, dramatic climax, boatmen's signals, or auctioneers' bellow to compare with it. Full, round, soulful, unstudied, exultant, it comes from the garnered lung-power of a perfect vocal organism. The rabbit knows it. The second time he hears it on the same chase, he puts down his fourth leg. "Nigger" leads the van. Like a perfect silhouette, his ink-black, tensioned figure stands out against the tintless background. A low yet intensely audible sound escapes from his wide-open jaws. Close at his heels is "Dan," gaining a hair's breadth every jump, and neck to neck with him is "Lupus," her lithe sides stretched to a mere undulating mauve ribbon. Behind her are the

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rest of the pack, with "Sultan," the pup, bringing up the rear, and spending his strength in too much barking, to the detriment of his legs.

By this time the wildest excitement has taken possession of men, women, horses and dogs. Stirrups are forgotten, whips and spurs are laid on, hats are off, horses plunge into gopher-holes and stumble out, and the cowboy yell has grown to a hoarse chorus.

Brer Rabbit is on his mettle. He has met his match. The fourth foot is in full requisition, and he fairly skims the earth, the little fore paws and the snowy patch of a tail making an apparently unbroken white streak along the gray horizon. He circles gradually as he runs, and that means something. That dim line of regularly placed black specks in the distance is a barb-wire fence. Diable! If he makes it he is safe. Dan and Nigger understand. For the fraction of a second, as they run, their noses are held together. It is arranged; the council of war has been held. Dan makes redoubled efforts in the direction they are going, while Nigger cuts straight to the right, making a bee-line for the pasture. And it is nip and tuck! You'd put all the money you have on either runner, Nigger or the rabbit. Dan is up to his business. He knows that if he can worry Mister Rabbit into overtaxing his strength before he makes the home-stretch at the close of the half-circle, Nigger will cut across and head him off, thus forcing him to make a longer-range turn, and giving the rest of the dogs time to close up on him from all sides.

The yell has ceased. Even the pup has shut up, and is doubling and undoubling his little big-jointed legs with a vim and precision encouraging to his elders, who have great hopes of him on account of his sire, who was the brag runner of the country.

Fleetly and silently the circle draws to a close. Nigger's nose and Brer Rabbit's nose point ominously at each other, not five hundred feet apart.

And now Dan, the champion, the best man in the field since the death of the elder Sultan, makes the one *faux pas* of his life. He catches his foot in a tangle of grass and rolls heels over head, right in the faces of the gaining pack. Demoralization takes place. A sudden jumble of legs and yelps tells Nigger that something is wrong in the ranks. Nigger is human, and he looks.

Brer Rabbit does *not* look. *He* has no ranks—no record. It is just he and his four legs against them and their dozens of legs. He will make hay while the sun shines.

At broadsides with Nigger's nose (as it pointed an instant ago), he makes a dash for the fence. It is a bold thing to do, but boldness is now his only refuge. Inside that fence are thickets and ravines. A rabbit can hide where a dog cannot get, and if these riders are like the rest of them, they will whistle the dogs in when the game is inside the field, for they cannot ride there, and the chase is for them and not the dogs. And now comes the pup to the fore. He had got out of breath and patience a few minutes before, and had started to consult Nigger about it. He had trotted across the field at right angles with the track of the chase, but seeing Nigger too busy and far off to help him, had given up and thrown himself down in the grass right in the path of Brer Rabbit's *coup d'état*.

Buzz! goes the grass, and whiz! goes the air, right at the pup's nose. Up goes the pup, and chop! go his sharp little fangs in the throat of the surprised rabbit.

The puppy is wild. The rabbit is old and strong, and almost as large as his captor. He fights and flings the full weight of his body against the pup's teeth. But the pup holds on. Consternation seizes the race. Nigger drops back on his haunches, his tongue hanging out of one corner of his mouth. He seems almost resolving never to run again, but to cast the remainder of his unprofitable and glory-shorn days to treeing coons. But Dan comes to the rescue. He is more patriotic and less ambitious personally. The enemy must be caught, no matter who catches him. Lupus stands by him, and between them the pup is reinforced just in time to save the record of the party. An official and eminently correct final twist is given to Mister Rabbit's neck, and the unmarred body is carried and laid as spoils at the feet of the head rider.

Nigger redeems himself. He drags his exhausted old legs to the death, and gives the pup a congratulatory lick on the ear. The house of Sultan is in its ascendency.

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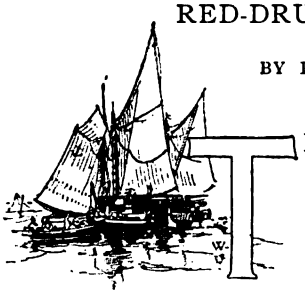
RED-DRUM FISHING AT OREGON INLET.

BY LIEUT. F. H. NEWCOMB, U. S. R. M.



THE tenth of May, at noon, we reached Oregon Inlet after a pleasant run of sixteen hours in light winds from Elizabeth City, North Carolina. Dropping in under the south point of the beach, we moored the sloop securely to the bank in a snug little basin near the boat-landing. Here we met with a warm welcome from my old friend, Capt. Marcus Midgelt, the keeper of the Oregon Inlet Life Saving Station, and his son Wesley. We found them engaged in splitting and salting the last of a boatload of large red-drum, which they had caught during the morning.

"What's the prospect of fishing this afternoon, Captain Marcus?" I inquired.

"First class," he replied. "The wind and tide suit, and I reckon you can have your own fun with the red-drum and bluefish. You couldn't have come at a better time, and we'll go right after dinner."

The worthy captain, well aware of my fondness for hunting and fishing, had been urging me for several seasons to pay him a visit in the month of May, and try my hand at drum-fishing. He would then be able to accompany me, as his station closed for the active season upon the last day of April at midnight. Heretofore the cares and duties of my position had combined to upset my plans for the proposed trip; but this time, having finished up matters requiring immediate attention, I had slipped off for a few days, determined to allow nothing within my control to interfere with the full enjoyment of the holiday. In this praiseworthy resolve I was aided and abetted by my particular friend and chum, "Billy K.," a young railroad man of prominence in that section of the country. Himself an enthusiastic devotee of the rod and gun, he had taken advantage of a lull in the spring rush of business from the fisheries to collect his traps and join me at an hour's notice. The crew of the sloop comprised the balance of our party. There were Captain Joe, the sailing-master, a lean, wiry North Carolinian, as tough as a pitch-pine knot from his native woods, a thorough fore-and-aft sailor, a good shot, and much addicted to joking; and then Bruce, my clerk, brimming over with youthful devilment; and last, but not least, the colored cook. This old hypocrite (I speak advisedly and without malice or prejudice, for he held a high place in our esteem) was famous in the colored church circles as a powerful worker at the periodical "Babtis'" revivals. But his chief accomplishment, to which reference was frequently made by Captain Joe, was in "cleanin' out a chickin roos'." In that particular line he was said to stand pre-eminent in eastern North Carolina. It was also claimed that, at times, in the furtherance of his own private aims and ambitions, he had a fashion of "handling the truth very carelessly." But, in spite of his faults, "Old William" was faithful to his employees, and a true artist in his profession.

Our fishing ground, Oregon Inlet, is situated about seventy-two miles south of Cape Henry, and thirty-three miles north of Cape Hatteras. It is the first break or opening in the shore-line between the above-named points when coming from the northward. It consists of a narrow, tortuous, tidal channel, extending some five or six miles in a general westerly direction, from the Atlantic Ocean to the northern waters of Pamlico Sound, which it enters just below Roanoke Island. The channel is subject to frequent changes in its windings and depths, by the constant shifting of the submerged sand flats through which it takes its course. At its entrance, through the outside beach, the channel is slowly but continually moving to the southward by reason of the swift-flowing tidal currents cutting away the sand from the extreme point of the south beach, while adding to and extending the opposite point of the north beach.

As a paradise for sportsmen, Oregon

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Inlet has many claims entitling it to a high rank among the numerous shooting and fishing resorts of the Atlantic coast. It is the northern limit of the winter range of the black brant in North Carolina waters. From October to April they are found in countless numbers upon the banks and shoals comprising the eastern boundaries of Pamlico and Core Sounds, from Oregon Inlet to Cape Lookout, and only separated from the Atlantic by the low-lying, narrow strips of outside beach. Although many black brant are shot during the prevalence of heavy westerly gales, from blinds erected upon the banks of the occasional marshes or small outlying islands, the most successful manner of obtaining them is from a floating battery or sink-box. The writer once shot from a battery, with a hundred and fifty duck decoys set around it, forty-five black brant in forty minutes, and then abandoned the sport as merging into wanton slaughter. And this was by no means an exceptional case.

In the same waters are also found myriads of swan, geese and water-fowl of all kinds. The marsh-ponds and shores inside of the north point of the beach in the vicinity of Body's Island Lighthouse, are the resort of various species of ducks, and great sport may be had with them when flying in to feed after sundown.

Curlew, willet, plover and other beach birds swarm upon the flats in the spring, summer and fall months, and large bags of them are often obtained. As for fishing, the neighboring waters abound in shad, herring, red-drum, Spanish mackerel, bluefish, striped bass, sheepshead, pompano, weakfish, trout, spot, and innumerable varieties of salt-water fish. In the fresh pond above Nag's Head, and the brackish waters of the sounds, are found the large-mouth black-bass, white, speckled, blue and mill-pond perch, leather ears, or fresh-water sheepshead, and the other species common to this section. With suitable bait, they are readily caught on the hook, and afford unlimited sport to the enthusiastic angler. Twelve or fifteen miles across on the mainland, black bear, deer, wildcats and smaller game animals are found, and, with proper facilities for reaching these localities, the sportsman will be amply repaid for his trouble.

So much for the possibilities of Oregon Inlet and vicinity, and now for the sport in hand.

About the first of May the large red-drum (*Sciæna ocellata*), which have congregated in great numbers upon the coast, commence to enter the inlets in detached schools, on their way to the inside waters of the sounds, in search of food, and for the purpose of spawning. Oregon Inlet is a favorite resort of this fish, and quantities of them are caught there every season in gill nets, and with hook and line, and salted down for winter use by the natives from far and near. They range in length from three to five feet, and in weight from fifteen to forty, and even fifty pounds. Small drum from eight to twelve inches in length are caught in set nets in the shoal waters of Pamlico Sound about Hatteras during the coldest winter weather. They are called "puppy-drum" by the natives, and are presumably of the previous season's spawning.

We partook of a hasty lunch. Then Billy, Bruce and I donned our sou'-westers, oilskin coats and long rubber boots, and announced ourselves prepared to accompany Captain Marcus and Wesley. We embarked in the keeper's large 30-foot "cunner"—the local pronunciation of canoe, so called on account of its being constructed from the hollowed trunks of three large trees joined together somewhat in the form of a canoe or dugout. It was fitted with a centerboard, and one short heavy mast supporting a sprit mainsail and jib. She also carried a flying topmast, with gaff-topsail attached. For ballast we had bags of coarse gravel, weighing about fifty pounds each, which had to be piled up to windward on the middle thwart every time a tack was made in a stiff breeze. Captain Marcus engaged to attend to the handling of the "cunner" while the rest of us fished, only requiring us to shift the ballast when necessary. It was a most favorable afternoon for the sport, with just enough of a ripple upon the surface, combined with the occasional shadows of passing clouds, to overcome the otherwise dazzling glare of the sun. The wind was from the southwest, slightly off the land, and blowing a moderate breeze, thus enabling us to stand in and out of the channel, which here ran southeast and northwest, with the sheets started upon either

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tack. The sea was smooth with the exception of a gentle undulating easterly swell, which broke with irregular force upon the shoals at either side of the entrance. We kept on the north side of the channel, skirting the shoal just outside the breakers, as being the most likely place, in Captain Marcus' judgment, to find the red-drum. The current was still setting out on the last of the ebb tide and we expected to find them in small schools working up channel against it. Each man was provided with a large, soft-laid, cotton line about thirty yards long, to one end of which was attached the largest-sized cod-hook, while the other end was made fast in the boat. For upward of half an hour we sailed back and forth in the vicinity of the bar, vainly casting our lines in every direction. Not a rise was obtained, nor was a fish of any kind to be discerned in the waters around us. We began to feel a trifle discouraged and were fast making up our minds that either the drum had quit running for the day, or that the pieces of mullet we used for bait, of which they are usually ravenously fond, had lost all charms for their palates. The dash and vigor infused into our remarks, though uttered in subdued tones in deference to the feelings of Captain Marcus, were suggestive of our disgust and disappointment. But he had heard enough to cause a look of annoyance to overspread his weather-beaten countenance. Standing up in the stern-sheets with the tiller between his legs, and holding on to the main-sheet with one hand to steady himself, while he shaded his eyes with the other, he carefully scanned the surface in the vicinity for the "signs" of the fish, known only to his experienced glance. In my impatience I asked him what had become of the fish. As he paused to clear his throat, while framing a reply, there came a sharp tug at my line, and then a frantic rush, which nearly dragged me over the gunwale before I could recover myself.

"You've got one; hold on to him!" shouted Captain Marcus encouragingly. Almost immediately followed simultaneous cries from the other fishermen of "Here they are; I've got one too!"

Instantly all became excitement and confusion in the boat, and the sport commenced in earnest. My fish darted to and fro, with nearly the whole length of the line out, and the rapidity of his rushes taxed my strength to the utmost in restraining them. He made the line fairly sing through the water, and for a time it was doubtful whether the muscles of my arms or the fish would give out first. As he rose to the surface occasionally in his struggles, I could see that he was a magnificent fellow, one of the largest of his kind, fully five feet in length. His brownish-red back and lighter-hued sides flashed alternately in the bright sunlight like burnished copper and silver. But after a while his powers began to fail him, and I was enabled to gather in upon the line, as he gradually grew weaker and weaker, thanks to my keeping him well in hand! Finally, after a last grand spurt, in which I brought him up all standing by bracing my feet and throwing the whole weight of my body against his mighty effort, he gave up the fight and lay exhausted on one side on top of the water. I quickly hauled him up alongside, intending to lift him into the boat with the gaff. "Hand me the gaff!" I shouted. Captain Marcus was the only one to respond to my request, for the others were too busily engaged in attending to their own fish. "The gaff isn't in the boat," said he. "We forgot to bring it." There was no alternative but to lift my fish into the boat by the line, if I wished to secure it. So bracing myself for the effort, with one knee resting upon the gunwale, I leaned over the side and grasped the line with both hands close down to the hook. Then raising the drum out of water, I swung him in over the rail. As he rolled down into the bottom of the boat, he knocked my foot out from under me, and I fell sprawling on top of him.

Just then Billy, Bruce and Wesley landed their respective fish alongside of me, and, to cap the climax, the foaming crest of a comber toppled in all over us, half filling the boat and prostrating them on top of me. There we lay, men and fish, floundering and splashing in a confused tangle upon the bottom of the "cunner." Choked and spluttering, with my nose and mouth filled with salt water, and bewildered by the suddenness of it all, my first thought was that the boat had capsized and rolled over on top of us. I received such a thrashing on my body from the active flapping of our victims,

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that I was sore for a week afterward. Meantime Captain Marcus, who had retained his position in the stern, was shouting "Get an oar out on the lee-bow and shove her round! Hurry up and bail some of this water out!" While watching and laughing at my mishaps, he had carelessly allowed our craft to drift in too close to the shoal, where the aforesaid unusually large breaker had tumbled into the boat, much to his surprise and discomfiture. As he had neglected to provide himself with oilskins for the trip, he had received a thorough drenching. Fortunately a moderately calm spell immediately followed this boisterous effort of Old Ocean, or the "cunner" would surely have foundered upon the spot. But by hauling her close on the wind so that she would "lee-bow" the tide, Captain Marcus contrived to work the boat off into deeper water without our assistance. Meantime we had regained our footing, and paying no attention to the mingled commands and entreaties of Captain Marcus, prepared to resume our fishing. Quickly disengaging our respective hooks from the mouths of the captured fish, we rebaited and cast out again. The fish now actually reddened the water around us, and eagerly took the bait as fast as offered to them. We devoted ourselves strictly to business on hand, and hauled them in as fast as we could manipulate the lines. We stood knee-deep in the water, which was swashing fore and aft, while our captured fish ranged at will the whole length of the boat. Occasionally they butted against our legs with such force that it was with the utmost difficulty we maintained an upright position. Again and again Captain Marcus shouted: "Bail the boat out or we shall sink!" "We can't stop now to bail," I replied. "We came out here to fish, and fish we will if the boat sinks under us." He attempted to exert his parental authority over Wesley, but it was of no avail. Wesley was, or pretended to be, so carried away with the sport that he paid no attention to his father. Finally it became evident to all of us that a crisis was at hand. We must lighten the "cunner" immediately or she would go down under us. The rapidly increasing weight of the drum we were catching, and the additional water she was shipping more and more frequently as she settled down, were fast rendering our craft unmanageable. Otherwise Captain Marcus would have had the best of us by sailing back to the landing. But the breeze was failing us and the "cunner" too loggy to make headway, and she remained about in the same position. So hauling in our lines, we went to bailing with a gourd kept for that purpose, and our sou'westers, which answered very well in the absence of more suitable implements. We soon had the water all out of the boat, much to the relief of Captain Marcus and ourselves likewise.

Then fishing was resumed with the same good fortune that had attended our former efforts. In a short time the "cunner" was filled to the thwarts, and then, as Captain Marcus declared that he had all of the fish he could possibly take care of and salt down that afternoon, we reluctantly abandoned the sport and returned to the landing. Upon counting our fish we found that we had caught forty-nine large drum, aggregating in weight upward of fourteen hundred pounds — a pretty fair hour and a half's fishing for four of us, and I felt thoroughly satisfied with my share in it. Billy, Bruce and I then returned to the sloop, thoroughly fagged out. It was the most violent and thorough bodily exercise we had subjected ourselves to for many a day, and Bruce remarked: "There ain't a muscle in my arms or legs—in fact, hardly one in my whole body—that hasn't found out to-day what it was put there for." But a plunge in clear, salt water, and a change of clothing soon put us to rights. Then spreading our mattresses on top of the cabin under the awning, we stretched out for a short nap before dinner. We awoke just as Captain Joe, who had declined going fishing with us, returned with a fine, large bunch of curlew and "brown-back" snipe, which he had shot on the flats during the afternoon. In due course of time dinner was announced, to which our sharpened appetites responded in a manner highly satisfactory to "Old William," who, being an ample provider, delighted in having his efforts appreciated.

After dinner we lighted our pipes and strolled over to the station, where we chatted and laughed with Captain Marcus and Wesley over the stirring events of the afternoon.

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KINGS AND QUEENS OF THE TURF.

Queens of the Trotting Track.

IT has passed into a proverb that racing is the sport of kings; it can with equal truth be stated that trotting is the national equine sport of the American people. It is true that in New York, Chicago and a few Southern cities the thoroughbred flourishes while the trotter does not, but throughout the balance of the country and in the Dominion of Canada, trotting and its relative gait, pacing, provide the popular and universal sport. It is natural that it should be so, for while it gratifies that love for equine contests which is a leading characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon race, it also appeals to the patriotism and to the utilitarianism of the American nature. The trotter is an American production. He is a grand and distinct type or branch of the equine family. By the application of the laws of selection, training and development, the American breeder has evolved a perfect trotting race as superior to its original crude elments as the thoroughbred of to-day is to the parent horse of the desert.

An Englishman or a Frenchman accustomed to his own grass race-courses, with irregular grades and varying distances, is surprised when he first sees a well built trotting track.

All trotting tracks upon which regular races are held in the United States, are either exactly a mile from start to finish, or a half-mile. The distance is measured three feet from the fence. All regular races are competed for in heats, and a horse must win three to win the race. The vast majority of tracks are elliptical in shape, the grass is removed, the track made as nearly as possible absolutely level in the stretches, while at the turns the earth gradually rises from the inside to the outside fence, so that the competitors can get around with less danger and without a material reduction of speed. They are constructed of the natural soil, the turf being removed. They are then harrowed and rolled till they are perfectly smooth, yet not too hard. If the ordinary soil is either too hard or too soft to produce and keep a firm yet elastic surface, it is top-dressed with either sand, clay or loam, as the case may require, till the necessary perfection of soil is attained.

Another shaped track is in the form of a kite. This track was first brought before the public in 1887 by William B. Fasig, secretary of the Cleveland Driving Park Company, an acknowledged authority on the subject. A kite track, as its name indicates, consists of two stretches of one-third of a mile each, with a connecting curve of one-third of a mile. The starting and finishing point is at the apex of the kite where the two stretches meet. At this point are the judges' and the grand stands. The advantage of this track is that the horses have only to go round one curve, instead of two, as on the elliptical track, and are therefore able to trot a mile in about two seconds faster time. No tracks of this pattern were built till 1890, and the majority of the champion records made in 1891 were made on the kite-shaped tracks at Stockton, Cal., and Independence, Ia.

The principal objection to the kite track is that, the grand stand being placed at the apex of the kite, the spectators get a poor view of the race. To these general remarks it may be added that when the intelligent foreigner sees a horse's name with, say, 2:30 attached, it means that he has trotted a mile in that time according to the rules of the turf and that he is entitled to trot in that class. As he trots faster and reduces his record, he is only eligible to trot in the classes which are within ¾ of a second of his exact record or faster. For instance, if he has a record of 2:19¼,

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he can trot in the 2:20 class or any faster class, but in no slower class. The records of the horses handicap them, and the various classes bring together in each race horses whose public records prove them to be of nearly equal speed. Bearing in mind these salient features, the intelligent foreigner will be able to either read of trotting races or to see them and enjoy them.

The perfect trotting track of the present time is built by its inventor, Mr. Seth Griffin, in the following manner: Having obtained his levels, about fifteen inches below the ultimate height of the track, he builds upon it what may be called a foundation of 12-inch-square grass sods, set edgewise, and puts upon this natural elastic basis a top coating of loam, three inches in thickness. If properly watered this track will be firm yet springy. It should also be stated that, in addition to the improved tracks of the present day, the sulky with pneumatic tire wheels, or what is called the bicycle sulky, has proved an important factor in aiding speed. The bicycle sulky is simply a sulky with the old high metal-tired wheels replaced by a pair of ordinary pneumatic tire safety wheels.

It is a scientific fact that small wheels will get round a course faster and with less friction than high wheels, and the pneumatic tires are splendid springs. With the high wheels it was difficult to hug the corners in a race, and the extra drag either reduced speed or sent the horse to a break. With the bicycle sulky the trotter goes round a turn at almost equal speed, and the chances of breaking are reduced to a minimum. These two elements have had their full share in the startling reductions of the record during the season of 1892.

The utilitarian instinct is catered to by the fact that no matter how fast the racing trotter may be, if he has been intelligently trained, he is the safest and fastest roadster in the world, and when his days of usefulness on the trotting track are over he is still an excellent driver. It need hardly be said that there are grades in the most perfectly developed breed, but even the "culls" of a trotting stable can always find a useful existence in the avenues of commerce. The trotter, therefore, ministers both to pleasure and profit. As a financial and commercial factor, the trotter has assumed gigantic proportions. Stock farms, which represent an investment of $100,000 to $1,000,000 each, will be found from Tennessee to Minnesota and from Maine to California, while the prices paid for the best representatives are higher than those paid for the monarchs of any other breed. The development of the trotter has enabled the average American to enjoy the poetry of motion in its fullest fruition, and so keenly is this luxury enjoyed by the wealthy classes that no price is too high for a model roadster.

Robert Bonner, who in the course of the last thirty years has spent $500,000 in the purchase of choice trotters, is a conspicuous example, but he is only the head of a long list of prominent men who are ready at any time to pay from $5,000 to $20,000 for a new occupant of their stables, who will carry them at the highest speed limit with perfect safety.

But it is the trotter, as a racing animal, which is most attractive to the popular heart as the two thousand trotting tracks scattered over the continent attest, and as the countless thousands who attend these contests most fully testify. The genuine trotting-horse enthusiast has usually three sources of pleasurable excitement. He not only enjoys the keen pleasure of the race immediately taking place before him, but he also watches with interest the performances, from a comparative standpoint, of the contestants as representatives of different branches of the trotting family, and at the same time he compares the performances of the year with that of its predecessors. For the time record is the supreme test of excellence on the trotting turf, and by it, with unfailing accuracy, the progress of the track is measured. By glancing at the queens and kings of the trotting turf under this rule an intelligent estimate of the growth and progress of the American trotter can be obtained, and, incidentally, the most memorable events of the trotting turf will pass in review before the reader.

As a record of 2:30 is the foundation upon which the rules which constitute a standard trotter are built, and as a mare was the first to trot within that limit, while members of the same sex successively reduced the record to 2:19¾, 2:14, 2:08¾, and finally to its present limit, 2:04, this chapter will be limited

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to the queens of the trotting turf, while a second will be devoted to the lords of the equine race.

On July twelfth, 1842, the gray mare, Lady Suffolk, at Beacon Course, New Jersey, in a race with Beppo and Oneida Chief, won in 2:26½, 2:27 and 2:27, and for the first time on record the magic 2:30, at that time the supposed limit of trotting speed, was not only reached but passed. This performance was to saddle, and it was not till July second, 1849, at the Union Course, Long Island, that Lady Suffolk defeated 2:30 in harness, her time being 2:28. At this period the science of breeding the trotter was an unknown problem. The sulkies and tracks were primitive affairs, and the art of training was in its infancy. The distance from 2:28 to 2:04 represents the progress in these three departments from 1849 to 1892.

Lady Suffolk was foaled in 1833, in Suffolk County, L. I. She was by Engineer II., by Engineer, son of imp. Messenger; her dam was by Don Quixote, a son of imp. Messenger. The dam of her sire was by Pluto, also a son of imp. Messenger, so that it will be seen at a glance how deeply inbred this early heroine of the trotting turf was to the thoroughbred imp. Messenger, whose name appears at the roots of the ancestral trees of the vast majority of the fastest trotters of the age. Yet, strangely enough, she was sold by Mr. Leonard W. Lawrence, her breeder, when a weanling, for $60, to a Mr. Charles Little. This gentleman saw no sign of incipient greatness in the filly, and he sold her to Mr. R. F. Bluydenburgh. When four years old she was bought for $112.50 by Mr. David Bryant, who owned her when she won her great races and became the queen of the trotting track. With the trotter, as with the thoroughbred, the cheap colt often wins the crown. Lady Suffolk was a dark iron gray, which in old age turned to white. She stood 15¼ hands high, with a long and light body, good shoulders and powerful quarters. Her neck was straight and her feet small and mulish. Fifty years ago the prizes of the track were small, and her first race was for a purse of $11, and she had to trot three heats to win it.

On September twenty-fourth, 1840, at the Beacon Course, she defeated the bay gelding, Dutchman, in a race of two mile heats to saddle in 4:59 and 5:03¾, which, strange to say, is still the champion time at that distance under saddle. During her turf career Lady Suffolk won eighty-three races at from one to four miles, against the best horses, both pacers and trotters, of her time. She trotted her last race in 1853, and died at Bridgeport, Vt., on March seventh, 1855. Compared with the records of to-day the records made in her mile races appear slow, but for tenacity of purpose, for unswerving determination to win, and for the possession of that supreme courage, which, even in the face of defeat will strive until the wire is passed, Lady Suffolk will compare well with the campaigners of all time.

In 1845, when Lady Suffolk was in the zenith of her fame, there was foaled in Oneida, N. Y., a filly who was destined to become a queen. Unlike her illustrious predecessor her sire was of obscure origin, but through her dam, Madam Temple, she traced to the Arab of the Desert. She received the name of Flora Temple, but up to four years of age was so thoroughly untractable that she was sold for $113. She passed through the hands of several owners, but was eventually bought for $350 by the late George E. Perrin, of New York, who discovered her sterling merits. She was eventually sold in 1858 to Mr. William McDonald, of Baltimore, for $8,000.

Her first appearance on the track was on September ninth, 1850, at the Union Course, L. I., in a purse of the value of $50, and though a despised outsider, she defeated her competitors in 2:55, 2:52, and 2:49. She was not in training in 1851, and in 1852 she took part in three contests, winning them all, and lowered her record to 2:36. In 1853 she placed to her credit seventeen purses and races, beginning her season at Philadelphia, Pa., on April twenty-first, and concluding her victorious series on December third at Louisville, Ky. In these races she met and defeated such celebrities as Tacony, Black Douglas, Lady Brooks, Rhode Island, and the famous Green Mountain Maid, 2:28½. Her fastest winning race of that year was at Utica, N. Y., on August twentieth, when she showed her heels to the roan gelding Tacony, in the regulation three heats, in 2:33½, 2:27, and 2:28½. She added to her roll of honor three victories in 1854, seven in 1855, seven in 1856, five in 1857, and thirteen in 1858. In these years she

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defeated Sontag, Lady Franklin Rose of Washington, Ethan Allen and Princess, the fastest campaigners of that time.

But the season of 1859 was destined to witness her greatest victories and her crowning triumph. Her first winning race in 1859 was at the Fashion Course, L. I., on May thirty-first, when she defeated the famous Ethan Allen, in 2:25, 2:27½ and 2:27½. Her closing victory that year was at Baltimore, Md., on December first, when she showed her heels to the same horse in 2:27½, 2:26½ and 2:25½. On October fifteenth, at Kalamazoo, Mich., she astonished and delighted the sporting world, by trotting in 2:19¾, being the first animal to trot below 2:20. In this race she competed against Honest Anse and Princess, her winning time being 2:32½, 2:22½ and 2:19¾. During the season of 1859 she won twenty-two races, and retired into winter quarters the undisputed queen of the turf. Flora Temple remained in training for two years longer, her last triumph being on July twenty-fifth, at Fashion Course, L. I., when she again met her old antagonist, Ethan Allen, with a running mate, who won the first heat in 2:21¼, but was distanced in the second heat in 2:20½. Her owner, Mr. McDonald, being a Confederate sympathizer, the great mare was confiscated to the Government and her racing career closed. In 1864 she was bought by the late Aristides Welch, of Chestnut Hill Farm, Pa., for $8,000, and passed the remaining years of her life in the brood mare pastures of that well known stock farm. She died at the extreme old age of thirty-two years, on December twenty-first, 1877. Her last public appearance was on the Dubois track, when General Grant made a special visit to see her and the other great trotters there. The great general and President dearly loved a good horse.

The decade which followed Flora Temple's memorable mile in 2:19¾ witnessed several notable reductions of the trotting record. In 1867 the mighty Dexter brought it down to 2:17¼. In 1868 Lady Thorn trotted in 2:18¼, and in 1869 American Girl trotted in 2:19; but it was not till 1871 that a new queen appeared, when, with a record of 2:17, Goldsmith Maid succeeded to the trotting throne. The history of this most famous of the trotting queens consists of one grand series of triumphs, and the scenes of her conquests extend from the Atlantic to the Pacific Slope. She was made of the rarest equine texture, and combined the speed of the wind with a constitution of steel. Her career on the turf began in 1867 and closed ten years later. During that period she trotted three hundred and twenty-two heats in from 2:14 to 2:30, defeating all the famous horses of a decade which is memorable for the number of the fast trotters which it produced. Goldsmith Maid was foaled in 1857, and, as a filly, was obstinate and high spirited. She jumped fences like a hunter and ran like a thoroughbred. She scorned the ignoble work of the farm. She abhorred the degradation of harness, and playfully kicked herself loose when hitched to a wagon.

That all this was misdirected energy, which under more intelligent auspices won for her many of the grandest battles of the track, her later career amply proved. Goldsmith Maid was a daughter of Abdallah (Alexander's) by Hambletonian 10, and her dam was by Abdallah, the sire of Hambletonian 10, so that she had a double infusion of the blood which traces direct to imp. Messenger. She died at Fashion Farm, Trenton, N. J., September twenty-third, 1885. With such faults of temper she was practically worthless, and it was not till she was in her eighth year, when she was bought by the late Alden Goldsmith, of Washingtonville, N. Y., that she began to show speed at the trot. Under the able tuition of that celebrated horseman she made such rapid progress that she won her first race in 1865 at Goshen, N. Y., and obtained a record of 2:26. In 1868 she went into the stable of that prince of trainers and drivers, Budd Doble; from that time forward to the day that she left the turf, her career was one of sensational triumphs. In 1868 she met and defeated George Wilkes, American Girl, Hotspur and Draco Prince, the leading trotters of their day. In 1870 she won eleven races of from $1,000 to $7,000 each. In 1871 she placed fourteen to her credit and at Milwaukee, Wis., on September sixth she trotted in 2:17, which gave her the trotting championship. In 1872 she went to California where she met and defeated the great mare Lucy and the Californian champion Occident. In

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1873 she won twelve contests, in which she met Judge Fullerton, Sensation, Camors, Lulu, Gloster, Jim Irving and American Girl, all of them game and fast campaigners. The year 1874 witnessed her greatest triumphs. Her opening victory was on May thirtieth, at Point Breeze Park, Philadelphia, when she defeated the fast pacer Copperbottom in straight heats. Her last appearance for that season was on November sixth at the same park. During that period she won nineteen races, including her famous heat against time in 2:14, which long remained the champion record. This memorable event took place on September second, 1874, at Mystic Park, Boston, Mass., and was for a purse of $2,500 to beat 2:14¾. She accomplished her great task with ease. In 1875 she added six races to her roll of victories, and in 1876 she met and defeated the two fastest horses of the period, Rarus 2:13¼ and Smuggler 2:15¼. These were not only the last, but the greatest of her triumphs. Viewed from all standpoints Goldsmith Maid is the greatest of the trotting queens. She defeated all comers for a series of years, from Boston to San Francisco, and she left the turf with a race record never equaled.

One of the most interesting incidents in the career of this great mare occurred after she had been retired from the turf and had assumed the duties of a mother at Fashion Farm, Trenton, N. J. She still retained that high spirit and intensely nervous disposition which she had always possessed from the time that she was a filly. She would allow no stranger to approach her, and in her paddock she was intensely jealous of her foal receiving any attentions even from the regular employees of the farm. Her old driver, the famous Bud Doble, who had not seen her for several years, decided to make a special visit to the ex-queen, and the attendants were astonished at the reception he received. As soon as Goldsmith Maid heard his voice she manifested a pleasing recognition. She came up to him with matronly confidence, love and pride beaming in her intelligent eyes, and was delighted to see him fondle her youngster. In the retirement of the stock farm she had not forgotten the master hand which had guided and the kindly voice which had cheered her on to victory.

Goldsmith Maid retained her queenship for five years, when the famous bay gelding, St. Julian, in 1879, trotted against time to a record of 2:12¾. The following year he reduced his record to 2:11¼, on August twenty-seventh, at Hartford, Conn. On September eighteenth, 1880, the mares resumed the throne, for, on that date, at Chicago, the chestnut mare, Maud S., trotted in 2:10¾, and so gifted was this wonderful mare with extreme speed, that she remained queen of the trotting turf long after her active career was over, for it was not till the autumn of 1891 that the marvelous daughter of Electioneer, Sunol, trotted in 2:08¼ and created a new record. Maud S. was foaled in 1874. Her sire was Harold, son of Hambletonian, 10, while her dam was Miss Russell, by Pilot, Jr., and her granddam, Sally Russell, was by the famous thoroughbred, Boston, the sire of the still more celebrated Lexington. With the choicest trotting ancestry to insure the trotting instinct she also inherited, on the maternal side, the blue blood of the thoroughbred with its superb dower of marvelous speed and indomitable valor. Maud S. is a handsome chestnut, about 15¾ hands high, excellently proportioned with an intelligent head, large beaming eyes and a low gliding stride that seemed to unite the poetry of animal motion with the frictionless movement of a piece of perfect machinery. She was born at America's most famous stock farm, Woodburn, Ky., and was bought by George N. Stone, of Cincinnati, Ohio. When she developed those qualities which eventually made her the champion of her race, she was bought by the late William H. Vanderbilt. In 1884 she became the property of Robert Bonner, who still owns her. The great railroad magnate was annoyed by the many offers which he received from people who wished to buy her, or lease her, for racing purposes, and though Mr. Bonner paid $40,000 for her, it is a well known fact that a much larger sum could have been obtained for her. Mr. Vanderbilt's object was both practical and poetic. He wished to insure the great mare a perfect home, and where under the sun could the greatest mare the world had yet seen be better housed and cared for than in the stables of the greatest horseman in the land?

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On July sixth, 1880, she made her *début* in the trotting arena at Cincinnati, by defeating Josephus, Lizzie II. and Outlaw in straight heats in 2:25, 2:28 and 2:28. On July twenty-fourth, only eighteen days later, at Chicago, she met the fast mare Trinket, considered at that time to be invincible, and defeated her in 2:19, 2:21¼ and 2:13½. The extraordinary speed of the third heat created intense enthusiasm, and the handsome daughter of Harold was confidently hailed as the future queen. At Buffalo, on August fourth, she met Charley Ford, Hannis and Driver, the former winning the first heat in 2:17 (the only heat that any horse ever won from her), after which she won the next three heats in 2:15¼, 2:16¾ and 2:16½. Her owner now decided that her future efforts should be against time, and on August twelfth, at Rochester, she trotted in 2:11¾, at Chicago, on September sixteenth, in 2:11½, and two days later in 2:10¾, which performance gave her the world's trotting championship. From that day to the end of her racing career, with the exception of one day, her own record was her only foe and she gallantly fought it down to 2:08¾. At Pittsburg, on July thirteenth, 1881, she trotted in 2:10½, and at Rochester, N. Y., on August eleventh, she attached 2:10¼ to her name. Maud S. was retired in 1882 and 1883, but was trained in 1884, as the little black wonder, Jay-Eye-See, a son of Dictator, had trotted in 2:10¾ in 1883, and it was felt that the throne of the queen was in danger. On June twentieth, 1884, Maud S. trotted at Fleetwood Park, New York, in 2:13¾, which, at that time, was the fastest performance ever made on that track.

That the superb speed of Jay-Eye-See had not been under-estimated was proved on August 1, at Providence, R. I., when he trotted in 2:10 and thus beat the previous champion record of Maud S., 2:10¼. But it was a short-lived triumph, for on the following day at Cleveland, Maud S. trotted in 2:09¾ and recovered her supremacy. On November eleventh, at Lexington, Ky., the classic equine capital of the blue grass region, she further reduced her record to 2:09¼. The crowning climax in this grand series of triumphs occured at Cleveland, O., on July thirtieth, 1885, when, graced with the presence of the most prominent horsemen of the continent, this empress of her race trotted in 2:08¾. Crowned with honors, she was retired to the quiet duties of service on the road, and for years Mr. Bonner and his great mare have been familiar figures on the avenues. In 1891, Mr. Bonner decided to send her to his stock farm at Tarrytown, where the unconquered queen who once pricked up her ears to the enthusiastic applause of vast multitudes, can enjoy speeding across beautiful pastures, and in her well-earned repose dream of the victories of yore.

It is highly probable, however, that surpassingly brilliant as were the achievements of Maud S. in the trotting track, Mr. Vanderbilt held her in higher esteem for her performances when he drove her, and especially for her great mile with Aldine, when he drove the pair at Fleetwood Park in 2:15½. The great railroad magnate was a master reinsman, and on the afternoon of June fifteenth, 1883, he drove his team up to Fleetwood Park. The road-wagon, or buggy, weighed 211 pounds, and Mr. Vanderbilt tipped the beam at 200 pounds. He drove the pair to the quarter in 32¾ seconds, to the half in 1:05½, to the three-quarters in 1:41, and to the wire in 2:15½. It is a mile which will long stand as a bright and shining mark for the gentlemen reinsmen of the world.

The season of 1891, which witnessed the final retirement of Maud S. to the green pastures of Tarrytown, will ever remain memorable in the annals of trotting sport for the number of champions which competed for the crowning honors of supremacy. Robert Bonner, with that keen foresight which, in equine matters, has almost amounted to inspiration, had bought Sunol, the fleet daughter of Electioneer, the sire which has made the Palo Alto Farm of Senator Stanford known the wide world over. When two years old she had trotted in 2:18, as a three-year-old in 2:10½, and in 1890, when four years old, she again trotted in 2:10½. Senator Stanford and Charles Marvin, her driver, both assured her owner that she had not touched her speed limit, and that in 1892 she would certainly beat the time made by Maud S. If the old queen was to be dethroned Mr. Bonner had determined that he would own her successor, and he paid $41,000 for Sunol. But while the star of the young mare

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from California had steadily risen, four other candidates appeared who made formidable efforts for the lead. They were the bay horse Palo Alto, a son of Electioneer, whose dam Winnie is a thoroughbred daughter of Planet; the bay horse Nelson, bred in Maine, a son of Young Rolfe, his dam being Gretchen, a daughter of Gideon, a son of Hambletonian; the five-year-old colt Allerton, who, when four years old, had trotted in 2:13½, and last, but most dangerous of all, came the young mare Nancy Hanks, the pride and glory of Kentucky, whose sire was Happy Medium, and her dam Nancy Lee by Dictator, both these sires being sons of Hambletonian. How near the horses come to the trotting throne may be inferred from the fact that Allerton obtained a record of 2:09¼, Nelson attached 2:10 to his name, and Palo Alto equaled the record of Maud S., 2:08¾, but not until the famous Sunol had fulfilled the forecastes of her breeder and owner by lowering the world's record to 2:08¼.

Maud S. was eleven years old when she trotted her famous mile at Cleveland in 2:08¾. Sunol was only five years of age when she beat the record by trotting in 2:08¼. The two mares represent two entirely different systems of training. The old or Eastern system, which left nature to its own development for the first three or four years of life so that the bones and muscles could obtain the strength of maturity, was adopted with Maud S. The new or kindergarten system was adopted with Sunol. As soon as the foal is weaned at Palo Alto the education begins. It is kindly, but firm and always intelligent. The colt is taught on a miniature track that to trot, do nothing but trot, and to do it fast, is the business of his life. When the kindergarten course is over, the pupil is transferred to the regular mile track, where he is expected to graduate with honors. The early training of Sunol at Palo Alto was full of promise, and long before the turf world knew of her speed the master of Palo Alto believed that the filly would prove to be a world-beater. She made her debut on the turf at Los Angeles, Cal., on August tenth, 1888, in a purse for two-year-olds, when she defeated her solitary foe in 2:32½ and 2:25. At Petaluma, Cal., she defeated those two good fillies, Margaret S. and Fortuna, in 2:28½ and 2:26¾. On October nineteenth, at San Francisco, Cal., she trotted against time in 2:20½, and became the two-year-old champion, the previous record being 2:21, made by the filly Wildflower, also a daughter of Electioneer. Eight days later she reduced the record at the same track to 2:18. The possibilities of the new system of early development have not yet been fully estimated. The conservative belief of the best judges was that for many years to come 2:18 would remain the two-year-old record, but in 1891 Arion trotted in 2:10¾, Monbars in 2:16½, and Ralph Wilkes in 2:18. As a three-year-old, Sunol's career was again one series of triumphs. On September fifth, 1889, she met Margaret S. and Lillian Wilkes, two of the fastest mares of their age on the Pacific slope. Sunol won in 2:21, 2:24¼ and 2:20. On September sixteenth, at Sacramento, she reduced her record to 2:16½, and at the same place five days later she defeated Margaret S. in 2:20½, 2:21¾ and 2:18. At Fresno, on October tenth, she cut her record down to 2:13¾, and at San Francisco, on November ninth, she trotted in 2:10½. As a two-year-old she had equaled the best three-year-old record, held at that time by Sable Wilkes, and as a three-year-old she had passed it by 7½ seconds, and had approached within 1¾ seconds of the world's record.

In 1890 she was confidently expected to reduce her record, but she failed to do so. She did, however, equal her record of the previous year, and thus added the four-year-old champion record to her list of honors. The day of her final triumph came on October twentieth, 1891, when she vindicated her own ability, and the faith of her vast army of admirers, by trotting over the track at Stockton, Cal., in 2:08¼, and by that performance became the queen of the trotting track.

While these performances were being made Nancy Hanks* was not idle. She began the season of 1891 with a record of 2:14½. On August twelfth, 1891, at Independence, Ia., she met the five-year-old Allerton, 2:09¼, and the handsome Margaret S., 2:12½, and defeated them in three consecutive heats in 2:12, 2:12¾ and 2:12.

* For portrait see frontispiece.

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Her subsequent efforts for the queenship were against time, and on September thirtieth, at Richmond, Ind., she trotted in 2:09, or within a quarter of a second of the record. Nancy Hanks is the property of J. Malcolm Forbes, the wealthy Bostonian, who for many years has been one of the foremost yachtsmen of America, and who has recently turned his attention to breeding the trotter. He paid $45,000 for Nancy Hanks, and then astonished the equine world by buying the two-year-old Arion, 2:10¾, for $125,000, the highest price ever paid for either a trotter or a thoroughbred up to that time.

The season of 1892 found Nancy Hanks under the able guidance of that prince of reinsmen, Bud Doble. He had held the ribbons over Dexter, 2:17¼, Goldsmith Maid, 2:14, both holders of the trotting crown, and it was now destined to be his rare honor to add another queen to the list of his triumphs at Belmont Park, Philadelphia, on July seventh, when Nancy Hanks trotted a mile in 2:11¼.

This was a disappointing performance, but at Grand Rapids, Mich., on August eleventh, on a slow track, she tied her record of 2:09. Her next appearance was at Washington Park, Chicago, on August seventeenth, where, over a magnificent regulation track, she cut the world's trotting record down to 2:07¼. Thirsting for other worlds to conquer, her next triumph was at the fast kite track at Independence, Ia., and on the thirty-first of August the new queen reduced the record to 2:05¼. Her final triumph against time was at Terre Haute, Ind., over a track that may be described as square, with four short turns, on September twenty-eighth, when she made the marvelous time of 2:04, and reduced the trotting record in one brief season from 2:08¼ to 2:04, and her own record exactly five seconds. Her other fast miles were 2:07 at Hamline, Minn., 2:07½ at St. Joe, Mo., and 2:05 at Nashville, Tenn.—a record so imposingly great that it would have been deemed impossible a year ago. It may be noted that Nancy Hanks is by Happy Medium, one of the most celebrated sons of the great Hambletonian, and that her dam is Nancy Lee, by Dictator, another great speed-producing son of the same sire, who has to his credit Jay-Eye-See, the champion trotting gelding with a record of 2:10, and who, at the pacing gait, has a record of 2:06¼. He is also the sire of Phallus, 2:13¾, and other fast trotters. A list of the queens of the trotting turf would not be complete without a notice of the bay mare Martha Wilkes, who has a time record of 2:08, and a race record of 2:08¼. The latter record makes her the racing champion, while her time record places her next in the roll of honor to Nancy Hanks and in front of Sunol. Martha Wilkes* is by Alcyone—he by George Wilkes, the greatest son of Hambletonian—while her dam was Ella, by Clark Chief, the greatest son of Mambrino Chief. Martha Wilkes may yet win the crown.

Two points are specially worthy of notice in this brief review of the queens of the trotting turf: the length of time which elapsed between each champion record, and the rapidity of the reductions of later years, showing that the breed is rapidly reaching its speed limit. The second fact is that all these queens, with the exception of Flora Temple, trace directly on the sire's side, and very often on the maternal side, to imported Messenger. Little indeed did the few loungers about the wharf who saw the obscure English stallion Messenger landed on American soil in 1788, imagine that he was destined to be the chief corner-stone in the building of a mighty equine race, which, within a century, would become at once the most useful and popular breed of horses that the world had yet seen; that it would provide the principal sport of a continent, and that in commercial value its best representatives would sell for higher prices than the far-famed and patrician descendants of the pure-blooded horses of Arabia. But it is equally true that to the grand gray sire all the credit is not due. There was good material on hand to blend with. But the wisdom of the selection, the successful harmonizing of the streams from various sources, the glorious progress through the formative and experimental stage, until a set type or breed had been obtained, was the work of the American breeder, and the perfection of the race is at once his monument and his triumph.

DEXTER.

* For portrait see frontispiece.

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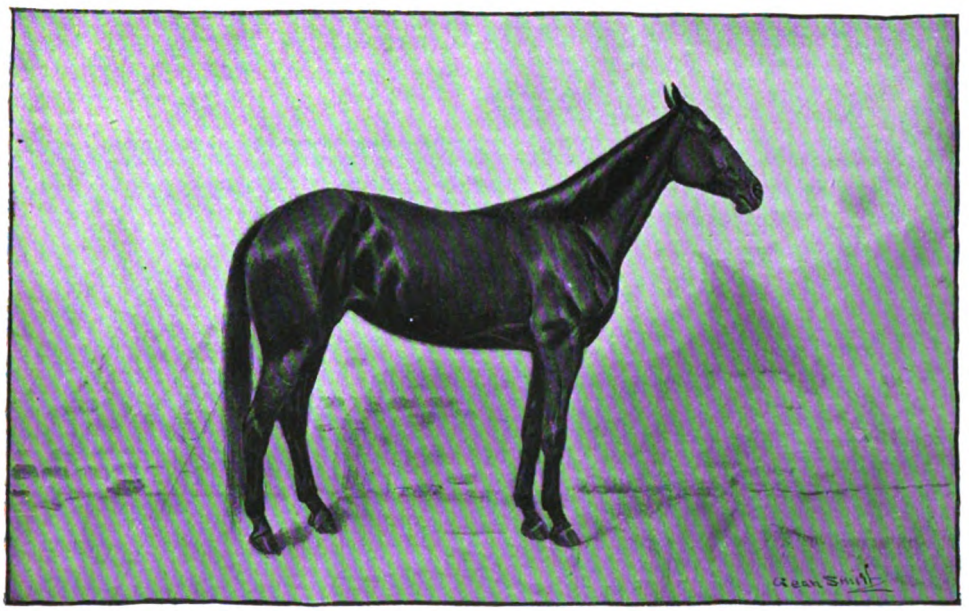
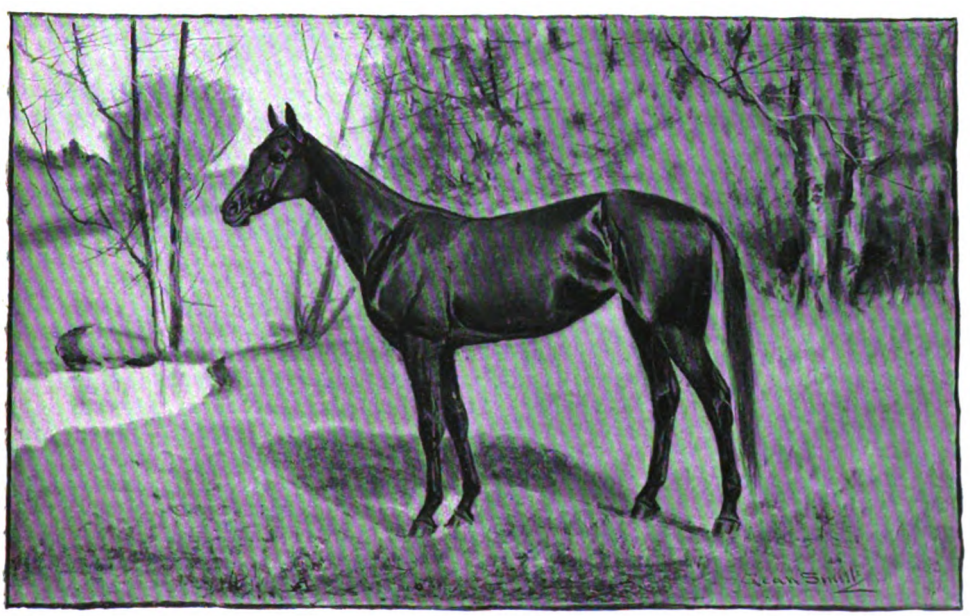


Painted for OUTING by Gean Smith. SUNOL. (*See p. 102.*)



Painted for OUTING by Gean Smith. MAUD S. (*See p. 101*)

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THE TOLTEC IDOL.

A Mexican Adventure.

BY T. PHILIP TERRY.

"WE BROUGHT TO BEAR OUR UNITED STRENGTH." (*p. 112.*)

IN the spring of 1890 the writer was one of a small party equipped and sent out by the Mexican Government for the purpose of surveying and defining the topographical features of a large tract of heavily wooded forest land situated in the southern Mexican state of Chiapas, a region thought by many archæologists to hold within its confines the key that may some day unlock the precious treasure casket of time, and unfold to the present generation the mystery that for so many centuries has hung like an impenetrable veil over this fabled country.

By not a few it is believed that the cradle of the first American was rocked in the humid valleys of this region, and that the lost Atlantis is represented in the many strange ruins of once populous cities that lie silent and deserted in its dense forests. Rarely seen by white men, sacred from the spoliation of relic-hunters, and superstitiously shunned by the native Indians, these dumb relics of a dead and forgotten people stand grim and ghost-like in the quiet depths of the solemn woods. There are so many alleged Toltec, Aztec, and analogous Indian ruins scattered through the

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Mexican republic that scarcely any particular attention is accorded distinct localities, and to this, coupled with the fact that the climate in certain districts of Chiapas is extremely dangerous to any one unaccustomed to life in a swampy region, is due the neglect of these interesting relics.

As I have said, the ostensible object of the expedition of which I was a member was to survey this territory; but, aside from instructions to this effect, which were officially delivered and duly announced in the daily papers of the Mexican capital, we were secretly instructed, by the head of one of the departments, to investigate and report on the truthfulness of a certain semi-official rumor that had reached the department, to the effect that an Indian hunter of the Lancandon tribe which inhabits this unexplored country had appeared in San Cristóbal de las Casas, the capital city of the state of Chiapas, offering for barter in one of the shops a heaping handful of pure, yellow gold dust. It was suspected that he had accidentally stumbled upon a hidden mine of this metal, for, upon being questioned as to the source whence he had drawn his treasure, he had suddenly become extremely reticent and, refusing to reply to any questionings, had decamped and disappeared in the thick forest which lies south and east of the town. As the land mentioned had never passed from the hands of the Government, and as a richly paying gold mine would have been a pleasing adjunct to the national treasury—for although Mexico is one of the greatest silver-producing countries on the globe, it possesses a comparatively small amount of the yellow metal—we were instructed to spare no pains to discover, if possible, the locality whence came this reputed rich gold dust.

Varied and beautiful were the golden ornaments which cut a prominent figure in the worship of the primitive* Toltecs. The art of fashioning quaint objects in this metal was passed down by them to the more recent Aztecs, and as the southeastern portion of Mexico was the early stronghold of many of the powerful tribes which left great ruined

"CAUTIOUSLY DESCENDING." (p. 112.)

* In point of fact, the Toltecs are a purely mythical race, and the name is somewhat loosely used, even among archæologists. It may, and probably will, stand to distinguish the earliest Aztecs from their descendants.—EDITOR OUTING.

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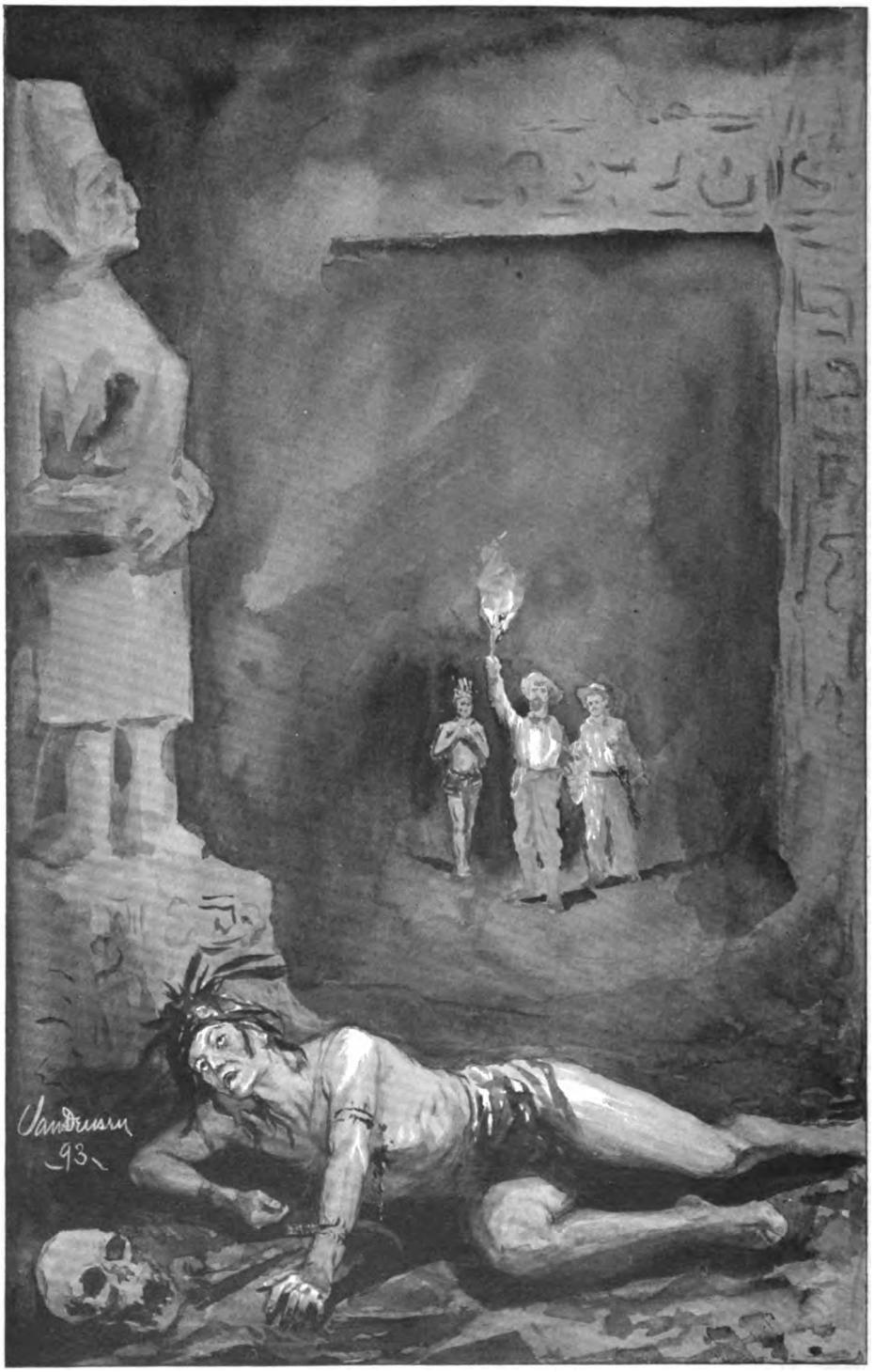

"HE THREW HIMSELF WRITHING AT THE FOOT OF THE IDOL." (*p. 114.*)

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cities and pueblos to mark the advancement of their civilization, it was believed that the many golden ornaments, idols, etc., at present to be found in the National Museum at Mexico, and in the churches throughout the republic, came originally from the gold-producing state of Chiapas.

San Cristóbal de las Casas, so called from San Bartolomé de las Casas, one of the first Spanish friars to follow in the footsteps of the intrepid Cortez to transplant the Christian faith to the New World, was to be our center of supplies and starting point.

A few days only were sufficient in which to secure our guide and pack-animals, and after making all necessary arrangements, we left semi-civilization behind and literally "took to the woods." The forests of this part of the world are beautiful in the extreme, and a journey through them is generally one of novelty and adventure. In many places the only roads through this ocean of giant trees and dense undergrowth are narrow, tortuous foot-paths, discernible only to the sharp eyes of a Lancandon Indian thoroughly versed in the unwritten laws of woodcraft; and at times it even taxes the cunning of these wild men of the tropical forests to find their way amid the tangled undergrowth and creeping vines thickly interlaced with sinuous Spanish moss and clinging shrubs.

Leaving San Cristóbal de las Casas, the trail plunges directly from the outskirts of the town into the great stretch of woods that rolls far away to the Tabasco line. The only attainable beast of burden is the short and patient burro. When fairly within the forest, progress is most difficult. The low, overhanging branches are bound together by clinging vines innumerable, and these, interlaced with numerous ground-creepers, scarcely permit a single ray of sunlight to penetrate to the turf beneath. Near the Gulf coast the topography of the country much resembles that of the Florida Everglades. Numerous bayous extend far inland, making dry traveling an impossibility. The inland lakes abound in alligators and snakes, and water-fowl in great numbers feed quietly among the gorgeous lilies and water-plants that cover the surface. Splendid specimens of the graceful white heron stalk majestically along the margins of the fresh-water lakes, making the woods echo with their plaintive cries. Rare plants that would delight the eye of an herbalist carpet every inch of space. Birds of wonderful plumage belie their supposed correspondingly charming qualities by making the day hideous with their strident squawkings and peculiar cries and calls. Swarms of tree-monkeys congregate in chattering throngs and stare in grotesque wonderment as we ride silently along.

The insects make life a burden to the traveler. They buzz in exasperating swarms about your head during every moment of the day, burrow in your skin at night, and when pulled out in the morning they leave behind a wound which is a torture for weeks; yet, despite the countless pests, a journey through these forests is marked by many delightful experiences. The early mornings and evenings are deliciously cool and pleasant. It is then that one enjoys it best. When twilight begins to settle over the forest and the drowsy hum of insects grows gradually fainter, strange bird-signals ring through the woods, contrasting harshly with the silly chatter of myriads of parrots and cockatoos. Gorgeous butterflies that would rejoice the heart of an entomologist swing listlessly through the open glades. Bands of small, fierce peccaries scuttle away from your path; the distant scream of a wildcat is borne faintly to the ears on the evening breeze, hushing to instant silence the subdued chatter of sleepy monkeys. The cooling breezes have hushed inanimate nature to rest, but the woods are alive with creeping things.

The Indians of this locality live an utterly secluded life. They grow a limited quantity of cereals to supply their immediate wants, but the unlimited natural crop of bananas and other tropical fruits, coupled with an abundant and inexhaustible supply of wild game, are unanswerable arguments against industry and economy. Their scanty clothing is chiefly made from the sleazy cotton cloth sold in the Mexican settlements. Their huts are of thatch, and their only furniture pertains to the kitchen, and consists of a few indispensable pieces of earthen pottery. The principal articles of food among them are peccaries, iguanas, tapirs, ant-bears, monkeys, armadillos, etc. The herbivorous lizard,

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called by the natives of Hayti "iguana," and which so startled Francisco de Porras during his early foraging on that island, is esteemed by the natives of this section as a great delicacy, the flesh being extremely nutritious. The animal also lays an egg about the size of a hen's egg and equally palatable.

Deep, broad rivers flow in perpetual silence through these majestic woods. Along the line of the most frequented trails rope ferries have been rigged up, and in this primitive fashion the traveler crosses, bag and baggage. Nature has left a most bold and picturesque touch on these grand old forests. In the comparatively open glades, where the sun penetrates in glinting waves through the knitted branches, rich-hued wild flowers lift their dainty heads in grateful acknowledgment of the life-giving rays; gorgeously tinted orchids of endless varieties, rare and precious in the North, droop from the gnarled crotches of giant oaks which vie in size with the great cedars of California, and the most vigorous tropical vegetation runs riot on every hand.

Week followed week of incessant and laborious work making our way through the never-ending forests in the low country, and when in the high lands, over rough hills and through fat valleys traversed by mountain brooks teeming with fish. Though the strictest watch had been maintained for any signs of new or old mineral workings, it had been fruitless. Our task, however, had scarcely begun, and as we were gradually nearing the entirely unknown country inhabited by the Lancandon Indians, we had not by any means abandoned the hope of obtaining some trace of the lost mine. The Lancandon is one of the few tribes of Mexican Indians who have persistently repelled all advances made to them by the outside world, and although they have a wholesome respect, tinged with fear, for the Mexican military uniform, they have nevertheless, with a wild diplomacy, evaded all advances of civilization. Owing to the inaccessibility of their domain, and the general belief that they are a worthless pack, they are at present unmolested by church or state, and remain in undisputed possession of their territory. More than one straggling Lancandon hunter had strayed into our camp since beginning our survey, but we had been unable to extract from them any information of value bearing on the question paramount with us. The legends of their tribe abound in allusions to caves filled with treasure, secreted from the voracious Spanish invaders, but we gave no heed to these stories, rather regarding them in the light of the fantastic imagery which excessive poverty sometimes provokes.

We camped one evening near the famous ruined city of Palenque, whose admirably constructed walls, remarkable hieroglyphics, bas-reliefs and symbolic architecture so astonished the American explorer Stevens in 1857. Wearied with the fatiguing work of the day, we had pitched our tents and were preparing our evening meal, when one of those remarkable occurrences took place which confirm the familiar saying that "truth is stranger than fiction."

At the base of a small mound, distant some fifty feet from a ruined building, which during its epoch of usefulness has evidently served as a place of worship, rested a large flat slab of roughly hewn stone, partly concealed by the tangled grasses which surrounded it. We had cut away this clinging vegetation with our *machetes* and had built our camp-fire on the surface of the stone. We were seated, or rather reclining, around our improvised board, discussing the happenings of the day, when we were startled by a muffled report, coming, it seemed to us, from the stone on which our fire was blazing.

Closer inspection proved the supposition to be correct, for upon examination it was found that the heat from the fire had cracked the stone squarely in half. Actuated more by an idle curiosity than from deliberate intent, I brushed the embers from one of the broken halves, and raising the severed piece, was astonished to find beneath it a large, open cavity, in the bottom of which, resting in a sitting posture, was the skeleton of a man. The fleshless face of the figure was turned toward the southeast. What was once a handsome multi-colored blanket enveloped it. Innumerable rawhide thongs, a fraction of an inch in thickness, were wound about this, and the feet were shod with sandals of the same material. Across the head

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and shoulders rested a head-dress of rawhide tanned to the softness of silk, and completely covered with yet brilliantly colored feathers, ingeniously sewn to the skin, and which presented a soft, downy, and thickly covered exterior. In the center of this royal cape, which fell far below the shoulders, was a feather figure composed of jet-black plumes, and designed to represent the great "Buhu," or Aztec bird of mystery; a bird which figures very frequently in Aztec mythology. A wrought-gold bracelet, thickly studded with bright-blue turquoises, encircled the bony wrist, and tightly clasped in the skeleton hand was a small roll made from the fiber of the maguey leaf. The interior of the grave was carefully plastered with cement, the original intention evidently having been to make it air-tight, as well as impervious to surface and sub-soil percolations. The stone, which had served as a cover, was hewn to fit nicely into a seat prepared for it. The grave was hermetically sealed with a reddish-colored cement. We endeavored to raise the skeleton from its long resting-place, but it crumbled into dust under our touch. As the materials amid which the body was interred denoted that the man in life had performed the functions of a high priest or cacique of the tribe, our curiosity was naturally aroused, and we searched the tomb carefully for any clew that might serve as a loophole through the veil of mystery surrounding the long-forgotten tribe to which, presumably, these symbols belonged. Our minute search resulted in nothing more important than the papyrus above mentioned. As this papyrus was used by the early inhabitants of the continent for the purpose of chronicling important events, we opened the roll with the greatest care, and by placing a large green leaf as a background to the delicate, cobweb-like sheet, we were able to distinguish a confused group of hieroglyphs, probably traced by a cactus needle dipped into some formerly brilliant red pigment, possibly cochineal. The written symbols bore a striking resemblance to the characters employed in the alphabet of the Maya language. Unable to interpret them, we called into requisition the intelligence of our Indian guide, who, during the proceedings just described, had watched our movements with a face livid with superstitious terror. Gingerly taking the parchment, he turned it first this way, then that way, and finally getting it in the right position, he began to mumble in his native tongue. We watched with absorbing interest his efforts to decipher the scrawl. His face was strained and drawn as his awe-stricken eyes followed the faint tracery, but this expression suddenly gave way to a look of exultation as he laid the delicate fabric in my hand, and, telling us in Spanish to follow him, he began to slowly pace away from the grave in the direction of the setting sun, and toward the forest. Twenty, fifty, then a hundred paces, then another hundred, he stepped with machine-like precision in a straight line west from the sepulcher of the dead chieftain; then, turning with a soldier-like wheel to the left, with a shrill yelp of joy he bounded in the direction of a high and very rocky range of mountains, across which we had surveyed the previous day, and which completely skirted that side of the ruined city.

Thoroughly alive to the excitement caused by his strange action, we raced after him, stumbling over roots and creepers and bumping against low branches in our efforts to keep pace with the rapidly disappearing figure. Reaching the base of the hills, our guide bounded over a large bowlder which rested against the base of a huge cork-tree, and disappeared from our sight. We reached the spot a few moments later, and in time to see the rays of the evening sun glinting in a golden sheen from the polished sides of his wicked-looking *machete* as he cut and slashed the shrubs and grasses from over a stone, the perfect counterpart of the one which had rested over the cacique's grave. A few swift motions and the stone lay bare at our feet. Now thoroughly recovered from his fright, our guide was working like a Trojan. As soon as the stone was clear he ran swiftly to our deserted camp and returned presently with pick and crowbar, and in less time than it takes to narrate it he had lifted the stone from its long resting-place, disclosing as he did so only the black surface soil indigenous to the locality. One foot below this a solid tamping of crushed rock appeared, and then, a finely ground layer of mill

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"tailings." As the pick sunk into this layer a hollow sound responded to the blow. Carefully shoveling away the loose covering, a large ebony block, like a butcher's meat-block, was disclosed to view. It was the work of a few minutes only to remove this obstacle, and there, yawning at our feet, grim and black, we beheld the main shaft of a mine. A rock thrown into it could be heard bounding downward till the sound was lost in the distance. A gust of damp, fetid air fanned our faces as we peered into the open shaft.

As we stood grouped about the shaft, revolving in our minds what course to pursue next, our guide called our attention to a frequently recurring sign on the papyrus; a sign evidently intended by the writer to convey some particular meaning. It was an exact representation of the Southern Cross, called by the people of this section, La Cruz de Maria. Scrutinizing intently the wall of the shaft, we soon discovered, some eight feet from the surface, the first level. Lowering a lighted lantern, we were able to distinguish, below this level, a long, disappearing line of primitive ladders, made with young saplings, with frequently recurring cross-pieces, or steps, bound to the main pole by means of rawhide thongs. A few minutes after the shaft was opened we began to notice a perceptible improvement in the air which blew from the mine, and by this time, while not entirely losing its musty smell, it had grown sufficiently pure to permit of a safe descent.

Securely tying a rope to the trunk of an adjacent tree, we were soon standing on a very primitive and rudely constructed platform, which served as the first landing and which led directly into the face of the wall. A few steps into the heading, however, sufficed to show us that this gallery was completely choked up, evidently having been used as a dump for worthless rock brought up from the interior of the mine.

Carefully testing the strength of the rude ladder at our feet, we as cautiously descended, passing, as we went, gallery after gallery filled with refuse like the first. As we reached the fifth level the faint sound of splashing water was borne to our ears. As this evidently determined the lowest depth of the mine, we descended to it. As we stepped upon the floor of the mine we found ourselves standing in a small stream of exceedingly cold water which emerged from the mouth of a dark gallery to the left, and crossing the floor of the shaft, disappeared in the darkness through a right-hand gallery, much larger and more accessible than the former. Cautiously following the course of the stream, we had not proceeded twenty feet when we found ourselves confronted by a dead wall apparently similar in every respect to the side of the gallery. The rivulet which ran past our feet disappeared under a large black bowlder lying directly against the wall and in our path.

Suspecting that some mystery was connected with this, we brought to bear our united strength, and after some failures, rolled the stone to one side, disclosing a hewn block of wood imbedded in the wall. The block was similar to the one which we had removed from the mouth of the shaft. Digging away this block, which served as a door, we wriggled through a passage originally some five feet high but now walled, leaving a space about two feet square. As we passed through this aperture and reached the other side we beheld a sight calculated to chill the blood of the bravest. We stood in a large chamber of almost interminable length; a natural cave of enormous dimensions. From the roof, which was some ten feet above our heads, depended numberless stalactites of various shapes and sizes. On either side of the cave, piled high to the roof, were thousands of Indian bones. We were in the catacombs of the lost tribes of Palenque! Scattered in endless confusion about the place were monoliths of all shapes and sizes; the silent divinities of the now silent dead. Hideous and misshapen idols carved in stone, myriads of smaller divinities in clay, and domestic utensils in endless procession, impeded the passage at every step.

Through the center of the cave, in a straight line and disappearing in the darkness, ran the little stream. We followed it to the extreme end of the cavern, when it again disappeared through an open doorway, hewn from the rock, on the inner side of which hung a heavy curtain, woven from thick rawhide thongs. The accumulated dust of centuries fell from this curtain as we pushed it aside. Over this aperture, standing out in bold relief from the

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stern black background of rock, was a large white representation of the Southern Cross.

As we stepped into this room, which was much smaller than the first, we were struck dumb with astonishment and awe. In the center of the cavern, facing the dark opening through which we had just passed, stood a porphyritic monolith of colossal proportions. Through a large crevice riven in the side of the cave, enveloping the idol in a shimmering wave of fire, poured the last rays of the setting sun. The brilliant beams, shining full in the stern face of the idol, imparted to the grim features a terrific significance. Facing the opening, through which and beyond we could dimly discern the long line of sleeping braves, stood the monolith—Quetzalcoatl, god of Air, the most powerful, loving and benign of all the Aztec divinities; guarding his people even in death; seemingly prepared to smite with fire the invaders of this, his last and most holy domain!

In the right hand of the idol was a small golden scepter. Perched in every available nook and resting-place on the body of the monolith were small golden idols of the same divinity, evidently worn in life by the caciques of the tribe, and placed here as offerings to their god when they exchanged earth for eternity. The feet of the idol interested us most. Spread out for yards around the base and in front of the statue, mixing with the common dust of the cavern floor, were shining particles of gold. In the center of this space, past the toes of the idol, ran the little rivulet. Running across the floor of the cave, it plunged into the crevice, through which yet poured the rays of the setting sun.

Peering through the opening, sheer down for hundreds of feet we beheld the Palenque River, flowing noisily, through the deep cañon on its way to the sea. It was still light enough to enable us to discern in the river below some half dozen Indians engaged in placer-mining. The mystery of the hidden supply was solved. This treacherous little stream of water, that flowed so peacefully at the feet of the idol, had probably carried away during its lifetime millions of dollars' worth of yellow gold, once the devout offering of the early Palenques to their beloved though feared and dreaded Quetzalcoatl.

The hieroglyphic carvings on the walls of this cavern were legion. Representations of warriors in battle, processions of animals and birds indigenous to the locality, sculptured friezes and dadoes of serpents, idols and grotesque and misshapen divinities covered every available inch of space for hundreds of feet, while the dust of ages rested on every miniature promontory and bas-relief. With eager enthusiasm we searched every nook and cranny of the huge cave for other possible deposits of golden ornaments, peering carefully into every isolated indenture in the wall where surrounding adornments denoted that the body of a cacique had been laid, thrusting our flaming torches behind piles of grisly skulls and grinning idols, but the search was a bootless one. Obsidian knives, wooden bows and arrows, volcanic glass hatchets curiously and strongly glued to wooden handles by means of a glossy black substance, hard as stone, which I concluded was highly treated asphaltum, lay around in endless confusion. I was struck by the total absence of silver, for this metal entered largely into the economy of the ancient Aztecs and contemporaneous tribes, but not an ounce of this noble metal was to be seen, nor of any other metal, in fact, the traces of gold around the feet of the idol favoring the belief that this was the only mineral known to the ancient Palenques, or at least the only metal having an intrinsic value for them.

Long before our search was ended the sun had sunk silently in the west; the short twilight of the tropics had merged into night; the stream of light trailing across the floor from the crevice in the side of the cavern, had given place to fitful gleams of moonlight, which, falling athwart the stern features of the stone giant, imparted to them a most awe-inspiring aspect. While conscious that the glorious sun was shining on the outside, and, animated and inspired by the thought of a probable rich find in the cavern, our spirits had been elevated to their highest pitch, as it were, but now our enthusiasm began to cool, and a solemn sense of superstition and awe took possession of us as we stood together under the grim old statue, conscious of a weird and uncanny feeling as we looked toward the somber pile of bones that represented all that remained of the pomp, art and power of a nation

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of people; a nation whose birth dates so far back into the twilight of time that scarcely the faintest tradition remains.

By an instinctive but unspoken mutual consent we turned abruptly to leave this melancholy place, when a faint, smothered sound, momentarily growing more distinct, emanated from the spot where rested the stone idol. It resembled the pit-pat of a moccasined foot accompanied by the asthmatic breathing of a person after a laborious exertion of some nature. Chilled with a vague, half-superstitious feeling of impending danger, we instinctively "closed up" together for mutual support, and rather apprehensively watched to discover whence came the sound. Presently from behind the stone statue stepped a half-naked Lancandon Indian—the same man, we afterward learned, who had offered the gold dust for sale in San Cristóbal. As he emerged from the shadow of the idol and stepped into the full glare of the torches, he halted, stood for a moment as if paralyzed; then a scream of mortal terror issued from his livid lips and rang and echoed through the long cavern like the despairing wail of a lost spirit.

Dumb with amazement and fear, we watched him as he threw himself writhing and twisting at the feet of the idol, whose face, lighted by the lurid glare of the torches, seemed the incarnation of a demon. The events which followed were too rapid to be followed even by the eye, for the cry yet lingered on his quivering lips, when we instinctively pressed forward only to find the poor victim lying on his face, which rested on the feet of the idol, the glistening handle of a cruel *iztli*, or obsidian knife, contrasting strangely with the brown skin over the heart that it had already pierced.

As the rigidity of death slowly crept over the body, our guide told us that numerous legends of the Lancandon tribe vaguely hinted at these hidden gold offerings, but the natives superstitiously shunned the places where they were supposed to be, since it was believed that instant death would be the fate meted out by the gods to the discovered despoiler.

This Lancandon, during his predatory excursions, had discovered an inlet to the treasure cave, and taking advantage of the darkness to screen him from the sight of inquisitive companions, had, in all probability, repeatedly climbed to the cave, which was destined in the end to be the theater of his tragic death and the final resting-place for his remains, for we could do no less than bury the poor fellow decently at the feet of a god whom he had feared and defied, and upon whose altar he had at last perished, literally in self-sacrifice.

Behind the idol, in the floor of the cavern, was a natural fissure in the rock, which had hitherto escaped our notice, and through which we could faintly discern a glimmer of moonlight on the wavelets of a shallow spur of the Palenque River below.

No living man knows what the output of this mine has been, nor how large was the mountain of wealth piled up centuries ago in this silent cave at the feet of the Indian divinity, before this industrious little streamlet broke through its confines in the outer mine and began its mysterious work, carrying away the ancient treasure-trove.

CAPRICIOUS MAY.

SHE sings, she laughs, she treads on air,
Her bonnet strings far flying;
Deep—ankle-deep in buttercups
Across the mead she's hieing.
The lyres twang, the song-birds tweet,
Gay madrigals and lovers meet;
Then lo! the winds moan, sighing!
She frets, she weeps, she beats her breast,
She draws her sealskin tight;
She shivers, and her feet are cold;
Her's is a sorry plight!
The flowers droop, the poets moan,
The bagpipe stands forsaken—lone;
E'en love is cross to-night!

Yet once again a gay coquette,
She rides her phaëton car,
A blushing, witching, dashing maid;
A nymph now near—now far.
We love the saucy little one;
With wooing voice we say,
In muslin frock, or winter tweed,
Come, sweet, capricious May!

ANNA M. WILLIAMS.

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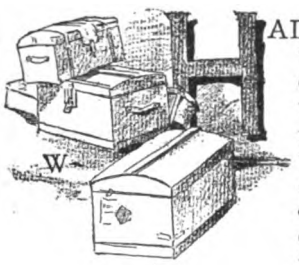
THE LETTER OF CREDIT.

BY CHARLES C. NOTT, JR.



HAD I lost it? That was the question which was perplexing me. I was sitting in room 69 of the Schweizerhof at Lucerne. I had just added somewhat to the already large balance due the proprietors of the Schweizerhof on my account by partaking of a generous dinner. My ready cash, reduced to some fifteen francs, made me realize that on the morrow a draft on my letter of credit would be imperative. On rummaging in my trunks where my fingers had expected to grasp the reassuring letter, they closed upon the vague and empty air! With gasping breath I dived again into the dim recesses of my trunk. Its contents were undisturbed, and showed the neatness and order of which I am so justly proud; but nowhere did the bright-green folds of my letter appear. It was at this point that I might have been seen sitting or rather collapsing on a pudgy German mattress, gazing into vacancy.

As I sat thus stupefied, little "side shows" of thought, so to speak, were interspersed. I remembered that the French bankers at Dijon, when I had last used my letter, had returned it to me addressed to "Sir John Smith." This had touched my republican vanity, and I had shown it in a careless manner to my friend, J. Holmley Bunker, as an indication of the impression made by me on the average European. Bunker's utmost anglomaniacal yearnings had never caused him to be taken for a Briton, save on one occasion when a tourist of the Cook excursion variety had mistaken him for the head cook of his party. I did not like Bunker and thought he was trying to dislike me. For the last six months he had furnished a living example of what a self-assertive manner, even if somewhat vulgar, when coupled with a copious revenue, can do with the nicest and most fastidious of girls. But this is obiter. To return to my financial situation.

When at length I had recovered self-possession, I began to consider how the theft could have occurred. Two days ago I had gone on an excursion to the Rigi. I had left my room and trunk both locked, and had found both in the same condition on my return. I had then strolled out, leaving them unlocked, to get the sunset on the lake. The loss must have happened then, or while I was at dinner. When this realization dawned upon me I rushed from the room to telegraph my bankers. As I hurried around the corner I violently collided with a young lady, who was just coming up from the *salle à manger*. I muttered an apology, and did not notice who it was until I heard Bunker saying:

"Oh, he probably forgot his dessert, and 's afraid there won't be any left when he gets back again."

Not heeding him, I went at once to the telegraph office, where the grasping nature of the officials soon exhausted all save one franc of my depleted treasury.

Owing to the dimensions of my bill, I felt a certain delicacy in mentioning to the officials of the hotel the exact nature of my loss, but simply said that my trunk had been robbed. To the police, however, I gave a full account of the affair, and was treated by those lynx-eyed guardians of the law as if they rather suspected that I was an impostor. They promised, of course, to put the whole vast machinery of the Swiss detective force in motion; took my name, age, address and photograph, implying that, at any rate, they were sure of getting me again, and sent me forth wondering what touch of nature makes the world's police force kin. I returned to the hotel, bestowed my last franc with a magnificent air upon a wondering menial and retired to rest, relieved of the last trace of filthy lucre, yet not in the placid state of mind supposed to attend its absence.

The next morning dawned fresh and

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clear, and I arose in very good spirits, forgetting for the moment my penniless condition. I always enjoyed breakfast at the Schweizerhof, firstly because I sat with Mrs. Wildray's party (which consisted of herself, her daughter and Colonel Smiler, an elder brother of Mrs. Wildray's, a wary, aged and crabbed bachelor), and, secondly, because Bunkers' plebeian tastes usually led him to breakfast at an earlier hour than the rest of us; so we were spared his company, although he seldom failed to intrude on us at all other meals and places. Ever since he had worked himself into Mrs. Wildray's good graces, and his intentions toward Miss Wildray had become evident to me, it had been the aim of my existence to prevent him from having her to himself.

This morning I found the Wildrays and Colonel Smiler already at breakfast. Mrs. Wildray was lamenting, in her quasi-English accent, that her daughter was getting her into such late breakfast hours. The colonel was, as usual, engaged in his great life-work of grumbling at the breakfast and things in general, and I suspected from the slight approach to cordiality which he put into his salutation, and from the mother's intensely unconscious air, that I had just been coming in for a share of his snarling.

Miss Wildray alone looked fresh and happy. "I am glad to see that you are not in such haste to eat, drink and be merry as you were last night, Mr. Smith," she said.

This put me in mind in the same breath of my loss of the evening before, and of Bunker's impertinent explanation of my haste, and I replied with some dignity that Mr. Bunker was so evidently and exclusively occupied with the pleasures of gastronomic retrospection that he imputed the same to me.

Mrs. Wildray at once took occasion to launch forth into a laudatory history of Bunker's ancestry and family, which was only interesting from the fact that no one else had ever discovered them. The colonel, being thoroughly familiar with the thread of his sister's discourse, saw fit to cut it short by bursting into open and violent execrations at the longevity attained by sundry eggs which dotted his plate. As I regarded the colonel in the light of a possible lender, I concurred heartily in the spirit, if not the letter, of his imprecations. This shrewd stroke had hardly been executed, when a shadow fell over my shoulder and Bunker stood before us. "Bong joor, ladies! Mornin', colonel! H'are yer, Smith!" he said in his impertinent familiar way. "Too bad, Miss Wildray, I can't recommend you to go to the uncle, thou sluggard, as he seems *in pari delictu*, as we lawyers say—heh, Smith! Sorry you're all so late, as I've been arranging for a day's drive over to Interlachen. Thought you'd like to go there once over the Brunig. We can spend the night, and come back by rail or not, as we please."

These words fell upon me like a chill. I could not travel without money, and to get money I must either borrow from the colonel or from Bunker. As I had no liking for the former, who never lost an opportunity to bestow an extra piece of surliness upon me, I disliked very much to ask him for a loan; while nothing short of the entire certainty of seeing Miss Wildray depart on an excursion which Bunker would, and I should not grace, would force me to the humiliation of craving a favor of him. I was therefore about to raise my voice in a feeble protest, when the matter was settled by Mrs. Wildray's saying that only an early riser could have conceived such a delightful scheme (which remark was accompanied by a sarcastic glance at me), and for a wonder the colonel fell in with his sister's plan, probably because he had fallen out with his breakfast.

Bunker said the carriage would be around in half an hour. The ladies gave the startled little screams which the prospect of having to be ready in so short a time invariably evokes; the colonel invoked eternal punishment upon the eyes of our future driver, whom he foreknew to be of alcoholic tendencies, and the party broke up.

A few minutes later I beheld the colonel coming up the stairs, and considering him as the lesser evil, I advanced boldly to obtain some slight financial assistance. He was scowling and breathing hard, and before I was within ten yards of him he began:

"Do you know that whelp, Greggs? Here he's had the cursed impudence to send me toiling up to my room after money to lend him. Yes, sir! If there's a man I despise it's the man who goes

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around presuming, on a slight acquaintance, to strike his betters for a loan! It shows a man's a blackleg, sir, or else a driveling, short-sighted idiot who can't contrive to keep ten dollars ahead of his needs! I'm going to give him his dirty hundred francs" (this was the exact amount for which I had intended to apply), "and then tell him he is welcome to it if he will keep his confounded, slovenly habits out of my way."

I whistled softly, and considered that rarely was lender in this humor wooed, and still more rarely won, and went downstairs. There I found Bunker smoking a cigar and puttering around an open barouche, the mind and matter of whose motive-power consisted of a bucolic driver and two spavined horses.

After a mighty effort to put my mental-digestive apparatus in a receptive state for the impending dose of humble-pie, I approached Bunker. He seemed unwilling to catch my eye, and, incredible as it seemed, somewhat embarrassed. I plunged boldly in, however, and told him of my loss.

"Lost your letter of credit!" said he, as he arose, looking red and flustered by his exertions over the chain. "Had your pockets picked, or has the Helvetian bunco-steerer found a ready victim?"

"No," said I, "I unlocked my trunk last night and found the letter gone, and I haven't a sou left. I have telegraphed to my bankers, and expect to hear from them to-morrow or next day, and—er—could you let me have a hundred francs till then? I wouldn't trouble you, but, as I say, I literally haven't a cent to my name."

"I declare, Smith, I don't see how I can, really. I'm down to bed-rock myself. Very sorry to appear disobliging, but I'll have to wire for funds myself from Interlachen."

"This is devilish awkward for me. I really don't see how I can go to Interlachen. I can't pay my hotel bill there, or here, either, for that matter."

"Sorry, 'm sure; I wish I could help you," and he again devoted himself to the axle.

In spite of my by no means high opinion of him, I confess I was much surprised, as he was always so unpleasantly careful in money matters.

"The low-lived beggar is going to get rid of me at last," thought I; and in the midst of my reflections Miss Wildray appeared in the doorway, looking very handsome in her dark, closely fitting traveling dress.

"Well, Mr. Smith," she said gayly, "I've been watching you and Mr. Bunker out of my window, and will you please explain to me what is the subtle attraction in that simple chain?"

"Oh!" said I, "Bunker was naturally alarmed when he found that I shouldn't be along to take care of him, and has been testing every inch of your conveyance ever since."

"What! aren't you coming?" she said, giving me a startled look.

"No; at the last moment I've been prevented," I replied significantly.

She looked at me inquiringly, as if expecting a further explanation, but I offered none, and the pause was waxing awkward, when Mrs. Wildray rustled down the stairs, at once imparting an air of bustling worldliness to the entire courtyard.

"Well, Mr. Smith," she remarked pertly, "you remind me of a pelican in the wilderness rather more than anything I ever saw in my life. Have you lost your last friend or your first love?"

"Neither of those occurrences is a circumstance to my misfortune. I am to be deprived of the pleasure of your company," said I, sarcastically.

"Indeed! I commiserate with you. Charles!" (To the colonel.) "Charles, have you all the shawls?"

"Come, come, Smith; don't keep us waiting! You know you're really going, and if not, why not?" said the colonel.

"I dislike to crowd your party," said I, loftily. "I see there are only seats for four in the carriage."

"Nonsense, Smith," interposed Bunker, who was helping Mrs. Wildray in. "You can sit inside, and I'll ride with the driver," and he grinned sardonically.

"Thanks," I answered; "but I won't incommode you to that extent. You might be taken for another of Cook's cicerones, you know."

Bunker reddened. Mrs. Wildray stared at me without winking, and the colonel laughed, on principle, the remark being of a disagreeable character. While the others were stowing away their wraps, and I was tucking the robes about Miss Wildray, "I didn't think you would do

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this ; you know you were in the party," she said in a low, icy tone.

I was stammering out some incoherent but ardent avowal, when the rustic on the box gave his spavined team a severe lash; the heavy hind wheel rolled perilously near the end of my foot, and the carriage disappeared with Bunker's ruddy head wagging triumphantly beside Miss Wildray's brown curls.

The position of a man who sees the girl he loves drive off with a designing mother and a rich rival who has purposely excluded him from the party, is not a pleasant one. I looked forward with dismay to the slow-fire of restlessness, doubt and curiosity which must burn for at least thirty-six hours before the return of the quartet would settle my doubts and fears.

My impatience steadily increased with the day, and I passed a sleepless night. Several hours before the party could be expected to put in an appearance next day, I dressed with "studied negligence" and began to hover around the office and courtyard; but the warm, clean light of afternoon gradually softened and flushed over the distant mountain peaks and changed them into glowing pinnacles of rose and crimson ; the placid colorlessness of the lake burned, and flamed and flashed as the sun's great red disk dropped behind the deep blue haze of the western hills, and twilight filtered down through the leafy canopy of the broad streets, absorbing the sunset colors and changing them to quiet, tender hues until, at last, the twin spires of the quaint old Hof Kirche stood out sharp and black against the last faint glimmer of the day, and still my nymph, who was the embodiment to me of all rich, sunset beauties, came not. When the last chance arrival was a thing of the past I crept off to my fevered pillow.

The next morning I found a letter awaiting me ; it was post-marked Interlachen, and addressed in a bold, aggressive hand. To my stupefied amazement, the first document I removed from the envelope was my letter of credit! There were also some fifty-franc notes and a letter. The letter was from Mr. J. Holmley Bunker and conveyed the following : "Business first, contrition second, pleasure third ; therefore, first, would I please cause his baggage and that of Mrs. Wildray's party to be sent at once to Geneva, and would I pay his and Mrs. Wildray's party's bill, for which funds were inclosed? Second, contrition ; would I therefore please excuse the slight liberty he had taken in removing my letter of credit the day we returned from the Rigi? Wasn't needed to swell his finances, but was to remove well-meaning third party; had heard me say I was 'strapped' and so, as a last resort, 'coopered' my funds and proposed the Bruning in order to subsequently propose matrimony; would 'ante up' three days' interest for use of said funds if that would help soothe injured feelings. Third, pleasure ; your congratulations, old boy! I am appearing in my great rôle of the happy man with Dora as prima donna. All congratulations may be sent, postage prepaid, to the care of D—— & Co., Bankers, Paris."

I crushed the letter in my hand, cursing the day I was born, the numerous days I had lived, and that day, above all others, on which I met and loved Dora Wildray.

* * * * *

Four months later I was standing on the deck of the mail-packet steaming down Queenstown harbor to the leviathan which was to bear me to my native land. From my past experience, I rather expected that after embarking I should be confined strictly to the cabin, and I cast a wistful look at the green shores almost stretching hands across the mouth of the harbor ; but I felt a thrill of pleasure. I was going home! Farewell to Europe and sentiment! Back to America, and the keen, invigorating atmosphere of work. Before I had found a place for everything and put everything in its place the pulsations of the engine began, and we glided out of the harbor. Just as I was determining on my costume for the deck, we emerged from the last protecting promontory. The wind whistled and bellowed overhead ; the floor of my stateroom heaved and fell, and my courage fell with it ; the walls rocked and swayed, and cries of "Steward!" resounded through the dim corridors. I hesitated, thought of my tossing deckward path and the pantry to be passed with all its olfactory possibilities in full blast, and, hesitating, was lost. I stretched myself upon my berth and closed my eyes.

During the next five days when I

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was not in a comatose condition, as a rule, I devoutly wished I were.

But on the fifth day a change came over me. The subtle spirit seemed to be slowly, faintly returning, and in the afternoon I arose, and with many pauses and relapses, staggered along the passage, and finally stuck my ghastly face out upon deck. The blurred horizon was fast closing in, and under the falling darkness the sea was slate-colored. Great spray clouds swept aft whenever the bow plunged down from one roller into the next, but the air put new life into me. I lurched along the deck past a few shapeless shapes stretched in steamer chairs and enswathed in rugs, and around a corner into the lee of the stern deck-cabin. For a wonder, there was no one there, and I settled myself with great satisfaction in the chair of some poor wretch still groaning below. Scarcely had I done so when the ship gave a tremendous roll, and a young lady shot around the corner, made a wild, despairing clutch at my chair, and would have been hurled across the deck against the rail if I had not sprung up and seized her. At the same instant the ship righted, and I found my arms encircling the ulster, and my astonished eyes gazing into the no less astonished countenance of the bride of Mr. J. Holmley Bunker.

My supporting arms were most suddenly unclasped, and, drawing back, I removed my cap and bowed with all the dignity I could muster. My bow was returned with equal hauteur and a very chilling "How do you do, Mr. Smith?"

"How do you do, Mrs. Bunker?" I replied politely, "and how is your husband and Mrs. Wildray?"

She looked bewildered, and then a light flashed over her face, and sinking into the steamer chair, she covered her face with her hands and laughed till she cried. She looked so lovely with her blowing hair and cold red cheeks that a sudden renewed sense of my loss came over me and I lost my temper.

"Mrs. Bunker," said I, "I am rejoiced that the health of your husband and mother opens such a pleasing vista to you. From your mode of manifesting sympathy, I should presume they are both seasick." I executed a frigid bow and was turning to go, when she suddenly became serious.

"Oh, Mr. Smith! I hope you are not very much enraged by that loss of your letter of credit at Lucerne. I told Mr. Bunker that it was very impertinent, not to say criminal, and he promised to apologize humbly. He wrote to you, did he not?"

"Yes; he wrote," I replied dryly, "though I can't say that I was struck by the depth of his humiliation."

"Why, what an outrage! What did he say?" she asked with a most innocent look.

"He stated that he 'coopered' my letter of credit (to use his own phrase) to get rid of me, and then almost in the same connection asked for my congratulations on his engagement; though why he thought my absence connected with that blissful consummation I'm at a loss to imagine."

I said this in a bold voice, but I felt that I must present a hang-dog look, and I could not meet her eye.

"Oh, that's very plain!" she replied. "because you rather monopolized me; and mamma was always left with Uncle Charles; so what was poor Mr. Bunker to do?"

"Ah! I see! I regret that my denseness blinded me to the fact that I was assuming the amusing rôle of the wall between such a Pyramus and Thisbe," I sneered, "but fortunately my efforts—that is, my obtuseness, I mean" (I corrected hastily)—"was as futile as that of the other piece of masonry."

"We had such an amusing drive to Interlachen that day!" she said, in a far-away, retrospective manner. "Mr. Bunker was very funny. He said that the true reason you wouldn't come with us was that your washerwoman had hung your clothes on the 'line of Lucerne' and the authorities had seized them."

"His wit was evidently stimulated by the pleasures of hope. By the way, was I somewhat previous in addressing you as Mrs. Bunker? I suppose, now I come to think of it, the event may not have come off as yet."

"No; I'm not married as yet, and I've no idea when I shall be," she replied, repressing a smile. "But tell me, why didn't you join us at Interlachen? Aren't you just a little ashamed of yourself, deserting your fellow-travelers in such a sudden fashion, and never dropping a line to tell them whether you were among the quick or

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the dead, save a very skimpy note of stereotyped congratulations?"

"Really, Miss Wildray, I am rather under the impression that your party deserted me, and, besides, I saw no reason to suppose that the presence of third parties would be more desirable than formerly, either to the happy couple or their elderly relatives."

"Thank you very much, Mr. Smith!" she said, with a mock-offended air, though during the whole conversation her eyes had never stopped dancing, nor had a little furtive smile ceased to play about the curves of her lips. "Thank you very much, both for Uncle Charles and myself! We have enjoyed seeing the young people happy."

I stared at her blankly and she went on in an explanatory way:

"I knew that I had reached years of discretion, but I'm not used to my new dignity of joint-chaperone with my gallant uncle. Mamma has been very obedient and discreet, though she says she is setting me an example of the model *fiancée*."

Still I stared, but even before my reasoning faculties had asserted themselves a thrill of premonitory delight tingled through me. But the uncertainty was too much! "Miss Wildray," I said, "pardon me, but is your mother's name Dora?"

"Why, yes!" she answered, looking away. "I was named after her."

The blood rushed to my head, and a strange feeling of lightness and buoyancy came over me. But we children of this age are the heirs of habits of mental repression, and we take our psychical crises with a stoicism worthy of the Spartan. So I did not rise as on wings, nor sing, nor dance, but merely stood and looked out into the drizzling murk of the approaching night, where the sea seemed to have grown black with the load which had dropped from my heart, and the wind to whistle and swoop with exultation as it blew the last remnants of unhappiness from me. I seemed a new man as I turned once more to the girl beside me. She had risen and was leaning against the rail, gazing at the white of the waves as they gleamed like tossing specters. She shivered slightly, but as she turned and met my eyes her cheeks flamed.

"Miss Wildray," I said, "I—I'm afraid I have made a very stupid mistake all summer. I thought that letter at Lucerne meant that *you* were engaged. But I've had the reward stupidity deserves. I've passed a most wretched summer, and I was on my way home now to get into harness again and try and forget it all. I have been abjectly miserable."

"I thought misery loved companions," she said, glancing up at me.

"Then I must have been the epitome of misery from the time I joined your party, for I have loved you ever since."

"How wretched we both must have been in each other's company!" she said. * * *

I never could understand how an autobiographer could throw open the shutters and let the great unconcerned world gawk through at his little romantic tableau, and as I never do things I don't understand doing, I shall not follow such an example. But other people are not so chary of their neighbor's affairs, as I discovered several days later when I overheard a portly matron relating the scene in full with embellishments to a half dozen gloating auditors in a sunny corner on deck.

"Yes, my dear; it's so! I had been feeling ill and was trying to find a retired spot on deck, when I suddenly came around the corner, and there they were! Well, I suppose they're engaged now; but how any self-respecting girl could let any man take her in his arms and kiss her on the deck of a Cunard steamer—I don't care what the weather was—is more than I can comprehend. But, then, I don't pretend to understand the girls of this generation.

"My dear, I was so shocked, I forgot all about my seasickness and went down to the cabin at once, in spite of my illness, to tell Mrs. Wildray what sort of a person her daughter was with, and, if you'll believe me, that great red brute that she's engaged to got up from where he was sprawling on a divan and said, 'Well, Mrs. Jones, are you going to announce this on the blackboard or take the Socratic method of informing the ship's company?' And I haven't told a soul of it, just to show him that he was mistaken! Well! I suppose they're engaged now, so it's all right; but I hope it won't get out just how they behaved."

Which last expresses my sentiments exactly.

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HOW TO CATCH THE WILY TROUT.

BY H. PRESCOTT BEACH.

THE first warm, hazy days are with us again. Soft winds from the south touch the bare fields and orchards, with here and there a patch of green against the somber browns. In little sheltered corners, where the sunlight lingers longer each day, under the stone walls by the roadside, early violets and dandelions already gleam among the dead leaves. Inch by inch the creek is falling, and its muddy waters, so long swollen by the melting snow and ice and spring rains, grow clearer as they cease to wash the yellow clay from the meadow banks above. Masses of drift-wood, dried leaves and grass are wound around the roots of the willows where the freshet left them. The bluebird's call from the orchard, sweet and clear, breaks mellow in the air, and his azure flight brings fresh color to the bleak gray trees.

Other birds are winging northward every day, and some of the feathered pioneers are already seeking sites and building homes. Dame Nature is waking from her long, long sleep, and life, warm, budding, throbbing, fills the air.

These signs of returning beauties in bird and blossom—the bluebird's pipe, the starry anemones in the thickets, the cowslips in the marsh-lands, the falling streams and misty dawns—bring to the angler's heart an old, a familiar thrill. No new feeling this! He has felt it with every coming spring since he first dropped line in the school-house brook, twenty odd years ago. An invisible spirit beckons to him to follow streamward. Unrest seizes him and he thinks of nothing but wading-boots, rods and "leaders"—dreams of nothing but long casts, heavy strikes and sulking fish. Eyes, tired of figures and letters; ears, tired of the din of town-streets; heart, tired of it all, plead with us to leave it all and go. Be it but for a day or two, or a week, we'll seek the meadows and with rod and creel wander down the old stream, boys again.

The very best thing that can happen to a trout stream is to be left alone, but that never happens. True, the State generously stocks the waters every year, but to what end? Long before the fry can attain a fair size they are killed off by the endless human chain that winds down rivers like the Beaverkill, Willowemoc or Neversink.

A day among the fishing-tackle shops is one of rare delight. Trying rods, discussing new ideas in reels or lines, swapping fish-stories, of course, with the salesman, who is stuffed full of them—in a score of ways we have a good time. Gaudy devices in patent hues, loud and coarse enough to frighten any fish of refined taste, glitter on the counters; but we, wise in our day and generation, know them to be the bait which catches silly fishermen—not wary fish. Artificial flies in soft and bright tints show every color of the rainbow, as well as quieter tones of brown and drab, and they are lovely things, but not for our work. It's a grand way to take your prey, but one needs room to work at it. Along the wide rivers or on big lakes, fishing from a boat, fly-fishing is pretty, but it is a futile and temper-spoiling art on a narrow, crooked, bush-grown brook. The old-fashioned way must triumph here, and the best man will fish with "worms." Earth-worms, fresh from the garden, will lure many a mossy-backed hermit from his lair, when he would never heed a dancing miller on the surface. So our purchases will be few. Packed up, on the train, a click-clack of wheels on the rails for an hour or more, a stop, and we are landed in the twilight and twinkling lights of a little village. Nods of greeting from former friends, a stroll up the street to the homestead, where kindly welcomes beam on our return to boyhood's home, and our annual pilgrimage ends at the same old shingled shrine.

* * * * *

There is a room in the attic, a dark, mysterious place, hung with festoons of cobwebs and frescoed deep with the undisturbed dust of twelve long months. No prowling housekeeper invades here on those destroying raids called house-cleaning, and a rusty padlock and hasp on the door bar out all comers save a winter colony of wandering wasps, which flicker in and out of a small knot-hole. Rare and even ancient treasures are stored in this weird little hermitage of mine—long-kept relics, some dried trophies of the chase, queer freaks from woods and swamp and creek. Here are my rods and reels, my lines and nets

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and creels; all reminders of long days afield. Curiosities without number hide the rough-board walls. I love the nook, just as it is, with all its grime and spiders and dinginess, and its musty reminiscent atmosphere. Here, by lamplight, after supper, the tackle is put in order for the coming day's sport. "In time of peace prepare for war," and the night before you go a-fishing is the time to make repairs, adjust new parts, and discuss plans for the morrow. In the confusion of an early morning start there will be no time.

To choose a rod is the first step. For narrow stream work, where one is compelled to thrash through the woods occasionally to avoid wading deep pools, I prefer a fairly stiff but light bait-rod, not more than ten feet in length. With it you can guide your line through overhanging boughs, make a powerful cast with bait, and, by leaning, reach almost any desired spot, while it is stout enough to check a heavy fish in a rush for dangerous water. Then, too, it is free from the constant vibrations of a very slender tip, continually wrapping the line in folds around the rod till it becomes an intolerable nuisance, and particularly so on a gusty day. As to the material and make, those are secondary matters, so that it be durable and strong, but not too clumsy or weighty. Some advocate the split bamboo as the only true rod for service, while others cling to the older lancewood, greenheart or ash. Many seasons of haps and mishaps with different kinds of tackle have brought me back to a good, straight-grained, well-seasoned and well-balanced lancewood rod as being the best for rough-and-ready work in the woods. The split bamboo, though an artistic and strong rod, is a delicate structure that requires great care in handling, and ceaseless repairing. Every time you pass through a brier-patch bits of frayed silk will tell where the wrappings have been torn by thorns, and later in the day, as they unwind, these same threads will catch in the line and block the eyelets. Exposure to dampness, unavoidable on long rainy days, often destroys the shellac and loosens the joints. On the other hand, the lancewood will stand nearly an equal strain, in fact any ordinary pull, if handled aright, and does not require to be fussed with forever. Three joints make a convenient length in a short rod, and more joints (trunk rods made to pack in small space often have six or seven) tend to weaken it greatly. Brass trimmings are the best, for they neither rust, as iron or steel, nor by flashing beams of sunlight down on the stream, frighten the prey, or betray you to rival anglers, as nickel or silver plate will always do. The case, quite necessary to ward off scratches or dents from the wood, and to hold the joints together, should be of some dull-tinted light cloth, as lawn, cambric or silesia, which one can roll up and tuck in his pocket during the day.

When it comes to a choice of reels, here, as in the case of all tackle, beware of patents, and remember that the simplest is the best. Of late years the "click" or "stop" reel has been a favorite, particularly with fly fishermen, but I well recall owning one myself some years ago, and having endured the noisy racket as long as possible, in a fit of impatience I tore out the machinery, and it has been a good reel ever since. The fact is the racket made by one of these "watchman's-rattle reels" is tremendous, and inasmuch as stealth is often necessary in fishing a brook where one must circumvent not only rivals but ill-tempered land-owners, one might as well carry a squawking poll-parrot through the brush as a "stop" reel. There is a vast amount of comfort to be had out of a plain, smooth-running, noiseless, multiplying reel, of either black rubber or dull brass. The novice invariably falls a prey to the silver-trimmed or nickeled creations, and not until he has seen it reflect a dazzling gleam on the water far ahead of him does he repent. As to size, a reel carrying seventy-five or eighty yards of line will be ample enough to fish any ordinary creek. And, by-the-bye, if possible let the reel-plate, or place on the rod where the reel attaches, be on the extreme end of the butt, well back of the handle. It balances better so, and gives you constant control over the line by a light pressure of the fingers.

The choosing of a line is by far a more difficult task. I know of no part of a tackle more important, nor one that requires more judicious care in its selection, treatment and use. Of the infinite variety of styles, of different grades of workmanship, and of finish

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and material, a trial of several of the better kinds will alone enable you to pick your line. Undoubtedly the softest and strongest is of silk, which is very light and pliable as well. Shun all stiff, fibrous twines, such as the "grass" and hard-linen lines, as harsh and brittle as they are untrustworthy. Use braided lines, not twisted, because if twisted they are prone to kink, and when loose invariably curl into hopeless snarls. A very pretty line is the soft-finished, braided raw-silk line, of mottled green and white, which blend so as to barely show in the water. It is easy to cast, being light and flexible, and it is extremely tough, yielding only to a violent strain. Marvelously large snags or drift-wood can be dislodged and dragged ashore, against a rapid current, with one of these slender threads. One of the waterproof silk lines, now so popular, will stand an equal pull, but is so stiff as to resist most patient attempts at a cast on a breezy day, nor can it be worked through the rifts and eddies so thoroughly as the softer line. One is very apt to get a heavier weight than necessary on account of its deceptive bulk, but a year or two will teach him that clumsiness of tackle is fatal to careful fishing.

Smoke-colored leaders of gut are, if free from flaws, good things, though by no means indispensable. A six-foot length is ample; in fact, three feet are still better, for when the hook is snagged or fast in a tree it is often handy to be able to reel in till your tip, following the line, is pushed up into the bend of the hook, when a push forward at once frees it. The knots on a leader interfere with this by catching in the "guides;" so the shorter your leader the easier it is to handle at these times.

Of all the makes and shapes of hooks the "Aberdeen," of very fine steel-wire, with long, straight shank and a broad, even bend, terminating in a short, barbed point, is the surest shape for large-mouthed trout. The little mountain-brook fish have small mouths, and a No. 4 hook is full large enough for them, but the trout of our New England and Middle States lowland streams are big of jaw and deep of throat, swallowing a No. 2 or even No. 1 Aberdeen at a single snap; so that locality must largely govern your choice. The Sproat is a sterling good shape for the Pennsylvania Pike County rivers and for Catskill work, but is too short-shanked for general use. The Limerick and Kirby, capital pickerel and bass hooks, have too much twist to hook a trout well. Well-made, securely wrapped, double-snelled Aberdeen, sizes 1 and 2, are very satisfactory hooks. A good point in carrying extra hooks is to fold each in a separate piece of paper (newspaper is good, being soft) before putting into the book the night before; then, when you lose a hook on the morrow and are in haste to be baited again, you will not have to disentangle one from a bunch of confused snells.

Take along a little box of split shot, say No. 4, to use as sinkers when the stream is rapid and the bait will not reach a certain eddy or spot. Just slip one of these lead pellets on the snell where it joins the leader and bite it lightly, closing the split. When you are done with it a pull will loosen it.

For a float there is nothing like a plain cork. With a wet knife-blade make a split lengthwise and half through the cork. The line can be drawn easily into the slit, and is held fast at any depth you desire. It will be seldom that you want a float, but it is often the only way to fish a stretch of stream where there is not enough current to carry a line down. Then, again, a man always knows just where his hook is, and can guide it past dangerous stumps or brush. On no account be seen with a red, white and blue store float, such as dock fishermen swear by. The quiet, colorless cork drifts lightly across a pool like a dead leaf, and attracts no more attention than a dry twig afloat. Its tone is in perfect harmony with the surrounding shades on rock and tree, as every part of your equipment should always be.

A tin bait-box that straps around your waist is the only sort to carry, and a light creel or basket, to swing across your shoulders, is best to bring your catch home in. It should be roomy enough to admit of packing a substantial lunch, and the slot in the lid to slip the fish through should be wide enough to allow a pound-and-a-half trout to slide in. Three inches and a half will do, and any larger fish you will be proud to carry on a forked stick in your hand.

Never forget to have a hunting-knife, or at least a good liberal jackknife, by you. With a heavy sheath-knife you

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can lop off brush or clear away briers, to make a place to land your fish, or you can make a path to a secluded pool which others could not fish because of the thick undergrowth. It may be necessary, too, to dissect a catfish or eel in order to recover your hook, buried in a horny throat, and the vivisection of a hungry farm dog is not an impossible necessity. For a thousand and one reasons always take your knife along.

What a man wears a-fishing is of more importance than a novice might suppose. Corduroys are soft, warm, durable, slow to wet through in a rain, and stand the roughest usage with few marks of wear. Buffs, grays, browns—any tints so that the general effect be not dark enough to show out against the thin screen of drab alders along the stream. Any rough, old suit of such coloring as will serve you well, even though not so weather-proof, will answer fairly well. The important point is to avoid conspicuously colored clothes.

Many a time have I seen a man clad thus in some dull, rusty rig, standing motionless and thigh-deep in a pool, laughing silently as the prowling farmer passed down the creek peering anxiously through the bare thickets in search of the suspected trespasser. Again, I have stood hidden in the brush and gazed long and earnestly at a distant spot down the brook, trying to decide if it were a man or not, only to find on a nearer approach a charred stump, which stood out in vivid contrast against the natural background. Let the cap be as modest and quiet as the rest of the garb—a "fore-and-aft," of Scotch wool, or a crush felt traveling hat; the latter, preferable for its shade, will answer admirably.

It is possible to fish and not wade, but very unpleasant, unprofitable work you will find it if the lay of the land is at all rough, for you will be obliged to strain and stretch to reach over the intervening bushes, to push your way through brambles that snarl and tear lines and scratch hands and face, to try impossible casts in efforts to reach desirable spots, and to lose tackle and temper by fouling the tree-tops and snagging sunken logs and roots. In wading these annoyances may be avoided, and too rapid water, or impossible pools, may be fished from the bank. When your tackle is fouled, simply wade down to it and draw or poke it loose, hearing all the while the cool gurgle of the water as it curls about your feet. Easily you guide your line through every whirl and rift and ripple; rapidly and thoroughly you cover big stretches of stream, having room to work your rod, and almost perfect control of your fish from the moment of striking to landing. Whether you will wear mackintosh stockings with felt slippers, or light rubber hip-boots, or simply old leather shoes, will require some experience to decide. Certainly a trial convinced me that the mackintosh outfit was, though very light and pretty, destined to be anything but durable. The fine, sharp sand and gravel from the bed of the brook washes in between the stocking and shoe and cuts out the fabric in no time. Gossamer hip-boots are good if of reliable stock, and, except perhaps that they overheat the feet, are the best. A very comfortable way is to wear rough, heavy woolen underclothes and stockings, and knickerbockers of non-shrinkable stuff, and loose, easy, stout, laced shoes, cut so as to let the water out freely. Thus rigged you may wade all day, even in the icy spring water, and feel no chilling after-effects.

A hundred minor details, all more or less matters of taste, are many of them useless and better omitted. A flask of whisky to ward off chills if wet, and angry land-owners if caught trespassing, is good company on such a trip, but if you would endure the day's toil well, be not on intimate terms with it yourself. A compass, perhaps, and certainly a water-tight match-safe, whether you smoke or not, should be taken, for on a chilly, drizzly day you can get in a sheltered spot and build a big, cheering fire at noon to dry by, and maybe to heat some good coffee. So don't start without matches, and perhaps a newspaper in an inside pocket for useful kindling. Let every preparation be made on the "eve of battle"—lunch laid out, breakfast ready, save the coffee and whatever you will eat the next morning. The industrious small boy has secured a fine lot of lively worms for bait, and put them in moist earth in a large can, where they will be in far better condition than if they were stowed in the small tin carrying-box. And now good luck to you!

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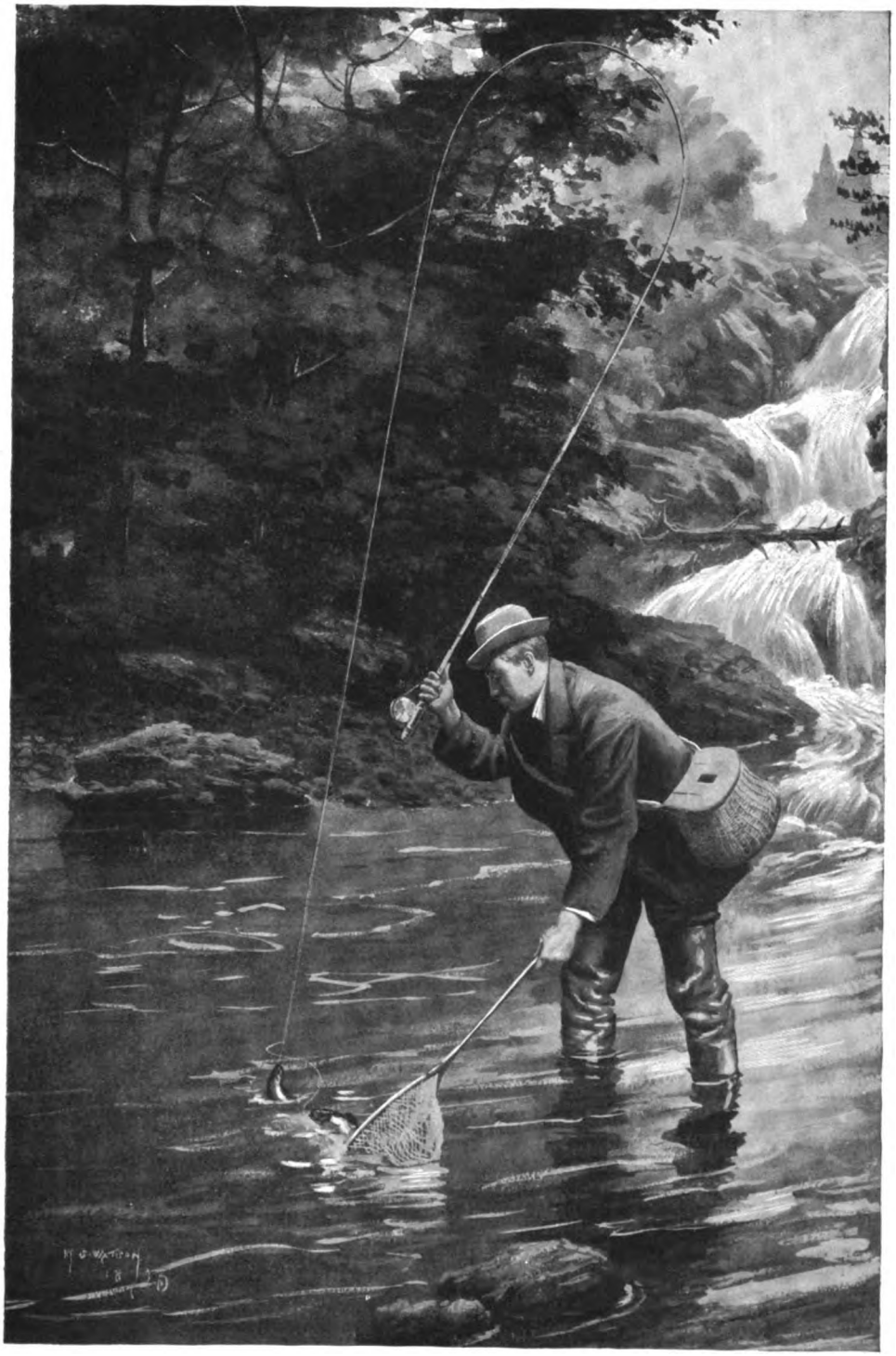

Painted for OUTING by Hy. S. Watson.

GOOD LUCK! (*p. 124.*)

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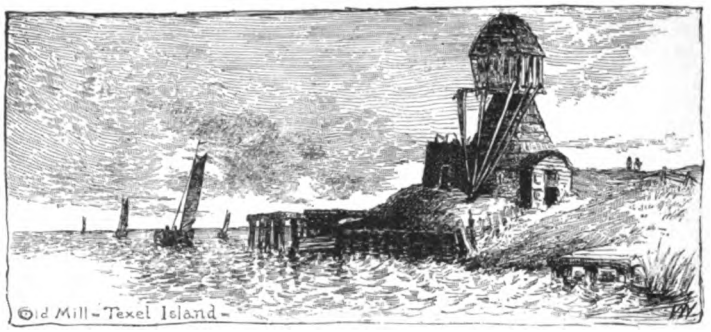
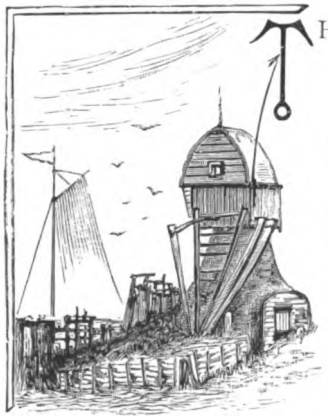


ROUND ABOUT THE ZUYDER ZEE.

BY MRS. G. CHRISTOPHER DAVIES.



THERE is some difficulty in realizing a "sea" without a shore. Yet the Zuyder Zee is, so to speak, a shoreless sea. It is inclosed within a wall or "dike," forming a huge basin or reservoir, with the same compact wall meeting one wherever one lands, against the close-set stones of which the calm blue water laps, on summer days, or dashes in clouds of foam, when lashed by the wind into seething waves.

Although a shallow water, this sea is treacherous, and the changes one meets with in a journey across it are most sudden; storms and calms often follow each other in a very bewildering manner.

At the youthful city of Helder, situated at the extreme point of North Holland, and often called "the sentinel of the Low Countries," is where we first made our acquaintance with the Zuyder Zee. Here is the great dike called the Helder Dike, built to keep out the encroachments of the North Sea. It is five miles long, 200 feet deep, and, on the top, a good road, which makes a pleasant promenade. The streets are the longest, straightest, most interminable we saw in Holland. The houses, one-storied and with rows of trees in front of them, are dull and uninteresting.

A century ago Helder was only an obscure fishing village, and its name scarcely seen on the maps. But an accidental visit of the great Napoleon suggested the making here of a Gibraltar of the North, and though the conqueror never realized his scheme, Helder is at this day the strong city of the state, capable of holding 30,000 defenders, and of preventing the entrance of a fleet into the Northern Canal or the Gulf of Zuyder Zee, and, besides being defended at a great distance by a bulwark of rocks and sand-banks, it is so fortified as to be able, in case of need, to inundate the whole province that lies at its back.

But leaving aside its strategical importance, Helder is a city worth seeing for its amphibious character, which leaves it always dubious whether one is on a continent or a group of rocks and islands a thousand miles distant from the European coast. In whatever direction you turn your steps you always come out in view of the sea. The town is crossed and surrounded by canals as broad as rivers, which the inhabitants cross on rafts. Behind a great dike lies a mass of apparently stagnant water, which rises and falls with the tide, as if it had subterranean communication with the sea. On every side there is water, imprisoned, indeed, between two banks, but high and threatening, and looking as if it watched for the moment when it might reconquer its dreadful liberty. The land all about the town is bare and desolate, and the sky, almost always

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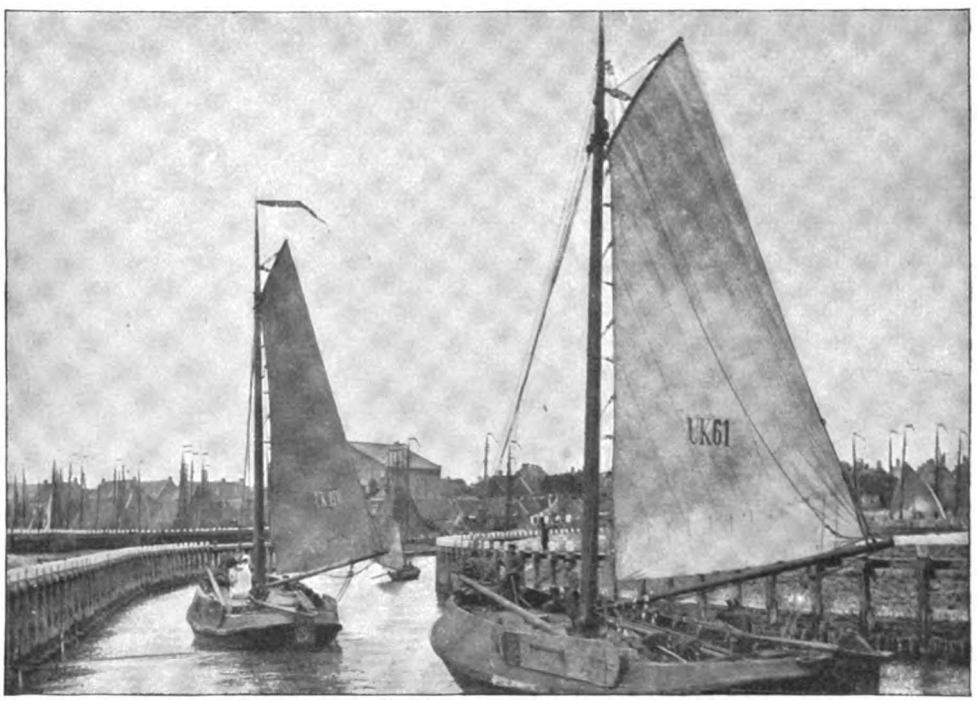
cloudy, is crossed by great flocks of aquatic birds. The town itself, with its one row of houses, looks as if it were conscious of its dangerous situation and expected hourly some catastrophe. When the wind howls and the sea roars it seems as if every good citizen could shut himself up in his house, say his prayers, cover his head with the bed clothes, and wait for God's decree.

The population, eighteen thousand in number, is as singular in its way as the town. It is a mixture of merchants, government clerks, naval officers, soldiers, fishermen, people arriving from India, people about to leave, and relations coming and going, who come there



ENTRANCE TO URK HARBOR.

to give the first embrace or the last farewell; because this is the extreme angle of Dutch territory which the sailor salutes at parting, and the first which he greets on his return. But the town being so long and narrow, few people are visible at a time, and no sound is heard but the lamentable chant of the sailors, oppressing the spirits like the cry of shipwrecked men afar off.

Having hired a pilot for the morning, we retired to our cabin, and to our berths aboard our little yacht, feeling hopeful as to the weather and the prospect of a calm sea.

Owing to the tide, an early start had to be made, and at five o'clock we were fairly under way. However, as we got out to sea, I found that if I did not get out of my berth, I should soon be turned out *nolens volens*. When at last I looked out we were in a rough sea that apparently bore no relation to the beautiful smoothness of the night before. The yacht was flying along, sails reefed, sending the spray dashing all over us. The old pilot sat solemnly at the helm, his broad face widened out by the piles of tobacco he from time to time stowed away in his capacious mouth. Breakfast was out of the question so far as boiling the kettle or cooking was concerned; so we munched biscuits and consoled ourselves with aërated water and our favorite tipple. It was as much as I could do to keep myself from collapse, for my folding chair slid first one way, then another, as the yacht heeled over, and thinking sadly of impossible tea and getting gradually salter in the spray, I watched the sky, which was

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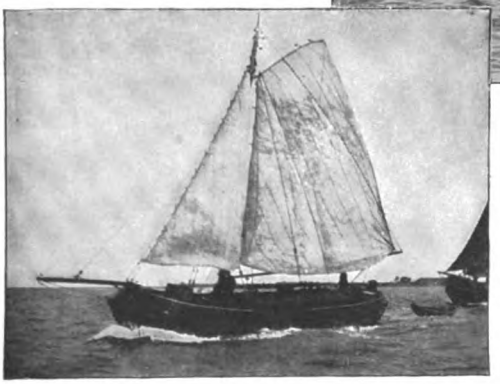
HOORN.

black and heavy. Now and again we heard an ominous peal of thunder, while a dash of rain blew in our faces.

We followed a very tortuous course over the Zee, until at length signs of land were seen, having the strange look of a church or mill in

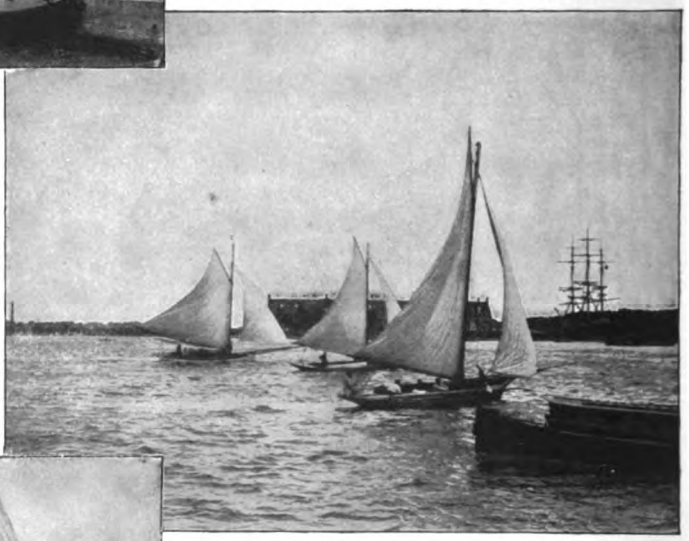


THE NATIVE FISHING BOAT.

the sea. The thunder had calmed the air, and a gradual stillness crept over us, and we, who had been but just now in a very rough sea, were becalmed.

Presently a delightfully fresh breeze sprang up, and we had a pleasant sail the rest of the way to Harlingen, thirteen mills gradually appearing on the scene, then the sea-wall and harbor. Harlingen is quite a small town, little more than a village, on the Friesland coast, but with the usual cleanliness and quaintness. The mill sails were mostly painted in alternate colors, green, red and blue being the favorite tints. As usual in Dutch and Friesland towns, there was something interesting to look at in the jewelers' shops, notably the old gold and silver head-ornaments, Zeeland filigree work, and beautifully cut-glass bottles, clasps, etc. The women were neatly dressed, but mostly wore the Friesland helmet, without caps or bonnets.

After some days sailing and towing



ON THE Y AMSTERDAM.

along the canals of Friesland, we came to the port of Lemmer, on the banks of the Zuyder Zee. Lemmer is a

ON THE Y AMSTERDAM.

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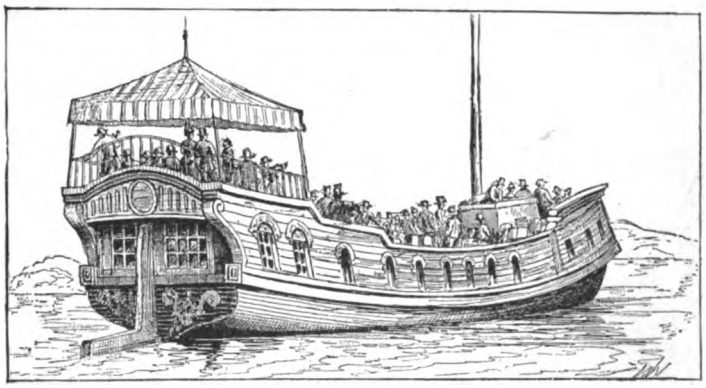

A TRECKSCHUIT.

place of little interest, but convenient as a starting place for Hoorn, our next port. There is no railway, no tram, no one spoke English — in fact, it seemed like the end of the world, and there was no way of getting away from it except by sea or canal. The only walk of interest was along the new harbor wall or pier extending far out into the Zuyder Zee, and from which Stavoren was visible stretching far away to the right. One sight struck us as quaint, and that was a horse being shod at the blacksmith's. There is a large square frame or cage in which the horse stands. One leg is tied up to a bar of the cage while the blacksmith proceeds with his work. We left Lemmer about half-past nine in the morning and had a splendid sail of about forty miles over the Zee (without a pilot), passing the island of Urk, to the harbor of Hoorn. The sea was smooth enough, but with a decidedly trying "roll."

It was strange to think of this bright and beautiful sea, now dancing in the bright sunshine, and alive with the fishing craft with their picturesque sails, as being frozen over in the winter. Yet only a day or two before a Dutch girl had been telling me of her skating exploits the winter before. The fishing fleet were usually anchored in pairs, the nets let down between them. Some were sailing homeward, their beautiful brown sails shining in the sun, while the men on board would hail us in the heartiest way as our small white craft skimmed by them.

Hoorn is rather a tantalizing place to sail to, as for miles along the coast it is plainly seen, owing to its beautiful water gate or tower at the entrance of the harbor. It is an interesting town, both as to the streets and houses. The latter bend over to each other across the streets in an extraordinary way, and look as if a good puff of wind must send them over.

Besides the water-tower on the bank of the Zuyder Zee, there is another curious old gate at the other end of the town. These, with the weigh-house, the St. Jans Inn and the town hall, are among the chief objects of interest, while old almshouses and quaint buildings meet one at every turn. This "dead city" of the Zuyder Zee hardly deserves its name, however, and is not so dead as many books lead one to expect.* The harbor was quite full of fishing boats; a man-o'-war was anchored just outside the harbor; the town was full of soldiers and officers, men firing at targets in a field near us all day, while the new railway station seemed to have a fair share of business. True, there is little traffic in the streets, in which grass may be seen growing; but it is the same in many Dutch towns, owing to the heavy traffic being done by canal and sea.

Hoorn is pervaded by an overpowering smell of cheese, and no wonder, for at every turn there are huge warehouses in which we could see the cheeses, brightly colored orange, red and magenta, in endless rows, while in the open market the night before market day are

"CHIPS OF THE OLD BLOCK."

* The Vandyke edition of "Holland and Its People" is most reliable. We are indebted to its publishers, Messrs. Putnam, for our character sketches.

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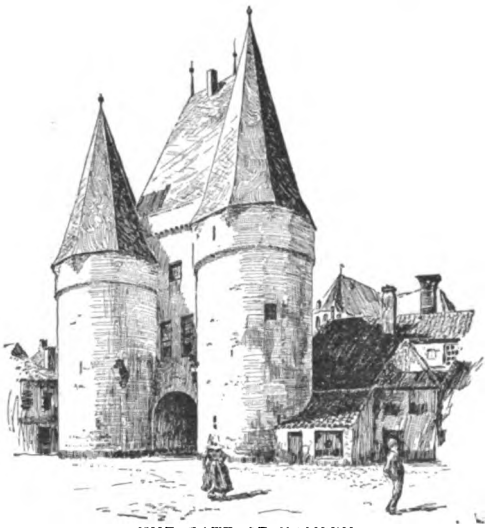


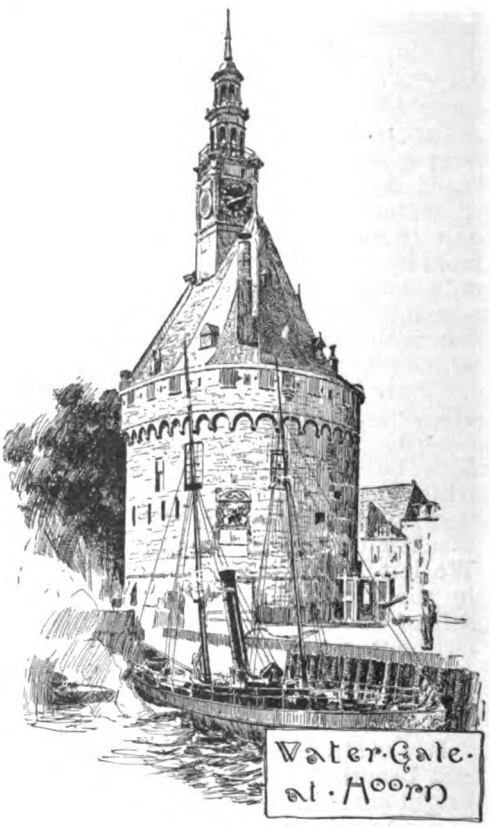
THE GATE OF KAMPEN.

countless cheeses being unpacked from the country carts and laid in rows on the ground ready for next morning. Otherwise Hoorn is very fresh and pleasant, and there are fewer canals than in other places. It is the narrow canals in the midst of the town that make some places in Holland so abominable. Those outside the towns are fresher, and in early summer unobjectionable, although, seeing the refuse constantly thrown in, we did not follow the example of the Dutch and drink the canal water. Indeed, Holland was to us a country of "water, water everywhere, but not a drop to drink."

Enkhuisen is supposed to be deader still than Hoorn. Of course it is much smaller and therefore less busy. But as our guide-books told us not a single boat was now to be seen there, we were surprised to see the harbors fairly full of craft. The streets were quiet; the houses extremely old and quaint, many dated 1546, while those of a hundred years later were plentiful. The water-gate at the harbor is very fine, while the church, with its beautiful chimes and lofty tower, is a landmark to those at sea, as it can be seen for miles. As usual, the interior was cold and bare, the pulpit and organ fine. The rows of chairs were placed so close together, it was a wonder how the stout *vrouws* get through them. It would be impossible to kneel. In one aisle were stowed the wooden stools with the earthenware pan for holding peat in winter, which must be wanted, as even in summer the church struck chill and damp. One end of the church was built in with small houses which opened into the church, which the housewives find convenient as storage room, for here were coats, trousers and hats put out of the way; there a gown hung to dry, while a perambulator found a resting place in an aisle.

There was no horse traffic in the streets, but peddlers with goods of all kinds, from crockery to drapery, go about with barrows and in boats.

The fishermen look quaint figures in their baggy garments and high-crowned



caps, but the women were plainly dressed and displayed few helmets or ornaments.

The scene in the meadows between Hoorn and Enkhuisen is very peaceful, and in the bright sunlight extremely pretty. Any number of picturesque groups may be seen from the train on the way to Hoorn in the bright meadows, the Zuyder Zee now and then visible over the sea-wall in the distance. The farm-houses are often painted bright blue part of the way up, then bright green picked out at times with white lines. Some, for a change, are painted

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red round the windows and shutters. A pathway is painted blue with a border of red, while trees are painted light blue for some five or six feet up the trunk, looking comical growing out of the green grass. In this part, too, the cows and sheep frequently wear coats of canvas or sacking tied on their backs; a great many carts are drawn by dogs, and, with the gayly colored mills, the picturesque groups of milkers, cows and boats present a very foreign scene.

Hoorn was looking her brightest as we glided out of the harbor past the water-gate on our way. The sea, too, was calm and bright, and promised well for our voyage, but before we had been out at sea for half an hour, the soft haze in the distance crept up and, almost before we realized it, we were in a dense fog. We were completely shut in and could barely see a yard or two around us. Now and then a dim shape loomed, and a voice shouted to know if we hailed from Hoorn, the fishermen evidently being puzzled as to their whereabouts. It was very unpleasant and rather cold, with the mist falling nearly like rain. At last the Isle of Marken, whose fog-bell we had heard for some time, loomed out of the fog, and as we were anxiously peering, the fog suddenly turned into the strangest yellow light; the sea, which we could now see, a strange dancing green, and in a bewildering way the whole scene changed: the sun was shining, the island stood out boldly, a fresh breeze sprang up, and we were flying along in the brilliant sunshine on a dancing sea. The horizon was thickly lined with schuyts, of which there looked a whole fleet, and as we neared Amsterdam, passenger steamers and craft of all kinds were numerous. Big cormorants and numbers of gulls flew by with their white wings gleaming in the bright sun. It seemed a long sail, but at last we reached the sluices and lock leading up the Zee to Amsterdam, whose towers look grand as the city is approached.

VROUWS.

BY THE CANAL IN AMSTERDAM.

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"I STRUGGLED ON IN THE SAND-STORM." (*p. 134.*)

LENZ'S WORLD TOUR AWHEEL.

FROM RATHDRUM TO THE DALLES.

SUCH a place as Granite naturally boasts of very limited accommodations to travelers, yet I managed to find fairly comfortable quarters, and slept soundly after my hard work.

Next morning I was careful to start on the right road to Rathdrum. It climbed up a hill through a pine forest, then there was a gradual fall. The large timber near the town was largely reduced by logging camps, and the roads, now improved, running through a broad valley six to ten miles wide. Rathdrum is a small place; so I wheeled rather briskly through to Hauser Junction, then over the Idaho line into the State of Washington. Near Trent station six wheelmen, of the Spokane Cycling Club, met and escorted me into their city. They had received a telegram from Rathdrum that I had passed that point, going at a twenty-mile-an-hour gait.

All Western towns so far seen consisted mostly of cheap dwellings, put up quickly, and, of course, I expected to see Spokane somewhat on that plan; but what was my surprise to see a city of thirty thousand people, covering a large area, in one of the most beautiful valleys in the West, built around the famous Spokane Falls, which furnish abundant power for the water-works, electric-light plants and electric street-railway — all a gift of Mother Nature. The buildings are massive and substantial, of modern design and elegantly furnished. William B. Cash and M. A. Cisna kindly showed me the business and residence quarters of the city. The latter has beautiful lawns and walks. In fact, it seemed an Eastern city in every way, transplanted to the West. Ten years ago there were but few houses here, but the fine farming country and the gold and silver finds in the Cœur D'Alène Mountains built up a city with unparalleled rapidity.

I should have liked to spend more than one day in this attractive place, but being anxious to reach Portland before the rainy season began, I decided to push on next morning, September seventeenth. Three of the wheelmen escorted me as far as Hangmen's Creek.

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This creek was named Hangmen's because in early days some Indians were hanged here for having made murderous raids on the settlers. Continuing down the valley, the road led up a long hill over the Palouse farming country to Spangle. To Rosalia and Oakesdale was a fair rolling road, but the dust was from two to six inches deep, no rain having fallen for about two months, and I found it necessary to change my gear again from 54 to 45 inches, in order that the "pneumatic" might furrow through the dust easily.

A few miles south of Oakesdale I passed the renowned mountain peak called Steptoe Butte, so named after General Steptoe, who in the early days was besieged by savages on this mountain, but was saved by a friendly Indian. An enterprising person called "Cash-up" Davis has built a hotel on the top, which commands a splendid view of the surroundings for 150 miles. I traversed a rolling country to Colfax through a good farming district, where the road leads down a long steep cañon to the valley, in which lies the town. Eleven of the Colfax wheelmen had been out six miles to meet me, but returned an hour before I came along, thinking I had taken another route. After dinner we all started together, pushing our wheels up a steep grade out of town. Bidding good-by to the wheelmen five miles from Colfax, I crossed some low hills into the Union flat or valley. The roads were fair along this valley to Woodley, where I crossed another range of low hills to the "Alkali Flat," which extends southwest to the Snake River. There are no towns in this vicinity; so I stopped at a ranch and slept in an open hayloft in the barn with the farm-hands. Each man sleeps between two blankets, with shoes and clothes all on. In fact, some looked as if they had been sleeping this way for months, never changing their attire. There were about twelve of us in all, including a negro, who kept us awake for an hour by his funny sayings. My rural companions next me, observing I was not used to this sort of a bed, proceeded to try to convince me that sleeping in houses was the cause of all the sickness in large cities, and to keep healthy one must sleep outdoors. One by one they fell asleep, each expressing the fact in a different note. I was uncomfortable and slept but little.

Early next morning one of the men bawled out, "Roll yer blankets;" then, one by one, dark objects disappeared down the ladder, out into darkness, toward the house. I followed, feeling but little refreshed. The men started for the field to do their threshing after breakfast. I waited until six o'clock, then started down the Alkali Flat, thinking for hours of the horrible sleep that night. The road was mostly level, but covered with deep dust in many places. At the forks of the roads along the valley, sometimes, were two signboards. One would read "Central Ferry, best road to Walla Walla—feed, fish and accommodations;" the other, pointing down Alkali Flats, read, "Texas Ferry, best road for Walla Walla, NO SAND, good accommodations." Naturally the road where there is *no sand* would be the wheelman's choice, but farther on, between Hay station and Texas Ferry, it is almost as bad as sand, very deep dust, and the road continually running through a stony dry creek bed. Crossing Snake River on the railroad bridge to Riparia, I saw the ferryman with his flat-boat below. He probably thought: There goes "four bits" (fifty cents), which would have been his had it not been for the bridge.

The road to Starbuck here crosses a long steep hill, very dusty and sandy. After repeated rests I pushed the wheel to the top, only to ride down a steep dusty cañon, into Starbuck. This is but a small town, occupied mainly by the Union Pacific Railroad shops. Here I had a small patch put on my rear wheel-rim for safety, as it showed a trace of wear.

Next morning at eight o'clock I started against a terrific head wind-up the next divide. The twelve miles up-grade to Alto station, with the strong wind against me, consumed just three hours' time. Down the other side the dust in the road grew deeper every mile. At Bolles Junction it was fully a foot deep from fence to fence. Being informed that this was the condition of the road for sixteen miles over the hill to Walla Walla, I decided to wheel on the railway through Prescott and Valley Grove, though this meant eight miles farther. When yet fifteen miles from Walla Walla it began to rain, the first time in that section for four months. It was very fortunate I did not go over the hill from

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Bolles Junction, as the rain made the road tremendously muddy. In an hour I was wet to the skin, but kept on and reached Walla Walla by 6:45 P. M.

This town is beautifully situated in a plain, watered by the twin currents of the Walla Walla River. Some sixteen miles distant the serrated ramparts of the Blue Mountains rise like a wall above many prolific valleys and foothills of richest soil. The principal street of Walla Walla presents an excellent illustration of Western activity, and is lined by handsome buildings, many of which would be considered imposing even in Eastern centers. The surrounding country is excellent for general agriculture and fruit-growing.

I spent the night in the city, and next morning devoted most of my time to ridding my wheel of mud, and giving the entire outfit a thorough overhauling.

In the afternoon I started out on the road to Wallula, by way of Whitman and Touchet. The rain the day before had but little effect on the heavy dust; in fact it seemed it would probably take a week's constant rain to pack the road hard again. Lifting the machine upon the railroad-ties, I wheeled along fairly well until within four miles of Wallula; then the soil everywhere changed to sand, which compelled me to walk almost all the way to town, in the darkness. I was now on the banks of the beautiful Columbia River; but everywhere were sand and sage brush, with a small sprinkling of "bunch grass."

The road hereabouts being deep with sand, my last resort was the railroad-ties. These too were laid in a bed of sand, and unridable even for a "pneumatic." I had barely crossed the Oregon line next morning, west of Wallula, when the wind arose to a perfect gale. Yellow and gray sand blew along in great clouds on both sides of the Columbia River; in many places the railroad-ties were completely buried in sand. I walked and struggled on in the sand-storm with eyes nearly closed. Three tramps overtook me, and passed on after the usual questioning. When they reached the only occupied section house, at Cold Spring, I saw them go to the door and apparently ask the keeper's wife in vain for something to eat. I had tasted no food for seven hours, and was ravenously hungry. Coming to the section house myself, I saw that the lady's face bore traces of her having been imported from Germany; so I smilingly asked, "*Können sie mir etwas essen verkaufen?*" Whereupon she quickly brought forth a relishing lunch for her "landsmann." The sand-storm maintained its fury after dinner, but I doggedly walked on, bumping the machine along over the ties, holding my head down to keep the sand from blowing in my eyes, until at last I saw Umatilla in the distance. The twenty-seven miles from Wallula had just taken me ten hours, almost all walking. In the evening, while jotting down my notes and date, I found this day to be September twenty-second, the day of equinoctial storms. One peculiarity I noticed of the Columbia River was, while it received no new "feeder" between Wallula and Umatilla, yet it grew wider and deeper. The sand-storm continued in its fury during the night; the timbers in the old hotel where I slept fairly groaned under its mighty blasts. In the morning it had subsided, but the wind kept blowing from the west. I was more fortunate this day. Out of twenty-five miles, past Coyote station to Castle Rock, I was compelled to walk only about half the distance.

The country on the south side of the Columbia River here changes from the high, rocky cliffs I saw the day before to a low, flat country. Across the river, in Washington State, it is more hilly and rolling. Flocks of wild geese hold undisturbed sway along this isolated section. The strong head-wind continued blowing the next day, sometimes blowing the sand around rather freely, much to my discomfort. Riding was again out of the question; the ballast between the ties was mostly blown away. The twenty miles from Castle Rock, past Willows station, to Arlington, I walked almost every mile. A trace of a road at times ran alongside of the railroad track, but was covered with sand so thickly, I could only look at it with disgust.

The fourth day crossing this sand belt along the Columbia River, dawned clear and beautiful, with no wind. From Arlington to Blalocks, eight miles, about one mile was ridable; then it was almost continuous walking again to John Day's section house, sixteen miles farther. Both shores of the Columbia River were lined with high, barren cliffs, while the stream went rushing

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over huge bowlders and sand-bars. Rounding a bend in the river at John Day's, Mount Hood, its top covered with snow and ice, and surrounded by fleecy clouds, stood out in bold relief on the horizon, sixty miles away. It was a welcome sight. Thirty miles farther west I reached the end of this dreary sand stretch at the Dalles. Receiving no answer to my knock at the section house at John Day's, I boldly stepped in and found an Irish "gent" sleeping off the effects of a glorious visit to the town of the Dalles. Awakening him and asking for supper, he dreamily told me to help myself and let him sleep. After eating everything I could find in his kitchen, I looked for a place to rest, but there was nothing but a large wood-box, with an old hemp sack to lie on. My trousers and coat served as a pillow. In the morning I awoke feeling miserably, but remembering that the Dalles was but thirty miles away, I hurriedly ate breakfast prepared by the gent aforesaid (who complained of a sore head) and tramped along the ties to Grants and Biggs. Here is the worst sand stretch in the valley. At one place, on the night of September twenty-second, the sand was four feet over the rails, and the work of clearing the tracks kept a strong force of men busy with horses and shovels.

To Celilo there was but little riding, but the frowning bluffs on the Washington side of the river present grand pictures. A large salmon canning establishment is located at Celilo. In this building is a fish-wheel with nets which extend to the falls of the river, and automatically land the large salmon in the factory. Other wheels are outside on the rocks. The Columbia River Indians have dip-nets and catch large quantities of fish at the falls, which they sell for a living. Refusing to stay on their reservations, they are known as renegades, and are therefore not supported by the Government. They live in miserable hovels along the banks of the river, and during their leisure moments gamble away their money "all the same" as their white brethren.

From Celilo to the Dalles is but twelve miles. The Columbia River now cuts its way around rocks and through rocky chasms and mountains. Here and there are more fish-wheels, until one marvels how any salmon ever pass up the river alive.

With Mount Hood in the distance, the rugged valley around the Dalles is truly picturesque. I was glad indeed to reach this town, and at last get out of the miserable sand belt, which is one hundred and twenty-six miles long, of which one hundred miles had been walked.

The old army canteen presented to me at Fort Kehoe, in Montana, by a veteran soldier, proved a friend indeed through that abomination of desolation. I always kept it filled with coffee—an excellent stimulant for the toilsome work of wheeling through a dry and barren country.

Portland was now but eighty-eight miles away. A road runs south of Mount Hood, through a wild, sparsely settled country, but is little traveled; so I concluded to follow the tracks along the Columbia River. It was 9:30 o'clock when I left the Dalles next morning. The track was fairly well ballasted with dirt in some places, and elsewhere with stone, but there were many miles that could be ridden with comparative ease. One dangerous feature was the long reaches of trestle-work, requiring one to be very cautious about meeting trains.

The hills and mountains become very rugged on both banks of the Columbia; in some places the high, rocky cliffs are perfectly perpendicular from the water's edge, 500 and 600 feet high. The river in these narrow channels is very deep — 600 feet in some places, so it is said. The scenery changes at every bend in the river, making a grand series of panoramic views. Fifteen miles below the Dalles is the famous Memalouse Island. Here stands a monument erected over the grave of Victor Trevitt, a pioneer settler. Near by are some old shacks, or pole shanties, in which the Indians along the Columbia River place their dead. Passing Mosier, a small settlement, I kept on to the village of Hood River, deciding to stop there rather than continue, having by this time acquired a horror of section houses.

A solitary wheelman kindly piloted me to the top of the hill, which commanded an excellent view of Mount Hood, twenty-three miles to the south, and Mount Adams, off to the north thirty-five miles, and a wagon road, which seemed a beautiful stretch after long practice on railroad-ties, runs along the river, and took me six miles, to my destination.

To be continued.

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THROUGH ERIN AWHEEL.

BY GRACE E. DENISON.

II.

"MAKE A BETTER PACE THAN THAT, OR LET ME AHEAD." (*p. 137.*)

OUR arrangements had been made to leave Glen-da-lough in early morning, linger through the Vale of Avoca and arrive in Arklow for dinner at midday. Not by Tim and me were these arrangements so made; they were the kind thought of a certain warm-hearted cyclist in Dublin, whose pretty wife had a mother in Arklow, and the dinner which was to be ours when we arrived was to be provided by that good lady. But as we had dawdled in Dublin so we did likewise at Richardsons, listening to tales of St. Kevin and fair Kathleen, scrambling over rocks and stiles, and bobbing in and out of the ruined churches which are the pious pride of the peasants of Glen-da-lough. A wonderful old guide in a battered straw bonnet and red ribbons exchanged lies with Tim, while I roamed about the burying-place of the valleyites, and read some inscriptions on tombs old and new, the new being generally very smart, and setting forth that they owed their existence to transatlantic dollars, being erected by son or daughter or grandchild "in America." The crone had inveigled Tim into parting with his loose coppers, and was busily blessing him when I caught up with her. "An' the lady would sit in the wishin' seat too," she suggested; whereupon Tim explained that a certain virtue appertained to one roughly hewn stone niche, and that the realization of one's heart's desire was only a matter of time, and not of chance, if wished for while one sat in the magical niche. What could one wish for, in the uncertain and capricious climate of Ireland, but fair weather?

Richardsons had given us rest and sustenance galore (a certain doleful little hen was even then wandering about disconsolately, searching for her small brother, whose whereabouts we knew better than any one else); Providence had blessed us with good muscles and a capacity for laughter only second to our appetites. Nothing could mar our day but rain, and so I fervently wished, and obediently handed over some pennies to avert such an untimely happening.

"What time is it, anyway?" inquired Tim, as we finally turned our wheels southward. "Just half-past nine," I said, craning back for a last look at the dark lough, the scattered ruins and the snug, low, white cottage. "I wonder"

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(regretfully) "if we shall see another place as sweet and pretty and 'comfey' as this in a hurry." "Lots of 'em—come on! Make a better pace than that, or let me ahead. You're the laziest starter!" I don't reply to such remarks as this in real life; therefore silence reigns as we pedal faster along the hard, capital road, and leave Glen-da-lough among the beauties of the past. Another glimpse of the sharp point of the Sugarloaf starts Tim on the story of two men who were, through some crooked irony of fate, forced to fight a duel when they did not want to. The challenged chose the place: the top of the Sugarloaf; the distance twenty paces, and the weapons pistols. "And so, you see, the beggars popped away grandly, for neither of 'em could see

CAUGHT IN A SHOWER UNDER MOORE'S OAK, VALE OF AVOCA. (*p. 138.*)

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or hit the other," concluded Tim, with infinite enjoyment of the situation. Another Irish flavor came into our *ragout* as one by one we began to meet dog-carts with trim, ruddy men and rather dowdy women; jaunting-cars full of young folk; groups of people plodding along the road.

"These people are going to the sale at Lara House. They are all sorry round about here for the owner; he has got into debt, and is to be sold out to-day," said Tim, who had been gossiping round Glen-da-lough, and I recalled the handsome, well-wooded domain we had but lately passed, and was rather sorry, too. A lovely April-faced girl went swinging by on a jaunting-car. "Eyes of most unholy blue!" said Tim, quoting Moore, and averting his face *à la* St. Kevin; and before he could finish his flippant rhyme we had a diversion in the shape of a restive horse driven by a very bad-tempered-looking gentleman, who nearly ended his career in a thorn hedge. We caused a flutter in the legs of a good many horses that day. A young priest and a sweetly pretty maiden were driving circumspectly along, when their nag shied and snorted, and the young *pater* had to alight and turn the creature away from us before we could dare to pass it. Away up on a hill we came across an elderly lady in a very small and shallow donkey cart. The donkey was on strike, feet firmly planted, and every separate hair on his wee body standing askew with obstinacy. The large woman sat bunched on the narrow board seat, alternately scolding and coaxing her steed, and it was plainly a test of donkey-will and woman-will. "Won't your beast go, ma'am?" inquired Tim, with overacted solicitude. "Is it *go?*" she retorted. "One blessed hour have I sat here, and devil a go has he gone!" He was so little, and she was so big, that until I had a good look at him I wondered how he dared!

But in his small face and determined eye, in his very rigid legs and mock-meek, drooping ears, I saw an expression that fairly amazed me! "Can't you start him up?" I dubiously inquired of Tim, as we circled round the funny group. "I can, if you like, ma'am," said Tim, with a swoop to the rear and an inquiring glance at the big woman. "The Lord be good to you!" was her pious reply, which, being accepted for assent, Tim proceeded to start the donkey by charging full at him with a most unearthly Irish yell. Up went the donkey's ears and then his heels, and he made one bound for the hedge, while the little cart ricocheted along the road and the fat woman filled the air with profanity. Tim was forced to dismount and fairly lift the little demon back, and there we left him, ears down, eyes and legs set, just as we found him. We were told it was twenty miles to Arklow, and the milestones seemed quite close enough together as we sped along the bonny road, between hedges where a sweet promise of honeysuckle and the last faded glories of hawthorn made pleasant medley of perfume. There is no country so scented as Ireland. Whether it is the damp which coaxes out the delicate fragrance of lily-bell and rose, of golden gorse and lilac clover, I know not, but certainly I smelled sweeter and more enduring flower-fragrance in my ride through Ireland than ever elsewhere. I don't remember which of us first remarked in falsely careless tones: "*Was* that a drop of rain?" but I know it was — not one drop, but millions — as we pedaled swiftly down into Rathdrum.

We called at the post-office, and were inspected by an admiring crowd while we stamped our Glen-da-lough letters, and Tim coquetted with the post mistress. "Oh, it won't be much!" decided that optimist, as we came out into a decided drizzle. I took the pains to unstrap my short waterproof, having my doubts of Irish weather, and before very long I had to put it on. In our subsequent wanderings this cape came to be known as "Theodore," in honor of the good soul in Dublin who provided it—for Tim's benefit, not mine, but, with truly American femininity, I appropriated it, and never gave it out of my hands in wet weather. And I had it on all through the Vale of Avoca, (which is as lovely a spot as you'd care to ride through), and the waters met—*perpendicularly*—until we were glad to scurry under "Moore's Oak" for partial shelter. While we nestled, damply, against that historical tree, and made disparaging comments on the wishing-seat, and personal remarks of a decidedly ungallant nature upon the aged crone, Tim carved my initials in bold incision

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on the tree, and put in an extra five minutes over an encircling frame about them.

We hung over the bridge and watched the two streams converge and go flowing off together, like Darby and Joan, in perfect union, and we essayed to purchase a drink at a horrid and desecrating shebeen close by, and we ate some damp sandwiches, and finally I began to shiver and climbed on my wheel, remarking, "No use taking cold," and having before us Arklow and the waiting dinner, we began the juiciest ride on record. How it rained, in straight, continuous streams, pattering on the rocks of the gold quarries, boiling on the narrow surface of the Avoca River, washing the trees, soaking even through "Theodore," running in rivers from my face and down my neck, until I was as wet under the cape as without! My dress draggled about my ankles, my cap grew heavy with water, my hands were cold and red and wet. The tire slithered through the drenched sandy roads, past the coronet-crowned gates of Glenart, Lord Carysfort's seat; past the high banks whereon grow ferns grand and tall, under monster oaks—dripping, perspiring, laughing and, later, silent as the grave, we slowly made for Arklow. "A rain-water bath is good for the complexion," is all I can say as we toil on, undaunted but drenched. I faintly offer to restore "Theodore" to his proper owner, but Tim flouts my shallow unselfishness in disdain.

We cannot stop to peer at Parnell's house, nor even at the midday groups of road-menders who munch their dinner under the hedge. Finally, we turn a bend in a rather uphill road and come suddenly into Arklow. It is not the merry rush which took us down into Glen-da-lough—rather a slip and a slide, a half-blinded glance to right and left, and the echo of a sly laugh from a group of surprised fisher folks clustered under an archway. We come to a part of the highway more atrociously deep in sand than we can pass, and we gingerly dismount and stagger to the foot-path. It is so great a drenching that it becomes amusing, and we stand laughing at ourselves, with the water streaming off us, and our feet "squashing" as we step, for our boots are full of rain-water, as are my chamois gauntlets hanging in the handle-bars, and my waterproof pocket sagging heavily at my side. Can we present ourselves before the Dublin lady's mamma in such juicy plight? A thousand times *No!* So we reel along to the only hotel in the town, a parti-colored, crazily decorated looking house, and as we enter we leave little rivers of water along the hall-floor, and are ashamed to sit down on the smart chairs of the parlor in our utterly soaked condition. Tim looks all right, save for his shoulders and knees; the rain has curled his hair up tight, and even his eyebrows have a rim of damp drops among their blackness. A certain rueful, uncomfortable look in his face, alone tells of sticky underwear and soaking feet. A chorus of exclamations from the housemaid, the porter and the landlady bewails our condition, and as we can't have our garments dried on us, we are promptly hustled upstairs to bed. It was a case of dire necessity, or I should have preferred not to crawl between the blankets in that hostelry, for I had some doubts of its being wise to do so.

However, a cup of hot tea and blankets of even doubtful cleanliness soon sent me into dreamland, and my last moments of waking consciousness were devoted to a misty order for dinner in an hour, or sooner, if the clothes were dry. Three hours after, dinner was ready, but the clothes were anything but dry, and it became necessary to levy on the wardrobe of the landlady rather than risk a chill. A very motley costume was presently provided from my own night comforts and the landlady's Sunday suit, and I descended in rather a stately manner, owing to the weight of my skirts and the roominess of my woolen bath slippers. Never shall I forget the guise of the worthy Tim, as he met me in the coffee-room, with a deprecatory smile and a quick glance at my huddled outline. The good woman had evidently lent him red woolen stockings and carpet slippers from her own private store; the half-dried "bags" were his own. The elegant diagonal frock-coat, with aldermanic girth and elongated skirts, was, I discovered, a present to be sent to "me son in Buffalo," and it lent the last touch to a rig that was utterly outrageous; however, the landlady seemed quite proud of the illustrious scarecrow, and called him, in confidence to me, "a pretty gentleman."

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I laughed at him until I was tired, and then, with ravenous appetites, we dined.

Every now and then, when Tim would rise to forage for some extra provender, and I would catch sight of the landlady's moth-eaten hose on his stalwart legs, a fresh outburst of laughter would draw from the "pretty gentleman" a pleading remonstrance — or a retort in connection with my grand white opera shawl and beaded flounces. At last, at about six o'clock, our clothes were dry enough to risk wearing them, and, after many an uncomfortable squirm and shiver, we were dressed and free to face a curious public. The hostess, who had been expecting us ever since noon, was soon found a little way down the same street, and we were soundly rated for not inflicting ourselves upon her in the first instance. Irish hospitality has no laws; you are welcome when and how you choose to present yourself, and the great, kind hearts take you in and cherish you, whether you deserve it or not. Arklow is neither pretty nor picturesque, but the wee dwellings of the fisher folk, the windows filled with flowers, the new pier and the broad outlook to the sea, the notorious school-house and yard where the Reverend Mr. Hallowes and his open-air congregation assemble, to the great distaste of the good Romanists — each had their interest. As it was rather damp for bicycles, our kind hostess ordered a car, and we drove out into the country, past Shelton Abbey, the Earl of Wicklow's beautiful old home, to Bally Arthur, a summer residence at present deserted of its owners. Powerscourt, on a small scale, was Bally Arthur, and we drove and walked freely through the domain, down the 161 rustic steps hewn in the rocky hillside, past banks of faint, blue, wild hyacinths and graceful ferns, clumps of brilliant rhododendrons and laurel trees — all the inevitable beauty and sweetness of an Irish home.

It would have been a lovely wheel had we chosen to explore it on bicycles, and, like almost all other places, the road is free to tourists. Larry, the driver, enlightened me as to the names of various beauty spots on the way — Bachelor's Walk, Love Lane, and suchlike — and he further predicted plenty of rain on the morrow. Early in the morning the fishermen and their wives passed my window on their way to the mass, the men silent and patient, the women anxious but submissive, in the teeth of a fruitless two months' cruise which foretold privation and poverty in the weeks to come.

"Not a penny has my man brought me, God help him," said one woman, later in the day, as she filled her apron with the morning's shopping at the general store. Cottage loaf, flour, sugar, tea and salt pork she carried in this handy apron, and the shopman charged them all up in his blurred book, for not a penny had the good wife!

While the roads were drying off we amused ourselves with a prowl around the town, and a lovely drive with Larry to "Glenart." The Carysfort family were in London, living amid an arid region of brick and stone, while their fair Irish home, flower-decked and scented, looked up to heaven, deserted.

To be continued.

THE RACE.

THE start, the strain, the springing,
The leap, the flight, the winging!
The roll of footsteps spurning
The footpath toward us turning!
The white goal growing nearer,
The huzzas sounding clearer,
The spurt, the fierce contending—
The rush, the ease, the ending!
The glow of victory feeling,
The sounds of triumph pealing,
The one fair face all beaming,
And dark eyes passion gleaming;
The white breast quickly heaving
The wreath of her own weaving—
All make us greet our inning
And make the race worth winning!

C. H. CRANDALL.

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A CHAMOIS HUNT.

BY A. RANGER.

ILL-HEALTH is not always an unmixed evil, for if it sometimes makes one an exile from home, it not infrequently gives him privileges which, but for sickness, he might never have had. It has been so in my case more than once; but take a single instance: I had been for a week or more picking my way along one of those narrow but beautiful valleys of Italy which are formed by the numerous spurs of the Alps just south of Monte Rosa, when my swarthy-skinned muleteer broke his long silence by informing me that we had reached the extreme upper end of the valley and were now actually among the foothills. He concluded by pointing suggestively toward a curious old chalet, standing among chestnut trees, half a mile distant on a hillside. I nodded approval, and not many minutes later dismounted at the door of "The Chamois"—for so Antonio called the quaint hostelry. He said it had been given this name because it was the headquarters for all hunting parties from Florence and other Italian cities. He further explained that the whole region was famous for the numbers of chamois to be found, and that the King himself had often visited the valley.

It had been my purpose to climb Monte Rosa on the Italian side and make descent by way of the Theodule Pass and the village of Zermott. I was, therefore, not unwilling to stop for a day of rest before undertaking the difficult task, even had no special inducement been offered; but, when I learned the name of the house and why it was so named, I was seized with an almost irresistible desire to stop there for a while in hope of having a little hunt of my own.

And my lucky star must have been ascendant just then, for as I entered the house I found a group of ten or a dozen Italian gentlemen, in the garb of hunters, excitedly listening to a peasant who stood in the center, cap in hand. I was not sufficiently familiar with the language of Dante to understand all that was said, but I heard the term "chamois" frequently used, and I soon learned from the porter (one of those polyglot persons to be found at most European hotels) that the party consisted of noblemen from Genoa and other places who were out for their annual hunt, and that the peasant was explaining that he had just seen a bunch of six chamois on a mountain-side not many miles away. These creatures are not usually of a gregarious disposition, but they are sometimes found in considerable herds, and the peasant's story seemed to be accepted as a truthful one. An attack on them was therefore planned for the next day. Here, now, was my opportunity, and I instantly began to plan for an invitation to join in the sport. Fortunately, I had with me an open letter of introduction from a well-known Scottish sportsman, who had spent several winters in Italy, and by means of this, and through the kind offices of mine host, who could jabber a little English, I made the acquaintance of Count Ferratti, the leader of the party, who gave me a cordial invitation to accompany them on the morrow. I was without an outfit at all suitable, but the hotel keeper was about my size (I refer to his physical make-up, of course), and as he was prevented from going, by some unexpected business arrange-

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ment, I gladly accepted the loan of his "rig," including as fine a rifle as I ever saw.

During the evening the party amused themselves with all sorts of yarns, including personal experiences in hunting chamois, and tales of marvelous exploits by noted men from all parts of Italy. I engaged the aforesaid polyglot to act as interpreter, and in this way learned a number of very interesting things. One of the older men claimed to have hunted frequently in company with King Victor Emmanuel, and was loud in his praises of the skill and power of endurance of that rough old warrior. It seems that Victor took special pleasure in this kind of sport, and was never known to grow weary of it. He was a daring climber, and a most remarkable shot with the rifle. He had a way of keeping just behind a comrade when game was in sight, and would often manage, when he thought his friend might not hit, to fire simultaneously with him, and without his knowledge, and though it was probable that the King usually killed the chamois, he would never make or allow such a claim, but always insisted on giving his companion credit for a fine shot. It appears, too, that he used to get terribly angry at Count Cavour and Garibaldi, because he could never get either of them willingly to join him in the sport, or listen with any real interest to the stories he told on returning from a hunt. Incidentally, too, I learned that this illustrious trio, to whose united efforts we must attribute the creation of United Italy, were so totally unlike in all their tastes and habits that they took but little interest in each other outside of their relation to a common cause.

We were out of bed at an early hour next morning, and before the sun had begun to pierce with his slant javelins of light the dense fog which covered all the valley, had reached the broad base of the mountain on which the game had last been seen. Ferratti deployed his men with the skill of an old field-marshal. The mountain was to be scaled simultaneously on all sides, except where it joined itself to the mighty flank of Monte Rosa. We were directed to take our places and await the signal, which was to be a blast from the leader's horn. I do not know whether it may have been because I was an American, or for some other reason, but Ferratti paid me the compliment of assigning me to a position near the center of the line and next to himself. I readily found my place, and had waited with as much patience as I could command for more than an hour, when I heard the welcome horn, whose silvery notes echoed sweetly from crag to crag as the sound rolled onward and upward and died away in the far distance. Then I began the ascent. But I soon found that the post of honor was the post of difficulty here, as in so many other places in human life, for suddenly, out of the gray mist which was beginning to lift, there arose before me an almost perpendicular cliff of some hundreds of feet, which it seemed could only be scaled by one who had wings. I thought of my poor left lung, and came near concluding at once that I, too, was left. But after a long search I discovered the bed of a summer torrent, and by dint of the hardest sort of climbing managed to get upward some five or six hundred feet, after which the way became much less difficult. Here, too, the grandeur and beauty of the region began to impress me—

"As many a pinnacle, with shifting glance,
Through the gray mist thrust up its shattered lance."

I caught glimpses of the bold outlines of the neighboring mountains, and saw the colossal shoulders of Monte Rosa, which are nowhere else seen to such advantage. In fact, I had almost, for the nonce, forgotten that I was a sportsman and not a scenery worshiper, when I was aroused from my reverie by the sound of a rifle-shot, followed by another and another in quick succession—the last, after a brief interval, supplemented by a long, shrill whistle, which I took to be the signal of a successful opening of the campaign. I knew, however, that if the quarry were started and not brought down at once, it would be likely to keep on at about the same level on the mountain-side, and probably give an opportunity for the next hunter to try his hand. Accordingly, I dropped behind the nearest bowlder and nervously watched in the direction whence I had heard the firing. Several things conspired to make me nervous. I was not strong at best, and was a good deal heated by climbing to my present position; and, besides, I remembered that I

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was the only representative of a nation famous for the use of the rifle, and naturally felt that it would not do for me to make an unsuccessful shot.

But I had not long to think about it, for suddenly, as if they had sprung, Minerva-like, into existence, two full-grown chamois came into view on the edge of a cliff some four hundred yards to the right and above me. They stopped for an instant only, and then disappeared as quickly as though the earth had swallowed them. I kept my eyes riveted to the spot for perhaps five minutes, at the end of which time the wary creatures came in sight again. This time they stood close together, half facing in my direction, and somewhat nearer than before, on a gigantic bowlder. Evidently they had chosen this position that they might the more readily discover whether they had enemies in front as well as behind them. As they stood there with heads high in air they formed a picture worth traveling far to see. For a moment I was affected by it, and quite unable to shoot. But I soon remembered that the reputation of American sportsmen was at stake, and that but once in a lifetime did one have such an opportunity. Then my nerves became like steel, and with a steadier hand than I have sometimes held a rifle on nobler game, I sent the leaden messenger on its errand. An instant later and I was on my feet prepared for another shot. But the smoke hung low for what seemed a long time, and when I did get a clear view neither of the chamois was in sight. I was being tortured with doubt as to my success, and had even begun to think how I could explain matters to the rest of the party, who would assuredly know of my failure, when I heard an exultant shout at my left and not far away. Later appeared my nearest neighbor in the hunt, who clapped his hands and poured out such a stream of mellifluous eloquence that I could only conclude that my shot had taken effect, and that he knew it. And so it proved. For, leaving his rifle with me, he bounded away with almost the agility of the chamois itself, and returned with the game.

I had no other chance to test my skill for the day, and perhaps, as in the famous case of Henry Clay, who drove a nail home at the first shot and declined to shoot again until some one had done better, it may have been well that I did not. Other members of the party were successful, too, for on returning to the hotel we found we had secured three fine specimens of what is, perhaps, more difficult to successfully hunt than any other sort of game.

That night we had a grand dinner with chamois served *à l'Italienne*, and with an American as the guest of honor.

A MODERN NIMROD.

WITHIN some sheltered, shaded, sylvan spot,
"The world forgetting, by the world forgot,"
Some silvery lakeside or some verdant vale,
But not too far from railroads and the mail,
Will I make fast the moorings of my tent
And swing in hammock as the days are spent,
There to abide while summer heats survive,
On hunter's fare—fresh canned from town—to thrive;
Grow "brown as berry" through the sunny day,
And with the nightfall stow myself away
On bed of hemlock boughs—a fragrant pile,
Laid by the guide with woodman's skill—and while
The night's cool breath creeps through the canvas walls,
And swift, sound, subtle sleep my brain befalls,
"The world forgetting, by the world forgot,"
Dream of dim glades and "such a pretty shot."

AURILLA FURBER.

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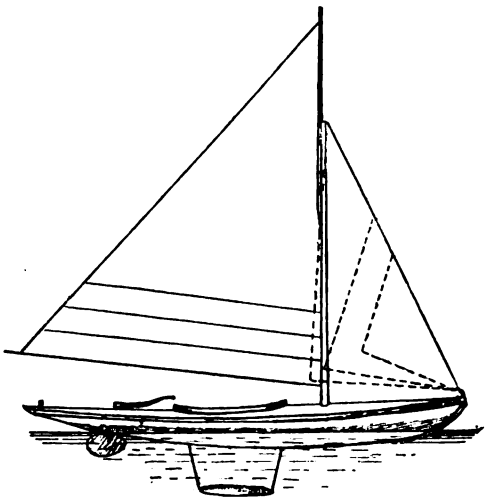
THE MODERN SINGLE-HAND CRUISER.

BY C. BOWYER VAUX.



"SCARECROW."

THE term "single-hand," when applied to a sail-boat, simply means that she may be easily managed by one man. A single-hand cruiser is a sail-boat suitable for cruising—that is, living on board for days at a time, while journeying about from one place to another—and capable of being managed by one man, under all ordinary circumstances. It does not mean that the boat will hold only one person; on the contrary, single-handers are always designed to carry two or more; and for ordinary afternoon sailing, may often accommodate four or five quite comfortably.

There has been an ever increasing demand of late years for small, safe, inexpensive and fast sail-boats. This demand has been only partially met by the boats put on the market, or built to order. The problem, "what is the best single-hander?" has not been solved yet. The object in view in this article is to state some of the questions involved, and indicate briefly what has been done to solve them by designers and builders, amateur and professional.

The cruising canoe is, of course, a single-hander; but the term is not used ordinarily to cover these boats. For river and small inland lake cruising, the canoe is nearly perfect in its way, and is in common use, especially in Canada. Canoes of larger size than the standard (16x30) have been built and used for cruising with a crew of one or two. These boats are not comfortable for open water cruising, as they are very wet in rough water, and on long reaches the crew is much cramped by sitting practically in one position all the time. They have one great merit, however—cheapness. A first-class canoe, fully rigged, can be had for $150 or less.

Canoe cruising may be made very enjoyable, even on open waters, when several cruisers sail in company, each in his own boat, all camping on shore at night, and having time enough at their disposal to choose their sailing weather, remaining on shore when the elements are against them.

The ideal single-hander is a boat large enough to allow the crew to move about in the cockpit and on deck without danger of upsetting. It must be easy to get under way and moor, so that little time will be lost when an afternoon sail is in order. Therefore, the rig must be simple and light. The main points to be considered are size, safety, cost, rig and lines, the two last having to do with the speed. Taking them in their order, size may first be considered.

A sail-boat, to be handled by one man, must be comparatively small—certainly not over twenty feet on the water line. The most convenient boats are between fourteen and eighteen feet on the water line. The beam may vary according to model and other factors of the problem. The draught should be light—not over one foot—as a deep draught boat is very unhandy in cruising where shoal water is often encountered unless a small tender is constantly kept towing astern. The size is also governed by the amount of cash available; every foot in length, of course, adding to the expense of hull and rig.

The hull should be strong and built

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of suitable materials. For use in salt water, no iron should be employed in the construction, as it rusts badly, develops ugly stains and rots the wood. The boat, to be safe, must be non-sinkable when capsized or full of water; an end easily attained by providing water-tight sections sufficient to float her at all times and under all circumstances.

A life-boat differs from an ordinary row-boat in one essential particular—it has air-tight compartments of metal at bow and stern. These compartments are of sufficient size to displace enough water to float the boat and crew when the open part of the boat is full of water, and therefore she is non-sinkable. If she is swamped or upset, she can be righted and bailed out.

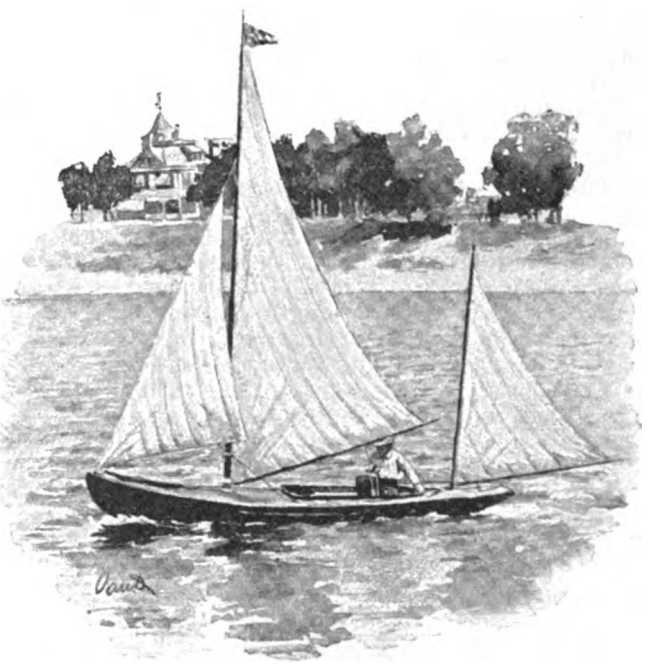
The large ocean steamers are now built with many such water-tight compartments, so that, in case of an accident resulting in a bad leak, the water that enters the hold is confined to a comparatively small space and does not endanger the safety of the ship.

Sailing canoes have for many years been built with water-tight bulkheads in each end, and consequently are life-boats pure and simple. In the last year or two the tendency has been toward enlarging the air spaces, until now, in the crack racing canoes, there is practically no open section worth mentioning. The cockpit in the prize winners is only large enough to contain the feet of the skipper. In a boat so built an upset is of little or no consequence, as only a gallon or two of water can find lodgment in the cockpit, and the only delay caused by an upset is the very limited amount of time it takes to right the canoe and trim sheets.

Another point of safety in a single-hander is to build the floor of the cockpit above the water line, and by providing drainage tubes or scuppers, any water that finds its way in over the deck runs out of itself, thus making the boat self-bailing--of course the floor and siding of the cockpit must be practicably water tight. The air compartments in the ends are utilized, by means of deck hatches, for stowage purposes. Such a boat can not have a cabin, being too small and shallow; therefore sleeping accommodations are provided by setting up a tent over the cockpit, or camping on shore as canoemen do.

The cost of a single-hander depends on the size of the boat, its model, fittings and rig; and may be as low as $50, if a man is ingenious enough to build it himself, only paying for the materials, or as high as $1,000, if the boat is yacht-built, with lead or fin keel, and rigged with silk sails, hollow spars, handsome metal fittings and all the luxuries that delight the heart of the well-to-do sailorman.

The rig is a very important item, since on its simplicity depends very largely the general handiness of the boat. The sloop-rig — jib and mainsail — is better than a single sail like the cat, which is very awkward to manage when running free or when reefed down in a blow. The yawl-rig has some advantages over the sloop, since it will work well under



"LA GLORIA."

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jib and mizzen without the mainsail; or, the mainsail may be set alone, full or reefed. The cat-yawl rig, so called, is in effect the canoe-rig of two sails, a mainsail forward and mizzen aft, lacking the jib that characterizes the full yawl. Cruising in small sail-boats has become quite a popular way of taking an outing. All kinds of craft have been pressed into the service — boats not specially built or designed for this use. The cat-boat is the commonest type met with on these Eastern waters. It is in many respects a poor boat for cruising, and it cannot be said to be very safe as ordinarily built and rigged, owing to the great length of the boom, which has a propensity either to drag in the water, or to "kick up" at every favorable opportunity.

The sneak-box has many desirable cruising qualities — safety, light draft, handiness — and has been quite extensively used for this purpose, and very charmingly written about by the late Mr. Soulé, better known as "Seneca." It is very cheap to build and rig, but it cannot be said that it is either fast or pretty, as compared with more ship-shape models. A modification of the sneak-box idea is the sixteen-foot cruiser with a plumb stern, designed by Mr. W. P. Stephens, and built several years ago. It has proved to be a very satisfactory cruising boat, and is now owned and used by Mr. Alfred Dolge.

Another type of single-hander, in use four or five years ago, was a small yacht deep of draught and full cutter-rigged. This was a comfortable boat in many ways, but usually slow and clumsy to handle, and expensive to build and rig.

Nearly all of the canoe-builders have at one time or another taken a hand at canoe-yawl building, and some of these boats have made capital cruisers. They are built like canoes, to a length of eighteen feet, and are four or five feet wide, and much deeper than a canoe, so as to give them more free-board. The canoe-yawl has, in fact, up to this time been the best small cruising boat. It is safe, fast and moderately comfortable, and easily handled by one man at all times. Such a boat can be had fully rigged for about $200.

The St. Lawrence River skiff is another type of single-hander, used on inland waters to good advantage. This boat has developed great speed as a racing machine in the hands of experts, and has been made eminently safe by the adoption of the life-boat idea in construction—namely, the building in of water-tight bulkheads at each end of the small cockpit. The boat is too narrow for its length (four feet wide by twenty to twenty-two feet long) for comfortable cruising, and is too light in construction for rough work on open water.

The problem that confronts us, then, is to devise a boat that will have all, or most, of the good points of the above types and none of their weak points. Can this be done? Let us see.

Mr. W. P. Stephens designed a new type of cruiser last year, *La Gloria*, which was sailed by her owner, Mr. M. T. Bennett, of New York, all last summer—time enough to get at her good points, and she has many. The midship section and bottom are like those of the sneak-box. An overhanging and tapering stern gives a decidedly yachty appearance—something all other single-handers lack. The bow, instead of being the spoon-shaped affair seen on sneak-boxes, is what may be termed, for want of a better title, Glorianesque. *La Gloria* draws about six inches of water, is twenty feet over all, with an extreme beam of four feet six inches, and is yawl-rigged—the mainsail and mizzen being leg-o'-mutton in shape, from designs by Mr. C. J. Stevens, who, in common with many other canoemen, has successfully used this sail on his canoes for several years.

This fifteen-foot water-line cruiser proved to be a very comfortable boat for two to cruise in; fast, safe, easy for one to manage, and fairly low in cost for so good a boat, $250 being the total expense of hull and rig. The centerboard is of galvanized iron, quite thin and light (60 lbs.). No ballast was put in, and yet the craft proved to be very stiff under sail. *La Gloria* handles to perfection, being very quick in stays, and easy off the wind. The boat will hold four comfortably for afternoon sailing. Her principal fault is that she is wet in a sea-way, though she rarely ships solid water. The passengers and crew come in for a wetting, unless they wear their oilers.

The overhanging bow does away with the need of a bowsprit, which is a good point gained, the jib being attached to the stem-head. The overhangs fore and

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aft give more deck-room than a sixteen-footer usually has, which is certainly a great advantage.

Scarecrow is the name of a somewhat similar boat, designed last fall by Mr. W. P. Stephens, and embodying the ideas of the owner, Mr. C. J. Stevens. She is now completed and ready for the season of 1893. This boat has a water-line length of eighteen feet, and is twenty-five feet over all, with an extreme beam of five feet six inches. The free-board is one foot, and draught nine inches. She is a much larger, abler, and will probably be a dryer boat than *La Gloria*. The cockpit is amidships, quite small, and self-bailing into the open centerboard trunk, which is flush with the floor. There is only one mast, carrying a jib and leg-o'-mutton mainsail, which has two sets of reef points. Three jibs have been made for the boat: one to be set with the full mainsail, one when a reef is turned in, and one for a double-reefed mainsail. The jibs are set flying, and consequently no forestay is needed.

The mast, boom and yard are hollow, and therefore light in weight. A yard is of course unnecessary with a mutton-leg sail, but there are several advantages in its use. A yard and short mast are stiffer for the same weight than a mast alone; long enough to carry the sail. The use of a yard tells when the mainsail is reefed, as there is no bare pole above the sail to look homely and exert its useless top weight in heeling the boat, as is always the case with a mast the full height of the sail.

Mr. Stevens' sails are made of Union silk, and the standing rigging and main-sail halyards are bronze wire ropes of small size. The most peculiar feature of the boat is the center-plate, which is in effect a sliding fin-keel of most pronounced type, weighing about 600 pounds. It is perhaps needless to say that the board is intended to be kept lowered most of the time. The fin is of Tobin bronze, one-quarter inch thick, six feet long on upper edge, and four feet on lower edge, three feet three inches deep, and it carries on its lower edge a weight of 400 pounds of lead, cigar-shaped and securely bolted to the center-plate. The fin is fitted with special lifting gear, by which it may be raised in a short time, when the boat is to be hauled out, or in the event of a sudden emergency. The cockpit floor is three inches above the waterline, and the centerboard comes up through it.

Other boats besides *Scarecrow* have been built from these lines, but they do not include the expensive center-plate here described, and therefore give a better idea of the average cost of such boats. It is safe to put the price of this cruiser, simply rigged and fitted up, at a minimum of $325, which is a very reasonable figure, when it is considered how much boat one is getting for the money, compared with other models of the same size, power and accommodations. It is certainly destined to be a popular type of cruiser.

This boat seems to be better than anything heretofore produced for purely single-hand cruising purposes, and there is no reason to suppose it would not make a fair showing in a race if rigged for racing. But its true purpose in life is as a cruiser. It seems to fill all the requirements of a small single-hander—comfort, safety, speed, moderate in cost and thoroughly seaworthy.

The matter of lines has hardly been touched upon here, as that is a technical subject and out of place in such an article. There is no reason why boats of the *Bouncer* type—designed by Thomas Clapham—should not be modified into very handy cruisers similar to the one described above.

The main point to insist on should be *safety*. It is so simple to make a sail-boat reasonably safe, that there is no excuse for the many fatal accidents that are reported in the newspapers every summer. Every pleasure boat should have water-tight compartments in it, be it a canoe, shell, skiff, cat, paddling, rowing or sail-boat.

Boat sailing is a manly sport, healthful, exciting, and a delightful recreation during five months of the year. Whatever tends to make it safer, cheaper and more social is a distinct gain, and therefore the designer of a new type of cruiser deserves the thanks of all who love water sports.

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AN IDEAL VACATION TOUR.

BY CHARLES E. HAMMETT.

HE who possesses a bicycle, and can find time for touring, has at command a fascinating recreation. The change from the duties of professional life, or the perplexing details of the counting-room, to the free-and-easy life of the road, is delightful. I toured two years ago in the celebrated Shenandoah Valley, and was so charmed with the careless liberty of the sport, and derived so much benefit from the exercise and fresh air, that I determined to spend a few weeks in the same way last season; and with three companions started on the morning of June eleventh for a trip through the Catskills and elsewhere. 'Twere hard to find a gayer party than that standing on the deck of the steamer *New York* as she moved from her pier. The famous Hudson, bathed in the sunlight of a June morning, lay all before us, the gentle slopes of the east shore, lined with palatial residences partly hidden in a wealth of foliage, enchaining the eye and at intervals affording glimpses of velvety lawn and terrace, placid lake and ornamental fountain; while in striking contrast stood forth the bold outlines of the west bank.

From the Highlands to the city of Poughkeepsie the voyager is treated to an ever-changing panorama of surpassing beauty. The river winds in and out among lofty hills, some of which rise to the dignity of mountains, now widening into a picturesque lake, again passing in a narrow channel between frowning promontories. Each turn reveals anew some lovely scene, and he is an indifferent traveler who can be enticed from the deck during these fifty miles. The Hudson River scenery is not sublime, is not inspiring—it is lovely, *enchanting;* a poet's dream transformed into reality. It possesses a soft charm, as of a scene in fairyland, which appeals irresistibly to the poetic sense of the beautiful in every soul. At Rhinecliff we have the first view of the Catskills, their faint blue lines standing out against the sky like the tracery of an artist's pencil. What associations cluster about their feet! What tales of eld the whispering boughs that clothe their solitudes could tell—stories of love, devotion, passion, revenge; of noble sacrifice or terrible cruelty! A few hours beyond Poughkeepsie the river, narrowing, admonishes us that we are approaching Albany, and soon its spires appear.

An active city of 100,000 inhabitants, Albany merits a visit for its own sake, yet possesses in its magnificent Capitol a lasting attraction for tourists. Millions have been spent—some whisper squandered—upon this splendid building, still far from complete. The Senate staircase, of red sandstone, is alone worth a trip from New York. With such grace the artist's skill has imbued the massive stone, it stands a masterpiece in its elegant proportions and exquisite decorations and inscriptions. The Assembly room; the Senate chamber, with its walls of onyx; the relic room, where are torpedoes from Charleston Harbor, slave chains in use in antebellum days, guns, swords and uniforms of the late war, well repay a visit.

The tourist cannot remain in one spot, delightful as it may be, and the morning of the twelfth sees us pushing along the Old Boston Road on our way to Hudson. There is little to please in the ten miles of hilly, rather rough and very dusty road to Nassau. Beyond this point the roads are good, the grades slight, and the scenery fine, with many lovely views. As we approach Hudson the road winds around in full view of the river, and the declining rays of the sun, reflected from its surface in a track of molten gold, make a glorious, never-to-be-forgotten picture. Next morning, crossing the ferry to Athens, we find ourselves, after a five-mile spin through fine scenery and fragrant fields, in the pretty town of Catskill, ten miles from the base of the mountains, and at six o'clock that evening, standing upon the stone coping in front of the Old Summit House, gaze out upon 14,000 square miles of territory. Mansfield, Vt., 152 miles away, can be distinctly seen, and the course of the Hudson followed for miles. It requires some time to accustom ourselves to the fact that the apparently flat garden below is the rolling and hilly country through which we have been riding. The huge cliffs which line the Hudson, and which from the steamer seem almost mountains, dwindle into a range

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of low hills, apparently not more than fifteen feet high. Large trees have become bushes, and small ones present the appearance of open umbrellas. In 1832 the first shelter of pine boards was built upon this spot, and from that has grown the Old Summit House, which can accommodate 500 guests; the huge Kaaterskill Hotel, with room for 1,600 people; and the Laurel House, which has the most romantic and secluded situation of the three. From the grand piazza on its western exposure, the eye follows the outlines of a deep ravine, which terminates abruptly within 150 feet of the hotel. The mountain stream flowing by the house drops sheer 200 feet at this point, forming the far-famed Kaaterskill Falls, the most beautiful in the Catskills. On either side majestic peaks, their solid bases lost in the gloomy depths of the ravine, lift their heads in silent grandeur to the sky, while far beyond a mighty spur, crossing the ravine, blends at last its blue lines with the horizon. What a night we spent here—silent, in rapt contemplation of the scene! The breeze roaring amongst a thousand trees sings through their leaves a charming lullaby. The heavens are gemmed with myriads of stars. Within fifty feet roar the Kaaterskill Falls, described by Cooper in his inimitable manner; while the very spot upon which the hotel is built, the dark ravine on the west, and the surrounding peaks and forests are the grounds through which his heroes wandered. Except for an occasional white hotel or club-house dotted upon the mountain side, we seem lost to the world. The quiet, calm, restfulness of the scene make the place a perfect haven for invalids. The air is a tonic, and notwithstanding the day has been exceptionally hot, is now delightfully cool.

Kaaterskill Falls, to be fully appreciated, must be seen from twenty different points. To me the grandest view is from under and behind the falls. Huge, o'erarching rocks seem half the dome of one of Nature's grand cathedrals. In front, the falls, twisted hither and thither by the winds, assume fantastic and distorted shapes, twinkling and glistening in the sunlight like a veil of diamonds, while far beyond rise the blue and ever fainter blue peaks of the receding mountains. Overhead and on either hand the bare rocks present a scene of savage grandeur which a Dante might imagine or a Doré illustrate.

The temptation to extravagance in speaking of the ride from here to New York is almost irresistible. Oh! the charm of an early morning ride by smiling fields and verdant meadows, upon whose every blade, like angels' tears dropped in the silent watches of the night, the dewdrops glisten. How fresh and pure the breeze! Overhead resounding boughs ring with the melody of feathered songsters. The vigorous exercise and sense of rapid motion elevate the spirits, and all Nature seems rejoicing in the advent of a new day ushered in. The mountain must be descended cautiously. In many places it is necessary to walk, though the greater part can be ridden, but with brake on and with back-pedaling. From the foot of the Catskills to Saugerties is a glorious ride with ever-changing views of the mountains, Old Summit House and Kaaterskill Hotel nestling among the trees like fairy halls in lands of magic. Crossing at Saugerties to the east side of the Hudson, the road turns due south. Broad acres, rich with the fruit of the farmer's toil, green pastures dotted with herds of sleek cattle, and white farmhouses embowered in whispering groves, form a picture that even flying cyclists, hurrying by on splendid roads of powdered rock, must pause to admire. From Hyde Park to Poughkeepsie, seven miles away, the road is bordered on either side by rows of trees whose arching boughs form a leafy canopy scarce penetrable by the sun. Their trunks, extending in endless colonnade, enframe many charming bits of scenery.

The *pièce de résistance* of the entire ride lies between Poughkeepsie and Yonkers. Glorious indeed is the memory of that day's journey. Approaching Cold Spring, the road is level with the river and within ten feet of it, midst the grandest scenery of the Hudson. Storm King here turns in conscious strength his bare and wrinkled face to the blast. Oft has the artillery of heaven played round his head. Furrowed by the storms of ages, he still bids defiance to the gale and sits like some immutable Jove upon his throne. In the neighborhood of Yonkers the

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road is lined with magnificent residences. Acre upon acre of splendidly kept lawn, smooth as carpet, fresh and green; ornamental lakes and fountains, and splendid equipages evidence the wealth and taste of their owners, New York merchant princes.

New York is undoubtedly the prince of American cities. During the two days our schedule allowed in this city, we traversed the principal business and residence streets awheel, inspected prominent buildings, strolled over the famous Brooklyn Bridge, and watched from its walks the busy stream of life below; found time to hear Gilmore's Band in the celebrated Madison Square Garden Theater, and to see some of the tenement life of New York before taking the steamer for Boston on Saturday afternoon, the eighteenth of June.

The Fall River Line steamers are said to be the finest specimens of marine architecture afloat, and certainly, for once, Dame Rumor seems not to have outstripped the facts. Their furnishing and appointments are magnificent and luxurious to a degree. Nothing has been overlooked that can contribute to the comfort and convenience of the traveler. We arrived at Fall River 4:30 o'clock next morning, and trained thence sixty-seven miles through a flat and uninteresting country to Boston.

There is much in Boston to interest the stranger, though perhaps he will have to confess a feeling of disappointment if, as in our case, he enters the city for the first time on a day when the busy wheels of trade are at a standstill, the streets almost deserted, a dull sky overhead and a drizzling rain finding its way into every nook and cranny. Externals have much to do with the tenor of life, and try he ever so hard, the cyclist cannot extract enjoyment from a water-logged day. Fortunately, an hour after our arrival the sun forced his way through the clouds. His cheery beams gild wall and steeple, and show the city in a new light as we roll swiftly through the famous Back Bay district. Beacon street, a magnificent avenue from the center of the city to Chestnut Hill Reservoir; Commonwealth avenue, the handsomest residence street of Boston; Franklin Park, alive with carriages and cycles, and gay with chattering groups in their Sunday best; Copley square, where stand Trinity Church, the New Public Library, Old South Church, and the Art Museum, notable buildings all of them; the Public Gardens, a charming resort, laid out in great good taste and embellished with noted statues in marble and bronze; Harvard University; the Old Common, historic ground, hallowed by memories of the sacred past—all claim a visit.

We have but two days and a half in Boston and return to Baltimore by sea. He who sees for the first time the loading of an ocean steamship must wonder where all the freight is stowed. Box, bale and crate, ton upon ton, disappear in the capacious hold. Hour after hour big men rush up and down the gangways dragging heavy trucks, the noise and confusion almost deafening. At last there is a lull; the men drop off by twos and threes. Soon the huge iron sliding doors swing into place, the hawsers are cast loose and the vessel is off. An ocean voyage possesses a strong attraction for the average man. There is an odor of salt breezes, green billows and rolling surges about it that is peculiarly fascinating with the thermometer at 90°.

Like all things, good or bad, however, this breakfast must come to an end, and the passenger finds himself again on deck, free to enjoy the air and the sea. Our trip from Norfolk to Baltimore up the beautiful Chesapeake Bay was one long, delightful dream. The sunlight glittered in bands of gold upon the water; fresh breezes fanned our cheeks, while craft of all kinds, from the stately merchantman to the pungy loaded with fruit from the "Eastern sho'," dotted the bay. As the vessel nears the city, familiar objects meet the eye. Here North Point; there the monster iron works at Steelton; directly ahead, in the middle of the river, old Fort Carroll, and to the left Fort McHenry, whose flag, unfurled through storm of shot and shell, inspired with patriotic fervor the poetic soul of Francis Scott Key, and gave "The Star Spangled Banner" to the world.

The vessel is at the wharf. We step across the gang-plank. Our trip is a thing of the past, but a past that is present at command—a past that is recalled with feelings of the liveliest pleasure and satisfaction—a past beside whose niche in the halls of experience there stand vacant pedestals that shall in time be graced with kindred figures.

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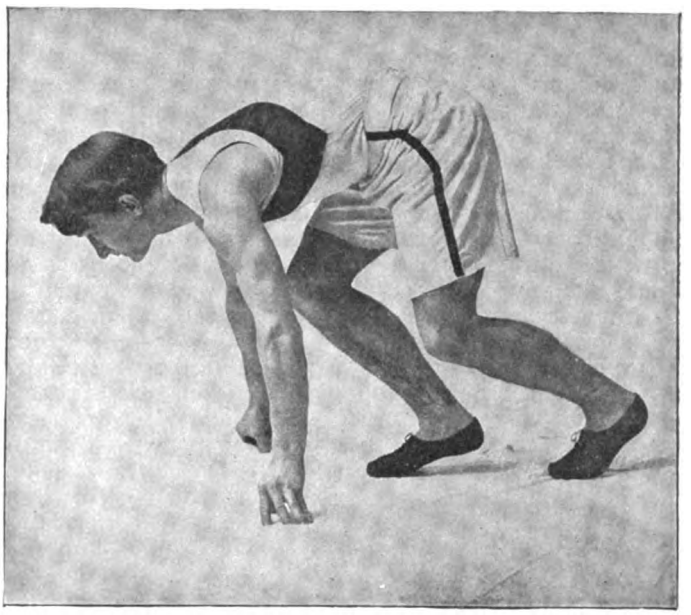

E. B. BLOSS IN THE CROUCHING START.

STARTING AND STARTERS.

BY JOHN CORBIN.

"STARTING" in track athletics is the knack of getting away quickly after the report of the pistol. A quick starter will leap out the instant the pistol sounds, and reach his maximum speed in a very few strides. A slow starter is less ready in obeying the pistol, and takes longer to get up speed. The importance of a quick start is well recognized among track athletes, and many instances could be given where a start has won a race. The best of these is the race in which John Owen, Jr., beat Luther Cary, making the world's record for 100 yards in 9 4–5 seconds. Here Owen was three or four feet in the lead in the first few strides, but led by only a foot at the finish. Had the two been equally good starters, Cary would be the present world's champion.

Of the various qualities that go to make the successful starter, one of the most important is a ready mind, though I have seldom seen this commented on. The time required to obey signals varies in individuals. For several years past German psychologists have busied themselves with measuring this, and at present a series of tests of quickness is being made upon the students of Harvard College. Differences of four one-hundredths of a second between individuals are not rare; and this, in a ten-second dash, is equal to fourteen inches. Accordingly, in the race above referred to between Owen and Cary a mere difference in quickness of mind would be sufficient to account for Cary's defeat.

The first care of a starter, therefore, should be that his mind works with the utmost speed. The experiments referred to show that the muscles react most quickly to impressions of sound, less quickly to those of touch, and least quickly to those of sight. The old device of dropping a handkerchief before a starter is, accordingly, the worst possible, and the present pistol-shot the best. It appears also that the reaction time varies with the loudness of the report. Where a pistol is not to be used, the noise should still be sharp and loud. Clap two chest-weight irons together, or if the word "Go!" is used, it should be as short and sharp as possible. If the athlete is training by himself, various devices may be resorted to. Mr. J. G. Lathrop, the instructor in athletics at Harvard, taught himself to start by

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throwing a stone against a neighboring fence, or a torpedo into the air, getting ready to start before the report.

The reaction time may be lowered in individuals, the scientists say, by close attention to the sound and constant practice. When waiting for the signal the starter should concentrate his mind on the report, forgetting everything else. He should not, however, lose self-control in the intensity of anticipation; for any chance sound is often enough to start an athlete before the pistol-shot, and the penalty he then suffers is to be set back a yard behind the rest. A series of short dashes, from five to fifteen yards, as the gymnasium permits, should be a part of every day's exercise, for only by constant practice is the height of steadiness and mental alertness acquired. Let the starter, therefore, take daily practice in getting away from the scratch. Mr. Lathrop, the Harvard instructor in athletics, puts his sprinters through a series of ten-yard dashes every day of the winter training, and not only are these the pleasantest and most exhilarating part of the work, but the most profitable. His starters have for years won a large majority of the prizes in all indoor meetings. Yet this exercise can, like all others, be easily overdone, light as it is. Five or six heats a day are enough for any man; and before a race, work should be gradually lessened for three or four days. A day or two of rest will often give better results than exercise.

A. H. GREEN IN THE SHEFFIELD START.

The "style" or posture in starting varies with almost every athlete, yet all divergencies group themselves under three general types: the so-called "theoretical" start; the "Sheffield," or "professional" start, and the "students'," or crouching start. Of these the first two are erect, but in the last the athlete springs from all fours.

In the theoretical start either right or left foot may be forward on the scratch; but the opposite hand is always to the front. Thus, if the starter puts his left foot forward and his right back, the right hand is forward and the left back. This start, it was once maintained, presents the relative positions which the arms and legs always occupy when the athlete is running, and is, therefore, the position from which he can most easily spring into a race. But experience has shown that in a sprinting start the normal motions of arms and legs are not attained until the second or third stride, and that thus nothing is gained by starting from the theoretical posture. In a distance race, however, a runner may fall into his swing from the first, and the theoretical start is there perhaps best.

In the Sheffield start (shown in the illustration of A. H. Green) both right arm and right leg, or left arm and left leg, may be forward. Suppose, for instance, that the left leg and arm are

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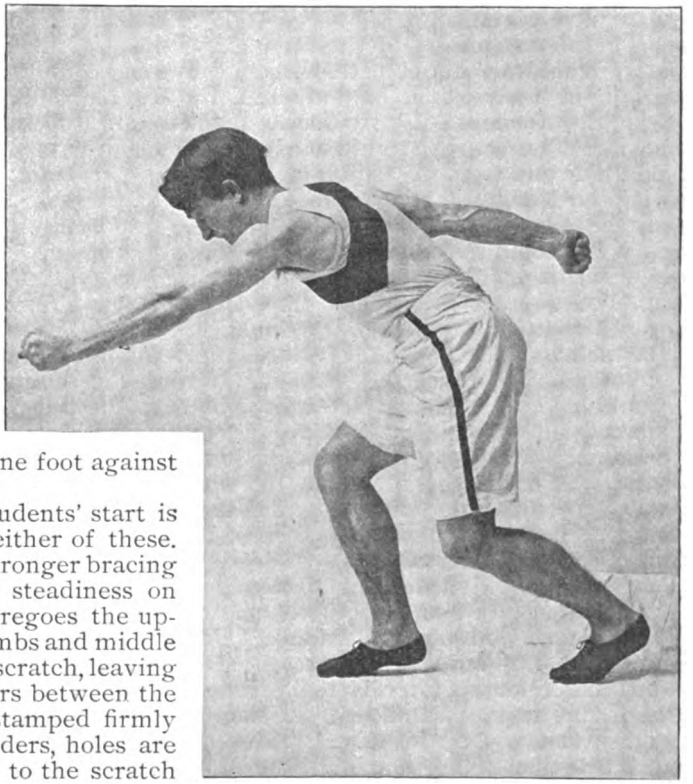
forward. The force of a single push is not enough to throw the starter forward a full stride, and the result is that the right foot is "dabbed" a yard beyond the scratch. The arms, meanwhile, do not change their positions. The result is that at the end of the dash, when the athlete is fairly in motion, the arms and legs are no longer in the Sheffield position, but are exactly as in the theoretical start. After the dash the right leg is in position for its strongest spring; so that by the fourth or fifth stride a first-rate starter is reaching his top speed.

In both Sheffield and theoretical starts it is an advantage to sink the spikes into the floor; or, on a cinder track, to cut out holes with the spikes for the foot to rest in. At the words "Get set!" the arms are raised, the knees slightly bent, and, what does not appear to the spectator, the starter braces his legs apart, the front one pushing forward, the rear one backward; then the body swings slowly forward until the shoulders are as far forward as it is possible to throw them, without spoiling the bracing of one foot against the other.

The posture in the students' start is entirely different from either of these. Here, in order to gain a stronger bracing for the feet, and greater steadiness on the marks, the athlete foregoes the upright position. The thumbs and middle fingers are placed on the scratch, leaving the width of the shoulders between the hands. The spikes are stamped firmly into the floor—or, on cinders, holes are made—both feet as near to the scratch as the athlete finds practicable. This distance will vary for the first foot from six to eight inches, and for the rear foot from fourteen to twenty-two, according to the suppleness of the athlete's thews and the proportional length of legs and back. The idea is to have all fours upon the ground and to be braced strongly for the spring; but the higher the body the better, for it will take less strength, and especially less time, to shoot it into the proper position for running. At the word "Set!" the athlete braces strongly against his spikes and swings slowly forward until he feels the center of gravity nearly above the scratch, but not so far as to destroy the brace against the spikes—just as in the standing start. The first stride throws the body forward at an angle of forty-five degrees, or something less than that, and by the second or third stride the athlete is in the normal position for running.

Of the relative merits of the standing and the crouching starts a great deal might be said. The opinion of all first-rate starters is that the students' start is the best for every-day use. Out of one



E. B. BLOSS IN THE SHEFFIELD START.

hundred and fifty starters that Mr. J. G. Lathrop turned out in the winter of 1891–2, not one was penalized in competition for starting too soon, and in 1892–3 only one out of a similar number. It would be safe to say, moreover, that almost none were "left on their marks"—that is, were unready to start when the pistol cracked. The result of such a showing is that the students' start is almost universally used among the colleges, and

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is rapidly gaining ground among club athletes. Yet, though it is without doubt the safest start, it is possibly not in all circumstances the fastest. In the opinion of A. H. Green, of Harvard, who was in his day the fastest starter in the field, and of E. B. Bloss, also of Harvard, who has bettered Green's performances, the Sheffield start may be made faster by an athlete in perfect condition mentally and physically, though H. T. Harding, of Columbia, who is now, next to Bloss, the best starter in the field, does not share the opinion of the Sheffield start; and it is noteworthy that though both Green and Bloss keep their opinion of the possibilities of the Sheffield start, they have given it up.

The precise history of this crouching start would be difficult to write. Its origin is, perhaps, in an old trick by which professionals used to fleece greenhorns. The sharper would make a bet that he could beat his victim in a hundred-yard dash, starting with his body on the ground. When it came to the race, he would make holes for his toes and put his hands on the scratch, letting his body touch the track. His start would then be similar to the modern start, except that he would be stretched out farther behind the scratch, and would have to use his arms in throwing his body upward. The first prominent amateur sprinter to try the crouching start was C. H. Sherrill, Yale '89, who was very unsteady with the standing start. He never made a success of it, however, and, after a year's trial, went back to the old style. In 1890–91 this crouching start got a foothold among the colleges, and has been rapidly gaining popularity until, in the present season, scarcely a sprinter is to be found who runs from a stand. In the indoor games last winter I saw only three or four start standing, and of these only one, N. Leeds, of Yale, won a preliminary heat, and he was far behind at the start. It is altogether likely, accordingly, that the students' start has come to stay for all short distances.

The popularity of short races in indoor meetings has given rise lately to a new class of athletes, known as "starters," several of whom have been so prominent as to deserve special mention. The most interesting fact about them is that, though they are never in the front at the finish of sprint races proper, they can start like a cannon-ball, literally outclassing, in all distances up to fifty yards, men who hold world's records in the hundred and two-twenty yard dashes. It is probable that this fact points to some essential difference between the physical qualities requisite in starting and in sprinting, which ought to appear in a discussion of the prominent starters.

A. H. Green, Harvard '92, had the reputation of being the best all-around athlete in his class. He stands 5 ft. 9½ in. high, and weighs 165 pounds. In his senior year he was half-back on his class eleven. He has won several prizes with both hammer and shot; has twice done within a fraction of an inch of the world's record in the fence vault, and has for three years held the world's record in the pole vault for distance. In his sophomore year he made a new Harvard record in the broad jump, clearing 21 ft. 7 in., and later cleared 5 ft. 11⅞ in. in the high jump. While he trained regularly for starting he was the best man at Harvard for all distances up to seventy-five yards. In 1891, when Cary made his record of 7 4–5 seconds for 75 yards, Green led him by upward of a yard for fifty yards, and at the finish was so much in the race that one of the judges and many of the spectators thought he had won it. Whether he could have run a hundred yards on boards is an open question, but on cinders he was a third-rate runner for this distance. I have often seen him bound away from a bunch of Harvard sprinters at the start, increase his lead up to fifty or sixty yards, and then fall back, until at the end of the hundred yards he was in fifth or sixth place. His best time was 10¾ seconds. His stride was very unlike that of the ordinary sprinter, and it was often alleged by a certain Harvard man, whom he used to beat in the shorter distances, that Green never ran, but "wobbled." This peculiarity may have been due in part to the fact that he was slightly crotch-bound, and had, in consequence, what is known as a "digging stride," but it was chiefly, I think, because he ran on his muscular spring, like a man doing a hop, skip and a jump, rather than with the steady, even stride of a sprinter.

H. T. Harding, of Columbia, stands 5 ft. 8½ in. high, and weighs 134 pounds. He began training as a pole-vaulter in the spring of 1891, and succeeded in

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clearing ten feet. The following fall he began sprinting, and twice ran a hundred yards in 10 1–5 seconds. In the Intercollegiate Championships in 1892, he won the high-hurdle race in 16 seconds, and in the low hurdles was second to Fearing, of Harvard, whose time was 25 2–5 seconds. The following fall, at the American Championships, Harding was third in the high-hurdle race, finishing within a yard and a half of Puffer, whose time was 15 2–5 seconds, though, on account of a strong rear wind, his record was not allowed. In the baby sprints Harding never met Green, but would probably have proved his equal. His best time for seventy-five yards is 7 4–5 seconds. He has met Bloss twice. The first race was at the Boston Athletic Club games, in February, 1892. Both ran from scratch, Harding using the crouching start, Bloss the standing. In the final heat they were a tie for first place. In the run-off Harding had the best of the start, but Bloss passed him toward the finish, winning by two feet. The second race was a few weeks later, at the Yale winter games. Here Bloss came down on all fours at the start, but again Harding got away before him. Bloss caught him, however, and beat him again, though by an even narrower margin than before. Allen and Swayne, the great Yale sprinters of 1892, were in this race, and received third and fourth places respectively. In the fall of 1892 Harding ran several times against Luther Cary in practice. At forty yards Harding invariably led by a yard or more, but from this onward Cary pulled up, passing him at about sixty yards. This was almost precisely Green's experience with Cary.

E. B. Bloss, Harvard '94, is by all odds the best starter that ever ran on boards. He stands 5 ft. 4 in. high, and in condition weighs 136 pounds. In 1890 he made a new world's record in the running hop, step and jump, clearing 43 ft. 11¾ in., and held this record for a year. His best broad jump in competition is 22 ft. 2½ in., though in practice he has bettered this considerably. Considering his low stature, his high-jump record of 5 ft. 9¼ in. is remarkable. His best record for 100 yards is 10 2–5 seconds. In indoor races Bloss has never been beaten, except by Green, and he subsequently surpassed Green's performances. He holds at present the world's indoor records up to 75 yards, and gives promise of bettering them. They are as follows:

Indoor World's Records by E. B. Bloss.

15 yards.....2 1–5 seconds.
20 yards.....2 4–5 seconds.
30 yards.....3 3–5 seconds.
40 yards.....4 3–5 seconds.
50 yards.....5 3–5 seconds.
75 yards.....7 4–5 seconds.

Whether better outdoor records have been honestly made is an open question. Lon E. Meyers is credited with 5½ seconds for 50 yards, which betters Bloss' time by a tenth of a second, equal in a race to about a yard. No less than six sprinters, including Meyers, have a record of 7¾ seconds for 75 yards, which is a twentieth of a second, or 8 inches, better than Bloss'. It is significant, however, that all of these date back to the late seventies and early eighties, when, as is generally admitted by the older athletes, the act of starting consisted in beating out the pistol. It was a footless sprinter then who could not steal a fifth of a second on the start. The only authorized performance bettering Bloss' time is Luther Cary's record of 7 3–5 seconds for 75 yards, made at Princeton in May, 1891; and even this record has not passed unquestioned. Not only, therefore, are Bloss' the best indoor records, but if justice were done, they would certainly be equal to most of the outdoor records.

A summary of the various performances of these three athletes will show a peculiar similarity in their powers. None of them have tried the long dash, and in the short dash Harding is the only one whose time is more than second rate. On the other hand, both Green and Bloss are first-rate jumpers; Harding is a good vaulter, and Green a first-rate one; and Harding is a first-rate hurdler. All accordingly excel chiefly in events that require great muscular spring, and it is safe to conclude that this quality is physically the source of the starter's power.

To conclude from these three or four instances that muscular spring is incompatible with the quality of the sprinter and the runner, would not be safe. If ever a sprinter should combine Bloss' elasticity with Jewett's bottom, the result would doubtless be a still lower record in the dashes.

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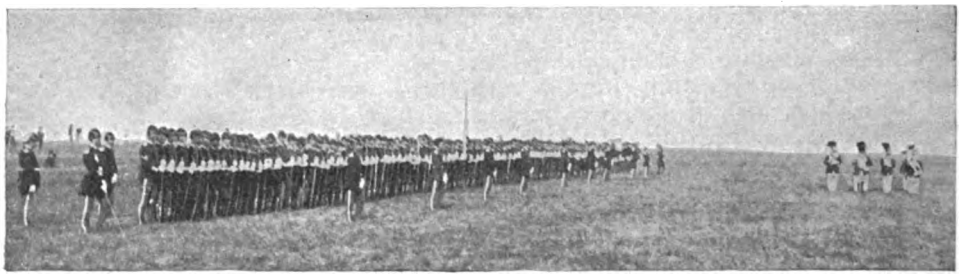

DRESS PARADE, SECOND REGIMENT.

THE SOUTH DAKOTA NATIONAL GUARD.

BY CAPT. PETER LEARY, JR., U. S. ARMY.

Concluded.

AS an inducement to service in the National Guard, its members were by the law of 1887 declared exempt from jury duty and the payment of poll tax, and from arrest under civil process while on military duty. Any portion of the National Guard while on military duty has the right of way in any street or highway through which it may pass, under prescribed conditions.

This code gave considerable impetus to the Dakota National Guard. Under the old law, the term of service was for two years. Most of the officers and men composing the force were mustered out on the expiration of their term of service; one company of infantry was wholly mustered out at Egan, one at Fargo and one at Blunt, and their places in the command filled by new companies at Grafton, Watertown and Webster. On June sixteen, 1887, two companies of mounted infantry, one at Dunsieth, and the other at Bottineau, in the Turtle Mountain country, near the Winnebago Reservation and the Manitoba boundary, were mustered into service. The War Department's old claim was now finally settled, and with a credit of about $28,000 the territory drew from the Ordnance Department of the Army 1,000 new Springfield rifles and two 3-inch muzzle-loading, rifled field guns, with gun-carriages, but without any caissons.

In September, 1877, the first tour of camp duty under the new law was performed at Huron by the First and Second Regiments. In order to avoid the expense of transportation, a separate camp was established for the two companies of mounted infantry about the same time at Bottineau. These companies were styled the Residuary Battalion. Notwithstanding the positive provision of the new law that the tour of camp duty should be at least ten days, this tour was begun on the first and ended on the sixth of September. Want of funds due to small appropriations was the cause of the short period of the encampment. Rifle practice was begun on a small scale. About 66 per cent. of the officers and enlisted men of both commands were new to their duties. Col. Edwin F. Townsend, Twelfth United States Infantry, promoted from the lieutenant-colonelcy of the Eleventh Infantry, was on duty in this encampment, and made an official inspection. According to the report of Adjutant-General Tyner, Colonel Townsend found marked improvement in the troops over their condition and attainments as shown in the tour of duty of 1885. Owing to the small appropriation, there was no encampment in 1888. Early in 1889, in view of the division of the territory into the States of North and South Dakota, the National Guard was reorganized. Those companies which were in towns north of an east and west line near the forty-seventh parallel of north latitude, were transferred to the First Regiment, Col. William A. Bentley commanding, and those in towns south of that line to the Second Regiment,

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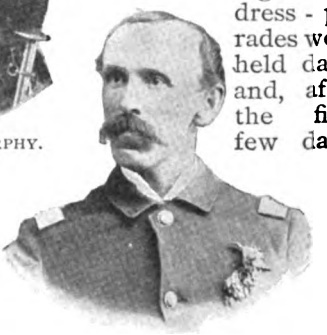
MAJ. THOS. H. RUTH.

LIEUT. C. D. SHERWOOD.

CAPT. P. C. MURPHY.



LIEUT. GEO. E. MASTERS.

LIEUT. V. H. NORTON.

Col. Mark W. Sheafe commanding. The two companies of mounted infantry in the Turtle Mountain country were designated Troops A and B, Battalion of Cavalry, and Battery A was assigned to the First Regiment. Ordnance and ordnance stores were proportionately divided between the organizations of the two proposed States. In October, 1889, Adjutant-General Huston reported to Governor Mellette that the organization at that time consisted of 917 officers and enlisted men, including the Governor and his staff, and the First and Second Regiments.

In the summer of 1889 the troops of the National Guard of Dakota Territory met at Watertown, South Dakota, in their last annual encampment. The Battalion of Cavalry, on account of its distance from Watertown and the heavy cost of transportation from the Turtle Mountain country, was excused from this tour of duty. The command was again inspected by Col. Edwin F. Townsend, Twelfth United States Infantry, under orders from the headquarters of the army. Colonel Townsend is now commandant of the United States School of Application for Cavalry and Infantry, at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. His distinguished reputation in the service gives his opinions great weight. His report of this encampment is contained in the annual report of the Adjutant-General of the Army to the Secretary of War, for 1889. He reports the First Regiment as composed of ten companies, one of which had been organized but about six weeks. Its strength, present and absent, was 38 commissioned officers and 389 enlisted men, of which number 30 commissioned officers and 281 enlisted men were present on Saturday, June twenty-ninth, the day on which he made a formal inspection of the entire command. The Second Regiment was then composed of nine companies and a battery of artillery, temporarily attached, and numbered, present and absent, 36 commissioned officers and 292 enlisted men. Colonel Townsend found that not 10 per cent. of the enlisted men who were present for duty had been present at former encampments, and that almost as great a change had occurred among the company officers. While this great change occasioned a marked falling off in the military instruction, it was evident that in several companies the officers had taken great care to do the best they could with their material, and that these companies, especially those from Valley City and Grafton (companies now belonging to the First Regiment of North Dakota), in their drills conducted themselves well. Colonel Townsend adds in this connection, "Considering the disadvantages under which they labored, the troops went through their work most creditably. The usual guard-mountings and dress-parades were held daily and, after the first few days,

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were very well executed." Again he writes, "Friday, June twenty-sixth, the troops marched from the camp ground to the city and passed in review before the Governor and staff. Having seen how raw they were in many respects, I was much surprised to note the great steadiness of their march, their exact alignment and fine soldierly appearance on this occasion. Indeed, they improved rapidly day by day, until the close of the encampment." The police of the camp was found to be excellent; arms and equipments were generally in good order, and uniforms were more nearly in conformity with regulations than they had been in former encampments.

All this, coming from so experienced an officer as Colonel Townsend, is high praise.

His criticisms are entitled to equal consideration. He reports that, "With regard to discipline, there appeared to be too much laxity, many seeming to consider this as a grand picnic. Too many men were allowed to go to town, consequently there was too much noise at night. Enlisted men, in many cases, were not well instructed in the courtesies due to officers, the observance of which conduces so much to good discipline. Men were seen everywhere with blouse or coat entirely unbuttoned, passing and repassing their superiors without notice. The duties of sentinels were poorly performed; men were not well instructed, and could be seen lounging upon their posts or talking and laughing with passers-by. Toward the latter part of the encampment this was somewhat improved."

With a view to continued improvement, Colonel Townsend recommends thorough instruction in the "setting up" drill, the exact observance of military courtesy, and armory instruction in the duties of sentinels.

On the second of November, 1889, President Harrison issued his proclamation, declaring the admission into the Union of North Dakota and South Dakota complete, all the conditions of the Act of Congress having been complied with.

The Constitution of the new State of South Dakota provided for the enrollment and organization of the militia, and prescribed the rule that the regulations of the army, as nearly as may be practicable, shall apply to the organized militia. During the first session of the Legislature, the Military Code of Dakota Territory and its amendments were adopted for the government of the National Guard, with such changes in the phraseology as made them applicable to the State of South Dakota, and were styled the "Military Code of South Dakota." The Legislature gave authority to the Governor to reduce the number of companies to ten or to increase the number of majors to three, and to require all officers to pass satisfactory examinations.

In October, 1892, Governor Mellette issued General Orders, Nos. 14 and 15 respectively, organizing the First Brigade, South Dakota National Guard. and assigning Brig.-Gen. Samuel H. Jumper to its command. The brigade consists of the Second Regiment of Infantry and Battery A, located at Clark, S. D. The Second Regiment is organized into three battalions in the following order: First Battalion, Maj. T. H. Ruth, composed of Companies L, H, K, and F; Second Battalion, Maj. C. T. Jeffers, composed of Companies A, B, E, and G; Third Battalion, Maj. A. D. Keller, composed of Companies I, C, D, and M.

South Dakota's National Guard now consists of the Governor, Charles H. Sheldon, Commander-in-Chief; Brig.-Gen. E. Huntington, Adjutant-General; Brig.-Gen. G. W. Carpenter, Chief of Supply; Col. R. J. Woods, Chief of Ordnance and Engineers, and a number of aides-de-camp. These constitute the general staff. The First Brigade, composed of the Second Regiment and Battery A, constitutes the line of the State. Of Battery A it might be said that it has a local habitation and a name, and but little else.

The Second Regiment is composed of Col. Mark W. Sheafe, commanding; Lieut.-Col., J. M. Adams; Majors Thomas H. Ruth, Charles T. Jeffers and A. D. Keller; First Lieut., C. F. Mallahan, R. Q. M., and twelve companies, located in the following towns: A, Flandreau; B, Sioux Falls; C, Yankton; D, Elk Point; E, De Smet; F, Aberdeen; G, Brookings; H, Watertown; I, Mitchell; K, Webster; L, Redfield; M, Rapid City. The regimental adjutancy is vacant. It has an aggregate strength of about four hundred and ninety-three officers and enlisted men. Each company is ordinarily required to

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drill twice each month, and recent reports show an average attendance of something like 75 per cent. By reason of the failure of the Legislature to make the necessary appropriations for the purpose, Governor Mellette omitted the summer encampments of 1890–91–92, and as a natural result of this action considerable discouragement exists. Failure of crops for three years compelled this measure of economy.

The apportionment of the appropriation by Congress, giving South Dakota a little over $3,000, has, however, acted favorably on the command. The military authorities are contemplating the use of Fort Sisseton as a permanent camp for the National Guard. This was a United States military post and has, with its reservation of public land, been ceded to the State by the General Government. With its granite barracks, quarters and storehouses, it will make an admirable place for the State troops to have their summer outing, and its distance from any attractive town, with the incidental allurements of such places does not detract from its value for such a use. The troops have, within the past year, been equipped with new overcoats and the necessary camp equipage for field service.

In the winter of 1890–91, when the critical state of affairs at Pine Ridge Agency threatened to involve Chamberlain, Pierre, Forest City, Gettysburg, and other South Dakota towns in the Missouri Valley, in the horrors of an Indian war, Colonel Sheafe issued orders to his company commanders to make such preparations as were possible to fit the command for a prompt response, should Governor Mellette find it advisable to call on them to help defend the frontier. Every company in the regiment began practice in skirmish drills, and officers and men, for some nights, slept in their armories and held themselves ready to take the field. It was the good fortune of the writer of this paper to be able to give some instruction to Company E, Captain Fuller, at De Smet, and Company G, Captain Murphy, at Brookings, during this emergency, and he cheerfully testifies to the zeal, intelligence and patriotism which were manifested by both officers and enlisted men.

No State in the country is more vitally interested in the maintenance of an effective and easily mobilized National Guard than South Dakota. Not considering the value of her State troops in conserving the peace when threatened by labor troubles, we know that she has within her borders a savage element which might at any time break loose from the reservations and work incalculable harm to the exposed towns in the Missouri Valley and the Black Hills country, before regular troops would be able to bring them to bay. Such an event, in case of hostilities, is not only possible but highly probable. On December thirtieth, 1890, five thousand warriors were camped near Pine Ridge Agency. But for the judicious management of the affair by Major-General Miles, which prevented hostilities, it is likely that many of the exposed towns on the left bank of the Missouri would have received but slender protection from Governor Mellette's aides-de-camp and the few hundred embattled citizens, in whose untrained hands Springfield rifles were placed at that time.

Major Charles T. Jeffers, of Sioux Falls, commanding the Second Battalion, Second Regiment, has prepared several carefully considered amendments to the Military Code, which, if passed, will greatly tend to stimulate public interest in the Guard. The organization of the General Staff is assimilated more closely to that of the Army, and the Governor, as Commander-in-Chief, is restricted to ten aides-de-camp, a wholesome check on the executive tendency to scatter colonelcies among friendly politicians, and thus cheapen an honorable but much-abused title. It is also proposed to change the designation of the Supply Department and call it the Quartermaster's Department: and that of the Chief of Supply to that of Quartermaster-General; to provide a permanent system of taxation for the establishment of the State Military Fund of three and a half cents on each resident, which will give the Executive an annual revenue for military uses of about $11,000, and, to some extent, release the National Guard from a degree of dependence on the uncertain temper of the Legislature.

These amendments are now (February, 1893) in the hands of the Military Committee of the lower house of the

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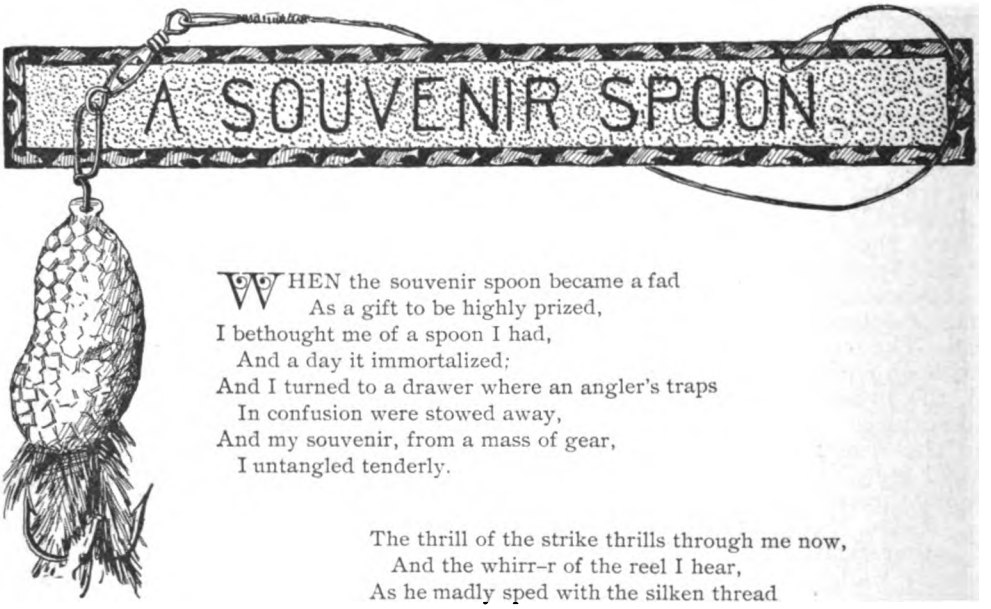
State Legislature, having passed the Senate February tenth. The provision for a permanent fund was defeated by a vote of 20–22. Should the Legislature enact them into laws and appropriate reasonable funds for the maintenance of the State troops, South Dakota can have a creditable force at her command. If, however, it should withhold its support for another period of two years, it would not be at all surprising if the patriotic gentlemen who have been struggling for several years to keep up the public interest in the National Guard should relinquish their unappreciated work and await an emergency, which would teach the people of the State that they cannot afford, from any point of view, to neglect those military preparations which are demanded by considerations of public safety, as well as by a wise appreciation of true economy.



WHEN the souvenir spoon became a fad
As a gift to be highly prized,
I bethought me of a spoon I had,
And a day it immortalized;
And I turned to a drawer where an angler's traps
In confusion were stowed away,
And my souvenir, from a mass of gear,
I untangled tenderly.

The thrill of the strike thrills through me now,
And the whirr-r of the reel I hear,
As he madly sped with the silken thread
And plowed through the waters clear;
He jumps—he's gone! no, once again
He's off at a gallop rare,
Till he stops short, reined, while my rod is strained
And the bar of my reel is bare.

Oh, the fears and doubts as I reeled him in!
Short moments seemed an age;
He sulks, then takes a frenzied leap
And shakes his head with rage;
And I live again through an instant's dread
At a splash and a whirl of foam—
'Twas the last vain plunge of a muscallonge
As my boatman's gaff struck home.

O'er my mantel now, with blue ribbon tied,
Marred by many a savage dent,
It tells you a tale that is not belied
By its hooks all snarled and bent;
Of a battle won, and a noble fight
By a foe who held life dear—
With its feathered gang, there I let it hang
As a cherished souvenir.

R. F. WILSON.

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AMATEUR SPORTS AND PASTIMES

Outing MONTHLY RECORD

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications should be addressed to "The Editor." Letters and inquiries from anonymous correspondents do not receive attention.

OUTING will in this department record all important events within the domain of pastimes and of strictly amateur sport; therefore these pages are open to members of organized clubs engaged in the reputable sports of the period. The editors of OUTING RECORD cordially invite full reports of contests and events of interest to officers and members of amateur clubs and associations.

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A FORECAST OF THE INTERCOLLEGIATE ATHLETIC CHAMPIONSHIP GAMES.

APRIL is the month in which the college athlete begins to have his rest disturbed by dreams of approaching contests; and the question is everywhere asked: "What are our chances at New York this spring?" Last year, it will be remembered, there was a neck-and-neck struggle between Yale and Harvard for first place, and a similar struggle between Princeton and Columbia for third. Harvard's score was 48½ points, the largest on record, and 10½ larger than that made by Yale. Princeton scored 14 points, or 4 more than Columbia. This year Yale is very much encouraged by her prospects. Princeton has retained all her point-winners except Ramsdell, who took second last year in the broad jump, while several athletes of first rank have entered college. Harvard, on the other hand, has sustained severe losses. It may not be amiss to run over the various events and see what changes have taken place.

The dashes are wholly open to new men. Swain and Allen, of Yale, who last year took first and second place in both the Yale-Harvard and Intercollegiate games, have left college. Vredenburg, Princeton's best sprinter, has graduated, as have Cook, Hawes and Brown, Harvard's best sprinters. Only second-rate men remain: Craft, C. C. N. Y., who took third place in the short dash at the Intercollegiate games; Swain, of Princeton; Small, of Columbia, and Thompson, captain of the Harvard team, who took third place in the long dash in the Yale-Harvard games. It would be idle to choose a probable winner.

In the quarter, Wright, of Harvard, who won the event last May, has run his four years; and Sanford, of Yale, who took third, is disqualified by the Yale undergraduate rule. Those who remain are Merrill, of Harvard, who was a close second to Wright; Turner, of Princeton, who was thrown in the final heat; and Brokaw, of Princeton, who qualified last year in the finals. The best new quarter-milers at Harvard are Garcelon and Brewer, both first-rate men. By far the most promising quarter-mile runner at Yale is Laughlin, whose style and speed at the Yale-Harvard team race last February opened the eyes of the Harvard men. On the whole, Turner and Merrill are the likeliest winners, with Laughlin, or one of the new Harvard men, for third place.

In the half, Turner, of Princeton, who last year won the event at both the Intercollegiate and the American Championships, is sure of first place, and he may break Dohm's Intercollegiate record of 1m. 57 1-5s. In this race Butterworth, '95, the Yale 'Varsity full-back, may possibly meet Brewer, '96, the Harvard 'Varsity full-back. Both are excellent men. Butterworth has a record of 1m. 53s. from the thirty-yard mark, and Brewer is the best runner who has ever competed in the New England Interscholastic Championships. Last year he won the long dash in 23 4-5s., was second in the broad jump, and then won the quarter-mile in 54s., walking in at the finish. The following day he won the quarter in the New England Championships over Coombs, who afterward ran second to Downs in the American Championships. Corbin, of Harvard, who was second to Turner last year, will also compete; but Wright, of Yale, who was third, has graduated, as has G. L. Batchelder, of Harvard, who was third in the Yale-Harvard games.

In the mile-run none of the three Harvard men who won the event last year will compete. Lowell has graduated, Carr is too busy with his medical studies, and Collamore will play baseball. At Princeton, Woodbridge, captain of the team, who, in 1891, ran second to Carr, of Harvard, is the most prominent man. At Yale, Williams, Morgan and Scoville, '95, are good men. At the Intercollegiates last year Williams set a break-neck pace in the hope of drawing out the Harvard men so that Scoville might win the race. He did the first lap in 58s., the half in 2m. 8s., and was not overtaken until the home stretch, where three Harvard men, who had refused to be drawn out, passed him. It is probable that if he had been allowed to run a properly judged race, he would have won the event. At Harvard, Nichols, who won the Yale-Harvard mile in 1891, is the best man; though he may be prevented from training by illness. Blake, Fenton and Coolidge show promise. As Woodbridge, of Princeton, will probably be prevented from training hard by his captaincy, Blake and Fenton may be regarded as the best men in the field, with Morgan and Williams, of Yale, as close competitors.

In the mile-walk all the prominent competitors have returned to college. Borcherling, of Princeton, who last year made a new Intercollegiate record, 6m. 52 4-5s., is a probable first; Collis, of Columbia, who held the previous Intercollegiate record, will be no worse than second. The third place will be disputed among Bardeen and Endicott, of Harvard; Wight, of Yale, and Ottley, of Princeton.

The result in the bicycle race last year was less significant, for the fact that there was a general foul, in which Phil Davis, Pratt and Elliott, all of Harvard, were thrown violently. Fox, of Yale, won the event, though Brewster had broken the Intercollegiate record in a previous heat. All five of these men are now in college. The three Harvard men have made better time than the Yale men, Elliott holding the collegiate record. The race this year will

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be interesting as an indication of what might have happened last year, except for the foul. The distribution of the prizes, however, will be very much affected by the fact that one of the Banker brothers has entered Princeton, who will easily beat any of last year's men.

In the high-hurdle race all of last year's winners will appear except the third man, Fearing, of Harvard, who is rowing with the 'varsity crew. Harding, of Columbia, won the event last year in 16s., and Lyman, of Yale, was second. O. W. Shead, who holds the Harvard record, is looked upon to take Fearing's place.

In the low-hurdle race, however, Fearing's loss cannot be supplied. Lee, who held the record in this event until Puffer's marvelous race, is in the Harvard Law School, but will not compete. There is some promising new material for this event at Harvard, but as yet nothing has been done to develop it. Harding, of Columbia, who was second last year, and Eaton, of Yale, who was third, are the likely winners. Erskine, of Yale, who fell and broke his arm, is a possible third.

In the high jump, also, Harvard's loss in Fearing will be irreparable, for Green, who always took second, has graduated, and Sherwin, who was a good third to these two, is troubled with lameness. Kitchell, Yale's best jumper, has graduated. Norman Leslie, U. of P., who recently cleared 6 ft. 1 in., is far and away the best high jumper in the colleges. Putnam, the Harvard freshman who has already cleared 5 ft. 10 in., is a promising candidate for place.

In the broad jump, Goff, newly of Princeton, who, at the American Championships last fall cleared 22 ft. 6½ in., stands easily first. Bloss, of Harvard, with his record of 22 ft. 2 in., is second. Shead, of Harvard, is, in Green's absence, the best man for third place.

The hammer will probably go to Yale, as Evins, of Harvard, who won the event last year, has left college. Stillman, of Yale, who was second to Evins, has recently been beaten in the hammer by Hickok, a college mate. Wheeler, of Princeton, who last year took third place in the hammer, may be expected to show improvement. Acton, the Harvard guard, is training for the hammer, and W. H. Shay, also of Harvard. Both are good men, but can scarcely be expected to equal Hickok and Stillman.

In the shot, Stillman and Hickok, of Yale, are the prominent men in the absence of Evins, of Harvard, who last year won the event. W. H. Shay, who made a put of 40 ft. 6 in. at the first Harvard winter meeting, is likely to win the event; and Acton, if he can get into the swing, will prove a first-rate man. Beveridge, of Princeton, who won third place last year, may be expected to show improvement.

The pole-vault will probably go to Yale, as it has done for three years past, for Cartwright and Hart, who took first and second, have returned. Still Towne, the new Williams man, who took third last year, is capable of great improvement, and Sherwin and Wheelright, of Harvard, are possible winners.

The situation, as a whole, may be summarized as follows: The Harvard team of last year was one of the best ever put in the field, but it has lost heavily in the mile-run, the low hurdles, the high jump, and the hammer and shot, and there is little prospect that these losses will be made good. The Yale team was but little inferior to that of Harvard, and its losses have been far fewer and less, viz.: slight losses in the quarter, half and bicycle race, and a heavy loss in the sprints. Princeton's poor showing last year was due to defective training rather than to a lack of athletic material, and, with the exception of Ramsdell, all the point-winners have returned to college. By the presence of Banker and Goff, moreover, Princeton's strength is almost doubled. Harvard's athletic resources are great, but it is very likely that either Yale or Princeton, or both, will beat Harvard in the championship games.

ATHLETICS.

MARCH 10TH.—At the third annual indoor games of the Barnard School of New York the open events brought together the pupils from the Harvard, Cutler's, Trinity, Wilson and Kellogg, Columbia Grammar, West End, Dwight, and Allen schools, and the De La Salle Institute. Though three of the events were open to the Brooklyn schools, notice of the fact was not received in time, and this, with one or two other unfortunate circumstances, prevented the Brooklyn boys from competing. The time in the open events was very good, and three of the Barnard School records were broken; but the best results cannot be obtained in school athletics until the open events are more numerous and more pains are taken to secure entries from all suitable schools. The manly rivalry that exists among the schools that compose the New England Interscholastic League might be studied to the greatest advantage, as well as the excellent records made at Boston School games. Following is a summary of the open events:

Sixty-yard dash, open event—First heat: T. R. Fisher, Jr., Harvard, 6 4-5s. Second heat: W. Rogers, Barnard, 7s. Third heat: Percy Simpson, Barnard, 6 3-5s. Fourth heat: I. A. Powers, Cutler, 7 1-5s. Fifth heat: F. H. Hall, Jr., Harvard, 7s. Sixth heat: J. Veitch, Barnard, 7s. Seventh heat: D. J. B. Dupignac, Cutler, 6¾s. Eighth heat: W. Teft, Harvard, 7s. Ninth heat: L. W. Brooks, Harvard, 7s. Tenth heat: W. A. O'Connor, Harvard, 7 1-3s. Semi-finals—First heat: T. R. Fisher, Jr., Harvard, 7s. Second heat: D. J. B. Dupignac, Cutler, 7s. Third heat: Percy Simpson, Barnard, 7s. Final heat: Percy Simpson, Barnard; L. W. Brooks, Harvard, second; T. R. Fisher, Jr., Harvard, third. Time, 7s.

Mile-run, open to private schools—Won by Bernard Atkinson, Harvard School; C. Southwick, Harvard, second; Charles Atkinson, Harvard, third. Time, 5m. 20⅘s.

Mile bicycle race, open to private schools—Won by J. R. Crocker, Cutler; M. T. Townsend, Barnard, second; F. Downing, Columbia Grammar School, third. Time, 3m. ‹ ½s.

MARCH 11TH.—At the first winter meeting of the Harvard Athletic Association W. H. Shea came to the front in putting the shot. He increased his distance at every put, with one exception, and twice cleared 40 ft. 6 in. The present collegiate record of 40 ft. 10 in. was made last spring at the New England championship games by S. H. Evins, of Harvard; but no put bettering Shea's has been made at the

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Yale-Harvard or Intercollegiate games since May 28, 1887, when A. B. Coxe established the existing Intercollegiate record with a put of 40 ft. 9½ in., and at the same time the Collegiate record, which Evins has since broken.

MARCH 18TH.—At the second Harvard winter meeting, M. F. Sweeney, Xavier A. C., attempted to raise again his indoor high-jump record of 6 ft. 3½ in., made February 18th at the winter meeting of the University of Pennsylvania. Sweeney had lately been jumping with weights and was somewhat out of form. The run was not as long as he is accustomed to, and the take-off was a mere platform of pine boards. Consequently he failed on an absurdly low jump. The best performance was by C. J. Paine, of Hopkinson's School, who cleared 5 ft. 10¾ in. G. R. Fearing, whose indoor record Sweeney has broken, was present at the meeting, but did not compete, partly because he has not trained for the event since he has been rowing with the Harvard crew, but chiefly because of a severe illness which has prevented all training of late.

MARCH 20TH.—The first winter meeting of the Yale Athletic Association consisted of a series of track and field events significant as some slight indication of what may be expected of the Yale team at the coming championship games. In the mile-walk, Wight, '93, S., gave evidence of great improvement. At the Yale-Harvard games of 1891 he fainted in fourth place in a race that was won in 7m. 14 3-5s. This year he gives promise of bettering seven minutes, which would make him a strong candidate for place at the Intercollegiates. In the mile-run, Morgan, of Yale, whom Fenton, of Harvard, beat at the New England Indoor Championships, was beaten by A. Blake, another Harvard man. Following is a summary of the events:

Fifty-yard dash—W. M. Richards, Yale A. A. (8 ft.), first; E. O. Smith, Yale A. A. (9 ft), second; E. W. Allen, New York A. C. (2 ft.), third. Time, 5 3-5s.

Fifty-yard hurdles—J. W. Hall, Yale A. A. (12 ft.), first; M. S. Hart, Yale A. A. (8 ft.), second; Mc Van Ingen, Yale A. A. (scratch), third. Time, 7s.

Six-hundred-yard run — H. Dadmun, Worcester A. C. (scratch), first; W. J. Batchelder, Boston A. C. (11 yds.), second; T. S. Frank, Yale A. C., third. Time, 1m. 22s.

One-mile run—G. O. Jarvis, Wesleyan A. A. (20 yds.), first; A. Blake, Harvard A. A. (10 yds.), second; W. Hunter, New Haven A. C. (20 yds.), third. Time, 4m. 43 4-5s.

One-mile walk—S. H. Bunnell, Yale A. A., first; I. E. Wight, Yale A. A., second; S. Liebgold, Pastime A. C., third. (No time announced.)

Running high jump—E. Burke, C. C. A. U. (1½ in.), first; actual jump, 5 ft. 8¼ in. P. L. Sheldon, Yale A. A. (½ in.), second; actual jump, 5 ft. 7¼ in. J. W. Roe, Yale A. A., third.

Pole-vault—C. B. Rice, Yale A. A. (4 in.), first; actual vault, 10 ft. 3 in. O. G. Cartwright, Yale A. A. (scratch), second; actual vault, 10 ft. 3 in. H. Thomas, Yale A. A., third.

MARCH 26TH.—At the indoor meeting of the Columbia Cycle Club, of Hartford, Conn., Sweeney retrieved his failure of two weeks previous, winning with a jump of 6 ft. 2½ in. Even, this, however, is not so good as was expected of him. Though the outdoor records have always been better than the indoor, owing to the fact that most important contests are out of doors, a good oak floor presents a better take-off than clay, and there was every reasonable expectation that Sweeney would better his outdoor record of 6 ft. 4¼ in. during the winter months.

BASEBALL EVENTS AND FIXTURES.

NOTE.—In all cases the score of the home club is given first.

Mar. 30—U. of P.-Yale at Philadelphia. 11-6.
Apr. 5—U. of P.-Yale at Philadelphia. 7-8.
Apr. 6— U. of P.-Harvard at Philadelphia. 12-12.
May 6—Princeton-Harvard at Princeton.
May 6—Yale-U. of P. at New Haven.
May 13—U. of P.-Princeton at Philadelphia.
May 20—Yale-Princeton at New Haven.
May 24—Princeton-U. of P. at Princeton.
May 30—U. of P.-Yale L. S. at Philadelphia.
May 30—Harvard-Princeton at Cambridge.
June 3—Harvard-Yale L. S. at Cambridge.
June 12—Harvard-U. of P. at Cambridge.
June 14—Harvard-U. of P. at Cambridge.
June 17—Yale-Princeton at New York.
June 18—Harvard-Yale L. S. at Cambridge.
June 22—Harvard-Yale at Cambridge.
June 27—Yale-Harvard at New Haven.

With regard to the new National League regulation adding five feet to the distance a pitcher has to throw the ball, the *Harvard Crimson* of March 22d says editorially: "Harvard, Yale and Princeton have agreed to stand on the old footing . . . We sincerely hope that all amateurs may see fit not to follow unquestionably the whims of professional baseball magnates." The reason for this hope is that "we may see the line between the professional and the amateur drawn more distinctly," so that the two "may come to occupy distinct places in American life;" and the *Crimson* congratulates the college that the new rule has already excluded many practice games with professionals.

Plausible as this appears at first reading, it could scarcely be more fallacious. In the first place, has not the *Crimson* been a little confused as to the stigma that attaches to the word "professional?" A "professional" who takes money for playing in an "amateur" college team is perhaps almost as dishonest and ungentlemanly as the team that employs him; but does it follow that the man who honestly and openly takes money for playing ball ought to be debarred from intercourse with gentlemen? The *Crimson* seems to forget that the colleges have seldom hesitated to train under a professional coach.

In the second place, the *Crimson* seems thoroughly ignorant of the real point at issue in the new ruling. The removal of the pitcher's box is least of all a "whim of professional baseball magnates." It is the result of a sincere and rational attempt on the part of the American public to improve the national game. The rapid development of curve pitching of late has made baseball more and more a bout of hide-and-seek between pitcher and batsman. Not

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only have the other eight players become, as a whole, of second-rate importance, but what passes between pitcher and batter — like the point of wedge-plays in football — is a sealed volume to the mass of spectators. In defending the old rule for the colleges, it might be urged that this difficulty should be less prominent where the pitchers are physically less mature, and that it would be a hardship to require a young college pitcher to deliver the ball from any greater distance. The facts, however, scarcely support this argument. For some unexplained reason, college pitching has generally proved, if anything, a trifle better, when compared to college batting, than the pitching in league teams — and the scores perceptibly smaller. Now the "baseball magnates," by removing the pitcher's box, hope to give the batsman more time to gauge the balls of "cyclone" pitchers like Rusie, Stivetts and Crane, and to fathom the tricks of strategic pitchers like Keefe. The resulting increase of hits will, they hope, bring the fielders into due prominence, and put new life into the game. Instead of a single contest between pitcher and batsman, the game will become a live struggle, in which every player will have his part, and the science of team play take its proper place above the science of pitching. Incidentally, the danger to the batsman of being hit by a pitched ball will be decreased.

Whether these results will follow just as the framers of the new rule calculate is a matter of dispute among professional players; and no college could be censured for holding off until the experiment is given a thorough trial. But if it proves successful, there can be little doubt that the rule will commend itself to the good sense of amateurs wherever the game is played.

The leading article quoted above is an excellent instance of the inability of the great athletic colleges to appreciate how small is the position they occupy in baseball—even in amateur baseball. It is true that oarsmanship has scarcely ever flourished outside of the three or four boating colleges; that football has never until the past year been successfully cultivated beyond the precincts of Yale, Princeton and Harvard; that in track athletics the colleges have been on an even footing with the clubs, and, moreover, have brought out many of the best of the club athletes. In baseball, however, the reverse of all this has been true. Here, instead of producing athletes, the colleges are dependent upon such players as are experts when they enter college. Scarcely ever does a man succeed who has not learned to handle bat and ball in the primary school or on the village green. There can consequently be no monopoly in baseball material, or in knowledge of the game, and every year, as the number of large colleges is becoming greater, it is more uncertain which of them will produce the best nine.

Unless present indications are very misleading, the truth of these remarks will be again evidenced this year by the nine of the University of Pennsylvania. Last year this nine won one of two games with Harvard, with Yale, and with Princeton. Its pitcher, Bayne, proved one of the best college players in his position ever in the field. This year he is supported by many of last year's veterans, and will have, as a substitute, Reese, a pitcher of almost equal ability. In the first game against Yale this season the nine won so easily that Boswell, a freshman, was put in the box in the first inning of the second game. Four runs were scored off him, and though Reese was promptly substituted, Yale won on the lead thus secured. With regard to the games against Harvard, it is impossible to speak before going to press, but there is every prospect that Pennsylvania will at least equal her showing of last year.

At Cornell, also, the prospect is encouraging. Of last year's nine all have returned to college, with the exception of the phenomenal catcher, Fields, who will play in the Chicago A. C. nine. Of these, five are in actual training, namely: E. Young, second base, who will probably do most of the catching this season; J. W. Taylor, first base; Towle, center field; Rich, short stop; and H. L. Taylor, captain, who will probably play somewhere in the infield. The other three, namely: Miller, right field; W. Young, second base; and Ferris, left field, will probably come out if needed. Priest, who pitched so well last year, is, besides Fields, the only man lost, and he may return to college in time to play. Cornell has always been handicapped in baseball by the invariably late springs, and the remoteness of the college from railroads, but this year the athletic material is very promising, and an excellent series of dates has been arranged.

That Princeton has consented to play with Harvard and the University of Pennsylvania is cause of congratulation to all lovers of sport, and especially to Princeton herself. What was her idea in adhering to the undergraduate rule more strictly than Yale was willing to do, will perhaps never be known; but, in receding from her first stand, it is probable that she acted under advice of graduates who saw clearly that the other course meant athletic suicide. Hard and humiliating as it must have been for the Princeton men to admit the hastiness of their action, it was the manliest course to pursue, and has more than made up for whatever loss of prestige the earlier, ill-considered action involved them in.

During the past month the prospects of Yale, Harvard and Princeton have altered somewhat. Owing to Mason's sickness, the Harvard team will be considerably weakened for a month or six weeks, if not for the entire season; for Corbett, who is taking his place, has a bad habit of dropping the ball, and Upton is not strong enough to stand Jack Highland's swiftest delivery. At Yale the uncertainty as to which nine Murphy will play on seems to be settled by his refusal to play at all. In spite of losses, however, the nine is strong; and, though the new players lost the first Pennsylvania game by a bad case of rattles in the ninth inning, there is plenty of time to steady down, and they give promise of making a strong team before the important games of the season. At Princeton there is considerable looseness in fielding, and a marked weakness at the bat, which is especially significant when one remembers the strength of Bayne and Reese, of Pennsylvania, and of Jack Highlands, of Harvard. The prospects for a winning have by no means strengthened during the past month.

JOHN CORBIN.

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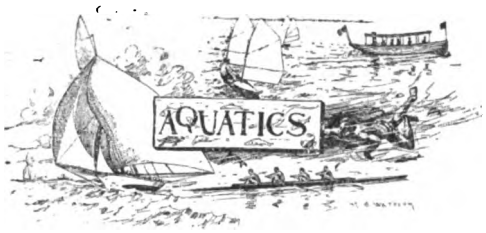

YACHTING.

On April 3d Mr. Royal Phelps Carroll's racing yacht *Navahoe*, which is going over to England to compete against the crack craft of the year, including Lord Dunraven's *Valkyrie* and the Prince of Wales' *Britannia*, took a preliminary spin in the waters off Bristol, R. I.

There was a stiff breeze blowing when the big craft, under jib and mainsail only, filled away on the port tack, with lee rail awash, and stood over to Hog Island. On board of her was her designer, Nat Herreshoff (at the wheel); her owner, Mr. Royal Phelps Carroll, and his guests, Mr. Ralph N. Ellis and Mr. Woodbury Kane, who are going to cross the ocean in the yacht. Skipper Charles Barr was there and his picked crew of smart sailor men, agile as lascars, and without a lazy bone in their bodies.

The yacht presented a pretty marine picture as, careening to the puffs, she glided gracefully through the gray water, cleaving it cleanly and leaving comparatively little wave in her wake.

Some of the critics who were keenly watching her movements came to the conclusion that she was rather "tender" and heeled a little too much under lower sail only. They asked each other what she would do when she had her racing chip-topsail set, and shook their wise old heads rather ominously.

They forgot to take into consideration that she was sailing without her centerboard, which was lying in the shipyard. This board weighs pretty nearly four tons, and had it been in position the boat would have been as stiff as a church steeple.

Others hazarded the opinion that she was rather slow in stays, but this is probably a mistake, as all the Herreshoff craft are quick in spinning round, and no sooner is the helm a-lee than the craft is filling away on the other tack with the sailors just hustling to haul the head sheets aft.

The result of the trip was quite satisfactory. On the reach home from Gould Island the staysail and jib-topsail were set and she moved pretty rapidly. She may require a little more lead, but she can stand it well.

The *Navahoe* will sail early in May and will be entered in every race of consequence that British rules will permit. Her owner hopes to meet all the big English cutters in the Royal Thames Yacht Club race on June 10th.

The *Navahoe* is handsomely but not luxuriously fitted up. Her accommodations are ample for the owner, four guests and a crew of sixteen. She is 124 feet over all, 84 feet on the load-water line, with 23 feet beam and 12 feet 6 inches depth of hold. Her gross tonnage is 113.20. Her mast is 95 feet, of Oregon pine 19 inches in diameter. Her boom is a trifle over 90 feet, and the foot of the mainsail is made fast with a slide to a T-shaped track of Tobin bronze which will enable it to be hauled out flat as a board. The boom is more than six feet longer than that of the *Volunteer* when she was sloop-rigged. The gaff is 52 feet long and the bowsprit outboard 40 feet. The centerboard is of steel plate 1¼ inch thick, 16 feet 5 inches long and 9 feet deep. As said before, it weighs close upon four tons. Her sail area is nearly 12,000 square feet.

With this yacht Mr. Carroll may have a great deal of sport in British waters. His most formidable opponent, perhaps, will be Mr. A. D. Clarke's cutter, designed by Mr. J. M. Soper, of Southampton, a graduate from the yard of Fay & Sons. He is a member of the Institute of Naval Architects and has designed many speedy yachts, among them being the 25-footer *Daisy*, the 40-rater *Castanet* and the successful 10-rater *Dis*. This cutter, which I believe is to be called *Sea Swallow*, was constructed with a special view of sailing against the *Navahoe*. She is 130 feet over all, 90 feet on the water-line, and is of wooden construction, with a beam of 24.6 feet and a draught of over 14 feet. Her type is said to resemble the "ballast fin," but the fin will be built round and will form part of the hull proper, and not be merely a plate like the ordinary fin.

Her spar plan will not be quite so large as that of the *Navahoe;* her mast being of yellow Oregon pine and 87 feet in length. Her main boom measures 90 feet and the hoist of her mainsail is 60 feet. Capt. Tom Jay, a well-known racing skipper, will have command of her and he will do his best to "wipe out" the Yankee.

The *Britannia*, the Prince of Wales' yacht, is being built by the Hendersons on the Clyde. She is from the board of George L. Watson. The utmost secrecy is maintained as to her dimensions, but she will be about 84 feet on the load-water line, with a beam of about 21 feet.

At this time of writing little new has been heard of the *Valkyrie*, except that she is being pushed and will soon be launched.

Mr. Beavor Webb, the yacht designer, has got even with Lord Dunraven, whom he has never forgiven for declaring that the cutter *Galatea* was not a truly representative British boat. The story goes that he wrote a letter to a friend across the water telling how, in his opinion, the *Valkyrie* would be most ignominiously vanquished. He gave a sly and humorous hint or two about a certain fin-keel boat that would, in all probability, be able to circle round the Dunraven craft like a kite round his feathered prey. Somehow, the gist of this letter got into print, and caused much annoyance. Mr. Webb was cabled to and asked to deny the yarn, but his subtle and most ingenious defense was loss of memory.

The boat hinted at is doubtless the Paine craft now building at Lawley's yard, South Boston. This is probably one of the most remarkable racing "freaks" ever designed. She will be 124 feet over all, and about 84 feet on the load-water line, with a beam of 22.6 feet, and a draught, with the centerboard down, of 20 feet, and 14 feet with it up. Like the old *Maria*, she will be fitted with two centerboards —one working in the fin proper and the other —a small one—being well forward, the theo-

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retical object being to prevent her from falling off to leeward in light airs. Generally, she much resembles a racing canoe so far as her appearance above the water-line is concerned. She will carry an extremely large sail-spread, and under certain conditions of wind and sea will doubtless sail like a witch.

What a fin keel would do in a gale of wind and a heavy sea is problematical. There would naturally be a tremendous strain on the hull on account of the weight of the ballast fin being so low down, and if the system of construction should happen to be faulty, and the whole structure weak, the results would of course be disastrous. But for racing in our waters, where comparatively smooth seas prevail in the summer time, and gales of wind are seldom met with, the "ballast fins" will, in all probability, beat the other types of boat. Of course, when navigating in a fog, when you are not quite sure of your dead reckoning, the lead must be hove every few minutes, because if the fin struck a rock, or even a sand-bar, the consequences might be quite unpleasant. What they would be in a yacht like that of General Paine is hard to tell, for she is quite unique.

The Stewart and Binney fin boat will not indulge in the luxury of a centerboard. She will be a fin, pure and simple, like the *Drusilla* of last year. She is owned by a syndicate of Boston yachtsmen celebrated for their sportsmanlike patriotism. The designers are the successors of the talented Mr. Burgess, whose sad and untimely death all yachtsmen deplore. If skill, science, pluck and discretion have any sway in this world, the firm is bound to make its mark.

The dimensions of this Boston syndicate craft are not accurately known, but approximately they are: length over all, 122 feet; length on the load-water line, 85 feet beam. The draught of the hull proper is not known as yet, but with her deep fin, with a cigar-shaped bulb of lead on the bottom, she cannot draw less than 21 feet. There will be some "freak" novelties in the rig of this craft that will almost paralyze old fogies when they look upon them for the first time. She is being built under Mr. Stewart's careful supervision, at the yard of Pusey & Jones, Wilmington, Del. She may be called *Pilgrim*.

The Morgan Syndicate craft is being hurried along by the Herreshoffs. She is of the keel type, but quite a remarkable ship withal. The firm is always striking out with some rich and rare original idea. Thus the hull of this craft is constructed, below the load-water line, of Tobin bronze—a metal which, for its anti-fouling qualities, has long been in favor for screw propellers, large and small, and the rudders of steam launches. It is only its great expense that has prevented its use in the construction of yachts. The surface is so smooth that it offers little resistance to the water. No weeds and no barnacles can exist on it, and there is never any necessity to go over it with a lawn mower to shave off any tropical growth of foliage or grass. It is said to have more tensile strength than steel, and to be infinitely better adapted for ship-building purposes than that metal.

We shall be better able to judge later on whether its introduction by the Herreshoffs will cause it to become popular. There is no doubt of its fitness for the purpose, but the fact that the price of the Morgan craft will be increased to the tune of $5,000 through its use for the underbody, may militate against its use, except in the case of millionaires whose only object in life is to get the very best, regardless of expense.

The Morgan yacht will not be so long over all as her rivals—somewhere near 123 feet, I am told—and nearly 85 feet on the load-water line. Her beam will be in the neighborhood of 26 feet, and her draught 13 feet 6 inches. She is a centerboard craft.

The Rogers keel boat, which the admirers of the cutter type are confident will win the honor of defending the *America's* Cup, is well advanced at the Herreshoff yard. She is of steel, and measures 124 feet over all, and about 84 feet on the load-water line, with a beam of 24 feet and a draught of 14 feet. Mechanics are at work on her until nine o'clock every night.

When all these cup-defenders get afloat there will be some lively tussles. The Seawanhaka Corinthian Yacht Club has offered a $1,000 cup for them, and other clubs are arranging for big prizes. In fact, no regatta will be regarded with favor that hasn't at least two of these big crafts as drawing cards.

The enthusiasm is spreading to the smaller clubs. Yachts of the *Mosquito* class that have been hauled out on the beach for years, swathed in canvas bandages, are now being scraped, puttied, painted and varnished with a view to valiant exploits this summer. Rarely in the history of yachting have shipyards been so busy. It is going to be a great season and no mistake.

The Seawanhaka Yacht Club has admitted lady yacht owners to membership. Very gallant, no doubt, but where are they going to find the lady yacht owners? I believe there are only six in the United States. But still it was the right thing to do, and I hope the club will accept the assurances of my most distinguished consideration in the same spirit as offered.

Ex-Commodore Elbridge T. Gerry sailed for Europe on April 6th. His steam yacht *Electra* will not go into commission until his return in July. At the last meeting of the New York Yacht Club it was voted to present him with a handsome service of plate in recognition of his pre-eminent work in behalf of the club. The motion was gracefully and eloquently made by his successor, Commodore E. D. Morgan, and was of course carried with unanimity and applause.

The club is looking for a site in New York on which to build a house. The present quarters on Madison avenue are rather cramped. The membership is fast reaching the high-water mark of one thousand, and there isn't really room enough for them. There is talk also of a summer home and anchorage at Bay Ridge, but this scheme may not be carried out for years. The city home plan is, I understand, to be carried out as soon as possible.

On April 6th Mr. Lloyd Phœnix's auxiliary steam yacht *Intrepid* made a trial trip down the Delaware. Lloyd Phœnix as a yachtsman is well known in many countries. His trips in foreign waters in his stout old cruising schooner *Intrepid* have made his name quite famous.

A. J. KENEALY.

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ROWING.

THE time of the victorious Oxford crew in the recent English inter-university race was most remarkable—four miles and a quarter in 18m. and 47s! It is equivalent to a mile in about 4m. 25s., and four miles in 17m. 40s. Taking Yale's fastest time for four miles in a race, 20m. and 10s., the difference between it and Oxford's time for the four miles would be 2m. and 30s., which, allowing 3s. to the length, would be equal to fifty lengths, or about one thousand yards—considerably over half a mile. Making all possible allowance for wind and tide, undoubtedly favorable to fast time on the day of the race between Oxford and Cambridge, and the faster tide of the Putney course, this margin is a considerable one to be overcome.

The Oxford crew of 1893 was a heavy one—heavy for an English crew—averaging about 171 pounds. From its first appearance on the Thames, at Putney, March 1st, it became the favorite. The men were a powerful lot, and impressed onlookers with a sense of their strength. A criticism in the *Field* of March 4th sounds laughable now—namely, that the crew seemed to lack speed. Both Oxford and Cambridge departed from their long-established custom of breaking the journeys from the Isis and Cam at intermediate points, Oxford having heretofore usually gone to Mapledurham and Cambridge to Ely. The race was started at 4:34 P. M. on Wednesday, March 22d. Cambridge took a slight lead at first and held it as far as Hammersmith Bridge.

Here Oxford drew up and stood off several desperate spurts by their opponents, assuming the lead, and were never afterward in danger, crossing the line one length and four feet to the good in the time before stated. It was feared at one time that, because of repairs to the London and Southwestern Railway Bridge at Barnes, the usual course from Putney to Mortlake would have to be abandoned, but it was finally decided to stick to the old course, and, fortunately, no trouble was encountered in negotiating the dreaded arch. It was the first occasion in many years upon which the race was rowed on a day other than Saturday; but the selection of Wednesday had apparently no effect upon the attendance, the crowds of spectators being enormous—as large as, if not larger than, usual. The names and weights of the crews follow:

OXFORD.

Place.	*Name.*	*College.*	*Weight, lbs.*
Bow.	H. B. Cotton	Magdalen	138
2	J. A. Ford	Brasenose	167
3	J. A. Morrison	New	172½
4	H. Legge	Trinity	181½
5	V. Nickalls	Magdalen	186
6	W. A. L. Fletcher	Christ Church	190½
7	C. M. Pitman	New	168½
Stroke	M. C. Pilkington	Magdalen	165
Coxswain	L. Portman	University	105

Average weight of eight, 171⅛ pounds.

CAMBRIDGE.

Place.	*Name.*	*College.*	*Weight, lbs.*
Bow	G. A. H. Branson	First Trinity	149½
2	R. F. Bayford	Trinity Hall	163
3	C. Fogg-Elliot	Trinity Hall	164½
4	E. H. M. Waller	Corpus	173½
5	L. A. E. Ollivant	First Trinity	185½
6	G. C. Kerr	First Trinity	174
7	R. O. Kerrison	Third Trinity	168
Stroke	T. G. Lewis	Third Trinity	166
Coxswain	C. T. Agar	Third Trinity	103

Average weight of eight, 168 pounds.

It is with extreme pleasure that I am able to announce authoritatively that committees from the Harvard and Yale Boat Clubs met at Springfield in February last and formulated a challenge or invitation to Oxford and Cambridge jointly for the winners of the respective races to row an eight-oared race at New London two weeks after the Harvard-Yale race. Complete details as to climatic conditions were sent with the invitation in order that the English crews might judge of the differences of temperature between Putney and New London. The use of the quarters of the defeated American crew, as well as a coaching launch, were placed at the disposal of the accepting English crew.

Last month a cable dispatch was received from Oxford, with whom now rests the acceptance or refusal of the challenge, stating that the Harvard-Yale letter was received. By the time this appears in print the details of the correspondence will probably have been made public. Although Mr. Fletcher, the Oxford president, expressed himself last year as being opposed to having his crew come here for the first international race, and although I believe it to be proper that Oxford should first be defeated in England before coming here, yet there are special reasons for waiving these opinions in both cases this year. The World's Fair at Chicago is the chief reason. It is natural to suppose that the Oxford men, individually, would be glad to see the wonderful exhibition that is to take place at Chicago. If, therefore, they can combine a visit to the Fair with a race with one of the American universities, surely inducement enough is offered for them to waive their very proper contention that the first race should be rowed in England. Then, too, several international contests are to take place here this summer, and the interest and convenience of spectators would be consulted if all such contests should be confined to one country. It is needless to say that the visiting crew would be treated royally and will have everything done for its comfort and enjoyment. If the rumored declination of the challenge by Oxford turns out to be true, I hope Mr. Fletcher and his associates may be induced to reconsider the matter, and that the members of the Harvard-Yale Committee will prove themselves successful diplomats.

The following men have been in training at New Haven for the 'varsity crew:

Bow, Johnson, '94, S.
2, Messler, '94, S.
3, Van Huyck '93, and Rogers, '93, S.
4, Folger, '94.
5, Beard, '95.
6, Paine, '94.
7, Ives, '93 (captain).
Stroke, Gallaudet, '93.
Substitutes, Chatfield and Goetchius.

Van Huyck, while indulging in the dignified senior occupation of spinning a top, was unfortunate enough to injure his eyes by breaking his glasses. It is hoped, however, that he will eventually be able to fill a position in the crew. At present there are five former 'varsity men in training. The crew has been rowing in the harbor and is getting into splendid shape. Stevenson, '88, and Cowles, '86, have been coaching, and it is probable that they will continue so doing until Mr. Cook takes hold. The

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material is good, and there is little reason to doubt that the Yale '93 crew will be a most formidable one.

The freshman crew candidates at present consist of the following men: W. D. Smith, '96; J. H. Knapp, '96 (captain); F. Coonley, '96; R. B. Treadway, '96; A. W. Dater, '95, S.; J. M. Brown, '96; H. C. Holcomb, '95, S.; W. M. Beard, '96; Hart, '95, S.; Raymond, '95, S., and Hopkins, '96. They were taken to the training table on March 23d. They appear to be a promising lot, but are at present rather raw material. Waters is building two paper shells, one for the 'varsity and one for the freshmen.

The candidates for the Harvard University crew have been reduced to the following:

Bow, M. Newell, '94.
2, D. O. Earle, '93.
3, L. Davis, '94.
4, H. G. Johnson, '94.
5, W. B. Stearns, '93.
6, S. F. Eddy, '95.
7, G. R. Fearing, '93.
Stroke, J. W. Glidden, '94, and J. Purden, '95.

The following have also been training, and some of them will probably displace some of the above: D. R. Vail, '93 (captain); R. P. Blake, '94; C. K. Cummings, 93; D. B. Duffield, '93, and R. Acton. Mr. Perkins has been coaching the crew part of the time, and will probably do most of it. I am sure that a silly report in one of the papers not long ago, to the effect that he was considered a "mascot," will not blind the authorities to the fact that, in order to win a boat race, they must depend upon hard and systematic work rather than luck.

The possibility of a race between the winner at New London and Oxford should cause the Harvard men to do about the hardest work they have done for some time. The material is, on the whole, good, and can be turned into a good crew if only some sort of definite system of coaching is adopted. Too great stress cannot be laid on getting the men "together." I would sacrifice "form" for unison and leg-work. A new shell is to be built for the crew by Davy. The freshmen have been rowing in the following order:

Bow, Howland.
2, Stevenson.
3, Russell.
4, Shea.
5, Duffield.
6, Rice.
7, Shepherd.
Stroke, Townsend (captain).

They are a heavy lot—average 171⅝ pounds—and are physically superior to the freshman crews of the last few years.

The Columbia freshman crew is made up as follows:

Bow,	Ganson,	135 pounds.
2,	Shoup,	138 "
3,	Eickwort,	148 "
4,	Rice,	162 "
5.	Goldsmith,	156 "
6,	MacLane,	155 "
7,	Carter,	162 "
Stroke,	Gould,	138 "
Substitutes,	Gitterman,	146 "
	Fearing,	135 "
	Bishop,	148 "

David Bandler, the coach of the successful '94 crew, has charge of the men. They are decidedly light, but this is of itself not a criterion of their powers.

The challenge from the Harvard University Boat Club to the Yale and Columbia freshmen has been accepted. It was in the following words—one being sent to Yale and one to Columbia:

"The Harvard University Boat Club, in behalf of the Harvard Freshman Crew, hereby challenges the Yale University Freshman Crew to a two-mile straightaway race in eight-oared shells, at New London, on one of the three days preceding the day set for the Yale-Harvard University race, the precise date to be determined hereafter, it being understood that Columbia accepts a similar challenge to be sent. Said race shall be with coxswains, and shall be a triangular race between the Yale, Harvard and Columbia Freshman crews."

Cornell's request to be allowed to enter her freshman crew was refused on the ground that the course is not wide enough to permit four crews to row abreast.

The Cornell-University of Pennsylvania race this year is to be four miles long, instead of three as heretofore. Cornell has not yet decided whether or not to send crews to the so-called World's Fair regatta, her eventual decision depending on the entries of other crews.

CHASE MELLEN.

CANOEING.

A FEW years ago canoe racing news meant a record of the doings of a few men—the members of less than half a dozen clubs—and any cruise of one hundred miles or more was an event worth publishing in detail. Times have changed. Now a canoe cruise is not worth mentioning unless taken in a foreign land or in some remote region of our own country. Canoes may now be found in summer all along the coast, on many rivers and lakes, and they attract little attention, as they are so frequently met with.

The American Canoe Association meets have developed a widespread interest in racing, and now the fast boats and clever sailors do not come from one quarter as of old, but hail from north, east and west—the south as yet has not been heard from.

Local news, therefore, has lost its interest as the canoe idea has spread, and many club races and doings no longer find a place in the publications devoted to the sport; only the larger events are of general interest. New ideas about sails, hulls and rigging are always of interest, and it is really surprising that so little that is new has come to the surface the past year.

The development of the sailing canoe was very rapid for several years. A limit seems to have been reached beyond which further progress in the line of increased speed will be very slow. No radical changes are likely to develop, but a continual improvement in the details keeps going on all the time.

The latest novelty is aluminum canoe "jewelry," blocks, mast rings, jaws, etc., etc. In the matter of weight they are a great improvement over brass and galvanized iron, and in all probability are quite as strong. The prices quoted seem to be very reasonable.

Very few canoes were built the past winter for purely racing purposes—fewer than for many years.

C. BOWYER VAUX.

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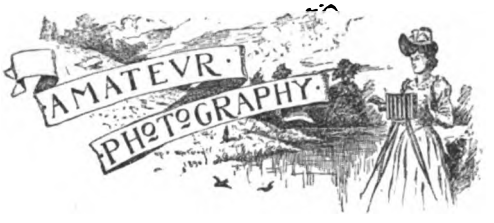

PERHAPS the only event worthy of special notice that has occurred since last writing is the introduction by Mr. Carbutt of what he calls the "Columbian plate," a plate *backed* —that is, coated on the back with a hitherto unused material as a preventive of halation.

It is just possible that some of my amateur readers may not know what is really meant by halation, and it is quite certain that many of them do not know it when they see it; so that for them a few words of explanation may not be out of place.

As far back as the fifties it was noticed that under certain circumstances a peculiar kind of blurring occurred on such parts of a negative as included, say, what should have been clean-cut branches against a clear sky, the edges and astragals of a window, and indeed wherever darks came against lights. Sometimes this blurring extended only to the thickening of what should have been fine lines, a giving of fuzziness to what should have been delicate detail, or a blending of dark and light where there should have been well-defined lines of demarcation; while in other cases the effect was so great as to produce large patches of dense fog.

Efforts to trace these effects to their cause showed clearly that it was light that had passed through the sensitive film and its glass support, and was then reflected back by either the back of the plate or the layer of atmospheric air in immediate connection therewith, or perhaps both; and the remedy was found in a coating of non-actinic matter applied to, and in optical contact with, the back of the plate, so that the light, or the actinic portion thereof that passed through, should be absorbed rather than returned.

Various substances were employed for this backing, but probably the most convenient and efficient was a thinnish paste or thickish paint made of burnt sienna, dextrine and water, with sufficient glycerine to prevent the dried coating from being brittle, and applied either by means of a broad camel-hair brush or sponge. From the time of this discovery till now, the more careful workers have employed this, or some equally suitable backing, especially on such plates as were to be exposed on subjects known to be favorable to the production of halation; but the method was attended with considerable trouble both in its application and in its removal before development, and consequently never became general.

From time to time many of those who, while recognizing the evil of halation, were unwilling to take the trouble necessary to its prevention, have urged plate-makers to undertake it for them, but with very little success, until some time during last year, when a London firm introduced the "Sandell plate," a plate coated with two or more layers of emulsion of varying degrees of sensitiveness, which was said, amongst other good qualities, to be free from halation under the most trying conditions.

This multi-coated plate has been introduced into this country by at least two of our plate-makers, and while, so far as my experiments go, they seem to deserve the name of "non-halation," they, as is asserted by some writers of considerable authority, have some qualities that somewhat militate against their usefulness for general work. Be this as it may, Mr. Carbutt, to whom the whole photographic fraternity is indebted for his labors in the perfecting of gelatino-bromide plates, has satisfied himself that the desired object may be better attained in the good old way, and introduced a plate backed by a new material in every way suitable for the purpose. It is in perfect optical contact with the plate; unabradable, and consequently nothing in the shape of dust from it can injure the sensitive surface; easily removed, and being insoluble in water, stains neither fingers nor developing solution.

Of course such backing costs something, and the "Columbian plate" is necessarily a little more expensive than an unbacked one.

To adopt one or other of those courses I would strongly urge every amateur who has passed the button-pressing stage, and really wants to see his name engraved on the pillar of photographic fame; as, although there are some subjects that, from their nature, are more prone to halation than others, there are few indeed, if any, in which it is not present in some degree, or which would not be truer in tonality, and otherwise much and markedly better, on a backed than on an unbacked plate.

I am quite aware that, pipe how I may on this matter, there are some who will not dance —some of the "let well alone" persuasion, that for ordinary purposes will neither buy nor back; and even to them I have something to say. There are few amateurs of ability and ambition who do not attempt interior work, and few interiors that would not be improved by the inclusion of a window in the representation. But on an unbacked plate that is hardly possible, even by the usual method of covering the window during all but a fraction of the exposure. With a properly backed plate, however, the difficulty disappears, and gives, instead of what on an unbacked one is simply an irregularly shaped mass of fog, a well-defined window with ample detail in such flowers or other ornaments as may be in or near it.

But I don't want my readers to take my word for this, or indeed any other question that they may easily settle for themselves; as a single experiment properly made, while always pleasant and giving a keener interest in the question, will be far more convincing than a whole column of reasoning from recorded facts. Let them expose a dozen plates on half a dozen different subjects, selected from those both most and least likely to promote halation, one plate on each subject to be backed and the other unbacked. If exposure and development be carried on with care so as to insure the best results, and those results be carefully compared, the superiority of the negatives on the backed plates will be such as to render it unlikely that unbacked plates will ever be employed on subjects having even but a slight tendency to halation, and especially on interiors and landscapes with trees against a clear sky.

JAY SEE.

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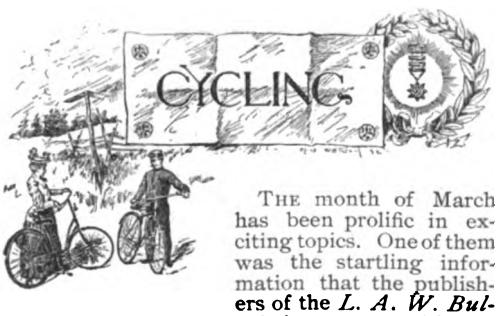

THE month of March has been prolific in exciting topics. One of them was the startling information that the publishers of the *L. A. W. Bulletin* had thrown up their contract with the League of American Wheelmen. This statement, which appeared in nearly all of the daily papers throughout the country, was quickly denied by Secretary Bassett, of the league. There is no doubt, however, but that there was a hitch in the proceedings, but just what it was your correspondent cannot find out; but so far as he can learn, it seems that there was doubt in the Wheelman Company's mind as to the bearing of the postal laws. But Mr. Bassett, in the last issue of the official organ, states that this matter was arranged, and that the league has in its possession facts and rulings which show that the publishers of the official bulletin have not been violating the postal laws. The whole nub of the trouble can be found in the fact that the cycling press at large are undoubtedly jealous of the existence of the official organ. This paper, of course, goes to every member of the league, and the league retains the sum of twenty-five cents as subscription for each member, according to the by-laws thereof. This, of course, is a pretty cheap weekly, and it materially interferes with the other cycling papers in increasing their circulation lists, and, of course, if the weekly official organ were out of the way there would be much larger fields for the other papers to browse in. It is, however, foolish for them to attempt to have the league do away with its weekly organ, for the league cannot carry on its business without the assistance of a weekly paper. As Mr. Bassett states in his official news, "We think we may be permitted to remark that the stopping of the *Bulletin* would be a death-blow to the league; it would take away our means of communicating with the members and involve an expense to the divisions in the prosecution of their work, which cannot be thought of." There is no doubt but what Mr. Bassett speaks the truth, and if the other weekly papers will take my advice they will turn their attention to more legitimate work than attempting to undertake what is an impossibility. The transparent shield which they attempt to interpose between themselves and the public can be seen through too readily, and the claim that they are "working for the interest of the league" in attempting to destroy the official organ is too apparently false to deceive even the most gullible.

Chairman Raymond jumped into a seething caldron when he went down to straighten out affairs in Baltimore between the Maryland Cycle Club and the associated clubs of that city, and I do not believe since Solomon had to decide as to the parentage of that historical infant, that any human being has had to judge on so difficult a question. The representatives on both sides confronted Mr. Raymond with cast-iron, stubborn-twist affidavits, each swearing according to the laws of the land that t'other fellows did not tell the truth. I think if I were placed in the boots of Mr. Raymond I should refuse to grant sanction in either case. In fact, I do not see how he can accept the affidavit of one side without indirectly accusing the other of perjury. This is not a nice position to place a gentleman in who has nothing to gain and who is simply a voluntary servant without remuneration, unless vigorous kicks, protests and mumbled curses can be called remuneration.

Speaking of kicks and curses, I really do not see how any man's loyalty to the L. A. W. can be so strong as to make him patient and willing to receive the kicks and cuffs, and to be charged with almost every crime in the calendar, and to continue patiently, honestly, and without any hope of remuneration, the good work for the organization which he represents. The time is coming when good men will refuse to take these positions, and the league is likely to have to go a-begging for able men to fill its offices. You have only to scan the cycling papers of to-day to see what I mean. The Executive Committee of the L. A. W. have been under a perfect fusillade of abuse, and it is a shame that these gentlemen, who are voluntarily giving their time and spending their money for the good of the league, should be subjected to the insults which are heaped upon them.

In the name of common sense, what is to be gained by these men in accepting this office? Nothing in the world but a love of the sport and a loyalty to the league impels them, and it seems that a little consideration should be shown them. There is, however, one relief in view; that is, as soon as the racing and riding season begins these penny-a-liners and Cheap John editors will have a chance to work in different channels. It is an unfortunate fact that in the dull season they have to fill their columns, and if it is not a member or members of the Executive Committee, some other poor wight would have to get it. If it had not been this winter for that Wheelman Company's contract and the Executive Committee, these so-called cycling papers would have had to go begging for something to talk about. In the language of "Mr. Cataline of the Romans," I appeal to these penny-a-liners to give us a rest.

An interesting experiment is about to be made in England on the Herne Hill track, which is to be relaid in wood placed edgewise. The projectors seem to think that this will make as fast a track as can be constructed. It may be so, but it will be an interesting thing to watch the gradual deterioration which will be brought about by the variations of the climate. If it were under cover and the surface were not subjected to the direct action of heat, cold, wet and dry, I should imagine that the track could be made very fast, and if it were built in the same thorough manner as the higher grade bowling alleys, it would undoubtedly be indestructible if covered. I have grave doubts, however, as to its lasting qualities. The management in charge of the track at Chicago to be used at the international meets has not yet decided as to what the surface should be. Chairman Raymond, however, is strongly in favor of burnt-brick dust surface. This track will have a

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foundation similar to the best Telford or Macadam, with a top-dressing of the brick-dust. There will be no expense spared in the building of the track, as the whole aim will be to produce the best.

It is yet too early to authoritatively state which of the European crack racing men will be over here to compete in the international events at Chicago. This only I do know, and that is, Fred Osmond will be here in charge of the Whitworth exhibit. It remains to be seen whether he will go into training and meet our fast men. I am free to say that "I have my doubts."

A good deal of nonsensical talk has been appearing in the columns of the cycling press lately as to the cost of bicycles as compared with the price of production. The average rider evidently has very crude ideas as to what a bicycle actually costs. Even the most liberal of these riders place the price of a machine at such a figure as would hardly cover the manufacturer's cost of production, and by manufacturers' cost, I do not mean the expenses which are entailed by the maker in selling same, and in these days of sharp competition this item is one which would surprise even the wisest men if they were only aware of the amount. It would astonish some people to find out how much money is necessary in order to produce even the first sample machine, which, after the most careful calculations, may prove faulty on practical trial; then comes the fearful waste in consequence. The expensive tools, which have cost hundreds, and perhaps thousands of dollars to produce, are simply good for so much waste metal. After the perfected machine leaves the manufacturer's hands and is placed on the market for actual sale, then comes the tremendous cost in disposing of same. Large office expenses have to be met, numerous traveling men present their bills, and all of these have to be paid and provided for before a profit can be reached. It is all very well for the outsider to say advertising expenses are needless, but the manufacturer who does not keep up with the procession would soon be without customers. The expense of selling machines in the United States is much larger than it is in England, as is true of almost everything in this country. These men who desire to air their views and opinions are not practical because they jump at conclusions, and if they go into the bicycle business with the ideas as to cost as laid down by some of these riders, they will find that their stockholders will very shortly turn to them and request a statement as to how they arrived at their rosy-hued conclusions. I know a little bit about the cost of producing a bicycle, which by no means ends at the time when the machine leaves the factory, and I can assure the readers of OUTING that the "wholesale robbery" which these would-be Solons would have the riders believe they are being subjected to, only exists in the minds of these scribblers.

To the cycling scribe who is thoroughly posted as to the rights of wheelmen on the public highways it reads like ancient history when he is confronted with the statement that so-and-so has been arrested for riding on the public highway in Alabama or for crossing a bridge in Maryland. We suppose the time will come when the authorities will realize that the bicycle has exactly the same rights on the public highways as any other vehicle, and it is the strangest thing that the lawyers who have charge of the business of the authorities in the different localities should be so ignorant of the law as not to know this fact. It does not speak very well for their knowledge or their thoroughness, and I suppose it only remains for us to be patient and be willing to drive certain facts through the thick heads of certain of these legal luminaries.

I notice that the Racing Board is going to take a new tack this year, and exclude from its councils all those connected with the trade Well, perhaps, for politic reasons, this is a good move. Personally, I am of the opinion that the trade is a good thing to be represented in any branch of the league work, and I have enough faith in its honesty to believe that its representatives, no matter what position they hold in league matters, would not allow their prejudices to run away with their ideas of justice and good faith. There seems, however, to have been that demand on the part of certain of the trade that all connected with trade should be excluded. For my part, I look upon the trade as being honestly and earnestly in favor of anything which would tend to further the interest of cycling and the League of American Wheelmen at large. It is pretty hard in these days to get good men to accept offices in the league, and I miss my guess if in the future it will not be a good deal harder. I have already alluded to the reasons in a former portion of these notes. THE PROWLER.

PRACTICAL jokers sometimes find their jokes fall flat. Two victims, "hoist by their own petard," were recently before the National Assembly, when a motion was made to expel them for having indorsed the application for L. A. W. membership of a well-known professional trainer. The said professional had been admitted, but promptly expelled. The whole thing was attempted to be excused as a joke. The jokers now sincerely regret their action, for they also were suspended and expelled.

It is growing plain that the officers of the league are determined to root out professionalism wherever it shows itself, and their action with these devotees of fun should be a warning to others who underestimate the supply of patience at league headquarters.

MESSRS. ALLEN AND SACHTLEBEN, after a three years' tour of the world awheel, reached St. Louis last month. Thomas Stevens, Allen and Sachtleben are the only wheelmen who have completely wheeled around the world, and all are Americans. No other nationality has yet furnished a globe-girdler on wheels. OUTING'S own representative, Lenz, is now working his way through China, and his already published letters give only a faint idea of the adventures to be read in the near future in OUTING.

THE George R. Bidwell Cycle Co.'s "Tourist" is a cycle that is well made, and fitted with the best pneumatic—the Bidwell constrictive. It moves with the swiftness of thought and the smoothness of a dream.

F. E. SPOONER, the long-distance champion, will not represent America in the Cuca Cup race for the world's twenty-four-hour record in London next July; neither will Frank Waller, the past long-distance champion.

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THE COMING SEASON.

THE trainer of race-horses is, as a rule, a trifle inclined to be timid in the spring. This is perhaps not unnatural. It is not that the influence of the slothful days of winter still hangs about him, but that so much depends on the early work of his charges. The coy lover dallies and fears to ask the question that will either elevate him to the seventh heaven or submerge him in the slough of despond. So it is with the trainer. Among his older horses there are sure to be some under suspicion. Even if they weathered the storm the previous year and retired for the winter sound and well so far as the outside public could judge, there are so many "ifs and ands" that the inmates of a stable can alone comprehend. Weaknesses that may never have been visible, except to eyes that were ever on the watch to detect them, may have become aggravated, or the period of inaction may not have built up the tissues wasted during a long and arduous campaign. Spring work finds out all such failings, and the first fast move may supply the least desired answer, and determine that the animal in question will have to be relegated to the great army of "has beens."

Then, too, with the two-year-olds there is virtually everything to learn. Last fall, as sometimes happens, there were comparatively few trials of any importance effected, largely owing to the weather, and the majority of the then yearling brigade were housed for the cold weather with but the poorest idea having been formed of their powers. Under such circumstances it becomes needful to wait till the weather breaks in the following spring to try the youngsters. Unless there is any absolute necessity, trainers are apt to postpone the question as long as possible. Those who have in hand large stables belonging to rich owners may not hesitate to go about the "weeding-out" process with an unsparing hand, but the percentage who find themselves in such a position is small. The average trainer has not *carte-blanche* to "cull" his horses and keep only the tip-toppers. He has to do all he can with the material supplied to him, even if they cannot earn their oats; there is no money forthcoming to purchase a fresh supply of horses. Small wonder, then, that some of them are inclined to wax timid and faint-hearted, hesitating about risking the demolition of all their built-up hopes.

But with racing in active progress and the usual run of owners anxious, if possible, to at once earn something with their stables toward paying expenses, trainers have less chance for hesitation. Some portion of their strings is wanted as speedily as possible, and this means that the entire lot are given active work appreciably sooner than they otherwise would. "Example is better than precept," and at Gravesend, where work is always most forward in the spring, "Father Bill" Daly set the other trainers a capital example. Daly is no "kid glove" trainer, and at best never believes in pampering his stock. His training methods recall the old motto that William of Wykeham had posted up in his school at Winchester: "*Aut disce aut decede; manet sors tertia caedi*," only one might supplant "*disce*" with "*curre*" and yet not spoil the scansion. "Father Bill's" horses surely have to run (and win some kind of race) or get out, and while he has never as yet emulated the late Lord Glasgow in having his really worthless horses killed, perhaps if he had been born rich instead of acquiring his money through selling-platers and trotting-horses, he might have done so. Certainly, taking the other interpretation of "*caedi*"—as intended for the scholars and typified by the emblem of a birch-rod—his horses are apt to have plenty of such treatment.

However that may be, when Daly began sending his horses fast trials in the early part of last month, the other trainers put on their thinking caps, and knowing that he would surely be "given the office" if Elizabeth were going to open, lost no time in following his example. Within a few days a definite and official announcement was made, and in consequence few race-horses in the vicinity of New York have been eating the oats of idleness since. Hence it will happen that when, on the 15th of May, the last lingering fumes of winter racing are dispelled by the Brooklyn Handicap, there will be a great many more horses fit and ready to race than usual.

The man who attempts to predict with any great degree of definiteness the results of a coming season is likely to find before that season ends that he has overtaxed his powers, and the present occasion is no exception to the rule. Owing to the fact already noted that but few yearling trials were made last fall, comparatively little is as yet known as to the quality of the two-year-olds that will sport silk this year. Such trials are at best unreliable, though they give some line from which to draw conclusions. Many a trainer has passed the winter under the fond conviction that he had a big string of high-class youngsters, only to find, when the time at last came for them to face the stern realities of racing, that they were one and all counterfeits, or that, for some reason or other, they will not stand training. Even spring trials may be almost as misleading. For example, last year that most astute trainer, Wyndham Walden, thought that his two-year-old division would be better than he had had any year since he took charge of Messrs. J. A. and A. H. Morris' stable. What he found when it came to the test of actual experience was that it was the worst. His two best colts went amiss and never faced the starter, and there was not one in the entire lot that was up to even moderate stake form. If, then, a trainer of the first class can make such errors of calculation with horses that he has had for months continually under his care, how can the scribe, who at best gets only an outside and superficial view of things, expect to attain accuracy of prediction?

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So far as the all-aged division that will represent their stables for the most part in handicaps is concerned, it is to be feared that the experiences of last year may be repeated. Then it was notably weak. Lamplighter, good horse as he is, could scarcely have cut such a wide swath if he had been meeting a really good lot of old horses. Of course, there are a number of recruits from the three-year-old lot of last year, the most notable being Lamplighter and Tammany. These are without a doubt a cracking pair of horses that will materially raise the standard, and at any rate in the early part of the year, till the question of superiority is definitely settled, a meeting between them will arouse little less enthusiasm than the famous match between Salvator and Tenny.

But one swallow does not make a summer, and outside of these two there is not any very great gain in strength. Yorkville Belle should win many races for Mr. Croker, but she showed last year that when pitted against good colts she invariably had to strike her colors. St. Florian may train, but there is a great question about it. Should he do so, we may expect to find him a worthy antagonist for any horse in training; but, though he has been given every chance, it seems almost too good to believe. Locohatchee was amiss a large part of last year, and may be as good a horse again as he was in his two-year-old form, but he, again, is somewhat an unknown quantity to reckon on. Victory has already gone wrong and will not see the post, while His Highness, even if he does better than he did last season, is not very likely to prove a stayer in high-class company. Parvenu showed good form last year, but it is impossible to determine his real caliber, as he has never yet met the very best, while Mars, though a game, honest horse, has not the turn of speed to enable him to shine in the best of company, at any rate in a race at a less distance than a mile and a half. Others there are, such as Stonenell, Nomad, Pactolus, Leonawell, Charade and Fidelio, but there is an "if" in most of these cases. Stonenell hitherto has only proved himself a wonderfully speedy sprinter; Pactolus may very probably not train, while the other four, though they all showed good form, have never proved their claim to be considered in the first flight.

A few older horses that have been in retirement for a while, may emerge to gain fresh laurels, but on such cases one can never look but with suspicion. La Tosca, Terrifier, Major Domo and Pessarra are specimens. If La Tosca should train, Mr. Pierre Lorillard will undoubtedly win some first-rate races with her, but at the present time it looks as if "Father Bill" Daly had the most promising of this lot in Terrifier. This horse is in the Suburban at the featherweight of ninety-five pounds, and if he goes to the post fit and well, with Jimmy Lamley in the saddle, he will take a great deal of beating.

To turn to the three-year-olds, the prospects are fair, but not extraordinarily good. The best colt of last year, Morello, is unfortunately debarred from running on the Board of Control tracks owing to the suspension of his trainer and part owner. On the other hand, however, the year has been greatly strengthened by purchases from the West since the end of last racing season. These include G. W. Johnson, Red Banner and C. H. Gillock. It is a bold man who will try to predict the best three-year-old of 1893. Some there are who look beyond the lot that showed in the first flight as two-year-olds and pick some colt that came on toward the end of the season. Among such possibilities are Sport and Ramapo, and it is more than likely that both will do extremely well. There is yet another, that did nothing last year, that may be heard from, this being Longdock, full brother to Longstreet. Still the chances are that we shall see the contest for supremacy fought out between Don Alonzo, G. W. Johnson, Sir Francis, Sir Walter and a very few others. Don Alonzo will very probably prove not to stay, but G. W. Johnson (who, while virtually unknown in the East, showed first-class form in the West) and Sir Francis are apt to again prove their superiority over any that may emerge from the rear ranks.

As is usual, it looks comparatively easy to pick the best three-year-old fillies. Helen Nichols and Lady Violet stand by themselves, and of the pair the chances are all in favor of the former. She is better bred to stay than Mr. Belmont's charming daughter of The Ill-Used, and considering the fact that she had been radically amiss on the only occasion she was defeated as a two-year-old, her form is superior. The only other filly worthy to mention with these two is Miss Maude. She never proved herself equal to them, but if she comes on well, may take a good deal of beating.

When it comes to two-year-olds, silence is the safest and most dignified policy. A month hence some dim idea of how good or bad a crop that of 1893 will prove, may be dawning, but at present all is obscure and hidden. Let us hope that they will prove an extra good lot, to do credit to themselves and strengthen the ranks of our race-horses, sires and matrons, in the future.

So far as the general outlook is concerned, while one may safely say that the promise of sport is excellent, there are not wanting some signs that the far-seeing lover of the sport has learned to dread. Internal dissensions and classes have been either the immediate or the indirect cause of a great majority of the troubles that have assailed the American turf of late years, and the season is not likely to pass without some such happenings in the vicinity of New York. In New Jersey, matters have not settled down into any satisfactory shape. The outcome of the Supreme Court's consideration of the constitutionality of the Parker bills is eagerly awaited, while, in addition, it is uncertain what effect a decision adverse to the race-courses would have in the matter of affecting the licenses already granted under the provisions of these laws. That, however, whatever the ultimate outcome may prove to be, there will be no interference with meetings in the State this year seems likely, and in consequence some clashes are tolerably certain to ensue. During the months of July and August there is apt to be a plethora of racing which may work much harm to the general reputation of the sport. At present one can only hope that wise councils will prevail, and that managers may be induced to curb the rapacity of their instincts in the matter of dates.

SPORTING TRAMP.

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KENNEL.

SOME of the good people who enthuse over matters canine appear, judging from my correspondence, to be a trifle at sea on the question of awards lately made at important bench shows. The show season has been a great one beyond dispute. The big fixtures following the grand success scored at Madison Square Garden have proved in turn that the public interest in the kennel is yet as keen as even the fancy could desire, but many have failed to grasp the real meaning of some *special awards*, and the result is a lot of questions about a certain dog—by name "Tiree."

Now, in the first place, this particular dog is a Scottish terrier—by no means so large as the discussion it has raised. It is a clinking, good terrier, too, though many, who fancy that they know a bit about terriers, might pass it without notice on the street. Some have asked by letter what this animal might be that captures specials offhand for the best dog in the show, and why it is better than famous animals of heavy price, known as magnificent specimens of their kind throughout the doggy world.

It does not altogether appear that my querists understand what they are questioning about. In the first place, to claim that the terrier in question was the "best dog" in any show is—well, different. The best dog in any show is, to the ordinary spectator, not necessarily of any particular breed, but the animal which most appeals to the admiration of the individual spectator. To say that this terrier was the *best* dog in a show, would probably mislead all but those well-informed men who know under what conditions the special prize was offered. To say that a terrier was the best dog, to an admirer of any other breed would, of course, appear to be rank folly. To the fancier of any one breed, that breed is better than any other, and the best specimen of that breed exhibited is apt to be considered the best dog in the show. For enlightenment in certain quarters—I am writing only for the unsophisticated ones—an explanation, framed to suit their limited knowledge of such matters, may be in order.

Suppose that a special prize be offered—and I think that such a prize is, to say the least, a bit of tomfoolery—for the best dog in any show. The different classes are judged and the awards in them placed as the judges decide they should be—dogs of different breeds competing against others of their breed—setters against setters, pointers against pointers, St. Bernards against St. Bernards, and so on, down the extensive list to the wee and wearisome toys. Honors in all classes for distinct breeds are awarded, and then cracks of all breeds compete for the special for the "best dog in the show."

Settling the merits of the best dogs in the show is by no means an easy task, and decision seldom gives anything approaching satisfaction. Each breed has its own standard of perfection, a *perfect* dog being supposed to be an unknown quantity. We will suppose that the ideal perfect dog would score one hundred points, subdivided into so many points for a perfect head, body, limbs, color, tail, expression, etc., etc. Very good! Wherever real competing dogs fall short of the perfect type, they are penalized so many points as the imperfection calls for. A really good dog may score under the judges and against the ideal perfect animal, say ninety points as its total, which means that the animal fell short a point here and there of perfection, and lost in all ten points. A dog that would so score ninety-seven points might be considered so near to the perfect model as to be *almost* a perfect specimen of its kind. Hence, when competing for a special prize for the best dog in a show, a terrier, or a pug, or a bulldog, or a greyhound may happen to be last in the lists against a St. Bernard, a mastiff or a setter. The nearest to perfection in its own class and against its own standard may score nearer the accepted standard of canine perfection by counting points scored, and so a wee and astonishingly good terrier may defeat for such a prize all the giants of dogdom and the peers of other breeds. So "drill, ye tarriers, drill!"

"DAMON."

LOFT.

LAST year was full of good works, many existing records being broken and the general average for speed and returns being higher than was ever before known; not that the birds were better in either ability or condition, but because new conditions were made for the journeys, the birds being held during clear weather and let go in the clouded atmosphere of the clearing after a storm. The world's champion score, as posted for this season's flyers to break if they can, holds high figures, but the good work of every distance has been done so easily and with such a wide margin for better figures, that every owner is sure his birds can do better than they have done, and even those who hold the lead feel that better work can be done.

The score at the opening of the season is:

Distance. Miles.	*Speed. Yards per minute.*	*Owner.*	*When made.*
100	1611	H. G. Thurston (Mass.).	1892
150	1525	Fred Bowers (Mass.).	1892
200	1439	M. B. Maguire (New York).	1885
250	1588	P. E. Galligan (R. I.).	1892
300	1352	W. H. Hillebrecht, Jr. (Pa.).	1892
325	1733	G. E. Hook (Mass.).	1891
350	1474	H. Goodby (R. I.).	1892
400	1170	E. Senderling (Pa.).	1892
425	1476	John Blood (Pa.).	1889
450	1419	Thos. Brooks (Pa.).	1886
500	1127	W. H. Hillebrecht, Jr. (Pa.).	1892
540	1195	P. E. Galligan (R. I.).	1892
675	57½ hours	Fred Bowers (Mass.).	1890
900	4½ days	W. Bennert (N. J.).	1886
1000	One month	P. E. Galligan (R. I.).	1892
1183	Two weeks	Fred Bowers (Mass.).	1892

Distance in the day, 540 miles—P. E. Galligan, 1892.
Extreme distance, 1183 miles—Fred Bowers, 1892.

E. S. STARR.

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PERHAPS there is nothing more essential to the well-being of the immortal soul than the well-being of the mortal body. All ills, moral and spiritual, have some tiny root of their existence fed and pandered to by a morbid brain or disordered digestion; for seldom do we see a round, rosy, jocund person who is steeped in infidelity, or addicted to more than the ordinary little villainies that most of us indulge in more from carelessness than cussedness.

Not long ago a misguided croaker described a big, ruddy, jovial fellow as "stupidly healthy," which phrase I strongly resented as being applicable only to overfed pugs, or to some of those unfortunately very remote backwoodsmen whose calling offers no opportunity, and alas! no leisure, for cultivation of mind with body. Extremely illiterate people may be "stupidly healthy," perhaps, because their sole life is rounded by food and sleep, or at least the desire for such, but I question that if many generations of this content and stupidity, and warm, rich blood, will not in time be a greater benefit to the human race, when judiciously blended with those of ordinary intelligence, than whole hordes of fine-brained, dyspeptic, candle-burning scholars, whose largeness of intellect is rarely reflected in their offspring, but whose mental weaknesses and physical frailties are invariably mirrored, and frequently intensified, in the next generation.

That health is the greatest blessing under heaven no one will question, for all else together is nothingness and meaningless without it. What gayety can one enjoy when one is suffering from even the slightest headache? Ah! the reader interrupts, and tells me that I have mentioned the most awful of maladies. Well, so I have, because it is most frequent, and your friends don't worry about you if you only have a headache. They know you won't die, but you wish you could. You have riches, but if you also have a headache you will almost let the possessions go, if by so doing you can buy off that headache.

Years ago our grandmothers shut themselves in darkened rooms and wrapped their poor, throbbing brows up in cambric, soaked in aromatic vinegar; to-day nine girls out of ten will endure the torment for a few hours, then arise, saying weakly, "I'm going out; I believe the fresh air will do my head good." Ah! that is the magic cure, but, better still, it is the magic prevention. People who live much in the open air are seldom ill; aye! most blessed of all things, they seldom have nerves.

Fresh air is in itself a positive necessity to everybody, but recreation and exercise, when practiced outdoors, is something that commends itself but to the wiser ones, who have discovered that for popularity, as well as sensibility, the flower-like delicacy of last-century women cannot hold its own against our brilliant-eyed, radiant-complexioned lass of to-day. The whole age is crying out for reform, political, moral, spiritual, and one of the first steps toward that much-needed acquirement is *individual reform*, that the poor atom which each of us is supposed to be, may, with its fellows, become a vast and able constitution when blended into one mighty whole. But we women are brought up with little idea of individual importance. Any boy that is born may be a President, or a railway king, or, at the least, carve out for himself an exalted niche somewhere in life. But the little girl baby? Well, its mother smiles and kisses it, and prays in her heart that the little maid may grow up strong and pure and womanly, and that is all.

And for this very strength and purity and womanliness that our mothers desired for us, I am pleading with my girl readers to-day. I have a terrible consciousness that I am wandering outside my province in these pages, but if by so doing I get the attention of a single girl, to be fixed in the resolve that during the coming summer she will not devote her *entire* mental energies to pretty seaside gowns and light, uninjurious flirtations, or her physical forces to only a morning dip, followed by a dull afternoon stroll, why, I shall feel that my departure has not been without its own peculiar merits. I advance this preface to my summer columns as a forerunning apology for some of the unconventional outdoor occupations which I intend to mention and commend to all girls who are happily enough situated to take advantage of these sports. There are still plenty of people whose old-fashioned prejudice hints at many sports as too "masculine" for womankind. To these well-meaning folk I can only reply that it all depends upon *how* that sport is played. The most rigid of old-timers could scarcely have done otherwise than enjoy a sight I recently had the good fortune to witness in eastern Canada: an entire hockey team of merry-faced maidens whose opponents (elderly married gentlemen) had as much as they could do to battle against the swift and agile steels that clung so firmly to the little stout boots of the lady skaters. How those girls did fly over that ice! They swirled about in bevies, like slender, fleet-winged birds, and they wielded their uncouth hockey-sticks as gracefully as a feathered fan. That teasing little disk of contention, the puck, flew about like a black imp. In vain did the elderly boylings stride about on stiffening limbs and uncertain ankles. Those bright girls scored game every time, and then, oh! the chatter and musical cheer that was half laughter, half scorn, and what a sight those lassies were! their full chests heaving with exertion and strong, cold air; their cheeks flushed and dimpling, their hair tossed and twirled under the gay little colored tam o'shanters that were tip-tilted over one ear. Ah! those are the girls it gladdens one's heart to see, and because of their gay outdoor sport, had they lost one iota of maidenliness, delicacy or propriety? Not they—a thousand times, not they!

E. PAULINE JOHNSON.

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THE woods in May! Think—think but a moment, ye toilers in soulless prisons of stone and brick. Think of the days of your boyhood, ere man's restless, reckless ambition drove you from the old sweet home to the roaring hive which you fancied was filled to bursting with that hard, golden honey which has ruined more mortals than ever it saved. Your prison walls, stout though they be, tremble about you with the shudder of gigantic, unceasing toil; through your prison pane you see striving swarms hastening to and fro, and to your ears, from the street without, from the towering pile o'erhead, from the kindred prisons crowded all about, comes the roar of tremendous traffic — the throb of soul-breaking labor that knows no rest. Some of you can doubtless see that most exasperating sight, which I see too often for my peace of mind—a noble avenue and broad promenade, crowded with fashionable folk, people of abundant leisure and means who find their chief May pleasures in these endless, woodless, cheerless city cañons. Little they reck of the fact that grand old Mother Nature—too old-fashioned and countryfied to interest them—stretches her loving arms vainly for her children, and would fain take them to her honest breast and show them God-painted pictures, and hold them safe 'mid flowers and healing airs, till man's improvements upon God's original perfect work should yield to subtle remedies and allow the failing human atoms another term of fresh, strong life. But the opium poison of fashion has made them slaves; they can go and will not—we would go and cannot—and, possibly, if we changed places with them, we too would forget our Old Brown Mother, with her simple remedies and old, old pictures, for human nature is a queer, frail thing.

But, the woods in May—great trees thrilling with soundless, mysterious life, and unfolding garbs of richest green to flutter in perfumed airs at will; flowers, flowers, flowers, of every tint, in banks, in sprays, in clusters; as though the gems of a world had been thrown broadcast by a spendthrift hand. One unending song above and all about, welling in joyous ecstasy from thousands of feathered fifes, and, through it all, the soft bass of the fall, where the brook plunges from the rock-ledge to the deep pool below, and the merry laugh of the whitened waters speeding gayly on to the sunlit open.

I can recall distinctly the picture of that stream and tumbling fall, for I have seen it many, aye! hundreds of times. And half defined against the shrubbery I see a moving figure, with pipe in mouth and with creel on hip —a figure garbed in gray that blends with every picture of the woods—a figure that moves through the tangled growth softly as lynx on prey. By the rippling water he halts, this silent man, and his hands are busy. To his nostrils come breaths of rarest incense, and to his trained ears every note in the cascade of bird-voices which floods the air. Now and then he seems to listen attentively; some note from far or near has betrayed a member of the chorus as one rare and dear to science. Now his hands are suddenly stilled, as his keen eyes flash along the airy course of some restless wing. A valuable observation has been made, and the hands move again. Soon from one hand rises a trembling wand, barely distinguishable. Silent as an otter, the man moves into the water till it curls about his knees. An arm sways back and forth, and an insect flutters softly upon the surface of the pool some yards away. Quickly the arm sways again, and again an insect kisses the surface of the water. A flash of a silvery crescent, a plash in the water, a sudden, stronger swirl in the writhing current —then a sharp, metallic discord rasps out against the song of the birds. The man's eyes blaze with a swift, eager light, his cheek flushes slightly; there is then exultation in every line of his face. His right hand clinches upon the wand, the rasping discord ceases, the wand arches to a semicircle and quivers with perilous strain, while two keen eyes rivet upon a shifting, swirling commotion that maddens the water here, there, back, forth, unceasingly. A boil of snowy spume upon the surface, a spatter of jeweled drops, a tinted shape curving in air an instant, an apprehensive "Ah!" from the man's parted lips, and again the lithe wand curves and strains. So is fought the good fight, till skill conquers. Within the fatal net gleams a shining belly and pearl-bordered fins above a streak of olive gemmed with ruby spangles. The man's face glows with pride as he carefully bears his captive to the shore. Upon a fragrant bier of freshest green within the creel a dead king lies in state. All day the silent man creeps hither and thither along the stream, casting, fighting, waiting, noting many things, till darkness falls. Then homeward, through the scented shadows, with a whisper of failing song from darkened copses. The man's feet are tired with a healthy weariness; the creel strap cuts deep into his shoulder, but his heart is light and his soul at peace. Not one evil idea has entered his mind all day, and he has learned much. That is trout-fishing — and do you people with money and leisure bear in mind the fact that if you spare the rod you may spoil yourselves?

With the first day of May comes the saving clause for those crafty fellows, the geese, and only those who can find sport in murdering waders upon bar or beach will attempt further shooting. I care but little for shore-bird shooting now, though years ago I found great pleasure in it and enjoyed many a pleasant May day upon famous grounds where curlew flocked in droning clouds and shore-birds flew in swarms. Excepting curlew, always shy birds, the many other species haunting the beaches required but little skill to compass their destruction. Still they afforded a certain amount of lazy, easy sport, and those who fancy it may peg into 'em till the month ends. After that no bird should be shot until the breeding season is completed.

ED. W. SANDYS.

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PLEASURE TRAVEL AND RESORTS.

A GREAT number of wheelmen will tour to the World's Fair this summer, especially during June, July and September. Fairly good roads lead into Chicago from all points, and the tourist who travels awheel will have a choice of several routes, any one of which will leave a delightful remembrance of the trip.

Our special representative, Mr. Robert Bruce, is now wheeling from New York to Chicago and will give the readers of OUTING an account of the most ideal route to choose. He will lead them through mountain and valley, by the shore of Lake Erie and through western Ohio, northern Indiana and Illinois, into the World's Fair city, giving the intending tourist valuable information as to the best route, probable cost and other items of interest. The first article will appear in OUTING for June.

WITH the regular annual flitting from crowded centers to summer quarters arise many anxious thoughts of whither to go and how to reach the restful haven. Grand Old York State has been famed for scenic beauties since the day when sturdy Hendrick Hudson gazed with delighted wonder upon the mighty river which bears his name, but the beauties of the Empire State are not confined to the picturesque river. Rockland, Orange, Sullivan, Ulster, Delaware, Chenango, Ostego, Madison, Oneida and Oswego counties have all been blessed by nature with treasures of mount, forest, vale and flood, exquisite scenes and charming summer resorts for the million. The climate of this broad region is singularly healthful, and in the many crystal waters of the Beaverkill, Willowemoc and Neversink rivers and their tributaries the fisherman will find the best trout-fishing east of the Alleghanies. The photographer will find in its mountains and valleys abundant and picturesque material, and the cyclist his desiderati, "good roads," while those whose object is "a summer home," will be hard to please if in the abundance of information contained in the pamphlet just published by the New York, Ontario and Western Railroad Company they do not find what they desire. To the choicest of these resorts, and to Suspension Bridge and principal points west, the popular New York, Ontario and Western Railway offers a strictly first-class, elegantly equipped fast train service from New York, at Franklin street and Forty-second street.

No wonder that this district has attracted the summer visitor, and that within it have developed many of those ideal summer homes which have all the comforts of a first-rate hotel, with the surroundings of a country gentleman's residence. Amongst this class is the "Mount Meenahga," two miles from Ellenville, on the Shawangunk Mountains. Begun as an ordinary farm-home, its patronage has necessitated a continual development, until it reigns a very planet, with its attendant satellite cottages. Its own grounds cover 400 acres, and the bluff on which it stands commands views in all directions of unsurpassed loveliness. Once a visitor, is to become an annual pilgrim to "Mount Meenahga."

WHEN visitors to Chicago have exhausted the wonders of the World's Fair they will turn their eyes wider afield; and the Yellowstone Park, its geysers, its falls, its grand cañons and its thousand yet untold wonders, will attract an army of visitors. The Northern Pacific Railroad are wise in their generation in anticipating the demands these will make upon their system, and the trains which they purpose starting twice a day from Chicago will, we venture to predict, fail to be sufficient; for when travel is made the pleasure it is, in such models of comfort, safety and convenience as this line provides in its elegant saloons and sleeping and dining coaches, such a journey becomes an additional inducement rather than a deterrent.

THE Yarmouth Steamship line has brought Nova Scotia within seventeen hours of our shores, from Boston; a new continent, the attractions of which are drawing an ever-increasing throng of summer visitors. In Nova Scotia one can enjoy not only the happy combination of bracing air, beautiful scenery and excellent facilities for bathing, shooting and fishing, but a characteristic people whose parallel for picturesqueness of costume and social habits could hardly be found in their old-time home in France.

NOT only does the New York Central Railroad, along the banks of the far-famed Hudson, claim one of the most picturesque routes to Chicago, but its ramifications and connections embrace the other territory which will attract the greatest number of our foreign visitors. Few of such who visit the World's Fair will fail to pay tribute to the mighty Niagara, and to those whose time is limited it is *the* line. Fast trains, paragons of luxury, speed and safety, furnished with a luxury and conveniences scarcely known in Europe, will daily—indeed one might almost say hourly — depart from the Grand Central in New York direct to the twin points of attraction, Chicago and Niagara, to say nothing of picturesque Canada and the many other attractive points near its rails.

OUR railroads surpass in most essentials the railroads of Europe; but what will our visitors say to our steamboats? They will be a revelation indeed! The floating palaces of the Sound and Hudson River, such as the new boats of the Providence and Stonington line—what more enjoyable trip could be made than aboard one of these steamers over the moonlit Sound to the Athens of America, or over the legend-haunted Hudson, by the boats of the Citizen Steamship Company through to Troy?

DREAMY, restful and delightful, midst pastoral scenes and sounds, and breezily cool in the most sultry summer weather, is Pawling and its historical vicinity, and here too are the creature comforts without which one cannot, the proverb notwithstanding, "take mine ease in mine inn," for the "Mizzentop" opens its hospitable doors and nature's recuperating powers are abetted by all comforts which make a summer's outing enjoyable. Captain Howe has been obliged to considerably enlarge the "Mizzentop," to accommodate the many new applicants, and readers of OUTING desirous of a sojourn there this summer should secure apartments at once.

WITH such attractions at either end of their route as Watkin's Glen (the Switzerland of America), Geneva and Niagara Falls, it is not surprising that the Seneca Lake Steam Navigation Company secures a meed of patronage necessitating no less than eight trips daily during the excursion season.

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OUR DAYS TOO SHORT.

CHARLIE OWEMALL: "I wish I lived in Greenland."

MR. FRIENDLYCUSS: "Why so?"

CHARLIE OWEMALL: "Because the nights there are three weeks long. How nice it must be to tell a bill collector to call around in the morning!"—*Texas Siftings.*

MANAGER: "What's the row?"

ASSISTANT: "The two-headed boy is quarreling over a piece of pie."—*Harper's Bazar.*

PROCRASTINATION IS THE THIEF OF TIME.

THE bunco-man believes in never putting off until to-morrow those he can do to-day.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

WIFE: "What would you donate to the insane ward of the Charity Hospital if you were in my place?"

HUSBAND: "A crazy quilt."—*Truth.*

THE TYPEWRITER'S LUNCH.

MARY had a little lamb
And a piece of apple pie,
And got a check for fifty cents,
Which she considered high.

—*Puck.*

MR. LEGAL GABBY: "If your neighbor's dog injures one of your chickens you can collect damages, but if he injures one of your children you cannot. What is the reason for that?"

FRIEND: "Raise chickens."—*Texas Siftings.*

NEW ARRIVAL: "We are allowed to play any game here to pass the time?"

SATAN: "Certainly! Anything you like, except freeze-out."—*Truth.*

WORKED WONDERS.

"I HEAR that Bunker has worked wonders since he took charge of that dime museum."

"Yes; I understand he's swindled all his curiosities."—*Truth.*

"WHY do you go to Dartmore's ball, Wallace? You can't dance."

"No; but I can eat."—*Harper's Bazar.*

"Is this a free translation?" asked the girl in the bookstore.

"No, Miss," replied the clerk, "it costs fifty cents."—*Puck.*

A NEW YORK man who has a lot of performing dogs calls his favorite Sirius. This is supposed to be the dog star.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

EXTENUATION.

ST. PETER (looking over the records): "You invariably wore a large hat to the theater."

FAIR SPIRIT: "True, St. Peter, but I always said 'thank you' for a seat in the cars."—*Harlem Life.*

UPSON DOWNES: "How do you like that cigar, old man?"

ROWNE DE BOUT: "Fine. Who gave it to you?"—*Puck.*

A BERRY-PICKER generally gets what he can and cans what he gets.—*Texas Siftings.*

WINKERS: "Yes, I'm married. Some years ago I started out to select a bicycle—wanted the best of course—and Mary, whom I had never seen, started out about the same time to select a typewriter. We met and got married."

FRIEND: "Did you meet at the store?"

WINKERS: "No; at the Lunatic Asylum."—*New York Weekly.*

WILLIE WANGLE: "I aimed that shotgun of yours at mamma's dressmaker to-day, and she was so scared that she ran away."

MR. WANGLE: "You did, eh? Well, you are a good boy. Come out in the backyard and I will show you how to use that gun."—*Harper's Bazar.*

A PROMISING journalist having capitulated to the fascinations of a Boston girl, that cruel creature now alludes to him as her *papier-maché.*—*Texas Siftings.*

ON THE WEST SHORE TRAIN.

BRAKEMAN: "Haverstraw!"

MAN-WITH-THE-BOTTLE: "No, thanks. This will do. It's all gone now, anyhow."—*Kate Field's Washington.*

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WHEN such an authority as "Ashmont" undertakes to write a book upon dogs, the result is sure to be, not only a book on dogs, but a book which practical dog-men want. Such a work is "Ashmont's" "Kennel Secrets and How to Breed, Exhibit and Manage Dogs"—one of the handsomest publications on the subject ever printed. The author presents his rich store of knowledge in a pleasant, practical way, and tells just what exhibitors and owners want to know. The work is embellished with a wealth of superb illustrations, which are alone well worth the price of the book. No breeder or owner's library is complete without a copy of "Kennel Secrets." [J. Loring Thayer Publishing Company, Boston.]

A MINE of historic treasure as well as romantic interest is found in "The Story of Malta," by Maturin M. Ballou. The book abounds in an excellent description of the island, its history, scenery and inhabitants. Though small, the locality enfolds much that is thrilling to the student of antiquity, and in its present aspect is peculiarly attractive and picturesque. Since the opening of the Suez Canal its commercial importance has brought visitors more frequently to view the moldering monuments of antique commerce and art, as well as the present beauties of Valetta, its capital city. [Houghton, Mifflin & Company, Boston and New York.]

"ON SLEDGE AND HORSEBACK TO THE OUTCAST SIBERIAN LEPERS" relates, with numerous handsome illustrations, the experiences and observations of Kate Marsden in her mission of love and self-sacrifice to the leper settlements and hospitals of Russia. The hardships of her journey and her philanthropic devotion to the chosen work of her life make universal appeal for aid and co-operation from every community, sect and individual where this interesting book is read. [Cassell Publishing Company, New York.]

"A LEAFLESS SPRING," a new novel by Ossif Schubin, translated from the German by Mary J. Safford, presents pleasing pictures of the gilded salons of Parisian and Viennese aristocracy and the luxuries of Roman and Venetian palaces. Amid these attractive settings the author treats her characters with felicity and endows them with reality. It is a pleasure to become intimate with the customs, loves, hates and humors of that class of society to which the author's pen so cleverly introduces us. [J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.]

"BENCH SHOW AND FIELD TRIAL RECORDS AND STANDARDS OF DOGS IN AMERICA," by Maj. J. M. Taylor, forms a most useful volume of reference. It is replete with information concerning noted dogs of field and bench, their breeders, owners, performances and, in fact, about all there is to say on the subject. Sketches of prominent sportsmen and many portraits lend additional interest to a thoroughly practical work. [Rogers & Sherwood, 14 and 16 Vesey Street, New York.]

"OUTDOORS" is the title of a refreshing little book which is a pleasure to read. The covers are in ten water-colors, and inside are articles on Lawn Tennis, by F. A. Kellogg; Yachting, by George A. Stewart, successor to Edwin Burgess; Cycling, by Julian Hawthorne; Football, by Walter Camp; Baseball, by J. C. Morse; Horsemanship, by H. C. Merwin; Rowing, by Benjamin Garno; Canoeing, by C. Bowyer Vaux; a collection of authoritative articles on healthful outdoor pleasures, illustrated by Copeland, Beals, Gallagher, Young and Shute. This book is published by the Pope Manufacturing Company, of Boston.

CRICKETERS will welcome the fourth issue of Jerome Flannery's "American Cricket Annual," a volume in which every notable event of the past season is recorded for reference in a handy form. The compilation of such statistics year after year indicates more than a commercial zeal, and with every succeeding issue its value is enhanced. [Jerome Flannery, New York.]

BOOKS RECEIVED—"The Plutocrat," by Otto Frederick Schupphaus (A. Lovell & Company, New York); "The Son," by Paul Bourget (The Waverly Company, New York); "Tales from Town Topics" (Town Topics Publishing Company, New York); "The Harlequin Opal," by Fergus Hume (Rand, McNally & Company, Chicago); "The Palimpsest," by Gilbert A. Thierry (Cassell Publishing Company, New York); "Cosmopolis," by Paul Bourget (Tait Sons & Company, New York); "The Blue Pavilions," by Q.; "Her Heart was True," by An Idle Exile; "The Last King of Yewle," by P. L. McDermott; "The Dugdale Millions," by W. C. Hudson (Cassell Publishing Company, New York); "Love's Cruel Enigma," by Paul Bourget (The Waverly Company, New York); "The Flower Girl of Paris," by Paul Schobert (Rand, McNally & Company, Chicago).

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OUR THEATRICAL PLAYGROUND.

"THE GUARDSMAN; OR, THE AMERICAN GIRL IN LONDON," a new comedy by Messrs. Sims and Raleigh, has been presented at the Lyceum Theater with such popular favor as to forecast a triumph similar to that gained by the "Grey Mare" at the same theater. The story of the piece is one of mutual love at first sight on the part of an American girl and a British guardsman who meet on the London underground railway. The complications and misunderstandings that arise afford abundant comedy situations, and the lines are amusing. After the first act the play seems to degenerate into farcical situations, but the most extravagant scenes do not fail to amuse, nor does the interest lag at any time. Miss Maud Harrison, as *Daphne Lovell*, is a charming, bright, American girl, natural and refined, a noticeable departure from the ordinary stage interpretation of the character. Herbert Kelcey makes a handsome and dashing guardsman, and Effie Shannon a delightful English *ingénue*. As a woman-hating uncle, the performance of Charles Wolcot is very strong, and Fritz Williams is decidedly successful as the young English swell.

CHARLES FROHMAN'S COMEDIANS have departed somewhat from their usual lines by producing at the Standard Theater "The Silent Battle," by Isaac Henderson, taken from his novel "Agatha." The story is laid in Italy and relates the warfare waged by a wife in rescuing her husband from the fascinations of an intriguing countess. The dialogue of the play is profuse and somewhat bookish; hence especial credit is due to the actors for their admirable presentation of the piece. There is little dramatic action until the third act, when the husband is won back to matrimonial loyalty by the heroism displayed by his wife during a cholera epidemic in which she saves the life of the countess' little son. Throughout the play the comedy lines are bright, and serve to strengthen the production, which is below the natural abilities of the players. Miss Evelyn Campbell is graceful and satisfactory as *Agatha*, and the fascinating *Countess* is studiously depicted by Miss Grace Henderson. The weakness of *Philippo* is well brought out by Frank Gilmore. The comedy parts of Miss Agnes Miller and Messrs. Holland and Abbe are well received. The stage settings are admirable in every detail

"DIPLOMACY," one of Victorien Sardou's strongest plays, has been successfully revived this season by Miss Rose Coghlan, and for the second time in New York attracts playgoers at the Fifth Avenue Theater. The strongest situations in the play are awarded to the male parts, which are admirably performed by Charles Coghlan, John T. Sullivan and Frederick De Belleville. As *Countess Zicka* Miss Coghlan lacks the more delicate touches of dramatic art due to so strong a character, yet her acting is clever and made attractive by the display of exquisite gowns which, to many a feminine eye, make up for the want of histrionic art.

THE doors of the Manhattan Opera House opened on Easter Monday with the production of "Don Cæsar de Bazan," in which Alexander Salvini presented with spirit and grace the dashing *Don Cæsar*, showing marked improvement in his art in this line of romantic acting. The company surrounding Salvini are not brilliant, and their conceptions of the parts are weak, yet the performance on the whole is spirited and picturesque. The scenery is elaborate and effective, and the settings are excellent.

CHARLES FROHMAN'S company at the Garden Theater has been intensely amusing in Charles Brookfield's burlesque, "Poets and Puppets," which is, in the main, a travesty of "Lady Windermere's Fan." It is a great deal more, however, and the license given to author and actors alike has been made good use of, and Oscar Wilde and many other well-known characters not in "Lady Windermere's Fan" are strongly yet inoffensively burlesqued. There are many good comedy features in the piece, as well as a tinge of minstrelsy. The "make up" of *Hamlet* in crinolines and the specialty work assigned to *Ophelia* are shockingly ludicrous, nor is it less amusing when Shakespeare, Cibber, Ibsen, Augustin Daly and Bronson Howard are introduced in a song and dance as "a bard, an author, a realist, an author-manager and a dramatist." In spite of its broad burlesque, the play is intensely amusing, and in every sense up to date. The comedy work is excellent, and the latitude given to the players is appreciated by them and utilized with laughable effect upon the audience. Henry Miller makes a decided hit in his impersonation of Oscar Wilde, and Miss May Irwin is equally amusing as the fairy and the eccentric *Ophelia*.

"ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI," an oratorio by Edgar Finel, was rendered for the first time in this country at the Carnegie Music Hall by the Oratorio Society of New York, Walter Damrosch conducting. The work marks a development of modern concert entertainment by the introduction of modern dramatic music in the form of the Händel and Bach oratorios. The life story of *St. Francis* is told in sublime musical literature with harmonious effects resembling the *Siegfried* of Wagner. The opening choral recitative, with string accompaniment, describes an Italian summer night. The scene is a feast at which *St. Francis* sings the beautiful "Ballad of Poverty" with an exquisite, harmonious chorus of guests. From his choice of the Cross as his sword, down to the death scene, preluded by the "Angelus" chorus, musical action and thought are mingled with chords of emotion, pathos and religious fervor.

THE success that has attended the continuous performances of opera and vaudeville at Proctor's Twenty-third Street Theater has made it advisable to open the doors at 10 A. M. instead of noon as formerly, thus offering over twelve hours' entertainment. The programme is given without interruption, and includes nearly every kind of act and specialty known to the vaudeville stage. In every respect the performance is refined, and scrupulously fitted for the amusement and recreation of children and ladies. By introducing the celebrated tenor Italo Campanini and other high-class attractions, Mr. F. F. Proctor more than fulfills his promises to the public.

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ODDS AND ENDS OF SPORT.

THE OPENING OF THE TROUT SEASON.

At last, after many weary months of waiting and anticipation, the glad season beloved by anglers has arrived, heralded by the sweet music of thousands of feathered songsters, and once more we can visit our favorite streams and there indulge in the delightful sport of trouting, and restore weary brains and muscles while we enjoy the perfume and beauty of the many wild flowers, and at the same time inhale the bracing and health-giving air of the balsam, fir and pine. It is a pity that more of our overworked business men do not resort to nature's medicine chest and go a-fishing before it is too late, instead of chasing the everlasting dollar. An ounce of prevention is better than pounds of cure. It is not a very expensive hobby. Twenty-five dollars will buy an outfit, and if you will spend a week or two every spring at some quiet farm-house near a good trout stream up in Ulster or Sullivan County, you will stand the wear and tear of the hot summer and lay up a stock of health that will surprise yourself and make an honest angler of you forever. For remember, people who become anglers become anglers forever, particularly if they reach the higher branches of the art and become fly-fishermen. If you read any of the better grade of books on angling you will find that some of the best and wisest men have indulged in that innocent recreation. Read Walton's "Complete Angler," Dawson's "Pleasures of Angling," Prime's "I Go A-Fishing," and the like.

The trouting season this spring began the fifteenth of April in New York State, excepting on the south side of Long Island, where the season is fully two weeks earlier, owing to the proximity of the Atlantic Ocean, which raises the temperature and opens the streams that much earlier, besides which the trout in the estuaries get in condition very early, owing to the great abundance of shrimp, minnows and other favorite food. In old times the season opened on Long Island on March 1st. In those days every stream on Long Island was a trout stream, and every tavern from "Jim Smith's" down to "Liff. Snedecer's," now the South Side Club, and so on down to Patchogue, had its jolly crowd of anglers, who came down to attend the opening ceremonies, and little sleep was to be had that night; but now, alas! the big cities have taken up and tapped all the streams, and the trout fishing of Long Island is ruined, excepting where a few clubs have managed to preserve their waters from the politicians. Free fishing there is none, excepting a little early in the season at Patchogue and Smithtown. The great resorts for anglers now are the Rangeley and Moosehead Lake regions and the Adirondacks. As soon as the ice goes out, both speckled and lake trout, hungry from their long winter's fast, are taken in large numbers and of good size. Veteran anglers are notified by their guides as soon as the ice passes out, and start at once for their respective waters.

The tackle necessary for trout-fishing is not elaborate, and its use is soon learned. Most of the guides are sufficiently skilled to post beginners, and practice and observation will soon make you a skillful and successful angler. Read Well's "Fly Rods and Fly Tackle" and Holberton's "Art of Angling" for hints on what to buy and how to use it. Above all, do not waste your money on cheap tackle—the best is none too good—and if you begin with poor stuff you will become discouraged and disgusted before you get fairly started.

Speckled trout are taken with artificial flies, lake trout with live minnow trolled on a gang. The fly rod for large fish should be about ten feet long and weigh from six to eight ounces; for our ordinary stream fishing a 4½ ounce rod is plenty heavy enough. The best rods are made of eight sections of bamboo. These are necessarily expensive, the best costing $35. Those made of six sections can be bought for $20 and are excellent in every respect. Next to these comes a good honest greenheart, noibwood or lancewood rod, costing $15. The best flies cost from $1 to $1.50 per dozen. Those for Maine waters should be dressed on Sproat hooks No. 6 for stream and pond fishing, and No. 4 or 5 for heavy waters.

The following list of flies is reliable:

For the Adirondack waters: the scarlet Ibis, dark Montreal, professor, brown palmer or hackle, light Montreal, abbey, green and gray drake, grizzly king, gray palmer, black palmer, silver doctor, Beatrice, Brandreth, black gnat and coachman. This same list, with the following added, is suitable for Maine: Parmachenee belle, Jenny Lind, blue jay, Cassard, Dr. Howard, Rangeley and silver fairy.

For large trout in deep, rough waters the Parmachenee belle, Lottie and silver ibis are perhaps the best. Late in the season a large white miller is very killing.

It is rarely necessary now-a-days to camp out. Comfortable log camps are found wherever there is any sport to be had. Good fishing is so hard to find now in public waters that it is better to join some good, well-established club. It saves much loss of time and discomfort. Guides and boats are always sure to be ready, as well as comfortable quarters and good fishing. The following are good clubs:

The Megantic, Inglewood, Laurentian, Adirondack and the Batiscan—all in Canada, P. Q., excepting the Adirondack. Blooming Grove Park Association is in Pike County, Pa. All these are easy of access, and where you can take your family and be comfortable.

One of the most charming resorts I have ever visited, and where, during the months of June and September, good trout-fishing can be had, is Moosehead Lake, Maine, and now that the cars run direct to the lake, in connection with the little steamer, it is a very easy trip; one that ladies and invalids can make without any discomfort. There the angler finds himself in the midst of a wilderness, and yet surrounded with every comfort and luxury of civilized life. The best time to visit Moosehead Lake is in September, for then there are no flies and the trout come nearer the surface, for, be it known, speckled trout descend in hot weather to the cool water at the bottom of the lake, and then no flies will tempt them. The only way in July and August to get good fishing is to hire a good Indian and his birch canoe and visit some of the outlying ponds and streams.

Wakeman Holberton.

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ANSWERS TO "OUTING" CORRESPONDENTS

Geo. S. B., Wilkesbarre, Pa.—The book you want is published by Gill, London. We will procure it for you. There have, as you say, been many such tourists, and some have written accounts, but the chances are greatly against their accounts giving you just what you want to know. We would advise you at once to join the Cyclists' Touring Club, 140 Fleet street, London, E. C. The cost is quite nominal and the advantages are very great.

Wm. P. W., Rahway, N. J.—Sand-paper the surface of the pole and leave it so. A scale of inches on the pole might be useful in practice, but not in contests, where the judges determine the height. Do not notch the inches on the pole or cut rings round, or you may find the pole snap at a critical moment. The value of the spike entirely depends upon the nature of the ground.

S. S. H., Cairo, Ill.—The world's record in throwing the 56-pound weight for height is 15 ft. 2 in., made by J. S. Mitchell. A throw of 10 feet by an athlete weighing 140 pounds is very good for a performance, but probably very bad for the athlete. Few men of such weight would be permitted by a competent trainer to put the 16-pound shot or throw the 16-pound hammer, much less the 56-pound weight.

"*Owner.*"—It is only a question of time before the public will recognize the position the Racing Board has quietly but manfully taken. Many of the measures which have been brought forward sprang from the scarce recognized desire to emulate the desirable condition of the turf in the metropolitan district. The pity is that legislators have such a horror of incurring the resentment of the Pecksniffian element in their constituencies, and so endangering their tenure of office, that they are reluctant to pass even well-devised measures. Still, the mountain will at length have something more than a mouse to show for its trouble. When one State has passed an effective law, others will follow suit. Chaos was not reduced to order in a day; but those who imagine that the turf policy of the United States in general, suicidal as it may seem, will end in self-effacement, are utterly mistaken. The turf is still in its uproarious youth. It needs chastening, and it will get it, but years of discretion will soon be reached, and future generations of turfites will look back with wonder upon the tumultuous times which preceded the reign of order and discipline.

B. B.—If it is remembered that flying for record is simply testing the capabilities for practical uses, the advantage there is in these experiments is apparent.

"*Canis,*" *San Francisco, Cal.*—The award of the Ashmont Challenge trophy was for the best dog in Mr. C. H. Mason's classes—that is, of the St. Bernards, the hounds, the terriers except the fox, the poodles and the miscellaneous. This competition brought into the ring the forty-five first-prize winners, but many did not remain long, and surprise was expressed when the Swiss Mountain and Melrose St. Bernards were dismissed and many of the lesser fry remained. The contestants were finally narrowed down to A. W. Purbeck's greyhound Gem of the Season, of Salem, Mass., and the Scotch terrier Tiree, of Toon & Symonds, of the same place, and the honors then given to Tiree, as "the dog of most points in the Mason division." Tiree was first in his class in Philadelphia, but was only considered to be worthy of second place by Mr. R. F. Mayhew, as judge, at New York.

"*Captain.*"—They sailed twice around a ten-mile triangular course on Newark Bay. Both water and wind were favorable.

W. E. Mc., Chicago.—For the exercises you mention see articles in OUTING by Malcolm W. Ford: August, 1891; September, 1891; "Training," February, 1892; "Pole Vault," April, 1892, and "Hop, Step and Jump," June, 1892. The diet is the same as that recommended in "Answers to Correspondents" in our last issue.

W. W. R., Oakland, Cal.—You will find all the information you want in Malcolm W. Ford's article on "The High Jump" in OUTING for September, 1891.

D. G. K., Dollar Bay, Mich.—We do not know Mr. Gifford's address, but Mrs. E. S. Starr's address is Box 295, Philadelphia. She is one of the greatest authorities on the homing pigeon in this country.

J. S., Los Angeles, Cal.—We could not obtain all our data for satisfactory illustration in time for our spring numbers, and the article has been postponed until the opening of the next season, probably September.

"*Canadiensis.*"—Following are the principal dimensions of the cup contestants in past American cup races:

Name.	*Length. Feet.*	*Beam. Feet.*	*Draught. Feet.*
America	96.0	22.8	11.6
Magic	78.11	20.9	6.7
Cambria	100.0	20.5	12.4
Sappho	119.4	27.4	12.8
Columbia	96.0	25.1	6.0
Livonia	107.5	23.3	12.8
Madeleine	95.2	24.0	7.4
Countess of Dufferin	107.0	24.0	6.6
Mischief	61.0	19.10	5.4
Atalanta	64.0	19.0	5.5
Genesta	81.0	15.0	13.0
Puritan	85.1⅛	22.7	8.8
Galatea	87.0	15.0	13.03
Mayflower	85.7	23.6	9.9
Thistle	86.46	20.03	13.8
Volunteer	85.88	23.02	10.0

All these measurements are on the water-line with the exception of the *Countess of Dufferin.*

"*Reynard.*"—Pembrook Hunt has collapsed and the pack has been sold. The decease of this organization was mainly owing to the fact that it conflicted with the Radnor to a certain extent; and, as its best members were also stanch Radnor supporters, it was decided that the Pembrook should go, rather than remain to weaken both clubs by unavoidable rivalry.

A. B. H., New Rochelle, N. Y.—Sail to a place called Aunt Sallie's Point, in Long Island Sound. It is near Oyster Bay station. There are several good trout streams near Locust Valley. Write to Louis Allen, Locust Valley, Long Island, N. Y.

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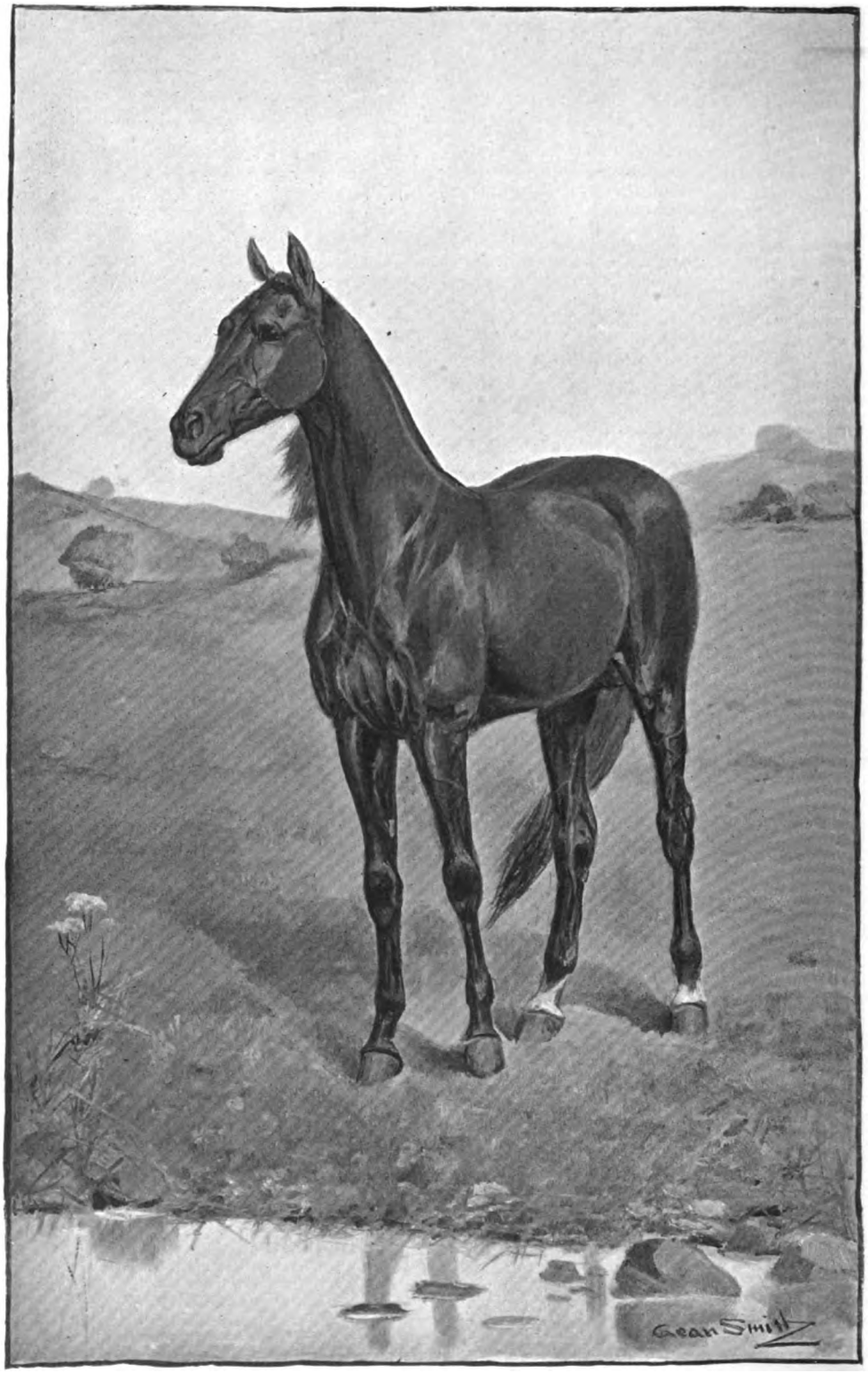

Painted for OUTING by Gean Smith. (See "Kings of the Track," *p. 109.*)

STAMBOUL.

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OUTING.

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BLACK-BASS FISHING.

BY FRANCIS J. HAGAN.

WITH all due deference to the labors of Dr. Henshall, the book of the black-bass has yet to be written. Whatever we may know of him, viewed from our standpoint, we are at a loss to understand him from his own; for, barring his obedience to the great natural laws—the preservation of the individual and the perpetuation of the species—life to him seems void of incident and purpose. His existence begins in obedience to the latter law, and his sole purpose in life seems to be to obey the former law, from the time he emerges from the egg until he is translated to an upper and more ethereal element.

I have often asked myself the question, when watching the female constructing her circular nest upon some shallow, gravelly bottom, while a couple of shadowy forms moved restlessly at the edge of the deep water, if there are not times when even a black-bass' cold blood courses swiftly through his veins. A listless life he leads, lying for hours with mouth and gills alternately opening and closing—motionless but for that incessant pumping. And yet what a contrast is this lethargy to the singular and sudden swiftness with which he moves when disturbed or in pursuit of prey! I have watched them sporting in the swift water of the rapids, stemming with ease the strongest flood—their motions in the most pellucid water often too rapid to be followed by the eye—and have been a spectator of their nocturnal orgies, when the rippling harvest moon danced a filigree attendance upon the spangled surface of the pool, palpitating with a life unknown of sunlight; when fluttering caddis-flies, and ephemeræ,

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"WE 'ROLL TO STARBOARD, ROLL TO LARBOARD.'" (*p. 165.*)

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and all the myriad moonlight insect broods emerge from their crystal shrouds to pass in revelry their one short, sunless day of life.

And when winter comes, while dreaming before the fire, I like to picture the life they lead down under the solid and storm-swept plain which roofs them, and in the greenish twilight of the undisturbed depths to follow them in fancy as they forage, the freebooter of fishes.

As spring advances, aquatic plants and bulbs put forth tender shoots and the vegetarians are treated to dainty meals of ever-freshening sprouts, and this prince of predaceous fishes scours the depths as zealously as any hunter. Does he not welcome the return of some water-bug or slug with the same unctuous delight that we do the advent of snipe?

And when, on shore, the red bud begins to bloom, and the bass begin to bite, then a feverish longing awakes in the blood of the angler. Incontinently he babbles of brooks; upon him there descends a fierce unrest, a Bedouin-like horror of cities, and to him the bass stream, as it goes dashing and dancing down the rapids, and fretting over the riffle to sleep in the still pools over which the willow and alder bend to shade the lair of the lurking bass, sings a song sweeter than ever the sirens sang. Then, with a weather-wise cast in his eye, he takes counsel of friends.

Has a catch been made? Where? What did they weigh? How did they bite? What the bait and the state of the water?

Blue River, in the wild and mountainous portion of southern Indiana, known as "the Knobs," is one of the typical bass streams, beloved by us—a succession of deep, rocky pools below tumbling rapids, swiftly flowing, and clear as crystal. In many an unremembered nation's literature it has been the Castalian fount, for piles of flint chippings and broken spear and arrow-heads still remain along its shores, mute memorials of a vanished race. This long, slender, deftly fashioned piece of flint was a fish-spear. Upon the day when Joshua forded Jordan may not some dusky denizen of the forest have poised it with unerring aim above the remote progenitor of that big pike whose bronze back but a moment ago disturbed the still surface of the pool? And the banks and braes of Blue River are as primeval-looking to-day as then. Talk of antiquity! Nature alone is antique and the oldest art; even this fish-spear, this relic of the stone age, is a mere mushroom!

If there is one place where black-bass most do congregate in early spring it is in a deep, rocky pool below an old mill dam high upon the headwaters of Blue River. Here each recurring spring finds the same anglers in camp.

Rising by starlight, breakfasting by gray, many a rosy dawn has found me with a congenial companion anchored in a light canoe close up to the solid sheet of falling water, where we "roll to starboard, roll to larboard," keeping careful equipoise in the unstable craft amidst that maelstrom, casting gently, striking firmly, playing skillfully. The roar of the water prevents conversation; we merely smile a meaning smile as each sparkler bids adieu to "the sad waves" until we have an apostolic boat-load of beauties, when we conclude to quit. Candidly, the fish always come to the same conclusion before we do, for as the day grows old they stop feeding, and enjoy their siesta in the deep, shady pools close to the steep, shelving bank, or beside some rock, log or driftwood.

Then dropping gently down-stream with the current, we cast anchor above some sheltered nook, where the quiet repose of the surface proves the old adage that "still water runs deep;" silently let the line slip out, scarce rippling the surface, where it slowly sinks out of sight and finds in the deepest depths a deeper still, for the lurking bass falls a victim to his voracity.

When the evening shadows steal out from the mountains, cooling the surface, the bass can leave their lairs down in the chilly depths without fear of being parboiled. The thought of supper takes them to the swift water of the riffle. The same thought takes us to the same place. Where the surges break on a big rock in the midstream there is smooth water beyond. What a lair for some old tiger of the flood! Cast above the rock, reel out and let your float go bobbing through the troubled waters, now caught in a swirl, now tossed by the waves, on past the foaming crest, and into the eddy; there is a sudden commotion; the float has vanished, and the lax line is straightened

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out; a stroke of the rod, and he is fast. Hold him away from the rock, and he is off for deep water; thumb the reel, and the spring of the pole will check his mad career; straight across the water goes the line at a tangent, the pole describing the arcs of a circle, and then he makes a beautiful break.

"And the bend of his graceful bow is seen,
A glittering arch of silver sheen,
Spanning the wave of burnished blue
And dripping with gems of the river dew."

The hook will have to be firmly seated to resist that vigorous shake, and it is a moment of anxiety as his sinewy form gleams and glistens in the sunlight. But the barb is imbedded deep, and he is leading off down-stream again, game to the last, but growing weaker. Keep the tip of your rod well down, and his next jump will prove abortive. With a coolness born of confidence he is checked now at every turn, until he succumbs to his fate.

The minnow is the most killing bait. As to the relative merits of live bait and fly-fishing, it has been aptly said that some people prefer poetry and some prose; but, like the author who began his work on the snakes of Ireland with "There are no snakes in Ireland," I am constrained to confess that in our streams there is no such thing, properly speaking, as fly-fishing for bass. The black-bass is the prince of predaceous fish; he preys upon his kind and not upon flies. Fry, frogs, crawfish, helgamites, worms — these are the dainties his appetite lingers upon with unctuous delight, and he is rarely looking for his next meal upon the surface of the water. When he does take the fly it is most often in the swift, shallow water of the riffle, when the bedraggled fly, moving through the troubled water, resembles his prey.

Small fish, possessing the folly and ardor of youth, may be taken without much caution; even the large ones will frequently rise to the fly, but catching sight of the angler, retire without mouthing it; hence the fly-fisher keeps as far from the banks as possible. Taking advantage of whatever shelter the bank affords, he makes his cast, and then allows the fly to sink well below the surface before drawing it toward him. The lithe little rod quivers like an aspen in response to the angler's shaking, and the fly comes wriggling home in a wavy course. It is a likely-looking spot, and the angler searches it from every point. Light as down the flies fall upon the surface and slowly sink, then are drawn through the water with that quivering motion, until at last the expected swirl, a fleeting glimpse of the bronze back, and upon the instant the strike must be made or the greedy and guileless fish will see that he is gulled by the gaud of silk and feathers and reject the disappointing, juiceless morsel. The reel sings, the rod quivers and bends, and the battle is on. Back and forth across the pool, in the water and out, the fish has fought a losing fight, and at last the angler has him well in hand, and is twitching him on to fresh endeavors, when, sizz! the line starts out in a rush twice as fast and fierce as before. Straight to the bottom he seems to have gone to make room for the upward rush which brings him head and tail high above the surface. Then the riddle solves itself. As the sunlight glints upon his bronze armor another fish floats feebly up. He is handicapped with the fish first hooked, but he tows that unfortunate at a gait that threatens disaster to the gossamer tie that binds them. His rushes grow shorter, then feebler, but he has the tenacity that only a black-bass shows, and again and again his dying energies are aroused for a final effort as the dip-net extends its capacious maw.

What is the killing fly? I have had success and failure through the whole gamut of color with inconsistent impartiality. One day I had rise after rise to my stretcher—a scarlet ibis—and remarked its success. My comrade suggested transposing the flies, when the other proved equally successful, and the ibis was persistently boycotted. The water was clear, and the fish were shy and took the fly farthest from the angler.

Though we arose by starlight our days were not long enough to exhaust our pleasures, and the night, when no man can labor, was not always given up to innocuous desuetude. Having heard that bass feed during moonlight nights, I determined to test this legend, and one bright night quietly embarked and drifted down the moonlit stream. There was something weird and mysterious about this midnight fishing. Stars in the blue empyrean and stars in the stream winked at each other across

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billions of leagues of space, but in the shadow of the bluffs it was black as Erebus. Floating thus between two heavens, I might easily imagine myself upon the river Styx, or see in my position a luminous commentary upon human life. My course was faintly illumined, but before and behind was the darkness of death. Out of that immense void I had emerged, and toward it I was tending with the tide.

Thus musing and groping among sweet reveries and uncertain thoughts, while uneventful moments linked themselves into hours, was entrancing but somniferous. Under the soothing spell of night and stillness I slowly lost myself out of time and space and seemed to be floating unimpelled and purposeless nowhere in "forever." Somewhere in "now" I found myself, for I became half conscious of a vibration along the line indicative of some dull, uncertain blundering life prowling about below—a thing dreamt of, but unknown, unseen, unheard. Suddenly I awoke to the rachet of the reel, spasmodically jerked the pole, and there suspended before me and writhing in distorted gyrations was a dim, sightless incarnation of horror and loathing, a misshapen abortion, a fearful and fabulous inhabitant of another element. With a shudder I shrank back, and, losing my balance, upset the canoe and found myself floundering in shallow water and nilotic mud. Fairly awake in a moment, I found the cause of my terror dangling from the hook. It was a large water-dog. Nothing in nature is quite so repulsive to me as this slimy, leprous libel on frog, fish and crocodile. Crawling forth, wetter and wiser, I registered this observation: Bass do not bite at night; water-dogs do.

Though angling owes much to pleasant companionship, it depends less than any other sport upon it. Many a lone fisherman will enter into the spirit with which I recall a companionless outing on the Cumberland River, when, ascending to its source in the Cumberland Mountains, where there was scant draft in the deepest pool for my light canoe, I journeyed down-stream some two hundred miles, whipping every likely spot, and wearied with the day's adventure, crawled under the stanch little craft, like a turtle into his shell, to sleep wherever night overtook me.

Those were halcyon days. Up in the morning for an invigorating plunge in the river, breasting the brown depths with the exultant strength that is born of the mountain air! What glorious mornings those mountains know! What a fair, foam-flecked sky! What mists rising from the river! What scenery! as wild and as redolent of sprites and goblins as the stamping-ground of that first love of American fiction, lazy, liquor-loving Rip Van Winkle.

With a ripple on the water, and the wind behind, hardly an effort is needed to send the cast out, but with a twist of the wrist the switch of the rod sends the line out fair and straight and light before you. A catch or two is made, and then anathematizing the fickle wind, without whose kind office in ruffling the surface there is less of fish than fishing in this clear water, there is nothing to do but drop down-stream with the current, aided by spasmodic efforts of the paddle, and by the intermittent wind that now puffs out my impromptu sail and now, before I can rig a rod and choose a likely spot, leaves it idly flapping. As limpid as liquid crystal, I could watch the bass and felt tempted to pursue them through the water, as did another angler—the kingfisher. That brilliant bird fearlessly plied his vocation about me, probably recognizing a common brotherhood, and, making a capture, would stridently proclaim the fact and fly away to his unsavory nest.

Down the river, by little shingly bays where the woodduck stands preening her plumage, and out into the wide, still pools where the drake floats like a brilliant blue vapor, running the rapids, smoothly slipping down the long reaches, where the channel is deep, laboriously sweating at the oars, or loitering along at midday beneath the bluff that rises a sheer two hundred feet against the sky, making a mile of cool darkness—it was an idyllic outing.

But pleasantest of all, the last mile in the evening, when the sun has set and the clouds roof the river as with rust of gold, and the bass are rising briskly to the fly, spangling the silvery surface with myriad points of light, and the beetling mountains grow dark, the peaceful river, like a pale-green thread, reflects its own clear space of tranquil sky, "and leaves the world to solitude and me."

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AFTER KANGAROO.

BY EDWARD WAKEFIELD.

ONE of the hardest journeys I ever took in my life, but certainly one of the most interesting, was from Adelaide to Sydney, overland right through the interior of the three colonies of South Australia, Victoria, and New South Wales. I was in search of sport and scenery and outdoor enjoyment, and I did not confine myself to any regular routes, but just went wherever the best prospects of gaining my object appeared, or the unbounded hospitality of the kindly people I met with, led me.

Go to Australia to know what hospitality really means. I cannot sum it up better than by saying that, having found out what you have come for, everybody seems devoted to securing it for you in the most abundant and satisfactory way. The country folk in that land of sunshine, moreover, are born hunters and bushmen, and nothing pleases them better than to get hold of a man of kindred tastes and "put him through" properly. Amongst other things, I particularly wanted to study the wonderful marsupial animals, which swarm there in infinite variety, but which have only a solitary representative in the Northern Hemisphere, namely, the opossum. I suppose I need not explain to the readers of OUTING that marsupial animals are those which carry their young in a pouch, just like a pocket, in the soft skin of the belly. A less commonly known fact is that the young are both born and suckled in the pouch, which is thus their home from the time when they come into the world until they are able and willing to shift for themselves.

The most conspicuous type of the marsupial is the kangaroo, but the family itself includes many distinct animals, from the "old man" kangaroo (*Macropus major*), as tall as a tall man, to the tiny kangaroo-mouse, a little hopping creature, no bigger than the classic *mus ridiculus*. Crossing the Coorong desert on a moonlight night in summer, the traveler is bewildered by the noiseless myriads of animals fleeing in all directions as he dashes over the hard white sand behind four swift horses; but when his eyes become accustomed to them, he easily discerns that they consist of kangaroo of every size, leaping any distance, according to the variety, from a few inches to twenty or thirty feet. Some of the larger kinds afford most excellent sport, and my first kangaroo hunt was a pleasurable excitement I shall never forget.

I was a guest at a large sheep-station at Mount Gambier, one of the most fertile and beautiful spots in the whole of the island-continent. The country for many miles around was undulating and broken here and there by ridges

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of limestone, beside which, not unfrequently, were deep water-holes. Eucalyptus and mimosa trees grew pretty thickly everywhere.

Shortly after breakfast my host took me down to the stock-yard, where we found three or four young men from a neighboring station, with their horses, and a couple of mounted blackfellows with ours. The horses were all of the same character, upstanding, wiry, rather fine-drawn, grass-fed animals, without an ounce of spare flesh—all bone and muscle and blood. The one assigned to me was a spiteful-looking four-year-old, whose dam was a noted winner at the local race-meetings for many miles around. I thought him a bit of a weed till I got on him, but then I felt in a moment that he could carry me and another man like me easily. The trouble was to stick on, for he was ready to burst his girths with freshness, and as soon as I was in the saddle he indulged in a series of capers which would have put a trick-mule to shame. The colonial saddle, however, is a grand institution. It is small and close fitting, but it has a high pommel and stout knee-pads which fit over the legs in front and make it almost impossible for the rider to be thrown forward, unless he has a very loose seat indeed. The Australians ride entirely by balancing and are almost independent of stirrups, and the saddle-pads serve admirably to keep them in their seat at a sudden check, and also to rest the limbs. Our dogs were five in number; pure-bred kangaroo hounds, if you may call dogs pure bred which were at no distant stage a direct cross between a mastiff and a Scottish deerhound, and I should think, are, for their weight, the fleetest dogs in the world.

AN OLD MAN'S SIESTA.

Having got away from the homestead and crossed several fenced paddocks, that is to say, pasture lands some thousands of acres in extent, we came upon the timbered downs and rode slowly among the trees, the blackfellows keep-

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ing a little ahead with the dogs close to their horses' heels. We saw several kangaroos which gave us a timid look with their beautiful great eyes, and silently leaped away into the woods; the blackfellows restraining the dogs from following them by a single word and a peculiar kind of sucking whistle. My host explained to me that these were small ones which the dogs would kill in a few minutes, whereas what we wanted was an "old man" which would give us a run for half the day. Dipping down into a wooded hollow, we presently came upon a group of kangaroo, squatting on their immense hind legs and leaning down, feeding. Directly they saw us they pricked up their long ears, and away they went, each leap they took being longer than the last. Among them was a very large one—six feet high, at least, it seemed to me—and this the blackfellows singled out from the rest, sending the dogs after him with a cry of "Soolie, soolie! s-s-s-s-soolie!" which drove them to a pitch of excitement.

The hunted kangaroo knew by instinct that the dogs were in pursuit of him. He looked wildly behind him for a moment and then took a succession of tremendous leaps which left his companions far behind and gave the impression that he would very soon place himself out of danger. For a few miles, indeed, neither dogs nor horses had the slightest chance against him, and if he had kept up his speed uniformly, he would easily have gone away from us beyond pursuit. Instead of that, however, he shortened his leaps as soon as he got a good long start of the dogs, and even stopped once or twice to look back, renewing his flight in a leisurely way when he saw us behind him, and only putting forth all his jumping power when the dogs gave tongue from the excitement of overtaking him. He had a most curious appearance, leaping a surprising distance from the leverage of hind legs two feet six or three feet in length below the joint, coming down square on the legs and cloven feet every time, with his huge, thick tail stretched straight out behind, so as to balance him exactly and enable him to start again with scarcely a moment's rest. Ultimately he evidently began to realize the situation, and settled down to steady jumping in a style that converted the hunt into a regular race for life.

This was exhilarating as long as it led across open grass, and even a post-and-rail fence or two presented no obstacle to such leapers as we were on, but rather added to the fun. The kangaroo, however, made for covert as soon as he found that we were gaining on him, and then the chase became much more exciting than amusing. The pace was terrific and the trees were so numerous that the long, slender dogs looked almost like snakes, winding in and out among them. As for me, my chief care was to guide my horse so as not to have my brains knocked out against a trunk or bough—for many of the trees had branches drooping to the ground.

Another cause of anxiety was the fallen timber which lay scattered among the standing trees, some of the logs being very formidable; and yet another was the risk of jumping souse into a water-hole ten or fifteen feet deep, with perpendicular walls of limestone. I very soon found, however, that my horse understood his business thoroughly, and that all I had to do was to stick on while he picked his way among the trees and rocks, leaped or scrambled over the logs, dodged the rocky ledges and the water-holes behind them, and doubled and twisted in and out, without once touching anything or relaxing his speed. Bats are said to have a sixth sense, so that one which had been deprived of its eyes, when let loose in a room with threads stretched across it in all directions, flew all over it without ever once touching a thread. It might be imagined that the Australian horses have a similar instinct.

I had never had such a ride before in my life, and, though I have had many like it since, I never had a faster or more thrilling one. Of course, such a helter-skelter, headlong rush could not last very long, and without seeing far ahead it was easy to feel that the pace was slackening steadily after the first twenty or thirty minutes. The truth was, the kangaroo was beginning to find it too hot for him, and as he lessened the length of his leaps the dogs shortened their spring and the horses their stride. It was now only a question of hanging on to the trail until the "old man" should conclude that the game was up. There was no longer any chance of his getting away. He kept on pluckily, though, for some miles farther, and took us through

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a bit of half-burnt scrub, which was the worst thing we had to negotiate the whole day. At last he leaped wearily out into an open space, and I saw that at each leap he nearly toppled over, and was unable to recover himself for a fresh leap without a very great effort. Suddenly he turned and faced us, and as the dogs rushed in at him he struck the foremost one a blow with his horny foot that skinned the whole side of the poor brute's head and sent him howling to the ground. The others instantly had the kangaroo by the throat and would have torn him to pieces if the black-fellows had not interfered with their stock-whips. Drawing their sheath-knives, they took the hide off the kangaroo and cut off his tail for our supper. All parts of a kangaroo are good enough—very like hare or small venison; but the tail is the only part which has much meat on it, the rest of the animal being extraordinarily spare and lean. The tail is a thick, fleshy thing, nearly as big as a man's leg; and, broiled on the embers in its own skin, which draws off afterward like a glove, or made into soup or hash, it is a dish fit for a prince. On our way home that day we killed two more kangaroos, smaller than the "old man," but still decidedly large game, and the three tails made a noble meal for the whole party.

Shortly after this I assisted at quite a different sort of kangaroo hunt, which was an experience worth having for once, but not one to look back to with much pleasure. There are places in Australia where, from causes which are well understood there, the kangaroos, instead of vanishing or diminishing before the advance of civilization, have increased so vastly as to threaten to eat the sheep-farmers and their flocks out of the country. A friend of mine had a large tract of land in one of these afflicted localities, which he leased from the Crown at a nominal rent, but which he declared would be a dear property rent free, unless some means could be devised for keeping the kangaroos down. He had lost a great deal of money on it as it was, and he was seriously thinking of abandoning it. Before doing that, however, he was determined to try what could be done to abate the pest. I was most anxious to see how this was done, and I gladly accepted my friend's invitation to go.

We rode down there the evening before the eventful day and slept at the manager's house, a rude building of gum-bark, supplied with only the barest necessaries—which do not amount to much in that genial climate. We were up at daylight the next morning, but long before that we had been disturbed by the sound of men and horses and dogs—the station-hands, "roustabouts," "jackaroos," "sundowners," and other hangers-on of an Australian sheep-farm, starting off for various points on the run from whence the kangaroos were to be driven to the place of the battue. For our part, having put on dirty old trousers and flannel shirts, which the manager supplied us with, and eaten a square meal of mutton and damper, with a pannikin of tea as black as ink, we mounted our horses and rode off for a spot on the boundary of the run, where we should get the best opportunity of seeing what went on. A neatly-coiled-up stock-whip, with a handle eighteen inches long and a lash nearly as many feet long, hung at each saddle-bow, and the manager armed us, in addition, with slender but heavy clubs of some strong, flexible wood, loaded at the larger end.

We had ridden about five miles and the sun was rising gloriously in the cloudless sky, when we heard a long, clear "Coo-ee!" "Coo-ee!" the cry of the Australian natives, which is said to be audible at a distance of a mile, and which probably is so under favorable circumstances. It has been adopted by the European settlers, and is the universal hello and bush-call throughout all the Australasian colonies. It is quite commonly used also in every-day life to call anybody's attention, just as the Americans say, "Say!" Turning in the direction of the sound, we saw a disorderly mob of ragged riders scattered along the edge of the mallee-scrub, a dense thicket of dwarf eucalyptus, into which they were "sooling" a pack of sheep-dogs and kangaroo-dogs in such a manner as to drive any animals there might be in the scrub toward the homestead. We joined them and, taking our places in the line, did our share of "sooling" and shouting and galloping up and down. When we got through the scrub I saw that we had not labored in vain, for in front of us, in the open ground, were countless kangaroos of all kinds and sizes, leaping down the slope

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as hard as they could go and tumbling over each other in their terror. As we advanced, I discovered that we formed only a division of a grand army who were carrying on the campaign in a similar manner from all parts of the run, and it looked as if the land for a long way ahead of us was moving, so thick was it with kangaroos, hurrying, if they had only known it, into the very danger they sought to escape. At length we came within sight of a high fence, too high for any kangaroo to clear, and my friend pointed out a similar fence a long way off to our right, at the other end of our line of drivers. I then saw that the whole body of kangaroos were being driven between these two fences, which gradually converged toward the homestead, the circle of riders now having come into an irregular sort of line from fence to fence, so as to prevent the animals from turning back. Steadily we rode after them, farther and farther into the inclosed and constantly narrowing space, until the whole surface of the ground was literally covered with kangaroos, so closely packed that they could not leap. Then, at a signal which ran rapidly along the line, all the younger and more active men charged into the mass, striking right and left with their clubs and felling a kangaroo at every blow. My friend invited me to join him at this work, and I soon found myself entirely surrounded by kangaroos, thrashing away with my club as vigorously as anybody. I had not the skill with which the older hands killed a kangaroo unerringly at each stroke with a knock on the nose or the neck, but before long I got into the swing and slew and slew and slew, until my arm ached so I could not slay any more. By this time my dirty clothes and my horse were smeared and spattered with blood, and we looked as if we had waded through a river of gore, whilst all around lay heaps of kangaroos, dead or dying, struggling, quivering, bleeding.

It was a most disgusting sight, and I was thankful indeed when my friend signaled to me to come away, and we dismounted and led our ensanguined steeds to the homestead. The heat of the sun and the sight of the carnage had made me so sick that I could not swallow a morsel of food, though I had fasted for a long time and taken an enormous amount of exercise; and it was not until I had hoisted in three fingers of very fiery rum out of a pannikin, and lain down for an hour, that my internal equilibrium was restored.

I learned that the number of kangaroos killed that day was estimated at forty thousand, and, measuring the mob by flocks of sheep I had seen, I could well believe it. The larger ones were skinned, but the great majority were left as they fell, a feast for innumerable eagle-hawks, kites, crows and other rapacious birds, which gathered from all quarters in clouds that darkened the air, and haunted the place for weeks. The ants finished the repast and left nothing but a confused mass of bones to mark the spot of the big battue. It was the first time I took part in such "sport," and I was particularly careful that it should be the last. My only consolation was that we had hunted the poor kangaroos as the Dutch hunt rats in a dyke, not for glory but for utility.

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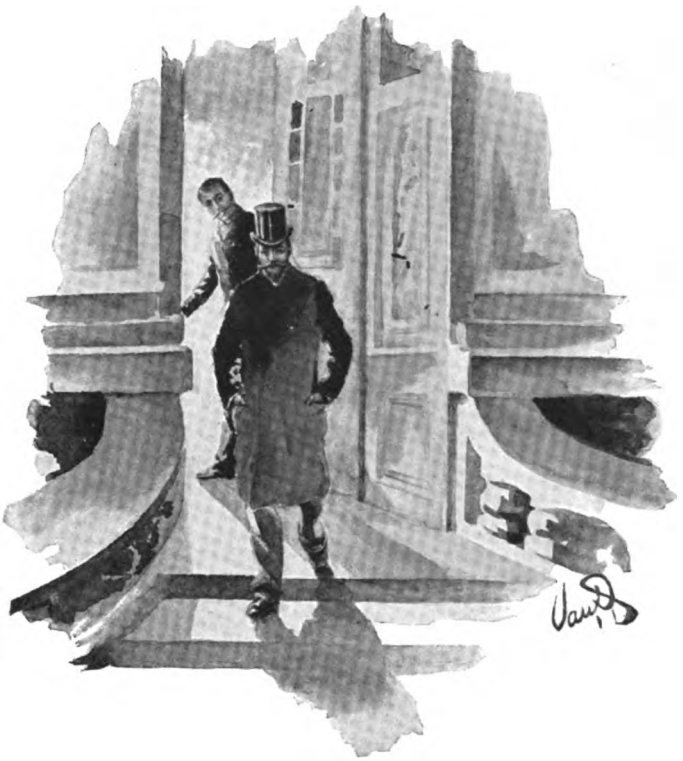
ALL FOR A LIFE.

A Story of the Sea.

BY JOHN HEARD, JR.



"HE AND I PARTED ON THE DOORSTEP, POSSIBLY FOREVER."

JOE HARDY and I have been intimate friends longer than either of us can remember. Side by side in unobtrusive mediocrity we climbed the ladder of the classes through school and college. Side by side we made our *début* in society through the orthodox medium of the dancing-class and the drawing-rooms of our fathers' cousins and aunts. We received our degree of M. D. during the same month, and, having each an independent income, we embraced the same career.

In the book of my memories there is no landscape wherein Joe's shadow is not cast close to my own, and through all these years neither of us can remember a quarrel. These recollections render it doubly hard to bear the blow that has fallen upon our friendship.

This evening we dined together at Joe's house, and, after a couple of cigars, he and I parted on the doorstep, possibly forever. There was no quarrel, no animosity, no ill-feeling between us. A third person might have fancied that we should meet again to-morrow, but we shall not; and this is the story of it. By the terms of my father's will a certain proportion of his estate was to remain invested in shipping—his favorite pursuit in early life. However, this matter would have remained of interest only to myself, had I resisted the temptation of making a trip to the Western Islands in my new bark, the *Friday*, with Joe and Mrs. Hardy.

I need not dwell upon the details of our cruise, beyond stating that we made a good start, and that a fairly severe storm off the cape tested our worthiness as sailors satisfactorily to ourselves. When we cut into the Gulf Stream our troubles seemed at an end, and we settled down very comfortably to rugs and cushions on the cabin deck. Our duties were few but pleasant, until the master told me one evening that we had sprung a somewhat serious leak, and were barely holding the water. After Mrs. Hardy had retired, Joe and I took our turn at the pumps along with the rest, and turned in some time during the early morning with the satisfaction of having materially lowered the level.

I have a vague recollection of awakening, or being waked, and reflecting, during the short period of semi-consciousness that preceded my falling asleep again, that the noise on deck was unusual. Then all became a blank, until I heard Joe's voice shouting:

"Get up, Steve! Get up, and for heaven's sake look sharp about it! The ship is going down!" Even then I hardly realized that matters had come to a crisis,

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"THERE SHE GO–O–OES!" (*p. 174.*)

though I did slip into my clothes, "all standing," as it were, and saying to myself, with the dreary facetiousness of a sleepy man, "I wonder what a fellow takes along in case of shipwreck?" As a matter of fact I took a revolver, a box of cartridges, a compass, a chronometer, a tooth-brush and a cake of soap. Before leaving the stateroom it occurred to me that it might be cold; so I seized my fur coat in one hand, a demijohn of whisky in the other, and ran up on deck.

A sailor was standing by the port-davits, evidently waiting for me, and as I appeared on deck, he called out: "Hurry up, sir, please. We are all aboard but you and me!" I remember scrambling over the side and dropping on all fours into the dancing boat, closely followed by the other man. Somebody called out "Let her go!" and we rowed out and lay on our oars.

We were all attentively watching the ship and no one spoke. I had read many descriptions of shipwreck and looked expectantly for some sudden pitch or lurch or plunge that should precede her disappearance. But with the exception of a slight shudder, she sank very quietly, inch by inch, with no more of a list than that due to a four-knot breeze abeam. When the water poured over the bulwarks she shook a little under the splash, and one of the men, an old whaler, sang out: "There she go-o-oes!" Then she righted herself suddenly and went down quickly, mizzen, fore and main. That was all; and the waves rolled over the place.

I confess to a feeling of isolation and sadness as the main topgallant mast sank through the float, but the emotion was only momentary. I was more keenly alive to a sense of disappointment, for I had expected a dramatic *dénouement*, and the absence of immediate, threatening danger robbed the scene of its emotional attributes. Vanity of vanities! Can anything be potentially more dramatic than a half-dozen human lives adrift on a small boat?

Now these were the facts of the case: We were five men and one woman in an open boat, distant about two hundred miles, north by east, from the nearest land—*i. e.*, the island of Flores. Our ship had foundered very suddenly, but owing to the foresight of the second mate, who was one of our party, we were fairly well supplied with provisions and water. The weather was fine and the season favorable.

"Now," said Joe, "we must start things in a systematic way. Our ship is gone and, to all intents and purposes, what we own in the world lies here between fifteen feet one way and fifty inches the other. We must appoint a captain, a steward and, of course, a chronicler; so I propose my nomination to the first office. Annie is a good housekeeper and is quite competent to become stewardess, while you, Steve, can keep the log."

"Very well," I answered, falling into the spirit of his speech, and taking out my pocketbook. "Let us begin at once. What day is this?"

"Friday, the thirteenth," Mrs. Hardy

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replied quickly, "and this should be a lesson to you, Stephen, not to attempt to override long-established, popular prejudices. '*On peut être plus fin qu'un autre mais non plus fin que tous les autres.*' You laid her keel on a Friday, launched her on Friday, named her the *Friday*, sailed on a Friday and lost her on a Friday. Is not that a complete vindication of the superstition?"

"It is certainly a curious coincidence," I said, "but ——"

"Aye—no buts," she answered very sensibly. "Write the sober fact down in your log-book and let us get to work."

I copy from my note-book:

"*Friday, April 13th, 5 p.m. Boat No. 3.*"

* * * * *

"Our first day is nearly done, and it seems hard to realize that we are actually castaways, to become consul's men at the first port we reach. There has been no excitement of any kind. Until nearly noon we were busy taking stock and stowing things away. It looks as though we were amply provided for a week or ten days at least. Joe, his wife and myself, the second mate and two sailors make up our crew. Annie is very efficient; one would think she had done nothing else all her life but be shipwrecked and keep house in an open

"I CALLED FOR HELP." (*p. 178.*)

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"DON'T COME YET, JOE." (*p. 183.*)

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boat. Among the stores she has discovered a bagful of sand, so that, by packing it down in one place, we shall be able to build a fire.

"This afternoon I took the tiller ropes while Joe turned in for a nap. The other two boats are no larger than specks on the horizon, and seem to be steering a different course, much farther to northward. It is warm and pleasant, and the undulating motion of the boat up and down the smooth massive water-hills is deliciously lulling. 'God's in his heaven — all's right with the world.'

"*14th.*—We are amazed at our lack of amazement and a little disappointed as we realize how little there will be to tell our friends on our return. It will seem hard to be strictly loyal to facts and not invent a few fine emotions. At times a passing sense of the solemnity of our position creeps into our thoughts. The wind has fallen until we are barely moving, except by the regular heave and drop of the swell. The surface is smooth and glassy, now burnished with gold as we rise, now slightly tarnished, as if oxidized, when we sink into a blue-green valley.

"*15th.*—We are becalmed. The swell has gone down, and we rise and fall only at long intervals. A Sabbath stillness lies upon the waters, and the horizon seems to have melted away. It is very warm. This morning Joe read the service and Annie sang the *venite* with great sweetness and power. We were all much impressed, even moved. It was the first deep note thus far in the history of our adventures, and the chord she struck vibrated in our hearts long after the glorious ring of her voice had passed away.

"This afternoon we amused ourselves by pretending that the mail from home had just arrived, and each read his budget to the rest. Annie's letters were by far the most interesting. They seemed very real — so real that both Joe and myself were fairly caught asking questions. Later I read for an hour out of a Portuguese bible belonging to one of the sailors.

"*16th.*—The night was marvelously fine and clear. As I lay listening to the slop-slopping of the water against our ribs and watched the flapping of our little sail, I wondered at my ignorance of the stars, and formed plans for remedying it on my return.

"There is a light breeze this morning, just sufficient to ruffle and break up the smooth, obsidian-like surface into myriads of little glittering facets. Behind and above us a score of gulls, with aged-looking heads well tucked into the neck-feathers, are watching our wake with cunning scrutiny.

"At noon Joe got an observation with the mate's instrument, an antediluvian octant, and we calculated our position. We have only about seventy miles to go, and with the freshening breeze we should make land some time to-morrow. The men are delighted. In honor of the good news, we served them an extra allowance of grog and, after dinner, the mate begged Annie to sing again. It is charming! I wonder whether she understands what an ennobling influence her presence exercises.

"I am glad that the end of our adventure seems at hand. We have been amazingly fortunate; but, after all, a small boat has its limitations. It is very fine to follow the pulse of the sea as closely as we are doing, but it is a trifle monotonous. If we had suffered a little more real misery, the excitement or novelty of the situation might compensate for its lack of variety. But really, in so far as adventure or interest is concerned, we might as well have been stuck in the mud at low tide.

"*17th.*—The night was cloudy. For the first time the sun was hidden this morning behind a dense bank of mist. A little later it rained heavily, and we thought it prudent to collect as much water as possible. About noon it cleared in the east, and we fancied we saw land on the weather bow. Then it clouded over again. We are wet and feel cross. Our small stock of fuel is very nearly exhausted, and we have determined to save the remainder for an *en cas.*

"*18th.*—Clear and bright. Sighted Flores and Corvo (we suppose) about ten o'clock. Seem to be fifteen miles or so to the northward. With this wind we can only beat in slowly. Annie is not very well, but the men are jubilant. It is growing colder.

"*21st.*—For two days I have been unable to write. We have been in distress, and the period of misery, the absence of which we were bemourning, has come upon us.

"On Wednesday afternoon the wind shifted rather suddenly, blowing us

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directly away from the islands. The sky clouded over, and toward evening it began to rain again. The night was cold and wet.

"Morning found us very forlorn. The breeze was continually freshening, blowing from the wrong direction, and the sea was so choppy that we shipped a great deal of water. About midday we decided to run before it and exchange our chance of landing—which was now very slight—for the better one of being picked up by some passing ship. The men remonstrated, but we held firm. Later they became sulky and insisted upon resuming our former course. We were all wet and in an ugly mood, so that when they came over for the second time to repeat their demand, we felt that the moment for action had come. Joe was anxious about his wife, and disposed to compromise, so that I felt constrained to take matters into my own hands. The three sailors watched us sulkily and talked among themselves, while I drew my revolver from the pocket of my fur coat and loaded it with fresh cartridges, taking care that they should not see me.

"We passed about two hours in this position. I could see that there was mutiny in the air, and resolved to take the bull by the horns. So I stretched a string across the boat and called out: 'Hi, there! I wish you to understand that you are still under orders. We are going out to sea and you have nothing to say about it.' While I was yet speaking, the mate drew his sheath-knife, made a step aft, and cut the string with a contemptuous laugh; and we both stood up facing each other. 'Look here, my man!' I said, pulling my pistol. 'That kind of thing won't do. I am going to tie that string again, and if you touch it I shall shoot at you. I shan't miss you. Look at this.'

"My left hand was in my pocket at the time, and, among other loose coin, I was mechanically fingering a dollar. Moved by some sudden impulse, I spun it in the air and fired; and luck favored me, for the bullet struck the silver disk with a sharp ring and flung it far out across the water. It was a fluke, of course, although I am a fair shot. But the effect was produced, and the man slunk back to his place by the mast.

"In the meantime we were not enjoying ourselves. The scant covering we had could not protect us against the water that was shipped from above and below, and which kept us busy bailing without rest. During the night the wind remained about the same, but the next morning it freshened and the rain increased. The blue and green and gold had changed to dull, neutral tints. What little food we took was cool and soggy, and we were chilled to the marrow. In the midst of this desolation the only thing that gladdened our hearts was Annie's smile. We men grumbled, but she never once uttered a complaint.

"During the afternoon I must have dozed, in spite of my discomfort and the danger from the forecastle, for, on reaching down for the whisky, I discovered that the demijohn had disappeared. I notified Joe and went up into the bow, but failed to find anything. The men were huddled up together, either really asleep or feigning it, and although I felt positive that they had abstracted and drunk the liquor, our situation was such that it hardly seemed worth while to investigate the matter then. So I went back and sat down.

"With the darkness the storm seemed to gather fresh energy, and the spray swept over us with such violence that breathing became difficult when not under the shelter of the gunwale. The motion of our little shell was intolerable, excepting when lying flat in the bottom, for which I had little leisure, as I was doing all the bailing. Twice I fancied that the water was gaining on me faster than I could throw it out, and I called for help. But whether the noise drowned my voice, or whether they were all asleep, I received no answer, and I continued my monotonous work.

"Once I awoke suddenly and started to my feet, only to be thrown back on all fours. I fancied that I had heard men's voices raised in anger, and immediately afterward a short, wild cry cut off sharply by a gurgle.

"When I opened my eyes again it was day. Joe and Annie, covered up with a blanket, lay motionless. In the bow the mate was stretched on his face, *alone*.

"I thought it wise to wait until Joe waked. It would not do to rouse the mate and risk the chance of his charging me with the disappearance.

"I am writing to kill time, to forget. Poor Joe is suffering because Annie is suffering. I am merely thinking of

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myself. Hitherto I had thought we were equals; now I see that he is my superior, capable of feeling a misery—hence a joy—that I do not know. He is ennobled by her.

"How amusing, how absurd these philosophical remarks will seem to me when I look over this note-book in my little den in Charles street! And yet, on second thoughts, will they? Some day, no doubt, these jottings will testify to its reality, should my friends or even I myself question its truth. Are they of any use? Might I not, while suffering from some bilious attack, be equally inane in my own arm-chair at home?

"Even now I am struck with my unconscious pertinacity in assuming that I shall return home, and I am disposed to look upon this as a favorable omen. Not that I believe in omens, *Dieu m'en garde!* Still, that Friday business was a curious coincidence.

"Now I must go back a few hours and read over to see where I left off.

"It was quite an hour before Joe awoke. 'Thank heaven! the sun is shining,' he said, as he sat down beside me. 'I am afraid, old man, you have had a hard time of it.'

"'How is Annie?' I asked.

"'Asleep, and therefore, I hope, happy. Any news?'

"I pointed to the sleeping mate alone in the bow, and told Joe about my experiences during the night. 'Well,' said he, after reflecting for a moment, 'I think we ought to awaken him at once and find out about this. It is not likely that he will remember anything.'

"It took some shaking to rouse the fellow, and when he did finally sit up he glared at us with vacant eyes. 'Come, my man,' said Joe, 'douse your head and get the whisky out of it. Things are looking serious. Where is your crew? Don't look about you in that way; just speak out like a man, and tell how it happened. Did you throw them overboard, or how was it?'

"As soon as he understood, the man's terror was pitiable to see. By the most holy, most immaculate Virgin Mary; by God, his witness and his judge; by all the saints whose names he could remember, he swore that he knew nothing about the disappearance.

"The balance of the day has been uneventful. Annie is resting quietly after the violent shaking and drenching of the storm. The sun is bright and warm. We are again swinging lazily to the regular rhythm of the swell that rolls away from under us. There is no wind, but the waters glitter with a flinty, angry, hard brilliancy.

"*22d.*—Bright and warm. We are thankful for the calm, although every day makes our position more serious. Annie sang to us after service, and her song moved us to tears. The triumphant ring has passed away from her voice. It is softer, gentler, far more pathetic. To be sure, our nerves are unstrung, and the pity each unconsciously feels for himself is translated into greater susceptibility of emotion. In the midst of this heaving infinite silence the resonant language of religion acquires new power, new and deeper meanings. We are encompassed by an eternity, the beginning of which, at least, seems tangible to our imagination. It is a step toward the beyond. I think we are all struggling involuntarily against the belief that we are on the threshold of the great revelation. God has said to us, *Pax vobiscum!*

"*23d.*—Dead calm. The restless ocean seems to be asleep. There is a soft mist upon the oily surface that dims all limiting lives and makes them uncertain. The same vagueness lies like a shadow upon our heart. Our eyes are burned and weary with watching the silent horizon. We have been on half rations for three days, and the situation is defining itself, yet the whole adventure seems incomprehensibly unreal.

"The mate is semi-delirious; he cowers like a cur in the bow, trembling, repeating his prayers, and bemoaning his lot in a most unmanly manner. Annie is cheerful—but her smile is indescribably sad. I cannot bear to see the suffering in her eyes when she looks at Joe. Poor fellow! he says little and makes great efforts to seem indifferent. It is all very pitiable.

"*24th.*—A ghastly day. The mate been stealing both provisions and water, and I charged him with it. He was apathetic at first, then angry. I told him that under similar circumstances men were court-martialed and shot if found guilty. By stealing our means of subsistence he was murdering us by degrees. He answered that we were discriminating against him, as he had seen 'that woman' eat and drink when he was given nothing. This was to a certain

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extent true, for both Joe and myself had found that we could live on less than our rations, and had each saved a little for Annie. I went up forward to explain matters to the mate. He must have supposed that I meant him harm, for as I approached he made at me with an ax to such good purpose that, having narrowly escaped one or two swinging blows, I drew my revolver and bade him heave to. His answer was a vicious cut, and in self-defense I shot him.

"*25th.*—Nothing. Calm, bright, beautiful, warm. An ideal day elsewhere, here hell!

"We have one more meal.

"*26th.*—The calmness of despair. All understand now and look forward to the end as a release. The horizon is implacable. This afternoon we had 'fancy' dinners, and endeavored to deceive one another and ourselves by telling the story of the escape of Strain, of Greely, and others. Joe seems a little out of his head; he has opened the medicine-chest and is 'skipping stones' with the bottles. Annie is too weak to speak. She seems unconscious part of the time.

"*27th.*—Friday again; a fine morning — a very fine morning indeed. My head feels strangely heavy. Sighted a sail, which soon disappeared. But how poor are they that have not patience!

'*En partant du Golfe d'Otrante*
Ils étaient trente!
Mais le vingtsept du mois
Ils étaient trois.'

"This too is good — it will be, at least, when they pick up this boat. '*En los nidos de antaño no hay pajaros hogaño*, which, being freely translated, means 'Xerxes did die, and so must I.'"

This is the end of the notes in my pocketbook. The writing on the last page is nearly illegible, and I was evidently a little out of my head. I remember lying for hours in the bow, with my hands in the water, watching the scum of gold that lay over the smooth, breathing breast of the ocean. I remember wondering why in my days of plenty I had not "cast my bread upon the waters." Some crumbs might have reached us in our want. I remember repeating disconnected bits of poetry in several languages, and rather enjoying listening to myself. Then I remember a sudden feeling of uneasiness and a violent effort to regain my mental balance. When I turned round Joe was cutting the sleeve off the right side of his shirt, and for a moment I feared that his mind had given way under the strain. I was frightened and sobered at once. "Look here, Joe," I said, determined to get the weapon away from him, "that knife isn't sharp. Let me put an edge on it for you." He held it out to me without resistance, and as I took it I said, "What are you doing?"

Before answering he kneeled by his wife and called to her, caressingly, "Annie, Annie darling, my little Annie!" She opened her eyes, recognized him and smiled. I had rather be cut to the heart than see that smile again and his white face watching above hers. "Go to sleep, darling," he said, gently kissing her, and laying his hand over her brow. "Sleep, my sweet one!" He waited a little while to be sure that she was asleep, then motioned to me to go forward with him.

"I guess, old man," he began, with a pathetic attempt to appear unmoved, "I guess that the game is pretty well up. It is for us, but there is a chance for her. It is not much of a one, but it is my duty to take it and try every possible means of prolonging her life, if only for a few hours. I need your help, Steve. Even now I feel in pretty good shape, and I was very well and healthy until a few days ago, and my blood should be strong and pure. Do you understand? I have found the required apparatus in the medicine-chest and I believe it is all right."

Yes; I understood. He meant to try transfusion. I did not believe that there was the slightest use in attempting the experiment, but things had come to such a pass that it did not seem right to neglect the slightest opportunity of bettering them. We could not make them worse. But could he stand the loss of blood in his present enfeebled condition? I doubted it, and finally persuaded him to operate on me instead of on himself; for, supposing that Annie rallied, that we were picked up, but that Joe did not recover, would not the shock prove fatal to her? On the other hand, no one was dependent on me; I had no near relations, was unmarried, and, besides, was a much stronger man, as well as of a more sanguine temperament. If I died, it would not matter; it was a simple event entailing no complications. So I overcame his scruples and the thing

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was done. I do not remember very much of what followed, for I became drowsy not long after the operation and went to sleep. Before I awoke we were sighted and picked up — out of the very jaws of death, as it were — by a tramp steamer; and here ends the story of our casting away.

Annie's recovery was slow; so was my own. We were landed in Baltimore, and I was at my own request transferred to the hospital, as there seemed to be some slight suspicion of blood-poisoning. What the complication was I do not know.

This afternoon I arrived at home and at once sent a messenger to Joe's house announcing my coming at the usual dinner hour. Old Maria opened the door for me with her usual greeting: "And so it's you, Mr. Stephen, is it? Well!" And as I hung my coat on the accustomed peg while she took my umbrella, it seemed to me that I had never been away, and that the story of our voyage was a dream. There was no one in the little back parlor where we always sat, and I was filled with childlike glee as I recognized the familiar furniture and ornaments. This was coming home indeed! and I laughed with pleasure as I warmed my coat-tails before the fire. On the *etagère* opposite a little Japanese monster grinned at me with merry sympathy, and I could not resist the temptation of walking over and patting the absurd little puppy. I remembered giving it to Annie on some Christmas or birthday occasion. Just beside it lay a silver-mounted pipe that Joe used to smoke in college, but in those days he kept it on the mantelpiece, and it gave me singular pleasure to place it beside the clock against which it had always stood, after which I strolled around the room pushing back some little *bibelot*, or drawing some other forward and smiling complacently.

When I heard Joe's step in the hall I ran out to meet him in the front room and held his hand and we walked back. "Well, old man, this is stunning, isn't it? Home again after all we've been through. There's no place like home, is there? How are you? How is Annie?"

He looked at me with a quiet smile before answering, and I fancied that there were tears in his eyes. "Annie is not very well to-day, Steve," he said; "nothing serious; she will be down for a little while after dinner." He paused, then added as an afterthought: "Yes, it is very pleasant to be at home again." He spoke naturally enough, but yet I felt slightly chilled and looked up at him inquiringly. He probably understood me, for he said at once:

"Yes, I am a little troubled and puzzled about Annie, Steve. There's something that neither I nor the doctor seem to understand. In a certain sense she is well, and yet she is unlike her old self. She was very anxious about you, but there is no reason for that now, and yet she seems harassed by some perplexing doubt—a sense of apprehension . . . . I dare say, though, that it will come out all right by and by. So, never mind about it now. Come and sit down; I believe dinner is waiting."

I had looked forward to this meeting too eagerly and too long to be easily influenced by what I believed to be merely an idle fancy, and we were soon in high spirits, talking about old times, asking questions, and making plans for the summer. Now that I look back in the light of the knowledge that has come to me since, I do recall that at times Joe seemed preoccupied, and that a tired expression came over his face while he was listening to me; but it passed away quickly. Moreover, at the time I was deeply impressed with the cheerful discovery of the Preacher: "That there is nothing better for a man than that he shall eat and drink, and that he should make his soul enjoy good in his labor."

In this mood we left the table and went into the little room, where coffee and cigars were brought to us; but before we had settled ourselves Annie entered. She looked rather pale, and there was a languor in her movements that was quite foreign to her wonted brisk, healthy manner. I ran forward to meet her and took both hands which she held out toward me, asking: "Isn't it delightful, Annie, to be all together once more? Just think how long it is since I have seen you—not since that awful day in the boat! All that is over, thank God! and we can take up the old life again as though the silver cord had never been loosened. But you are not well yet?"

She had flushed vividly when I came forward, and I felt her hand tremble in mine as she looked intently into my face before answering. Then, ignoring my question, she said very gently, but

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earnestly: "Ah, Stephen, I am indeed thankful to see you again, safe and well. Bring that chair near the sofa and sit down beside me where I can look at you. Do you know, Stephen," she continued, as I obeyed, "I cannot repress the feeling that your illness has in some way been connected with mine. I feel it so deeply, so inexplicably, that it has become a certainty. But Joe laughs at the idea. I have fairly worried him with questions concerning your illness, and he has no answers for them. How is it that you were so well and strong, so much stronger than either of us, and then became suddenly so very ill that your life was despaired of on the steamer? They did not tell me this, but I *know* it. Something must have happened. Won't you tell me what it was?"

While she was speaking I looked up at Joe. His brows were knit together and he made a quick, negative gesture with his head. To gain time I laughed and attempted to direct the conversation away from this subject, but she interrupted me with a slight movement of impatience.

"Come, Stephen," she said, "I must know. There is some great question of right or wrong beneath it somewhere. . . . A woman feels such things instinctively, and I am puzzled. I don't know what I have done. But something has happened — some great change that I cannot account for has come into my life." She was silent for a little while, during which a horrible feeling of uneasiness began to creep over me. Was Annie's mind affected? I looked up, but Joe had turned his back to us, and was staring at the fire. Presently she went on:

"Yes, something has come into my life, and something of my old self is gone from me. I have lost confidence in my judgment. It seems to me as though I could no longer decide for myself between what is right and what is not. There's some influence that I do not know bearing upon me night and day. I used to believe that I had a strong will . . . now, I fear, I have no will at all. It oppresses me horribly. I am no longer one. It sometimes seems to me as though there were two personalities within me. There is a shadow on my soul — I am frightened . . . And yet sometimes I think that I recognize, that I know this other self; not as I know myself, but as I should know some intimate friend. Sometimes the old I and the new I agree perfectly; sometimes they draw in different directions; yet they never quarrel. There are thoughts and sensations that I remember as out of some former life . . ."

"But, Annie, my dear girl," I exclaimed, "what . . ."

She gave a little start and laughed nervously. "That is curious," she said. "Just as you spoke those words I — the other *I*, was saying them to myself. Stephen, Stephen, you know more about this than you will tell me. When you were ill in Baltimore I felt it my duty to go and nurse you, not merely because we are friends — it was more than that. It was a cry to my heart, what I fancy the French would call *la voix du sang* . . . the voice of the blood . . . yes, that is it! I should have gone. It is a disappointment, a grief to me now that I did not. It was a duty, a solemn, sacred duty which I have left undone. My poor friend, I know *you* would have given your life, your heart's blood to save me; and yet there was no reason for that."

I answered, "It is very kind of you to feel so strongly about my illness. But you see there was no reason for it. I am quite well, better than I ever was; and so you must forget all this. You are unstrung after all we went through, and no wonder. Joe will take you away somewhere, to the mountains, perhaps, and in a month you will never believe that you spoke of these strange fancies, even if you imagined that you could remember doing so. But I shall never forget how kind you——"

"Kind!" she interrupted, quickly, and looking directly at me. "Why, Stephen, it would be deeply, basely ungrateful not to feel remorse at neglecting to watch beside you when you were dying. Are you not to me more than my life?"

She stopped suddenly, with a gasp, as a wild look of terror came into her eyes. I, too, had started back, for we had all understood. Joe was very white, and the perspiration stood in large beads upon his forehead, but none of us spoke, and for a moment, a terrible moment, it seemed as though our hearts would burst under the savage throbbing of the blood. Then Annie rose,

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moved toward the door and turned when she had reached it.

"Don't come yet, Joe," she pleaded very softly; and, looking at me, she said, more softly still: "Good-by, Stephen; God bless you!"

My God! we needed it. The sob that came to us through the doorway echoed piteously in our hearts. After a little while, Joe said: "Don't leave me alone, Steve; sit down while I wait." He was standing with his head resting on his hands, on the edge of the mantelpiece, but as I sat down he moved back and took the chair opposite. After a minute or two he cleared his throat and I waited for him to speak, but he hesitated and then said only: "Light a weed, Steve; they are good."

I glanced at him quickly, anxious to avoid his eyes, but he was staring at the fire, as if stunned, and we smoked on in silence, mechanically. The clock struck the half hour and he moved. I thought he would speak then, I thought he would say: "Now, Steve, I do not wish to blame you, but still you are really the cause of all this trouble. I don't mean to say it was your fault; but if you had not been here none of these complications would have arisen. If you had not urged us to go with you, we should not have been cast away; we should not have starved; that last resource would not have been necessary. If you had not been there I should have performed the operation on myself. I might have died of the consequences, as you came near doing . . . but that was my duty. Annie is my wife, and I promised to protect her even unto death. If I had died, and this same psychological result had been produced, she would have continued to love me, only more deeply; and I should not have suffered, Annie would not have suffered, you would not be suffering. My death would have been a natural thing, a normal event which must happen some day anyhow; for which she would have been prepared, as we are all prepared for such calamities. Now—see what you have done! She loves you. Has she ceased to love me? What is there in store for to-morrow. Will this . . . what shall I call it—madness? it is not madness except to me—whatever it is, will *it* pass away? What has been the fruit of our friendship, Steve? Is it not more bitter than had we been enemies?"

No! Joe would not have said that, I thought, I was speaking to myself. "But how is this going to end," I continued, "I mean what is the use of sitting here in silence. Shall I answer him? shall I exonerate myself? Why? how would that serve us? If it had not been for my selfishness, my love of self, Annie would not have been afflicted by the Pharisaism that was latent in my blood. Poor, poor girl! poor Joe! He was right a moment since; what has been the outcome of all these years of friendship? It would have been better if we had died out there at sea."

Unconsciously I sat up in my chair and held out my hand. It was an awkward movement, and to conceal it I reached over for a cigar. Surely Joe would say something now. I looked toward him, but he did not seem to notice me. After a long while the clock struck the hour, and we both started; our eyes met and we felt embarrassed. I dropped the butt of my cigar, picked it up, and threw it into the fire. Joe coughed, and I expected to hear him him speak now, but he merely looked at me—or rather past me, and repeated exactly as before: "Light a weed, Steve; they are good," in the same colorless voice.

By and by the clock struck again, and I rose to my feet with a shudder. "I think I must go, Joe," I said. He followed me into the hall, and stood there while I put on my coat and took my umbrella. Then he opened the door and we shook hands, but neither was able to speak, and I went out.

The light shone through the doorway on the brown steps, throwing my shadow ahead; as I stepped into it, it seemed to pitch headfirst into the darkness outside, and I stopped. My heart ached, and I longed to turn round once more.

"Steve!"

"Joe!"

I sprang up the steps with a bound, and our hands closed in an eager, nervous grip. Then I turned resolutely and walked away.

* * * * *

Now it is written, and this chapter of my life is done. The ruddy morning sunlight is creeping over my table and the world outside says, "It is once more glorious day." But when shall I feel again in my heart that "all things work together for good?"

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THE SAILING YACHT OF TO-DAY.

(To be Read Through a Layman's Spectacles.)

BY CHAS. LEDYARD NORTON.

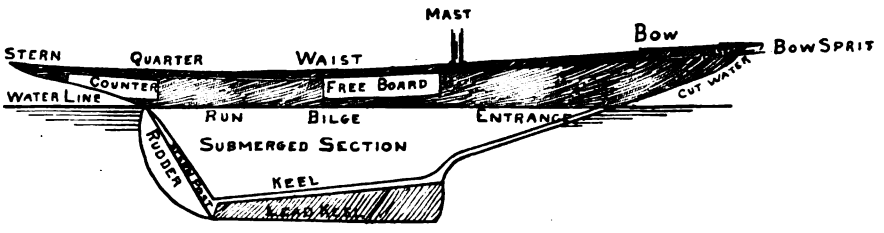

FIG. 1.—Nomenclature of a yacht's hull. (The plan is approximately that of *Wasp*, a winning yacht of 1892.)

NEVER in the history of yachting has a season opened with such brilliant promise as the present. In the autumn of 1892 rumors of a challenge for the *America's* cup began to be heard from England, and at about the same time Mr. Royal Phelps Carroll, of the New York Yacht Club, announced his intention of building a sloop wherewith to cross the ocean and beard the British sea-lion in his briny den. By the middle of December, correspondence concerning Lord Dunraven's challenge for the *America's* cup was well under way, the frames of Mr. Carroll's yacht *Navahoe* were in position, and enterprising American yachtsmen began to lay their plans for cup-defenders. All these proceedings have been conducted under the seal of profound secrecy, and although some of the yachts are afloat even at this writing, and most of them will have sailed their trial trips before these pages can see the light, nothing is officially known about their models, beyond the general dimensions of length, breadth and depth, as required by the conditions of the races.

There is, however, such a widespread interest in yachting, and so many technical terms are used in the public prints, that some account of the modern sailing yacht as she exists in this year of grace cannot but prove interesting and instructive to the general reader. The present century, it may be safely said, will witness before its close the highest development of the sailing yacht, as such. Steam and electricity are destined more and more to furnish the motive power for pleasure craft of all classes, though real lovers of the ocean will no doubt continue for all time to practice old-fashioned seamanship on the time-honored lines.

Modern sailing yachts are, first of all, either cruisers or racers. Cruisers may, of course, race among themselves, and racers may cruise, if their owners like; but cruisers stand no chance with racers as regards speed, and racers cannot compare with cruisers in point of comfort for passengers and crew.

The first consideration of the intending yachtsman is the hull, since that is the foundation within which cabins and quarters are to be arranged and upon which the superstructure of spars, sails and rigging is to be reared. The services of a professional designer are usually called in where a new yacht of any size is to be built, though many amateurs have ideas of their own and a few are capable of turning out creditable plans. It is not necessary here to go into an elaborate explanation of "diagonals," "tables of offsets," "theories of wave lines" and the like. Suffice it to say that modern practice has condensed the system of drafting plans to that given in Figures 2–3, showing broadside outline, or "sheer plan," of the schooner *Fortuna*, with half cross-sections, showing the bow on the right and the stern on the left. The point where

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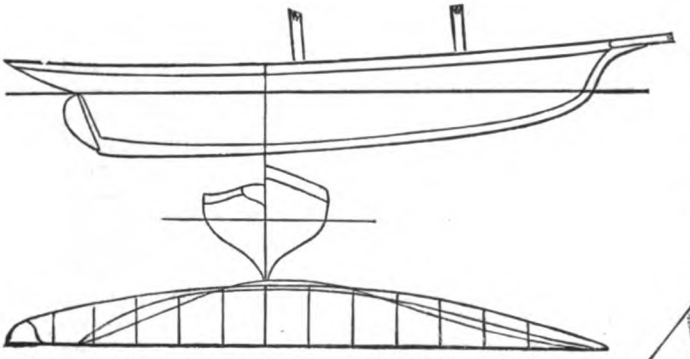
both coincide on the perpendicular line represents the midship section, or greatest breadth of the yacht. Below is the half-deck plan.

In a complete working drawing a system of intersecting lines and curves, carefully drawn to a scale, enables the builder to "take off" the exact dimensions of the design and reproduce it "size of life." It is usual to make a half model on a small scale, as this facilitates the work of construction, the measurements of one side being merely reversed to give the other side. The rooms of the New York Yacht Club contain 289 models. For the most part they are half models, mounted upon polished wooden panels.

Figure 1 is a side view of a yacht's hull, with the principal parts marked.

Of course the only limit to luxury and elegance in interior equipment and decoration is the depth of the owner's purse, modified by reasonable or unreasonable limitations of taste. There are those who affect the Spartan simplicity of the hardy sailorman, and others who give *carte-blanche* to the upholsterer and furnisher. Every man must needs be a law unto himself in this regard; but it is well to remember in fitting out that everything is liable to get wet at sea.



FIGS. 2-3.—Sheer plan, cross-section and half deck of the *Fortuna*.

Sailing yachts naturally group themselves into schooners, yawls and "single-stickers," the latter somewhat awkward designation including sloops and cutters, which are hardly to be distinguished from one another in rig.

Webster gives "schooner" as a local Americanism, first applied to a vessel of this class launched at Gloucester, Mass., in 1713, but it is also traced by him and by more recent lexicographers to Dutch and Icelandic roots.

Landsmen are perhaps justified in regarding schooners as very difficult of identification, since, aside from the fact that they may have from two to five or more masts, they may also be "topsail" schooners, which to the unprofessional eye are very like barkentines, brigs or brigantines. These diverse types, however, are found mainly in the merchant service, and need not trouble the average observer. The typical schooner yacht of to-day carries only two masts. The merit of this rig is that, as compared with a sloop or cutter approximately the same size, her spars are lighter, her sails smaller, and she can be handled by fewer men. Moreover, sail can be readily shortened by lowering the foresail in heavy weather. The principal disadvantage is that two sails are not so good as one in the matter of driving power; hence a "single sticker" is almost always faster than a schooner, if they are anywhere near the same size.

The yawl has, so to speak, a mast and a half. She may be considered either an abbreviated schooner or an elongated sloop, the after part being occupied by a small mast and sail, called the "jigger." It is a pretty, ship-shape, serviceable rig, handled with comparative ease by a small crew, and well adapted for cruising in open water, since sail can be reduced to a minimum simply by lowering the

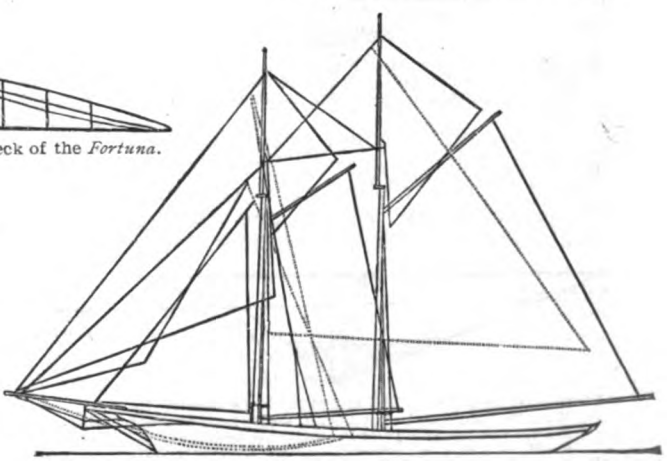


FIG. 4.—Sail plan of the schooner *Fortuna*.

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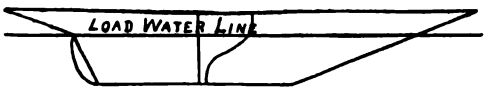
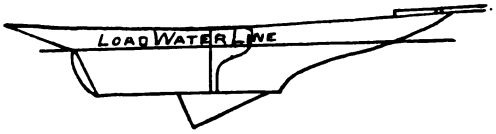


THE ROGERS' SYNDICATE KEEL BOAT "THE COLONIA."—Archibald Rogers and others, owners. Herreshoffs, builders. Length over all, 124 ft.; water-line, 85 ft.; draft, 13 ft.

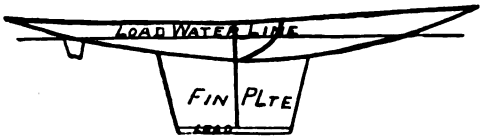
mainsail and working ship under foresail and jigger. The yawl rig is not, as a rule, conspicuously speedy, though there are good sailormen who hold that it ought to be, and now and then an



"NAVAHOE" CENTERBOARD CUTTER.—Royal Phelps Carroll, owner. Herreshoffs, designers and builders. Charles Barr, sailing master. Length over all, 134 ft.; water-line, 84 ft.; beam, 23 ft. 6 in.; draft, 13 ft.

individual yawl gives a good account of herself in the races.

Turn we now to the flyers *par excellence*, sloops and cutters that is (see page 188), for it is upon them that

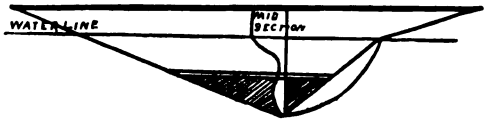


THE STEWART AND BINNEY BALLAST FIN BOAT "PILGRIM."—Length over all, 124 ft.; water-line, 85 ft.

interest chiefly centers this year, in view of the international races promised on both sides the Atlantic—here, for the *America's* cup, between Lord Dunraven's *Valkyrie* and some Ameri-

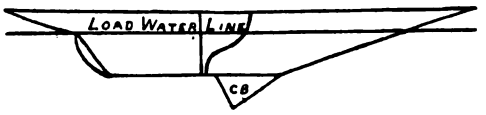
THE PRINCE OF WALES "BRITANNIA."—Length over all, 125 ft.; water-line, 90 ft.; extreme beam, 22.6 ft.; draft, 15 ft.; mainboom, 90 ft.; bowsprit outboard, 15 ft.

can representative not yet chosen; in English waters, between Mr. Carroll's *Navahoe* and whomsoever she may chance to meet. Sloops and cutters, as already remarked, are so much alike



LORD DUNRAVEN'S "VALKYRIE."—Designed by Watson; launched April 29th, 1893. Length over all, 126 ft.; water-line, 86 ft.; extreme beam, 20.6 ft.; draft, 16.6 ft.; mainboom, 90 ft.; bowsprit outboard, 16 ft.

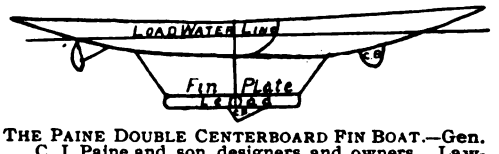
above water in sails and spars, that they are hardly to be distinguished. Each has one mast; hence they are generally denominated "single stickers." For plain sail each wears mainsail, topsail, staysail and working jibs. Their merits are that they carry their driving power mainly in one large sail, which, having no breaks, can be trimmed with greater nicety to make the most out of every breath of air and thereby obtain greater comparative speed. Their de-



THE MORGAN-ISELIN SYNDICATE CENTERBOARD BOAT.—Herreshoffs, builders. Length over all, 126 ft.; water-line, 85 ft.; draft, 10 ft. 6 in.

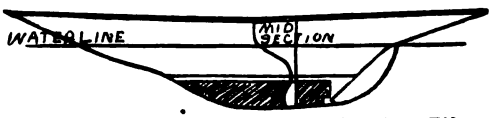
merits are in the necessity of larger crews to handle larger sail, more costly construction to meet heavier strains, and heavier spars for the same reason.

The outlines given herewith may suffice to show the present tendency



THE PAINE DOUBLE CENTERBOARD FIN BOAT.—Gen. C. J. Paine and son, designers and owners. Lawley, builder. Length over all, 124 ft.; water-line, 85 ft.; beam, 22 ft. 6 in.; draft, 13 ft. 6 in.

toward long overhangs at bow and stern, introduced by the Messrs. Herreshoff in *Gloriana* and *Wasp*,* which were the winners in their respective classes last year and the year before. The new head-lines are not so pretty to look at as the clean clipper bow, but they give great buoyancy and appeal to racing yachtsmen as an efficient means to the desired end—namely, the ability to "get there." The success of the *Gloriana* type was so marked in the smaller classes that its effect is seen in all the large boats of the present year. Official lines of the new boats are not to be had, but the foregoing outlines are believed to be approximately correct.



MR. A. D. CLARK'S "COLUNNA."—Designed by Fife; launched May 1, 1893. Length over all, 218 ft.; water-line, 85 ft.; extreme beam, 25 ft.; draft, 14 ft.; mainboom, 85 ft.; bowsprit outboard, 19 ft.

* See "The Evolution of the Forty-six-Footer" in OUTING, April, May and June, 1892.

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For all that has been published pictorially concerning the new yachts, on both sides of the ocean, the public is indebted to the Boston *Herald*, which succeeded in some way in getting approximate drawings before any of its contemporaries. No doubt these are more or less guesswork, but official lines will not be published for months to come, if at all.

It is curious to note how the English and Scottish designers have caught up the ideas brought out by the Herreshoffs in their last year's boats. They gave us the overhanging stern years ago and we showed them the clipper bow. Then a few of our cutter fanatics swore by the vertical stem for a season or two, and next came a bit of real originality in the overhanging bow, which has carried all before it the present season.

At first blush the proviso that a cup-challenger shall cross the ocean on her own bottom savors of fair-minded seamanship, but, after all, it is not quite so fair as it seems. Obviously since the defender has not to cross the ocean she need not be constructed with a view to withstanding ocean gales. The temptation to make her just strong enough to hold together for the season's races naturally presents itself to the enterprising yachtsman. Heretofore all the cup-defenders have been able, stanch boats, but some of the outlines shown herewith represent distinctly unseaworthy craft. The Cup Committee will no doubt make their selection of a "defender" with something of this in mind. True sportsmanship should influence the selection, to defend the cup, of a boat capable of matching the *Valkyrie* in any weather.

It is only within a generation that ship-designing has made any advance toward being an exact science. The former swift sailers owed their success to a combination of guesswork, good luck and seamanship, elements that cannot altogether be counted out, even by the accomplished designers of to-day. The conditions that surround the passage of a solid body through a fluid are so infinitely complex that even in their simple aspects they defy computation.

Again, her immersed section when upright and on an even keel is of one shape, but when she is heeled over by the wind it is quite different. The individual peculiarities of every boat are therefore largely problematical and can only be learned by experience. The capable sailing master studies the idiosyncrasies of his boat as assiduously as a lover studies the whims and foibles of his sweetheart, but he labors under a signal disadvantage in that he cannot order from the florist or the jeweler the wherewithal to secure her smiles. At one time she is all complaisance, at another she sulks and acts as though she had tons of seaweed for outside ballast. The skipper who can master these perplexing inconsistencies is naturally in great demand among racing yachtsmen, and when an important race is "on" is an autocrat even to the millionaire owner of the yacht.

We may conclude here with a brief account of the "top hamper"—the spars and sails — which furnish the picturesque as well as the practical element in every sailing regatta. All the "sticks" that serve to support the sails and rigging are generically termed "spars;" specifically they are masts, bowsprits, booms, gaffs, yards, and the like. Rigging is of two kinds: "standing rigging," which is permanently in place, and "running rigging," which serves to hoist, lower and generally control the adjustment of spars and sails. A complete list of all the appliances that go to the equipment of a sailing yacht might fill an "unabridged Webster."

In the press accounts of yacht races, terms are constantly used which are quite unintelligible to the average reader. Many of these, chiefly in connection with construction and rig, have been explained in the foregoing pages, but a host of technicalities are thrown into print almost every day which call for further elucidation. It is impossible to foresee all the interesting situations that may arise in a given race, but some of them may, perhaps, be made reasonably clear to the non-seagoing reader. Let us construct an imaginary paragraph, after the manner of the yachting reporter, and then explain:

The yachts all crossed the *line*, *close-hauled* on the *starboard tack*, *Beta* leading, and *to windward* with *Gamma* close astern. *Gamma* soon showed her superior *weatherly qualities on the wind*, outpointing, and at the same time *outfooting*, her rival. The wind presently shifted so that the yachts had it first *abeam*, then *free* on the *quarter*, and at last *dead astern*. *Beta* proved the better boat, *running* and *reaching*. *Spinnakers* were set

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during the latter part of the run *down the wind*, but the breeze freshened during the remainder of the race, bringing everybody down to all *plain sail* for the *thrash to windward* on the homestretch. *Beta* proved better on the *port* than on the *starboard tack*, and, moreover, was lucky once or twice in having *right of way* and in being thus enabled to force her adversary to *go about* and lose time at critical points in the races. The two engaged in a *luffing match* at one time, but were called back by the imperative whistle of the judge's boat. Of the two boats, *Gamma* is easily best *off the wind*, but *Beta* is so much better in the crucial test of *windward work* that she will probably be chosen as the cup-defender.

So the account may go on with an infinity of terms, making everything clear to the nautical reader, but leaving the landsman hopelessly befogged. If we review the foregoing we may perhaps pick up a few useful hints.

LINE: An imaginary line on the surface of the water, usually defined by two boats at anchor, or by a boat and a fixed point on shore. When a boat crosses this line she is considered as having begun the race.

CLOSE-HAULED: The position of a yacht's sails when she is sailing as nearly as possible in the direction from which the wind is blowing.

STARBOARD TACK: That is, with the wind blowing against the starboard, or right-hand side of the boat (converse of "Port Tack").

TO WINDWARD: That is, so that the wind reaches her first of all the fleet, and blows past her to the rest, her sails cutting off the wind from the others.

WEATHERLY QUALITIES: The power of sailing well when *close-hauled.*

OUTPOINTING: Sailing nearer than her rival to the direction from which the wind blows.

OUTFOOTING: Going more swiftly than her rival through the water.

ABEAM: At right angles to the vessel's course, or nearly so.

FREE: Somewhat astern, blowing over the quarter, or nearly so.

QUARTER: See Figure 1.

DEAD ASTERN: Blowing directly in the course that the vessel is sailing.

SPINNAKER: See sail plan, below.

DOWN THE WIND: In the direction toward which the wind blows.

PLAIN SAIL: Mainsail, staysail, working jibs and gaff topsail.

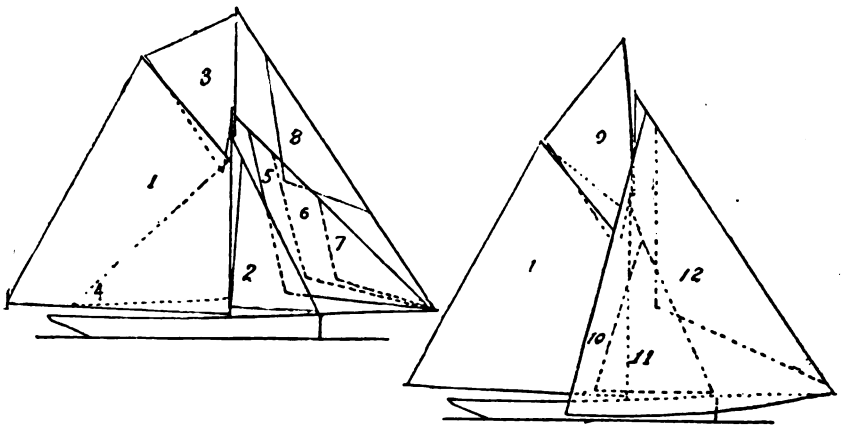
THRASH TO WINDWARD: Sailing against the direction of the wind by steering obliquely across its course, first on one tack and then on the other. (See "Starboard" and "Port.") Called also "tacking," "beating to windward," etc.

RUNNING: Sailing directly before the wind, or nearly so.

REACHING: Sailing with the wind at right angles to the course, or nearly so.

PORT TACK: That is, with the wind blowing against the port or left-hand side (converse of "Starboard Tack").

RIGHT OF WAY: A vessel with a free wind must keep out of the way of one close-hauled on either tack, and a vessel on the port tack must keep out of the way of one on the starboard tack.



NAMES OF SAILS ON SLOOP YACHT.

1, mainsail; 2, fore staysail; 3, gaff topsail; 4, storm trysail; 5, No. 1 jib; 6, No. 2 jib; 7, storm jib; 8, small jib topsail; 9, sprit topsail; 10, balloon jib topsail; 11, balloon fore staysail; 12, working jib topsail.

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To go about: To change from one tack to the other tack.

Luffing match: When one yacht is overtaking another and on the point of passing her *to windward* (see above), the overtaken yacht may prevent her doing so by luffing—*i. e.*, going on the other tack, and thus, as it were, heading her off. When both yachts in such a case sail away on the new tack it is called "a luffing match."

Off the wind: Sailing free, running or reaching, as distinguished from *on the wind.*

Windward work: Sailing "close-hauled" (see above) on alternate tacks, so as to make progress in the direction from which the wind blows.

AN APACHE DANCE.

ON the snow-capped mountain the sun had set, and the shadows were growing deeper as Lieutenants G. and R. dismounted their horses at my tent. They had come to see Chirricahua dance. For days excitement had run high among the belles and beaux of the reservation. A grand dance was to be given by the Chirricahuas, and all the neighboring bands had been invited. The Nantan Encho had issued four beeves and ten sacks of flour wherewith to feast the dancers and their guests. The flour, under the graceful manipulation of a score of old squaws, had become soggy pancakes, heavy as lead, while the beef bubbled its requiem in the pots, or sizzled a sputtering dead march on the glowing coals.

After supper we sit and smoke before the door of our tent. As the red light fades from the west and the glimmer of the stars through the leafless boughs alone remains to light the gloom beneath the giant pine trees, the faint "Thum, thum, thum" of the Indian drums, echoing through the little valley, brings word that the dancers are assembling. Buckling our pistol belts under our coats, we are soon stumbling through the shadows of the pines, following the lead of some half-dozen scouts sent to escort us. Nearing the scene of the dance, we hear the droning sound of many voices chanting a doleful refrain, now rising to a shriek, now sinking to a moan. As it comes to us on the still night air, its music is more a wail for the dead than a waltz for the living.

The din grows loud as we grope through the darkness. Lights flash in and out — Apache will-o'-the-wisps — through the timber. A flash of flame, a din of drums, cries of children; laughter of women, shouts of men; one step more, and the wild scene is before us. We stand on the edge of a little clearing, from which the great pines seem to have stepped back to make room for the dancers. In dignified mood, swayed by the breath of the gentle breeze, they nod to each other across the way, and smile a welcome to the red children of the mountains. In the center of the clearing roars and leaps a great bonfire, fed with the trunks of fallen trees piled high upon it. Scattered here and there through the open, grouped about smaller fires, or preparing for the dance about the large one, are more than a thousand Indians, laughing, singing, dancing, telling a neighbor the latest bit of scandal, recounting a past experience, joking, teasing, flirting. The Indian is said to be a stoic; see him at his merry-makings, and he is anything but stoical. The southern Indian, like his Mexican cousin, can so thoroughly drown all care for to-morrow in the joy of to-day that as a merry-maker he would cause his white brother to blush for shame. To-night he is at his best. All the world, his world, is at peace, and there is nothing to do but be happy. There is music to his liking, pretty girls in bright colors nod to him, the great fire flashes and leaps, roaring a song to a dance of its own. Over all, and dearest to his heart, rises the fragrant odor of the roasting meat crackling and sputtering on the coals. Ah! What more could an Indian want? Dressed in his best, he is out for a frolic. His costume is simple and does not require much time, with loss of temper, at the dressing-table. A pair of moccasins with leggins reaching to the knee, the omnipresent breech-clout girding the loins, a shirt of white cotton or calico, a colored cloth — red is a

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favorite color—around his head, binding the long black locks, and it is finished; for the women, moccasins, an underskirt of heavy cotton stuff for warmth, an overskirt, and waist of bright calico. Here and there among the men may be seen the dark blue soldier's blouse of the Indian scouts. Nearly all, men and women, wear blankets in the Mexican fashion; but it being warm and a dance in prospect, some of the younger beaux have laid aside the blanket for its sister sheet, and thus tricked out, stalk ghost-like through the changing groups, conscious of nothing so much as of their own fair seeming.

"On with the dance; let joy be unconfined!"

Our arrival is the signal for a great commotion. The din of the drum is redoubled, fresh logs on the fire, sparks spring to the tree-tops, scattered groups break up, and around the central bonfire is formed a semicircle. The dancers of the tribe are about to enter. Throughout the great Apache nation none are so renowned as the Chirricahua dancers. We, the honored guests of the evening, may seat ourselves on this fallen pine tree, the fire, with its not unwelcome warmth, in our faces; to our right is the ground for the dancers.

While waiting for the dance entrance let us look around us. A line of strong faces; large black, restless eyes sparkling with excitement; hair, coarse, black, and falling to the waist; high cheek-bones; prominent noses; thin lips, closing tightly; bodies, straight as arrows, held well and gracefully on the hips; small bones; legs and arms, free of surplus flesh, hard, brown, supple as steel, every movement showing ease and power. Such is the Apache, the wolf of the human race. Born in the cañons, raised in the mountains, he will go up a hill with greater ease than you or I go down. In this line of careless, laughing, happy children, stretching out from our left and right, back to the gloom of the timber, are men whose names would recall the memories of atrocities more dreadful than one should tell; names synonymous of blood and fire, of praying women disemboweled and tied alive to trees; babes, speared like little pigs, held shrieking and struggling aloft on the lances of their torturers to roast in the flames of the burning "rancho." Here is Benito, murderer of Judge MacComas and his family; there Geronimo, square-jawed, surly, suspicious, his black, vicious eyes snapping and glittering in ever-ceaseless motion as he moves here and there among his warriors. Here is Clinae—"wants some tobacco for a cigarette." His broad, pleasant face lights up with a smile as he gets his wish, and his hand is extended for a friendly "How!" Ah me, Clinae! it has not been so many years since you, a boy of twenty, tracked your own father to his brush hut in the mountains, where you murdered him in his sleep and brought his head in triumph to the white man's camp. Yes, Clinae, you shall have your tobacco; you deserve it. At our feet sit a dozen or more old men of the tribe; before them is stretched a well-dried beef-hide, drawn taut to stakes driven in the ground. On this, with little sticks a yard or so in length, they beat in time and make a noise they call music. Back of these sit or stand the drummers; the drum is a sheet-iron kettle, over which a buckskin is tightly drawn. But here come the maskers!

From the shades of the circling darkness, up through the lane of eager faces, bounds a supple human figure naked to the waist, smeared with paint, his wrists and ankles circled with strings of little bells; after him another and another, until ten are in the light of our circle. All dress more or less alike. From a buckskin cap tied firmly on the head rise two small sticks, to which are lashed two other sticks, forming a double cross; from the cross hang bells and curious feathers, reaching to the shoulders of the wearers. Their faces are covered with masks of cloth, painted to symbolize a god or demon. Some of the maskers wear a buckskin jacket reaching to the waist, covered with beads, paint and feathers. Others, not so fortunate or so rich, content themselves with painting the naked body. The feet of all are clad in buckskin moccasins, with leggins reaching to the knee, and ornamented with great care in beads and paint. The dress of one dancer is an exception to the rule. His only garment is a breech-clout about the loins. From the top of his head to the sole of his bare feet his body is painted white. In his hand he carries a club of white cloth stuffed with grass. From point to point he rushes in seeming rage, belaboring the children

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who encroach upon the limits of the circle, while at his sallies of wit the old folks shout with laughter. The maskers have drawn near the fire, and forming a line before it, are dancing furiously, animated by the cries of the surrounding crowd. Now here, now there they spring; now up and down, their feet beating time to the music, while the little bells on their caps clash gayly. Faster and faster beat the drums, faster and faster spring the dancers; wheeling, turning, charging, retreating, they dash now here, now there, stamping the ground, clashing their bells and clapping their hands in mad excitement.

Above the din of the drums, the screams of approving friends and the hum of the medicine song is heard a curious whistling call. It is the love-song of the quail to his mate, which the dancers are cleverly mocking.* At intervals from the hill at our back, comes a shriek so weird, shrill and sorrowful that we shudder with fear of some unknown terror. It is a widow bemoaning the loss of her spouse. Until the harvest moon comes again must she wail and tear her clothing for him that cannot hear. In unearthly, fiendish shrieking she can give a Banshee points. The music softens a little, and the shouts of approval are stilled as from the crowd of dancers a young warrior moves forward alone. Stooping nearly to the ground and dropping his hands to his sides, he struts, clucks, whistles and imitates the quail. Dancing around the ring, he challenges his foe to battle, and shows his love how brave he is. In turn follow all the dancers, strutting, whistling, crowing, but no word of song or speech escapes them. In turn they are cheered by their friends and return to their place in line, for the dance must go on all night. Little by little the spectators take part in the dance themselves. Forming in line, men and women alternating and facing in opposite directions, they link arms; then, in time to the music, they move slowly a few steps forward, a few steps back, humming softly the harvest song. The dance is monotonous, a simple forward and back with slow step and shuffling gait; but there is in it something of stately grace, and it pleases these simple people of the mountains. It is growing late, well into the small hours of the morning. Our long fast and the sharp air of the forest bring the odor of the roasting meat sweet to our senses.

Hello! What is that? Come, your pistol—quick! there is trouble yonder! Where the light fades in the shade of the timber three men are struggling. In an instant all is confusion. Rifle-barrels flash in the fire-light; sharp words of command sound in the low, guttural tones of the Indian sergeants. The scouts are forming. In their midst stands a prisoner, his arms pinioned to his sides, and his body trembling with hate and rage as he calls to his friends for rescue. We, looking out from the hollow square our scouts have formed, over the line of their deadly rifles held at "ready," can see the flashing eyes and dark, revengeful faces of a dozen Cibicu warriors preparing to attack. The fight will be hand to hand. We are not twenty feet apart. But they hesitate! We outnumber them two to one; besides, our scouts are of the people all about us, while the Cibicus come from another tribe. A moment's irresolution, then they scatter and disappear in the darkness. Our prisoner is Gar, renegade, murderer, desperado and deserter from his company of scouts. Twice has he escaped from prison, and for more than a year has eluded all efforts made to capture him. Knowing his boldness, and expecting that he would appear near the dance that night, a trap was set which caught him. Rage and struggle and curse as he may, it avails him nothing; his friends are powerless to aid him, and he will sleep to-night in irons under guard.

Scarce thirty seconds have passed in this capture, yet the scene has changed. Women and children have disappeared as though by magic. Where a thousand people danced and sang, stand scarce half a hundred warriors stripped to the waist for battle, their rifles and knives in hand. At the first sound of conflict this great gathering of people, inured to surprise and alarm, has melted into the darkness. Some may glance back from the cover of neighboring trees, but not a sound marks their going. The low murmur of the dying dance-fire, reaching here and there its ever-shortening arms of flame, is not more soft than the footfall of the Apache as he hurries to his home in the mountains.

NANTAN LUPAN.

*See "Feathered Dancers" in OUTING for April, 1893.

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KINGS AND QUEENS OF THE TURF.

KINGS OF THE TROTTING TRACK.*

IN the early history of the trotting turf the queens of that sport far outshone their male competitors, and from 1844, when Lady Suffolk trotted below 2:30, to July thirtieth, 1867, when Dexter, the brown son of Hambletonian 10, and Clara, by American Star, appeared upon the scene and defeated the champion record of 2:19¾, not a member of the male sex was able, by the royal right of performance, to ascend the throne of the trotting track.

Dexter was bred in that classic home of the trotting family, Orange County, N. Y. He was foaled in 1858 and when four years old was sold for $400. He was then broken to harness, but was exceedingly high-spirited and ran away on two different occasions, once when he was harnessed to a sleigh and once to a light road-wagon. When five years old he was sent to the stable of that prince of trainers, Hiram Woodruff, and after a short course of training he was driven a mile in 2:31¾. He made his first public appearance at the Fashion Course, L. I., on May fourth, 1864, when he was six years old. He then met and defeated Stonewall Jackson, General Grant and Lady Collins. On May sixth at the Union Course he again defeated the latter mare, and on May eighteenth, returning to the Fashion Course, he defeated Shark and Lady Shannon, winning the third heat in 2:30. In November of that year he trotted a mile in 2:23¼, driven by Hiram Woodruff, who then pronounced him one of the equine wonders of the day. He began the next season — 1865 — triumphantly on June second at the Fashion Course by defeating General Butler, winning the third heat in 2:24½. His next great achievement was to saddle against time, the mark to beat being 2:19. He won easily in the first attempt in 2:18¼. The season of 1866 found him again to the fore, and on June fifteenth he met and defeated in straight heats the famous Californian stallion George M. Patchen, Jr., Commodore Vanderbilt and General Butler. On July second he again met the Commodore and the General, and in a desperate battle of five heats he was again the conqueror. Dexter was lame that day, but he fought out the battle to the bitter and triumphant end, as one who saw it said "with the stubborn endurance of a bulldog and the unyielding valor of a game-cock.' The year 1867 was one series of triumphs. In it he achieved the kingship of the trotting turf, and having been bought by Robert Bonner for $35,000, was retired from it. On May twenty-eighth he met Lady Thorne (2:18¼) at the Fashion Course, and he distanced her in the second heat. On July thirtieth he defeated Brown George and running mate in 2:21¾, 2:19 and 2:21¼, and thus defeated Flora Temple's time of 2:19¾, and at Buffalo, N. Y., on August fourteenth, he trotted the great match of his life, when he lowered his record to 2:17¼.

In his four seasons on the turf Dexter won forty-nine races and defeated the best horses on the track, and it is the opinion of the veteran trainer, Budd Doble, who drove him in the majority of his great races, that with the improved tracks and appliances of to-day, were the great horse here and in his prime, he would be just as invincible as he was a quarter of a century ago.

Dexter was an exceedingly nervous horse and therefore got the character of being bad-tempered. He had a great objection to strangers, and would not permit them to come into his stall. For his groom, Peter Conover, he manifested the greatest affection, and he was always welcome to his stall. A peculiarity of Dexter's was that in passing through the streets of a city, if he had a boy on his back he would always be on his best behavior, but if led he would be in a bad temper.

In the ranks of the trotting kings are two plebeians of the most obscure origin. They are Occident (2:16¼) and Rarus (2:13¼). The former was by an unknown horse called Doc, and Occident was his only son that had speed. Even that speed was discovered by accident, and the earlier years of Occident's life were spent in drudgery and toil. Senator Stanford discovered him by accident, and on September seventeenth, 1873, at Sacramento, Cal., he trotted a mile in 2:16¾, which tied the record which at that time Goldsmith Maid held, and he divided the honors with her till on

* See "Queens of the Track," OUTING for May, 1893.

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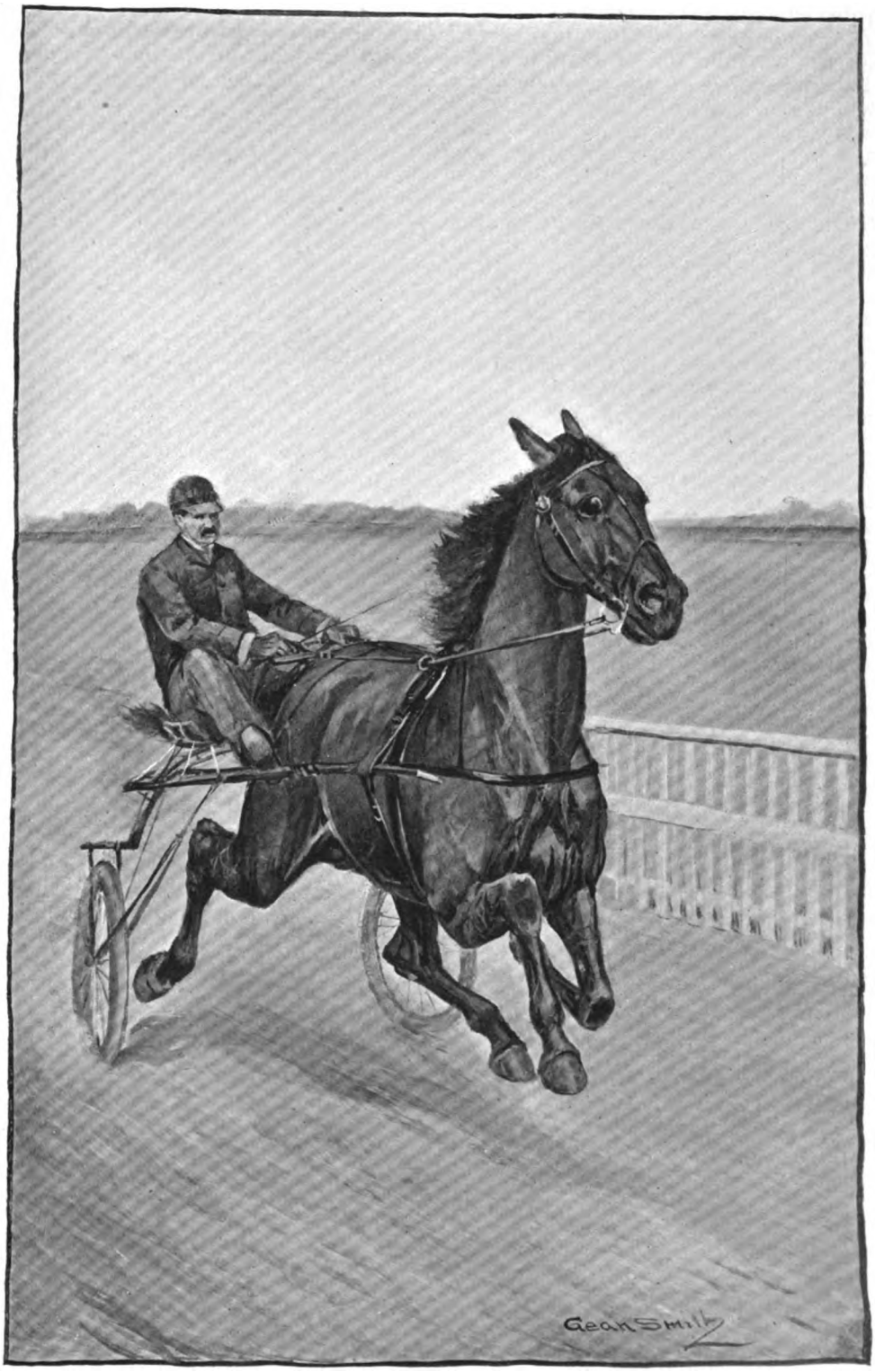

Painted for OUTING by Gean Smith. (See p. 196.)

NELSON.

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July sixteenth, 1874, when she trotted in 2:16 and destroyed his dual honor. Rarus was the son of Conklin's Abdallah, a horse of unknown pedigree, while his dam was Nancy Awful, a mare with no pretentions to fashionable lineage. He was homely, nay! even ugly, and, with the exception of a certain rough look of power, gave no sign of becoming, for a time, the recognized champion of the trotting track. He was foaled in 1867. His first victory on the track was on August twenty-first, 1874, and his fastest heat was in 2:45½. Such a performance gave little promise of future greatness. In 1875 he won four races, and in his last victorious effort of that season he trotted the second heat in 2:20¾. In 1875 he added nine winning events to his score, but in the following year he was almost invincible, as he won nineteen races, defeating, among others, the famous Goldsmith Maid, Great Eastern, Hopeful and Lucille Golddust, the leading stars of the track at that time. In 1878 he was successful in thirteen events, most of them against time, and on August third of that year, at Buffalo, N. Y., he achieved the highest honors by trotting in 2:13¼, thus defeating the then reigning queen of the gait, Goldsmith Maid, whose record was 2:14. At the close of his turf career he was bought by Robert Bonner, of New York, for the princely sum of $36,000, and was relegated to that gentleman's stables of fine roadsters, which may aptly be called the home of the retired monarchs of the trotting track.

It may be safely asserted that no truly great race-horse, either trotter or thoroughbred, ever lacked true courage. Rarus possessed this grand quality to a conspicuous degree. He was not by any means what would be called an affectionate horse, yet he had one companion that he would fight for. This was a Scotch terrier dog called Jimmie, which was given to John Splan at San Francisco, and the young dog and the great horse became fast friends. They could not bear to be parted, and manifested extreme joy when reunited. When the horse went to the track the dog went also, and on his return to the stable Jimmie would climb up on the horse's fore-legs, while Rarus would bend his head and give him an affectionate caress.

It was on August third, 1878, that Rarus tore the crown from the brow of Goldsmith Maid, but he was not destined to retain it long, for on October twenty-fifth, 1879, the bay gelding, St. Julien, at Oakland, Cal., trotted in 2:12¾ and succeeded to the regal honor. St. Julien was born in 1869 and was by Volunteer, he by Hambletonian, while his dam was Flora by Harry Clay. He was a horse of immense speed, but he will hardly rate with the greatest horses of the trotting track, although during the eight years he was actively engaged he won twenty-five races. He was succeeded by Maud S. on July thirteenth, 1880, who, with the exception of one day, remained queen from that time till the autumn of 1891. The monarch of one day was the black gelding Jay-Eye-See, as game and true a performer as ever made merry, metallic music as he swept down the homestretch to the wire. Jay-Eye-See was by Dictator, dam Midnight by Pilot, Jr. His progress was rapid. He was born in 1878, and when four years old he obtained a record of 2:19, at that time the best record for a four-year-old. When five years old he trotted in 2:10¾, and this remained a champion record up to 1891. Jay-Eye-See is the last of the absolute kings of the trotting track.

There was until very recently a well-defined belief, the reasons for which, however, were not apparent, that entire horses were not as liable to develop extreme speed as those of the neuter or opposite sex. The experience of the past two years has exploded this idea, and a glance at the holders of this championship will show that they rank close to the throne in speed honors. When Goldsmith Maid was queen with a record of 2:14, the mighty Smuggler trotted in 2:15¼. That record remained at the head of the sire's list up to July fourteenth, 1884, when Phalas trotted in 2:13¾. On September thirtieth, 1884, Maxie Cobb reduced the record to 2:13¼, where it remained till October eleventh, 1889, when the three-year-old Axtell placed the record at 2:12. In 1890 Nelson reduced it to 2:10¾ and in 1891 the sires made a triple triumph, for Nelson trotted in 2:10, Allerton in 2:09¼, Palo Alto in 2:08¾, and the two-year-old colt Arion in 2:10¾. If the time of these last five champion sires is compared with the five fastest mares or the

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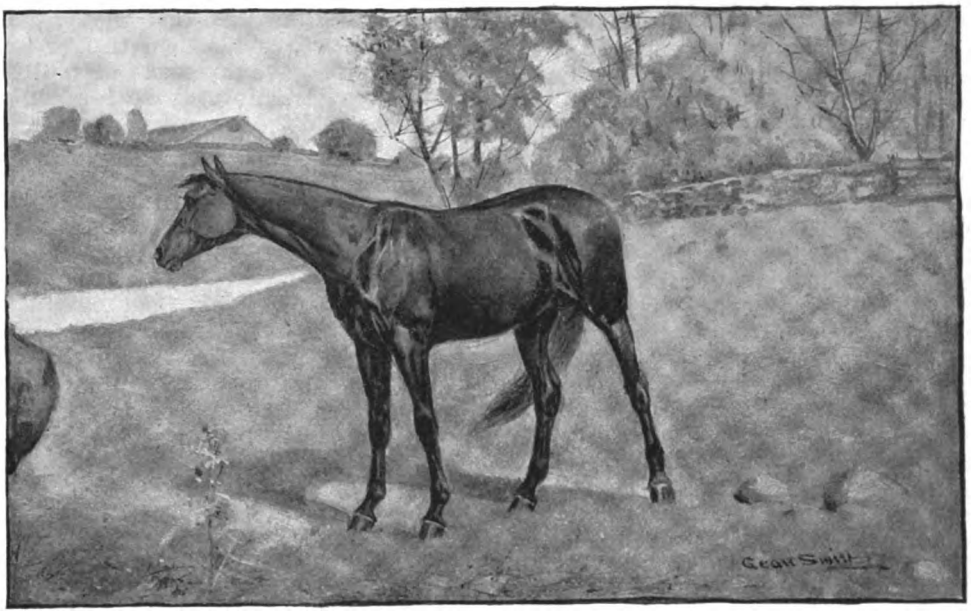

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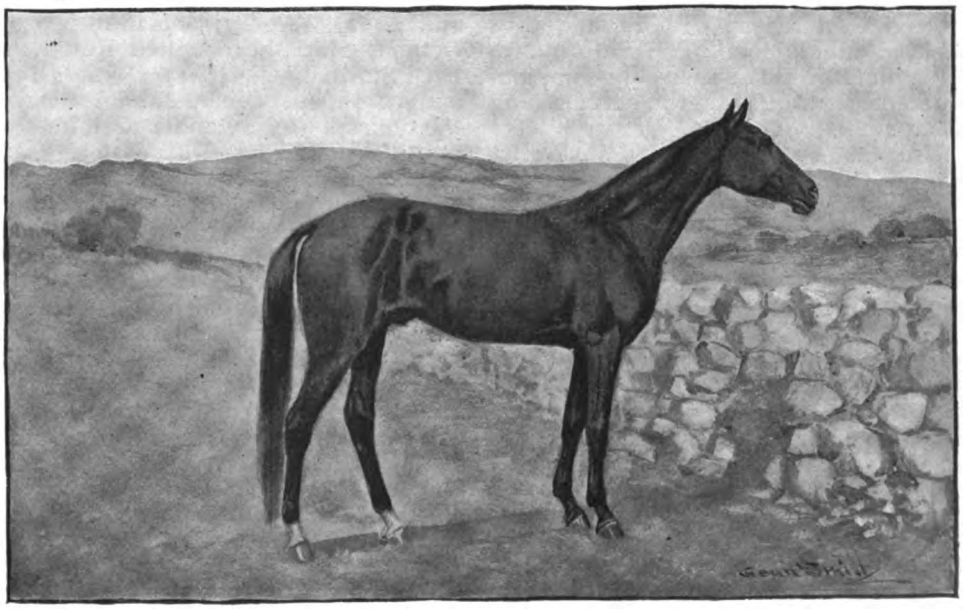
KREMLIN.



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ARION.

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five fastest geldings, it will be found that they lead the latter, and their rapid rise to the front rank forms an interesting chapter in recent turf history.

Nelson is one of the handsomest horses on the turf. He was foaled in 1882, at Waterville, Me., and was raised in that State. He is by Young Rolfe, dam Gretchen by Gideon; second dam by Black Hawk. When three years old he trotted in 2:26¾. He was in retirement in his fourth year, and when five years old he obtained a record of 2:21¼. He was not on the turf in 1888, but in 1889 he made a brilliant campaign and obtained a record of 2:14¼ in a race. In 1890 he reduced this record to 2:10¾, and on September seventeenth, 1891, in a match against time at Grand Rapids, Mich., he trotted in 2:10. His record of 2:11½, made at Kankakee, Ill., on September twenty-sixth, 1890, gave him the championship, defeating as it did the 2:12 of Axtell, and when he reduced his time to 2:10 it looked as if he had made his title secure; yet he only held it for two days, as on September nineteenth his young rival Allerton trotted in 2:09¼.

The dead monarch Maxie Cobb retained the stallion championship from September thirtieth, 1884, to October eleventh, 1889, when he was succeeded by the three-year-old colt Axtell, who on that date, at Terre Haute, Ind., trotted to a record of 2:12, and thus secured dual honors. The performance gave him the three-year-old championship and crowned him the stallion king at all ages.

The history of Axtell and his owner has all the charm of a romance, and the vivid series of facts in their joint career to the ultimate climax equal the best efforts of fiction. His owner was a young telegraph operator at a small town in Iowa at a meager salary. He had a legacy of a few thousand dollars, and, in connection with a small dairy farm, conceived the idea of breeding a few trotters. At a fashionable stock-farm he bought a brown mare, which was evidently thought worthless by her owners, for $150. She was not fashionably bred, though she had good blood in her veins, as she was by Mambrino, Boy, a son of Mambrino Patchen. He decided to mate this mare with a son of George Wilkes, and his means being limited, he selected William L., one of the youngest sons of that great sire. As a two-year-old, Axtell trotted in 2:23. When three years old he reduced his record to 2:12. What is still more remarkable is the fact that the ex-telegraph clerk was his own trainer and driver. He gave the great colt all his preliminary training, drove him in all his races, and the severity of his methods and the enormous amount of work which he gave him caused the ablest trainers on the turf to predict his early breakdown. But, strange to say, the failure never came, and the marvelous colt went from one victory to another, until he achieved his final one, after which he was sold for $105,000, at that time the highest price ever paid for a horse of any breed. It is a signal commentary on the prosperity of the turf that his stud fees, in less than three years, have more than covered the cost of his purchase, and that in the ordinary course of nature he will for many years to come bring in a large revenue to his owners.

When C. W. Williams sold Axtell (2:12) for $105,000 he declared that he had a better horse in his stable left. The world simply laughed, but Allerton's performances the year after Axtell was sold gave the assurance that his owner's statement would have a public realization. On July fourth, 1890, at Independence, Ia., he trotted in 2:18 and 2:16¾. At Terre Haute, Ind., on October ninth, he defeated Ketch and Dick Smith in 2:20, 2:17½ and 2:15½, and at Independence, Ia., on October thirty-first and November first, he trotted in 2:14 and 2:13½ respectively, and retired for the year with the last record and the four-year-old stallion championship. In 1891 he opened the campaign on July fourth, at Independence, by reducing his record to 2:13, and at the same place on July thirty-first he placed it at 2:12½. On August twenty-ninth he again defeated the watch by trotting in 2:11, and on August thirty-first he trotted in 2:10. This performance gave him the all-aged stallion championship. On September seventeenth Nelson tied this record at Grand Rapids, but on September nineteenth, at Independence, Ia., Allerton again lowered his record to 2:09¼ and resumed the undivided honors.

It was eminently fitting that these two great horses should meet again, and

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on October eighth, at Grand Rapids, Mich., they competed for a purse of $10,000. The first heat was won by Nelson in 2:13, but the next three went to Allerton in 2:14½, 2:15 and 2:16½. His last great battle was at Lexington, Ky., when he met and defeated the bay horse Delmarsh (2:11½) for a purse of $8,000. He did it in straight heats in 2:13¼, 2:15 and 2:15¾. No other horse at five years of age can show such a marvelous record, and though he only held the all-aged championship for a few weeks, he will live in the annals of the trotting turf as one of its greatest heroes.

The grand series of magnificent assaults against the ramparts of time made by Nelson and Allerton in the summer and autumn of 1891 had concentrated upon them the attention of the trotting world. Though separated by hundreds of miles, their efforts against the watch were practically races against each other for championship honors, and fully equaled the interest created by their conflict at Grand Rapids, Mich. So absorbed was the public in these performances that the arrival of Palo Alto (2:12¼) at the new kite track at Stockton, Cal., passed almost unnoticed. But the cheers which greeted Nelson on September seventeenth when he trotted in 2:10, at Grand Rapids, and which proclaimed Allerton's triumph in 2:09¼ on September nineteenth, at Independence, had barely ceased to be, when over the Rockies came the opening notes of Palo Alto's coming triumph. Palo Alto, the name of Senator Stanford's world-famous stock farm, was given to the son of Electioneer and Dame Winnie by Planet because he represented exactly his owner's theory of scientific breeding. Senator Stanford believes that as the thoroughbred is the highest speed possessor, and the only original source of extreme speed, it can only with certainty be obtained from him. In order to utilize this speed at the trot, he believes in using trotting sires and thoroughbred dams, depending upon the sire to impress upon the offspring the trotting instinct and action, while the mother endows it with the high courage, the fine form and the superb speed of her race. Palo Alto was born on February fifteenth, 1882. From the day that Senator Stanford stamped him with the mark of confidence by giving him a name which he had previously refused permission to be used in the nomenclature of any of his equine aspirants to fame, he never lost faith in the eventual triumph of his favorite. An ailing leg and a defective hoof were obstacles hard to overcome. When victory was confidently anticipated, defeat came, but the Senator's confidence never wavered, and it was at last rewarded by a record which won for his favorite the throne of his race.

The public career of Palo Alto is one long series of grand speed efforts. As a two-year-old he made a public trial of 2:23¾, but obtained no regular record. He spent his third year in retirement, but when four years old he burst upon the trotting arena as a star of the first magnitude. He made the long journey in 1886 from California to the East, was entered in a series of races against aged horses, and in the nine events in which he started won eight. At the close of the season of 1886 he retired with a record of 2:20¼, made in the sixth heat of a postponed race. The years of 1887 and 1888 were spent in retirement, but his trainer, Charles Marvin, did not neglect him, and in 1889 he made a campaign in California which placed him in the front rank of trotting sires. He won all his races, five in number, defeating such game horses as Direct, Bay Rose, Lilly Stanley, Franklin and Don Tomas, and in his last appearance for the season, at Napa, Cal., on November sixteenth, he trotted against time and attached 2:12¼ to his name. This performance placed him within one-quarter of a second of the championship, at that time held by Axtell. In 1890 he again came East, seeking fresh fields to conquer, and his series of victories were, as in his four-year-old campaign, interrupted by only one defeat. He showed his heels to the most noted champions of the free-for-all class, including Jack (2:12¼), Rosalind Wilkes (2:14½), Susie S. (2:15½), and Houri (2:17), but he closed the season without reducing his record of 2:12¼, and outside the select circle of his friends it was generally believed that he had reached the limit of his speed. His reply to the skeptics and his vindication came in 1891. On October twenty-first he trotted at Stockton, Cal., in 2:11¼. On October twenty-seventh he reduced his record to 2:10. On November third

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he trotted in 2:09½, and on November seventeenth he achieved his crowning victory by trotting in 2:08¾. By that performance he equaled the record of Maud S., and though half a second behind the queenly record of Sunol (2:08¼), he had passed the champion record of Allerton (2:09¼), and thus held the championship of his sex. It was a signal triumph for the great California statesman, philanthropist and breeder that both the queen and king of the trotting turf should have been bred and owned by him, and the glory was enhanced by the fact that they were both bred on the lines of a theory which he had been enabled to carry out to so magnificent a realization. It is safe to say that the successful termination of none of the gigantic business plans which have made Senator Stanford one of the foremost millionaires of the land ever gave him a tithe of the pleasure and pride which he derived from the final triumph of his equine king. It is deeply to be regretted that Palo Alto did not live long to enjoy his owner's triumph.

The marvelous development of breeding science and the perfection of the modern system of training have their crowning proof in the two-year-old stallion Arion, who on November tenth, 1891, trotted a mile at Stockton, Cal., in 2:10¾. The performance was at once a surprise and a revelation. Arion was born at patrician Palo Alto, his sire being Electioneer, while his dam was Manette, a daughter of Nutwood, whose dam was also the mother of Maud S. (2:08¾). The reader will see at a glance that he came by his speed honestly, for he came of a regal race. Arion made his debut on the turf on August eleventh at San José, Cal., in a stake for two-year-olds, when he defeated Sabina and Rosiras in 2:31 and 2:25½. At the same track on October twenty-first he reduced his record to 2:14½, and on November tenth he trotted in 2:10¾. He was bought shortly afterward by J. Malcolm Forbes, of Boston, for $125,000. As his record transcends that of any colt of his age so his price is greater than ever paid for a colt of any breed. As a three-year-old, Arion trotted in 2:10½, and has thus added the three-year-old colt championship to his list of honors.

The brilliant trotting season of 1892 was rapidly drawing to its close before the slightest expectation was aroused that the championship record held by the dead Palo Alto would be passed. Many grand young sires had won phenomenal races. They had performed over the same tracks upon which Nancy Hanks, the trotting queen, had made her superb series of fast miles from 2:09 to 2:04. They had the benefit of bicycle sulkies and the best drivers, but no monarch appeared among them able to pass the 2:08¾, which marked the gravestone of the California champion. But it is the unexpected which happens, and as the compilers of turf statistics were preparing to sum up the records of the year the young Lochinvar, Kremlin, came out from the East to do battle for the trotting crown, while on the Golden Slope the bay stallion Stamboul began a series of magnificent efforts to win the same honor.

The law of nature, that like begets like or the likeness of some ancestor, receives a strong indorsement in the performances of the young stallion king Kremlin. He was foaled in 1887 at that famous and historic stock-farm Woodburn, Kentucky. He is by Lord Russell, a full brother to the ex-queen Maud S. (2:08¾). His dam was Eventide, by Woodford Mambrino; second dam, Vara, by Hambletonian; third dam, Venus, by American Star.

That Kremlin should trot, and trot fast, was certainly foreshadowed in every branch of his ancestral tree. When Kremlin was two years old he was bought by William Russell Allen, a wealthy gentleman with vast business interests in St. Louis, Mo., but whose residence is at his native place, Pittsfield, Mass. Mr. Allen had decided to establish a model stock-farm at Pittsfield, and Kremlin was selected as one of the future lords of the harem. He received a short training preparation as a three-year-old, and was sent to Chicago, where he trotted in the 2:22 class against a strong field of aged horses. He won the fifth and sixth heats in 2:22¼ and 2:23¼, and he would almost to a certainty have won the race had not the word "go" been given as he was on a break. At Lexington, Ky., October ninth, he trotted a public exhibition mile in 2:18¾. His fourth year was spent in retirement, but at the termination of his stud engagements in 1892 he was shipped to Meadville, Pa., and at once went into active training.

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He soon showed marvelous speed, which warranted the belief of his friends that the championship was within his grasp. At Boston, on August twelfth, and at Hartford, on August twenty-fourth, he was defeated, but from that time on his career was a grand series of triumphs. The great racing triumph of his career occurred at Lexington, Ky., October tenth, in the Transylvania stake. Not only had this stake attracted thirteen of the greatest trotting campaigners on the turf, but representative horsemen from all sections of the continent were there to see the contest. Among the starters were Nightingale (2:10½), Little Albert (2:10¼), Greenleaf (2:10½), while the majority of the contestants had records below 2:15. Kremlin won in straight heats in 2:11½, 2:13 and 2:11¾. From Lexington Kremlin went to Nashville, Tenn., where he trotted against time, till he had achieved the stallion championship. On November fifth he trotted in 2:08¼, and on November twelfth in 2:07¾; November twenty-first, in 2:08¼, and November twenty-fifth, two miles in 2:09 each. At Montgomery, Ala., on November twenty-ninth and December first, he trotted again in 2:09. These seven miles are faster than any stallion has ever trotted over a regulation track, and his performances, age considered, outrank in excellence any of the long line of his illustrious predecessors. He is the five-year-old stallion champion. He is the regulation track stallion king. He is, by the decision of the American Trotting Register Association, the holder of the stallion record. When it is borne in mind that his time record is 2:07¾, and his race record is 2:11½, his immense superiority must at once be admitted over past holders of the crown. In less than two months, from September seventeenth to November twelfth, like a veritable equine Napoleon, Kremlin had emerged from the ranks of mediocrity, had traversed half a continent, had met and defeated the flower and pick of the grand army of the trotting turf, and had then carried the war into the realms of old Father Time until he captured the throne and won the title of king of the trotting turf.

Kremlin as a colt would not strike the eye of the horseman who wanted to buy a showy, stylish animal. He is a distinct type, and once seen will always be remembered. In the stable he is phlegmatic and good-tempered, and, like the well-bred equine gentleman that he is, does not allow any little matters to disturb the calm serenity of his nature. This, however, is in distinct contrast to the cyclone of power and speed which he becomes in a race. He is a horse that likes company. When Kremlin began his famous journey from Hartford to the West in 1892 a cat was his companion in his car and the two became great friends. At Nashville, Tenn., the cat was lost and Kremlin evidently missed his feline friend. The experiment was tried of putting in his stall a little half-bred fox-terrier, and a close friendship has been the result.

Stamboul* did not burst like Kremlin upon the trotting horizon with the rapidity of a comet. While Kremlin in less than two months ascended from the edge to the zenith, Stamboul was eight years in climbing to the proud pre-eminence of the king of his class. He was foaled in 1882 at San Gabriel, Cal., and is by Sultan, dam Fleetwing, by the mighty Hambletonian. His dam Fleetwing was a very handsome mare, and she not only gave her son an inheritance of beauty, but she also endowed him with the speed of her famous family. Stamboul made his debut on the trotting turf when two years old, winning a stake race in straight heats in 2:37½ and 2:31¼. As a three-year-old he reduced his record to 2:26½. In his fourth year he was again to the fore, and retired at the end of the season with a record of 2:23. When five years old he came out as a campaigner of the first class, making a record of 2:17¼, in a race at Stockton, Cal., on October first, 1887, which he won, defeating a good field. The year 1888 witnessed his greatest race triumphs. At Los Angeles, Cal., August eighth, he met the fast bay gelding Arab and defeated him in 2:15, 2:17½ and 2:16¾. Twelve days later, at San Francisco, Cal., he defeated the fast stallions Woodnut and Antevolo, and on October twenty-fourth over the same track he made a record against time of 2:14¾. At that date he was only one second behind the stallion championship.

Stamboul's efforts since 1888 have

* For portrait see frontispiece.

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been exclusively against the watch. He had become the property of the late W. S. Hobart, of San Mateo, Cal., who paid $50,000 for him, and who only permitted him to be trained in the autumn, after his stud duties were over for the season. At Napa, Cal., November sixteenth, 1889, he trotted in 2:12¼, but in the same year the wonderful Axtell had trotted in 2:12. In 1890 he reduced his record to 2:11, and for the second time he lost the prize by a quarter of a second, for in that year Nelson, the pride of Maine, had become champion with a record of 2:10¾. The year 1891 was conspicuous in the history of Stamboul, from the fact that it was the first in his trotting career that he did not reduce his record. But it was simply a long wait prior to the rising of the curtain upon a brilliant climax. On October twenty-second, at Stockton, Cal., he reduced his record to 2:10¼, and five days later he trotted in 2:08½. November ninth he went in 2:08, and on November twenty-third knocked another half second off, trotting in 2.07½. Unfortunately, while there is no dispute as to the genuineness of these wonderful performances, the technical rule which requires that time performances must be made at a regular trotting meeting at which there shall be at least one purse or stake competed for each day, was violated, and as a consequence the American Register Association has declined to recognize them. But to the great body of the public this will make no difference. They will recognize in Stamboul the marvelous horse who first trotted a mile in 2:07½, and the beautifully proportioned animal who combines in himself the ideal qualities of the American trotting roadster—beauty, endurance and speed.

An elaborate treatise on the laws of breeding would be impossible in this article, but the same salient facts which were noticeable in the lineage of the queens of the trotting turf are equally observable in its kings. Dexter, through his sire Hambletonian, traces direct to Messenger in the male line. St. Julien was the most distinguished son of Volunteer, and the latter was one of the greatest speed-producing sons of Hambletonian. Axtell is by William L., and he by George Wilkes, who was the greatest of all the sons of Hambletonian, and, judged by all standpoints, the most prolific reproducer of extreme speed at the trot. Allerton is by Jay Bird, another son of George Wilkes. Palo Alto and Arion are by Electioneer, son of Hambletonian. Kremlin goes direct to Hambletonian. Rarus is an exception to the rule, and is the sole illustrious plebeian in the roll of honor who had not the pride and circumstance of a patrician equine lineage. Nelson and Stamboul, on the side of their dams, also receive the rich, red tide of the blood of Hambletonian. It must, however, be borne in mind that in the equine as well as in the human race the mother has an enormous influence. The Hambletonian sires have an invincible record, but the honor of the royal records of their produce must be shared with the daughters of American Star, Pilot, Jr., the Clays and Morgans, Mambrino Patchen, and last, but by no means least, the thoroughbred dams and granddams whose names appear in the tabulated pedigrees of all these heroes of the trotting turf.

What is the ultimate limit of trotting speed is a question often asked. When Lady Suffolk trotted below 2:30 the breeders of that day directed their energies more to breeding a race of horses which could trot at that speed with certainty than with any great expectations of producing animals which would go faster. When Flora Temple trotted in 2:19¾ it was loudly proclaimed that the limit had been attained. Dexter's 2:17¼ and Goldsmith Maid's 2:14 proved that the race was still in progress, and 2:10 was then confidently declared to be the golden mark, but that has now been passed, and with the record at 2:04 the trotting world is prepared to see it still further reduced. The ideal of to-day is the reality of to-morrow, and the steadfast believer in the 2:00 trotter may possibly see his dream realized. It is an admitted fact that quarters have been trotted in thirty seconds—exactly a 2:00 gait. We have thus already an animal which is endowed with the requisite speed. Is it not within the regions of reasonable probability to this speed, scientific breeding will add the sustaining force and the intelligent courage which will enable the horse who can trot a quarter in thirty seconds to maintain the same marvelous flight of speed throughout the entire mile? DEXTER.

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CANOE-POLING FOR FISH IN THE CASCAPEDIA.

BY R. F. HEMENWAY.

POLING a canoe is not unlike paddling one, in some respects. The propulsion of a canoe with a single-blade paddle of the ordinary beaver-tail type is an accomplishment unique in itself. Combined with the impulse which gives the craft her onward motion is a peculiar lateral thrust, given near the end of the stroke, to correct the deflection caused at the beginning of the stroke. Whether the force be applied amidships, or whether the paddler sits well aft, using the gunwale as a fulcrum, a peculiar twist must be given to the paddle, that the canoe may not be pushed away at right angles to the desired course. Skillful paddlers frequently so apply their energy as to merge the two motions in one, apparently, making it difficult to discover where the one phase of the stroke begins and where the other ends. A musical, laughing gurgle comes from under the bow, while the canoe glides steadily onward without deflection to either side perceptible to the casual observer. It is the poetry of motion. The windmill movement of the double blade is mechanically effective, but it never has the grace and beauty that mark the action of the skillful single-blade paddler.

Both methods fail, however, in ascending swift streams and sharp pitches. Canoeists may say that they have no use for means or knowledge by which to do such work. They always cruise downstream. That is well. Better canoe down-stream than not canoe at all. But many charming spots can be reached only by going up-stream. The majority never see them, because it is impossible to reach them by paddling, and the majority do not know how pretty and how effective is the art of poling—or, as our English cousins call it, "punting," though properly the latter term is applied to "punts" rather than canoes.

The best polers I ever chanced to see were a father and son, guides of the government reservation on the Cascapedia River, in the province of Quebec. The elder was a big, red-whiskered and brusque Scotch-Irishman. He was the leader of the party of guides employed by the Government Company on the river during the salmon season. He had "guided" the notabilities of the Canadian royal house for many years, and was a cool critic of the fly-casting and rod-handling abilities of Lord Dufferin, the Marquis of Lorne and of Lansdowne. The event upon which he staked his reputation, however, was the capture of a fifty-pound salmon by the Princess Louise, while she was a passenger in his canoe. He was modestly tentative about the details of the incident, but he repelled with considerable indignation the intimation that he hooked the fish for her. He had, of course, imparted to her, as his pupil, something of the enviable art with which he himself cast the fly, but he stoutly declared that the royal lady hooked and killed the fish, one of the largest salmon ever caught with fly in any country.

The poling which these men do in canoes is merely an incident of their vocation as guides. But without this means of canoe navigation it would be impossible for them to stem the heavy current of the river, or to follow so skillfully as they do the lightning rushes of the angry salmon. No river on the globe has yielded such royal sport as the Cascapedia. Fed by lakes and springs in an almost untrodden wilderness of mountain country north of the St. Lawrence, the Cascapedia flows about sixty miles almost due south, and placidly spreads its brown waters out over the sands of Maria Bay, an arm of the great Bay Chaleur, which washes the southern coast of the Quebec peninsula.

To distinguish it from another stream of the same name, further down the coast, the river is called Grand Cascapedia. In many senses it is a royal stream. In it had been killed the largest salmon ever taken with fly, until Mr. R. G. Dun, of New York, eclipsed it a few years ago with a fish of about sixty pounds. The record had, up to that time, been held by ex-President Chester A. Arthur, with one of something over fifty pounds. Under the roof at Woodman's, a rambling group of farm-buildings about ten miles up the river, have been gathered some of the choicest spirits in all the angling fraternity. Among them, beside Mr. Arthur and his son, were George Dawson, until his death the editor of the Albany *Evening Journal*, and "Uncle" Thad. Norris, of sainted memory. On a little knoll, overlooking the river, the

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Marquis of Lorne built a cozy lodge, at the foot of the government water; and about five miles further up-stream, where the noisy, brawling Escuminac brook comes tumbling through a deep gorge to join the great river, is the Lansdowne cottage.

The Cascapedia is wide, deep, and swift. Its water-shed is very steep; pitches and long riffles abound; rocks are plentiful. The utmost strength of two men is necessary to pole a canoe up the current. Their implements are iron-shod poles about ten feet long, generally made from young spruce, stripped of bark and well seasoned. Where the current is slow the iron butts ring in unison on the pebbles with a regular rhythm, born of a method as well defined and systematized as if the crew were using paddles on an easy, downward slope. The stern-poler does the steering. Working on the starboard side of his craft, for instance, he stands with left foot advanced, generally astride of a thwart. The pole is allowed to slide easily through his left hand perpendicularly into the water, abreast of the point where he is standing and close to the gunwale. The canoe glides forward as pressure is exerted. At the same time the right hand grasps the pole about a foot above the left, and, as the craft still moves onward, the left, in its turn, is lifted to the end of the pole.

The situation then is this: The pole is at an angle of, say, forty-five degrees, its butt resting on the bottom, three to four feet astern. Now the steering is done. In a final push an impulse to the right or left is given, forcing the bow in-shore or out, as desired. The pole is acting as a lever. To force the canoe to starboard the right arm is rigid while the left pulls upon the pole, using the stiff arm as a fulcrum; to go to port the left arm is rigid while the right pulls upon and curves it inward. These movements are modified to some extent by the degree of muscular force exerted by the legs and feet, an action too subtle for practicable analysis. Speaking generally, the course is directed by force applied laterally in connection with the final push.

I have sat for hours in the bottom of the canoe, comfortably ensconced on a tent or a bundle of blankets, watching the regular automatic movements of these men. They prefer water three to four feet deep. This keeps the canoe near the river's brink, often brushing the bank so closely as to permit the snatching of a flower in passing, a dip with ready cup into a spring, or a glimpse of startled mink or muskrat as he dives under the canoe. At a "pitch" they work alternately. Approaching it in an eddy, the shelter of every rock or snag or bar is sought. Beside a roaring fall of four to six feet I have seen the canoe and its load held steadily in place with only a slight strain on the pole, while the bow almost touched the moss, green and trickling with moisture, that fringed the water-worn ledge. Slowly and cautiously the bow was forced out into the current. One poler pushed while the other searched for a hold on the slippery rocks. Progress was measured by inches. Every cleft in the rock was tried for a hold; advantage taken of every eddy. A pole slipped on the slimy bottom. Down went the canoe? No! A skillful stroke lodged the soft iron butt on the rock and she was stopped. Then up again, slowly but surely, and finally the canoe glided out on the broad "apron," where, at the head of every rapid, the water seems gathering itself for the downward plunge.

A few years ago a gentleman on this river killed a twenty-pound salmon with an eight-ounce trout-rod. Only the consummate skill of his guides enabled him to do it, and he was generous enough in relating the circumstance to award them all the credit. They had thrown over the killick at the foot of a well-known rapid, to enable the angler to whip the pool below. This was in the middle of the forenoon. The fly was taken by the salmon at the first cast, and the fish was well hooked; the reel shrieked an alarm as he made for the foot of the pool before any one in the canoe fully realized the situation. The guides advised the fisherman to drop the tip of his rod and allow the fish to part the casting-line, but he was excited and determined upon capture. Fortunately the fighting tactics of this particular salmon were of one general character—he was bound to go down-stream, and down-stream he went, repeatedly emptying the reel of line, and practically towing the canoe and its occupants. The guides plied their paddles vigorously. Their only hope

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of saving the game lay in easing the strain on the line until he was exhausted. The fish was plucky and so were the men. Soon the guides were as much absorbed in the contest as their "gentleman." As against the usual length of one hundred yards of line, they had only fifty; and as against a salmon-rod of sixteen to eighteen feet in length, they had a split bamboo of eleven feet. It was an unequal struggle. Once the guides arrested the downward flight of the canoe midway on a long rapid as the fish doubled upon them, and poling back to the head of the swift water, turned him again down-stream. The capture was finally completed, but the trees were making long shadows across the stream before the gaffer, from the canoe, slipped his hook under the silvery king, and he was ready to be taken in out of the wet.

They had followed him nearly nine miles down the river, and six hours had sped since he first ran the line off the reel, with the feathery lure fast in his upper jaw.

I was not anxious, while using a trout-rod on the Cascapedia, for a salmon rise. Sea-trout were abundant and hungry. I have heard and read many learned dissertations on the identity of the sea-trout, but, for my part, I have failed to discover any difference between him and his land-locked congener, save in color. There certainly are no structural differences. When fresh run, the sea-trout has a black back, in which the vermiculatory marking, though visible, is almost obscured, while the sides and belly are glistening silver. Old river-men say that after a few weeks' stay in fresh water these characteristics are considerably modified; that the back becomes gray and the vermilion spots appear on the sides.

More interesting to the sportsman, however, is the fact that when they run up the rivers after a freshet or a high tide they are the gamiest creatures of their inches that swim. They apparently go up in schools. I found such a school, late one afternoon, a few miles above the Lansdowne cottage. Every pool and riffle in a reach of about two miles seemed alive with them. In weight they were from a pound and a half to two pounds and a half. One fly was all that it was advisable to use in this heavy, rushing water, with such vigorous fighters. Salmon-fishing at that time would have been out of the question, for the fly would hardly flutter to the water before it was seized with ravenous eagerness.

An hour sufficed to net about thirty, but afterward, as we floated over likely-looking pools in the gathering gloom, a baker's dozen more were added by the use of a white miller for a stretcher and a midge for dropper. This was by way of experiment. I reeled up and said enough. Just as the full moon, shouldering the sun away, was making ghostly, dancing shadows on the water with the spruces, one of the guides drew the landing-net under a double catch of silvery-sided beauties, weighing about a pound and a half each.

I have seen trout brought in to Kineo, at Moosehead Lake, and at the Upper Dam on the Rangeley Lakes, literally by the hundred weight, but never saw a handsomer lot of fish than these. Fish of triple their weight would not give half the work in killing in still water that is given by the sea-trout of the Cascapedia. Even the phlegmatic guides admired them. They put them in the ice-house on the Lansdowne property that night, and the next day distributed them among the settlers on the river banks lower down.

Before leaving the river I persuaded my companions to teach me something of their art of poling a canoe. I found it desirable to make all the movements with deliberation, with certainty, and with steadily-balanced effort. A sudden or too-vigorous shove might cause one to lurch overboard, or a similar disaster might occur by the pole sticking in a muddy spot on the bottom. Subsequent trials have resulted in skill enough to occasionally attempt a moderate rapid, or to relieve the tedium of a struggle on a broad river against a head wind.

The secret of success lies primarily in the manner of dropping the pole—with the left hand, if poling on the starboard side; with the right, if facing the port side. Then get the art of lifting one hand above the other as the craft moves forward, permitting three distinct grips. Lastly, conquer the mystery of the final push wherewith the steering is done, and you may master one of the most useful accomplishments of the wide-awake canoeman.

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THRO' THE MEADOW.

WHEN you came thro' the meadow, May,
At golden mark of noon,
Low laughter echoed all away
Across the fields of June;
The buttercups their amber bowls
Brimmed full of summer sun,
And drank until the thirsty souls
Were tipsy, every one!
The bluebells rang a merry cheer
When you came thro' the meadow, dear!

When you came thro' the meadow, May,
You spoiled the daisies' naps;
Beneath their faces, round and gay,
They tied their ruffled caps,
And bobbed queer little downs and ups,
Pretending to be shocked
At jolly, tipsy buttercups,
That swayed and reeled and rocked.
The happy news spread far and near
When you came thro' the meadow, dear!

When you came thro' the meadow, May,
The saucy bobolinks
Flew past the primmest hawthorn spray
With wicked little winks!
The plumy grasses nodded too,
And rustled with delight,
To think that one so sweet as you
Should pass within their sight.
The dimpled brook laughed silver clear
When you came thro' the meadow, dear!

When you came thro' the meadow, May,
The bees, with golden spurs,
Went jingling down the flowery way
Among the purple burs!
A royal, jocund butterfly
Bent low on blazoned wing,
And kissed the beggar-roses shy—
Forgetting he was king;
For they—and I—longed to be near
When you came thro' the meadow, dear!

FLORENCE MAY ALT.

THAT BIG TROUT.

BY WAKEMAN HOLBERTON.

IT is a well-known fact amongst anglers that when a big trout once finds a convenient pool he will stick to it for a long time. Here he will live, growing fat and lazy, but quick to resent the approach of any other trout intruder. If he should be caught, his place is then taken by the next largest and strongest trout in the stream.

Some time ago I was spending the summer at Ralston, Pa., within easy distance of several good trout streams, one particularly fine one, the Lycoming River, running right past the door. This stream was spanned by a railroad bridge, and, as usual, under the bridge was a broad black pool. Here lived a big trout—a regular old whale. Season after season he made this pool his headquarters. We all knew him by a white scar that showed plainly on one side of his head. We had all fished for him time and again, and every newly arrived angler wasted more or less time trying to coax him with the various flies in his book, and now and then he had been tempted, but with a dart among the bowlders up-stream or into the roots of the bushes that line the brook, he would tear loose in a moment. Then for a day or two you could see him in his accustomed spot with a fragment of silkworm gut streaming from his mouth. But he evidently would soon find a dentist to relieve him of that, and presently would be floundering about as fine as ever. He had a very narrow escape from a disgraceful end one day. I was standing on the railroad bridge watching a couple of youngsters snaring suckers, when suddenly, with an exultant yell, they hauled up that big trout. I made them put him back again, but it was a close shave for the old trout that time.

Shortly after, I had an angling friend from the city come up for a day's fishing; so I had to let my sketching go and put in a whole day with the trout. We started the morning after his arrival, bright and early, down the Lycoming. I was fishing along quietly, now and then reeling in a beautiful, glistening trout, when I heard my friend hurrying up behind me. I turned around and I saw he was very much excited. His eyes were fairly bulging out of his head. "Oh, Holberton!" he exclaimed, "I have seen the biggest trout I ever saw in a stream in my life; he was at least so long! (holding his hands about two feet apart) and I should think he would weigh fully three pounds!" I said, "I know what you saw—one of those big suckers in that hole under the railroad bridge." "It was not a sucker; suckers don't rise to flies. This fellow threw himself half out of water. I am going

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back to try him again." And back he went; while I kept on through the "Sugar bottom," famous for big trout, past Frozen Run, until at noon I came to the mouth of Pleasant Stream, another good water, that has its source ten or twelve miles back in the wilderness. I took some fine fish out of the big pool at the mouth of Pleasant Stream.

Feeling hungry, I gathered some bits of dry wood and built a fire. By the time that had burned down I had cleaned my fish and had a bottle of claret cooling in the stream. I took half a dozen trout, seasoned them well and wrapped them up in a piece of buttered paper and that in a wet newspaper, and buried the whole bundle in the red-hot ashes. When my friend Grannis joined me the fish were done. People who have never eaten trout on the stream, cooked this way, have something to look forward to. Uncle Thad Norris taught me this on Broadhead's Creek, over at Jim Henry's. The only objection to it is that it spoils one for the fried trout that one gets indoors. Grannis said nothing about the big trout, so I took it for granted that he was still in the water; but we did enjoy our fish and claret under the trees, with the whole of Lycoming County for a dining-room, and for music the song of the wood-robin and hundreds of other sweet-throated warblers. Great patches of pink laurel and purple violets furnished us flowers in abundance for our table, and no honest angler could ask for more. While sitting there, smoking our pipes, I was startled by a loud splash close under the bank where we were sitting. I peered over cautiously, and there I saw a fine twelve-inch trout in a little hole that had been made by the action of the water. I drew back slowly and told my friend what I had seen, and advised him to go up-stream a few rods and to cast carefully over him. This he did, and, almost the first cast, the trout took his tail fly, a queen of the water, and Grannis was dancing around in the shallows, calling out "What shall I do with him?" The big trout in the mean time was keeping up a good fight on his end of the line. "Keep cool," I said, "and reel up," and inside of five minutes I had my landing-net under the fish, and it was flopping around on the wild flowers. "Well!" said Grannis, as he wiped the sweat from his brow, "wasn't that bully, and is not that a beautiful fish? He will go fully a pound, but he is nothing to that one I saw up the stream this morning." Slowly, in the lovely afternoon, we fished back and arrived at supper-time with our creels well filled and with appetites that would have caused a less good-natured landlord to look glum.

A few days later my friend returned to New York, and the big trout was forgotten. The law at that time forbade trout-fishing after August fifteenth. One dark, showery afternoon, a few days before the close of the season, I started out to try for a few trout, which I needed as models to finish a picture I was painting. Among other favorite spots, I visited the pool under the railroad bridge. After considerable hard work I managed to secure half a dozen fair specimens, and was about turning back, when I thought, as it was quite dark under the mountains, I would try one cast more with a bright fly; so I selected a No. 8 white winged coachman and a fresh leader, and tried it once more. Just below me a newly fallen tree laid close over the water, and a lucky cast dropped the coachman well under its branches. There was a sob and a big bell in the water. I struck sharply, and thought to myself "I've got him!" I felt it at once, and knew that I was fast to that big trout. Slowly and grandly he sailed up-stream, fortunately without the other flies hooking to the fallen tree. What a monster he looked, with his dorsal fin cutting through the water! He seemed too dignified to show much fight, but pulled strongly, and I was afraid to put too much strain on him. For fifteen minutes (and it seemed to me an hour) he kept me on the anxious-seat, but at last I got the landing-net under him and the big trout was mine. I had my boy with me, carrying a pail, so I plumped him in and hurried back to the hotel, where I put him in a big washtub under the spring. Here he lived for some time, the wonder of the village, and so at last I had caught the big trout I had been hoping for for years. He was seventeen inches long, and weighed two pounds plump — a royal fish for a mountain stream, though not equal to a Rangeley monster. Still, I have yet to catch a larger one, and I have been trout-fishing for many years

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ATHLETIC RECORDS.

PAST AND PRESENT.

BY S. SCOVILLE, JR.

NOTHING is of more interest to modern athletes than the comparison of the world records of to-day with those of past generations. At first sight many of them seem to have been lowered but little, if at all, and the comparison seems to support the pessimistic view of the degeneracy of the modern man in muscle and endurance.

But a close investigation does not sustain this ; the reputation of many of the renowned champions of the middle ages, and even of the last century, comes down to us heightened and increased by the lapse of years. It seems only reasonable to suppose that the modern athlete, reared under vastly improved hygienic conditions, and trained and equipped for his specialty by all the discoveries and appliances of modern science, is a better man, physically, than his ancestors, reared in medieval discomfort and squalor.

The redoubtable wrestler, John Ridd, the hero of Blackmore's story (who was an actual character), in spite of his enormous strength, terrible "clutches" and "holds," if we could conceive of his being transported to the modern arena, would probably make but a sorry showing before Muldoon or some of the other modern champions of the wrestling-ring. Or what chance would the boxers Figg and Mendoza, with their feeble "chop blows," "triple feints" and awkward right-handed positions, have with Corbett or Fitzsimmons, with their tiger-like method of fighting? And yet in 1710 Figg was the champion of the world and left the ring without losing a battle, while Mendoza, one of the few pugilists on record of Hebrew descent, was considered a wonder of science and skill. A modern pugilist would smile at the pictures in the old numbers of *Boxiana* representing Mendoza in fighting position, with right foot forward and both arms bent side by side, in what seems a ridiculously awkward position, but which he assured his numerous pupils was the only "right and gentlemanly attitude."

Probably never since the palmy days of Greece, when every young man was an athlete, and by law was compelled to spend a greater part of his youth in the gymnasium, and when to win the laurel or parsley wreath of the Olympic or Pythian games was considered the highest honor of a lifetime, has so much attention been paid to athletics as in our time and country.

It is of course, for the most part, impossible to compare the performances of the Grecian games with those of to-day. Probably, however, they equaled us, as centuries of athletic training under the most favorable conditions, climatic and otherwise, and with the greatest incentives for success, would naturally result in a very high degree of perfection. The great race of the Olympic games, for which most of the competitors trained nearly four years, was once the length of the "stadium," or about two hundred yards, closely corresponding to our modern two-hundred-and-twenty-yard dash; besides this there was the "diaulos," or double course, nearly equaling our quarter-mile, and a distance race, or "dolichos," of a little over three-quarters of a mile, with several very sharp turns. In these races, of course we have no idea of the time, but it was probably up to our modern standard, for we read of several instances of winners, in the distance race, dropping dead as they crossed the tape, and being buried in state with the coveted laurel wreath.

In the broad jump, there is the traditionary record of Phayllus of Croton, which would closely approximate fifty-six feet in modern measurements. This wonderful leap was made with weights (termed "halteres"), and, it has been surmised, from a spring-board take-off, though no mention is made of such in the classics. In the longer runs, too, we have actual data on which to base our comparison. Euchidas of Platea, who came to find at Delphi the sacred fire necessary for the sacrifices to replace that which the Persians had quenched, is reputed to have made the journey and returned on the same day. The distance was one thousand stadioi, or about one hundred and fifteen miles (or, to be exact, 114.91 miles). Our best

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modern record for twelve hours is that of George Littlewood, an English pedestrian, who covered eighty-nine and a half miles in that time; and when we consider that Littlewood used a level, covered track, while the Greek had to traverse the mountainous districts of Bœotia and Phocis, the modern record shrinks to nothingness in comparison with this wonderful feat.

In sheer strength probably America, which derives its population mostly from Teutonic and Celtic sources, nations always famous for size and strength, can boast of better records than the best of the Grecians. We read of the athlete who could shoulder and walk off with a full-grown ox, and this exploit was sung and spoken of for centuries throughout Greece. But the biggest ox that ever took a prize at an agricultural show never weighed over 1,500 pounds, while Jefferson, at Clinton, Mass., succeeded in lifting with hands alone a dead weight of 1,571¼ lbs., while Louis Cyr, the Canadian, has pushed up with back, arms and legs the enormous weight of 3,563 lbs.

So much for some of the feats of antiquity. Coming down to more modern times, it may be instructive to compare some of the track records existing then with those of our present athletes. In 1844 George Seward was the English champion for the hundred yard dash, and was credited with 9¼ seconds. Our present record of 9 4-5 seconds is held by John Owen, of the Detroit Athletic Club; but dash records made fifty years back are not usually very satisfactory as to accuracy and exactness. Timers often snapped their watches from the report instead of the flash of the pistol; flying starts were allowed; the tracks were not always exactly level, and records made with a high wind at the runner's back were allowed. So Mr. Owen's modern record is probably really better than that of the professional. Johnson, Bethune and Murphy, of our present professionals, are all credited with having done 9 4-5 seconds, while many persons still think that Carey's performance on the Princeton track of 9½ seconds should be allowed. In the 440-yard run, Reed held the English record in 1868 of 48½ seconds. Myers has equaled that in America, on a quarter-mile track, while on a straight-away course Wendell Baker has done 47¾ seconds, and Downs has made 47 2-5 seconds, though his record was not allowed. In the half-mile the modern record is far superior to that of the sixties. McKinstrey, the Scotch champion, then held the record at 1.56½, the English record at present is 1.54 2-5, held by Cross. Dohm holds the American record at 1.54½, while a professional, Hewitt, holds the Australian of 1.53½, made, however, on a straight-away track, while the others were all done on a quarter-track. In the mile, W. Richards, the Welsh champion, and W. Lang, of Manchester, the celebrated long-distance runner, ran a dead heat in 4.17¼, which long stood as the world's record, until, in more recent years, at a race at Stamford Bridge, W. G. George put it down to 4.12¾, where it still stands as the professional record of the world. It may interest mile runners to know that the first half of this wonderful mile was made in 2.01 4-5, and several of the timers present fancied that their watches must have become suddenly fast. Before becoming a professional, George did the mile in 4.18 3-5, the present world's amateur record, and he also holds the American record of 4.21 2-5, made in 1882, which Conniff, the Manhattan champion, equaled in 1891. The further one goes beyond the mile the larger do the old professional records loom up in comparison with modern performances.

Lang did two miles in 9 min. 11 sec. The nearest approach to that in our day is George's record of 9.17 2-5, while Willie Day holds our American record of 9.32 2-5. For three miles, Harding, an American, holds the professional record of 13 min. 9 1-2 sec.

Cannon, a Scotch professional, has made the nearest approach to this by doing 14 min. 19 1-2 sec., while the English amateur record is held by Kiddlewhite, at 14 min. 29 3-5 sec., and the American by Day, 14 min. 39 sec.

Jack White's record of 24 min. 40 sec. for five miles, which supplanted the record of Jackson, the "American Deer," still stands unapproachable. Sid Thomas, the great English amateur runner, has come the nearest to it by covering the distance in 25 min. 7 sec. White also did seven miles in 34 min. 45 sec., and any man that has ever made a mile in less than five minutes will appreciate the wonderful endurance of White, which enabled him to cover seven miles,

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averaging under five minutes for each mile.

In walking, the modern records are far ahead of the old professional ones. In 1868 Nuderwood held the world's record for the one and two mile walks—7 min. 7 sec. and 15 min 9 sec. respectively. Murray, the famous "Cinders," now holds the amateur records for these events, having covered the distances in 6.29 3-5 and 13.48 3-5. So, too, in high jumping, pole vaulting and weight throwing we are far ahead of the old records. The one hundred and twenty and the two hundred and twenty yard hurdle races did not exist in the sixties, athletes devoting their time to jumping five hundred high hurdles (3 ft. 6 in.) ten yards apart (Priestly 1 hr. 15 min.), and other long-distance performances requiring endurance rather than speed. In the running broad jump a surprise awaits the collaborator of old records, for in the schedule of the 1868 records kept by Jack Goulden, a famous trainer of his time, we find J. Howard put down as the champion of England with a jump of 29 feet, which apparently dwarfs Reber's and Fry's record of 23 ft. 6 1-2 inches. But, on further investigation, we find that the jump was made with weights from a raised take-off.

To summarize concerning the old and new records—we find that in all the field events and in the track events through the mile we are far superior to our grandparents.

Many plausible theories have been advanced to account for the undeniable facts that the long-distance records of such men as White, Jackson and Lang, made some thirty years ago, have never been even approximated to since.

But the true explanation of this seems to the writer not to be the degeneracy of the times, but to consist largely in the change in public sentiment regarding these races.

Twenty years ago five and ten mile runs and seven-mile walks were considered much more exciting than the shorter events. But the tide of public opinion has turned, the two and three mile runs have been taken off the list of events at nearly all the great meetings, while the five and ten mile runs are almost unheard of. People that will come in crowds to see famous sprinters in a hundred-yard dash, and go wild with excitement over a close finish or a dead heat, yawn through the long drawn-out runs. Consequently, few and fewer athletes train for events requiring a vast amount of work and natural endurance to be successful in, and if it were not for a few energetic cross-country clubs, long-distance running would soon become one of the lost arts.

Then, too, the improvement in the construction of tracks and the introduction of spiked shoes, innovations which would affect the shorter runs more materially than the distance performances, must be taken into consideration. Thirty years ago most of the records were made on grass or on ordinary trotting tracks, and a shoe with spikes in the bottom was a thing unknown.

TO EDWIN BOOTH.

As one sad prince holds in his hands a skull
As tenderly as it had golden strands
And were blue-eyed, so at thy reverent hands
Most worthless baubles are no longer dull,
But take a wondrous luster not their own;
While diamonds cut by one of long ago
So richly shine as he alone could know
His precious jewels one day would be shown.

Like to a zephyr freighted with a spice,
New and most strangely sweet that wanders by,
So steals a phantom thought before our eyes,
Born of our love for that which will not die;
For such alone, dear Booth, for such as thee,
Through the dark years he wrought so wondrously.

EUGENE FELLNER.

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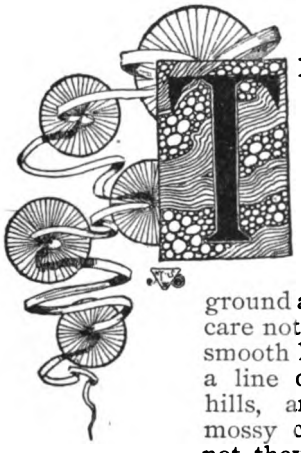
A DANGEROUS SIDEPATH.

A Story of the Wheel.

BY JOHN SEYMOUR WOOD.



HERE are "bikers" *and* "bikers." There are many young men who ride the wheel for speed only. Their sole anxiety is to cover as much ground as possible. They care not for pretty vistas, smooth lawns, a fine elm, a line of distant purple hills, an old well and mossy crane above it — not they! They look neither to the right nor to the left. They lean forward, their eyes glued to the path before them. They speed along like mad, and run over children, old ladies and dogs with a calm indifference. These young men are the "scorchers." They have a great deal to say of the great "Zimmy's" fast mile, of the great Jones, who scours the hills and sandy plains of Jersey at lightning speed. They talk like jockeys of race-tracks and how to turn fast "corners." Will the fast Englishman, Smith, beat all our American cracks at Springfield? Heaven forbid! They are pale, thin, overtrained, anxious men — the scorchers — and are full of scorn for the ordinary rider. They pass him as a thoroughbred passes a coacher. They rode to Tarrytown in three hours, to the Massapequa in four. Of these sporting wheelmen we have no story to tell.

Then there are the "makers' amateurs," a set of professional advertisers who go about the country celebrating their owner's wheel. If they win a race it was the superior steel and ball-bearings of the great "Robinson" wheel that did it, and humbler scorchers buy thenceforth of Robinson, until the Snooks Company's wheel wins, when they sell Robinson and buy Snooks. Then there is the "Sunday" rider, who never rode a wheel before, and thinks it great fun to take up the entire Riverside Drive in his absurd gyrations, running into every wheel he sees, and at last being run into and run over himself by some irate "Johnnie" out driving with his best girl, and so mashed and banged that he does not come out again or hire another wheel for a dozen Sunday afternoons! Then there is the omnipresent small boy, who gets into every one's way, and is always trying to "borrer a wrench, mister, please," of you as you pass him. For all these, and many more classes and kinds of riders of the wheel, we care not. Our hero is a very modest young lawyer, who rides after hours for health and the love of the finest sport in the world; who rides slowly; who loves the tour, the shade of the overhanging beech, the purling brook, the pretty views of distant hills, *and who will stop and get off his wheel* to enjoy them; the man who loves not his "bike" less, but nature more, and the wheel is but his servant, not his master. Such a fellow is Sam Selover, our hero.

Sam is a good fellow. Wheeling is his only pastime. On his salary he supports his mother and his sister. Every one likes him—he's so unselfish, so kind, so friendly! A few years ago he worked so hard in the office that he got very much run down. He was in danger of consumption. His physician said, "You must go away from New York at once." But he could not do this; his salary was a necessity. Some one suggested a wheel. It would give him two or three hours a day of country air, and still he could attend to his duties. He bought a wheel on installments. The "bike" was his friend; to-day he is sound as a new dollar, his eye bright, his lungs healthy. But how this sounds like some medical "ad"! It's the truth, gentle reader, and we are laying no trap for you. *We* are not trying to sell the Snooks Company's wheel? Sam is not a scorcher; he rides for pleasure. He's married now. This is how it came about:

In the month of July, a few years ago, he went on a tour up through Connecti-

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cut with Ned Archer and Tom Hinckley, fellow law clerks, and jolly good fellows, too, of rich families, they, who preferred Sam's company to any in the world. What a chap he was! Every day he'd buy something in the way of an eatable or drinkable and bring it out for the boys as they sat by the roadside, under an elm, resting. He never thought of himself. He loaded down his "carry" with good things for them. They, in their turn, rode slow to accommodate him, for he was always dismounting and going into raptures over a bit of pretty scenery or a distant view. Sunsets made him fairly crazy. Poor man! he lived with his mother and sister in a flat, the windows of which looked out on brick walls and chimney-pots. He never saw a living tree or a green field except on an occasional Sunday, until he began to ride out on his bicycle. He never seemed to get enough of the pretty views of the blue Sound, the sandy shores about Rye or Stamford, where they lodged the first night out of New York. In fact, Selover was an artist, but dire necessity kept him grubbing away in his law office; not that his work was not useful, but it was a pity that he was *obliged* to do it. He should have been an artist; so Ned Archer often said, and he was right.

The weather was beautiful for their trip of a week through Connecticut, and so up *via* Danbury and Salisbury into the Berkshires. There were few "road hogs" to drive them into ditches, and the hotels where they stopped did not *all* set out fried steak and stale bluefish for their delectation. They rode one evening just at sunset, while the golden clouds hung low in the west, into the little town of Farley, high among the hills, a quaint, pretty old village, with one wide, elm-covered street. Ned Archer, singing to himself, was leading rapidly along the smooth road, Tom Hinckley next, and far behind — for he had stopped to get a cool drink at an old well — came Sam Selover, his eyes wandering high among the beautiful elm branches above him. How like heaven it seemed to him! The bells of an old church were ringing for evening service. The sound was caught up from elm to elm in a sweet and solemn reverberation. His wheel moved silently, *reverently*, as only a wheel can. The sidewalk between the great elms seemed to offer him a smoother course; he ran on the walk and hastened a little.

Suddenly he was brought up with a round turn.

Standing perfectly motionless in his path, between the rugged trunk of an old elm and the picket fence of a large white, old-fashioned house, was a tall girl dressed in white. Sam looked and wondered. His wheel was going fast yet. She did not budge. He looked up and called "*Road, there! Road!*" She did not move. What nerve she had! She gazed at the oncoming wheel calmly and without fear. In a spirit of mischief Sam ran to as close a point as he dared before putting on the brake hard. She eyed him fearlessly. He dismounted.

"We do not allow riding on the sidewalk in Farley," she said with icy coldness.

"I—I beg pardon," said Sam. She was a beauty, and he felt the glance from her dark eyes pass into his very soul. The spirit of mockery seized him.

"Are you—are you a Farley policewoman?" he asked. "Do you intend to arrest me?"

"The fine is five dollars," she said without a tremor, holding out the prettiest hand in the world to him.

Sam himself was a good-looking fellow, tall and straight as an Indian, without an ounce of superfluous flesh on his body. His face was jolly and full of good-nature. He burst out laughing, and without a word handed out a crisp five-dollar bill.

"May I ask the name of this relentless town officer of Farley?" he said, still laughing, as he handed her the money.

"Nathalie — Nathalie Sedge," and the girl made a mock courtesy. Her dark, sweet eyes betrayed, on a nearer glance, a brimming merriment to which her general manner and air gave denial. She took the bill, folded it, and moved a little to one side, as if now she would permit him to ride on the sidewalk.

"You are very strict—in Farley?" he said.

"Yes——"

"You have a prejudice against bicycles?"

"Yes—on our sidewalks."

"And bicyclers?"

"N-no—when they behave——"

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"You wish to be just?"

"Certainly! No bicycle should be allowed on the sidewalk." She spoke very firmly.

"Admit that—*in Farley*. What are you going to do with the fine imposed?"

'Collection-plate next Sunday—foreign missions;" and she compressed her pretty lips.

"What denomination?"

"Episcopal."

"But I'm a Presbyterian!"

Nathalie Sedge for the first time looked disconcerted. Selover, studying her beautiful eyes, was quick to take advantage.

"I think my—ahem!—contribution—ought to be applied to the foreign missions of my own denomination," he insisted gravely as he leaned on the saddle of his wheel. "Don't you, officer?"

"Yes," she answered, hesitatingly; "I—I don't think — perhaps — will you promise to pay the fine yourself next Sunday?"

She made a movement to return the five-dollar bill to him.

"Oh, no! I can promise nothing. You see, we three fellows are touring. There is no telling where I shall be next Sunday. It is barely possible we may not go to church at all. We may hear Nature's sermons 'in stones—and books in running brooks,' you know. Officer——"

"Well, I remit the fine on your promise to contribute it to the collection the next time you go to church, then."

She handed him out the bill, but he shook his head. He feared that if he took the money it would end his charming interview. He looked far down the avenue of great Farley elms, and saw that his two comrades were seated on the curb of a fountain, awaiting his unusual delay. But *he* felt in no especial haste.

"No, officer; you have imposed the fine, and justly, I suppose, though I can't see why riding on your smooth sidewalks injures them in any way. Even a cow may——"

"I insist on your taking it," she said, reddening. "I only meant to warn you——"

"No; it's yours. Apply it as you will—some good purpose, I dare say; for I know you must be *good*, officer."

Miss Nathalie looked away.

"I insist," she repeated. "Here is the bill." And as he would not take it back she threw it on the walk before him, turned, and walked away with a great and undeniable show of dignity.

Sam Selover looked after her as she disappeared behind the elms, sighed half reluctantly, picked up his five dollars, and mounted his wheel—in the road, and rejoined his friends.

"Nathalie Sedge! Nathalie Sedge!" laughed Tom Hinckley, nearly falling into the fountain. "Why! she's a cousin of mine. Now I remember it; her family *is* up here for the summer in one of these old hill towns of Connecticut. Can't be there are two girls of the same name? So she wouldn't take the money, after all. The whole affair is just like her. She's as full of fun as she can be, by Jove! She's a terrible flirt, too. I must look her up. Which way did she go? I'll ride after her and find out where they live. To-night I will go up and call. What a joke! town officer—she!"

And Hinckley mounted his wheel and sped back up the street at top speed, laughing as he went.

Meanwhile Sam Selover and Ned Archer went on a little way until they came to the village inn. It was a quaint, old-fashioned affair, with high white pillars in front, and a veranda beneath, on which a number of men were sitting. One of the men rose and came forward. He appeared to be the landlord.

"Wa'l, boys, where be ye from? New York? Gosh a'mighty! Why, that's a hundred miles off! I tell ye, I'd raythe work in a hay-field all day than ride on one o' them things. Bring 'em right in this 'ere way. Rooms? I guess we ken accommodate ye—dunno. Supper's jest over, but I guess we ken fry some more ham. Milk? Hain't got no milk; send it all to the city. Eggs? May get ye a few. *M'ria! M'ria!*" he bawled, "get these bicycle fellers sumpen to eat—fry another slice o' ham!"

Then, as if feeling his duty to be done, he resumed his seat on the porch with the others, and rested his huge feet on the balustrade.

As they were going in to supper a little while later, Tom Hinckley came in. "It *is* she!" he laughed. "My cousin — my pretty cousin Nathalie. Uncle Sedge wouldn't hear of our coming to the hotel. We've got to go up to the house at once."

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Sam Selover demurred. "You go, Ned," he said. "I'd rather not."

"Why—absurd, old man! Why not? This hotel is something frightful—the worst we've struck yet. We'll all be starved—and they've got a famous old house rented for the summer—one old General Putnam used to live in, you know. Uncle Sedge is a jolly old brick, and he's a director in a bank, too. Sam, you get in with *him* and you'll get the note business, and then—and then—perhaps you can marry his pretty daughter, the policeman!"

Sam Selover actually blushed!

"Thanks!" he said, "but you go, of course, Ned. I'll stay here; I prefer it. Did *she* suggest our coming?"

"She felt so ashamed of what she had done, she hardly said a word. Town officer! She did it for a lark, of course."

Sam looked rather hopeless. But he refused to go with them to the Sedge country house—for what exact reason he himself would have found it hard to state. The figure in white of Nathalie, the charming color in her cheeks, her speaking eyes, her hair so dark and lustrous beneath her pretty summer hat—standing between the elm and old-fashioned fence—daring him to run her down, was impressed forever on his brain. To him it was no joke. He had fallen in love, poor fellow! at first sight, as some very quiet men of Sam's stamp sometimes do. *The* girl flashes upon them and they are lost. No other girl will ever please them or capture them afterward. They are done for. They cover up their wounds, hide them, deny them, but they are done for, poor chaps!

It is true, too, that these quiet sort rather like to be taken by storm! The girl must pin them to earth with her sharp little darts. They are too respectful, too subservient. They do not understand the sex.

Tom Hinckley was something of a joker, and he made his cousin Nathalie have a hard time of it at the supper-table that evening. He described Sam as a poor, poverty-stricken young lawyer innocently riding on the sidewalk, and robbed of his last dollar by a highway-woman who pretended, forsooth, to be an officer of the law! Uncle Sedge took it up, and her two younger brothers, and by the end of the meal poor Nathalie was really feeling very uncomfortable indeed.

The old colonial house, said falsely to have been occupied at one time by General Putnam, stood back from the street, fronted by a pretty garden with high box borders. Through the midst of the garden was a brick walk, and up this brick walk came Sam Selover, after supper, smoking his favorite little brier-wood pipe. The evening was cool, clear, and filled with the rich purple twilight from the sunset. The old colonial house struck his fancy. Here, then, *she* lived! He imagined she was in the garden of roses and hollyhocks—the prettiest flower of all. He saw a lady's wheel leaning against a pillar of the porch. Did *she* ride? Instantly he thought of her flying along under the elms, a vision of beauty on her wheel—for a pretty girl never looks so pretty as when wheeling. A lot of people were sitting out on the porch. An old gentleman rose, and they all rose and greeted him. Mrs. Sedge formally presented him to her daughter Nathalie. He blushed and stammered, while wicked Tom and Ned laughed. "I—I think we've met before!"

Miss Nathalie was now all demureness and simplicity. She talked of a thousand things, but never alluded to their meeting. She thought Farley very dull. She could not see *why* papa and mamma liked the quiet old town. It was very stupid. "If it were not for her bicycle——"

"*You* are fond of riding?" asked Sam, astonished.

"I do nothing else. It's a great deal pleasanter than horseback. I have a horse, too, but I never ride him now. I love my wheel. I go very fast, too—and very far."

"You're a scorcher?"

"Yes; I like to scorch—down hill!"

"So do I!"

"Then I love to ride way out miles into the country, carry a book, and lie for hours under a tree and dream. One dreams very nicely after exercise. One's muscles relax and one's mind seems so placid. Those are happy hours, but they are rather lonely, for my brothers love to ride on and can't be induced to stop and rest."

"Mr. Selover loves to stop and rest," laughed Ned Archer. "We will have a run to-morrow somewhere, and you won't be lonely!"

"Why not to-night?" suggested one

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of the younger brothers. "The cascade by moonlight, Nat—why not? only five miles——"

"Yes," said Tom Hinckley; "we've only ridden thirty miles to-day."

"The moon will be full to-night," said Sam. "It would be lovely to go."

"And we could ride nearly all the way on the sidewalk," said Nathalie, quickly; then caught herself and blushed, while every one laughed. "At night it is different," she added, sedately.

"No," said Tom; "there are no policemen out after dark——"

"And no highway robbers," laughed Uncle Sedge, amused.

Miss Nathalie rose hastily in confusion. "Well, if we are going," she said, "I must go up and put on my togs."

Sam looked after her, and their eyes met as she went to the door. He felt a delicious thrill. Was there mutuality in their admiration? or was she, after all, as Tom had warned him, a great flirt?

She came down in a few moments, dressed in a becoming riding dress of blue serge. Her little white cap became her wonderfully, and her dress, not too full, gave the exquisite lines of her figure in perfection. They mounted and were off down the smooth earth road at a fair rate of speed. All had pneumatics, and Hinckley, who was always singing, started up "The Knights of the Mystic Star." Sam Selover found himsef falling behind with Nathalie.

"I owe you an apology; I'm very contrite—and ashamed," she said. "But you seemed to steer out of the road and onto the sidewalk as if on purpose to run over me——"

"Oh—never!" cried Sam.

"And you will forgive me?"

Forgive her! If he lost his heart before, he was head over heels in love now. She rode her wheel to perfection, sitting very straight and running the wheel on a line. How graceful she was! How light and bird-like! Sam longed to ride that way in the sweet, scented twilight forever! On either side in the wide hay-fields the crickets and locusts were setting up a merry tune. They passed a little pond, and the frogs of Aristophanes were outdone. Over in the east the pale rim of the moon was appearing above a low mountain ridge, with the evening star leading the way. Their silent wheels sped along the road.

"The path is better here," said Nathalie; "let us take it."

Sam was silent. It was an opportunity for him to guy her, but he was in no mood for it. He seemed lost, silent, overwhelmed by her beauty. He mechanically followed the flying girl.

"WE DO NOT ALLOW RIDING ON THE SIDEWALK IN FARLEY." (*p. 210.*)

No one who has never ridden the modern wheel knows that strange sensation of aërial lightness the bicycle gives in the moonlight. It is like bird flight. Silent, swift, straight they flew, now dipping into white light of the moon, now plunging into the opaque blackness of midnight beneath ambrosial trees. The slightest deviation might prove a dire catastrophe—a broken limb or arm. Yet, she flies along the smooth pathway "sure of foot" and true to her goal, he after her as if (he himself felt) his soul was following her in space through some unknown world. The low-lying boughs would touch and caress them, the night fireflies flash past them, the pastured cattle would see them as in a dream, and start up and low after them, and they'd be gone, silent, swift.

Sam Selover's head fairly swam as he rode—a very dangerous thing for it to do on the wheel at any time, and

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especially so along this narrow pathway between fences and trees in the fantastic moonlight. He fell to dreaming what his life with this rare goddess of the wheel might be, of the long tours they might take in England, in France or Italy. He followed mechanically, sometimes shaving very close to a tree, sometimes brushing against the fence and jamming his brake hard down in time to prevent a "spill." Nathalie called merrily after him and spun out into the road again and he joined her. Two more miles and they drew up, near a bridge, at the pathway leading into some pine woods, and so on up to the cascade. Under the pines, the witchery of the moonlight, they walked along, talking in low tones. He told her all his life history—a short, uneventful one — a life of struggle and hardship after leaving college. He told her of his mother and his invalid sister. Insensibly she felt drawn to him. She had often heard of him; she had heard her cousin Tom laud him to the skies. She was not flirtatious and ridiculous now; she was simple, quiet, sincere with him. They came to the falls, and the leaping water, falling from a great height, could make Sam think only of a bridal veil! The wind murmured in the trees and the sound was drowned in the music of the splashing water. They all threw stones across the chasm and into the falls. Nathalie in throwing (girls throw so awkwardly!) slipped and fell. In an instant Sam had caught her wrist. They pulled her back, she laughing. Sam's face was white as death. The precipice fell sixty feet below. Love grows mountains high in five minutes. The loss of this beautiful creature, who two or three hours before he hardly knew the existence of, now seemed more terrible than of any one else in the world. The whole tide of his being set "herward." He trembled when she spoke to him. Not knowing many girls, she seemed a wondrous, strange and angelic creature, and the fact that she rode a wheel capped the climax.

On their way home Nathalie was lively, full of laughter, and daring the rest to all sorts of feats. She dared them to ride along the narrowest of footpaths, and at one place, where a single plank crossed a stream, she did not hesitate to lead the way. Her brothers and Tom and Ned got over safely; Sam, who was in the rear (poor fellow! his head was in no condition for walking tight ropes or riding foot-wide planks), got half-way over, then — wriggled—jiggled—and over he went onto the rocky bed of the stream, four feet below. In falling, somehow his wheel fell on him, and when Ned and Tom hastily dismounted and ran to his rescue he could scarcely rise. They lifted him, wet and half fainting, onto the bank, and laid him on the grass. "My right leg feels so numb!" he said.

Nathalie was standing over him wringing her hands. "Oh! what a wicked idiot I was!" she cried, and burst into tears. Sam tried to rise, but had to sit down again. "It's broken, I think," he said. "Oh, don't mind!" One of the younger brothers was sent home as fast as he could ride—and he was a lively young scorcher—for a carriage. They brought Sam home half an hour later, and before midnight the doctor had set his limb, broken half-way between knee and ankle.

That mishap ended *his* tour. Tom and Ned went on, after waiting a day, leaving him under the pleasant colonial roof of the old "Putnam House," and ministered to assiduously by the contrite Nathalie. He was in the most perfect health, and after a day or two his broken limb gave him no pain. He sat all day under the shady piazza of the beautiful old house, his foot on a chair, while the sweet Nathalie read to him. How kind that family was to him! Few people ever knew Sam a day without liking him. Uncle Sedge felt somehow as if he were responsible for the accident, and a week or so later, in giving his consent to their engagement, he admitted that it was only an act of proper reparation.

Uncle Sedge threw, the following winter, all the business he could in Sam's way, until Sam began to feel rich too—rich enough to marry. They had a beautiful wedding in Farley—in the old house—and they took their wedding journey on the latest of pneumatics. Last summer they were wheeling in England. Can we leave this happily suited, handsome, athletic young couple in a better occupation? Yes. *This* summer Sam Selover, with beaming countenance, is wheeling, on the sidewalks of Farley—a baby carriage!

To this the town officers of Farley seem to make no objection!

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LENZ'S WORLD TOUR AWHEEL.

From the Cascade Locks to Siskiyou.

I WAS now in the heart of the Cascade Mountains. On every hand was scenery of the grandest description, and the railroad was well ballasted with dirt; so I wheeled merrily along, stopping many times to photograph the beautiful scenery. Here and there small streams leaped over high moss-covered precipices 500 to 800 feet high. The finest of these falls is near Bridal Veil Hamlet, and is called Multnomah, a double cascade, falling 800 feet. On the Washington side of the river, opposite Columbia Beach Station, is the famous Castle Rock, visible up and down the river for miles. Many trestles lined this stretch, some of them from a quarter to a half mile in length. In two instances I was caught by long freight trains in the middle of trestles, but I had time enough, in each case, to quickly climb down over the side to a crossbeam, and hold my wheel out of the way while the train thundered by.

Below Bridal Veil Station are the Needles, two rocks, one each side of the track—a wonderful stone formation.

I reached Latourell Falls, a lumbering hamlet, for the night, having made forty miles since morning. Portland was now but twenty-six miles away. Starting out at eight o'clock in the best of spirits, I continued down between the tracks past Rooster Rock, another famous landmark, to Troutdale. Here I found a fair rolling road leading into Portland. It was mainly dirt and gravel, but very dusty. I had not ridden on a road for so many days that this short spin seemed one of the finest rides I ever enjoyed. Six miles from Portland was a slight hill, then a continual down-grade to East Portland. Up the busy street I wheeled, reached the new bridge and crossed the Willamette River into Portland, at 11:45 A. M., September twenty-ninth, making three months and twenty-five days from New York—4,028 miles—ninety days of which was actual riding time.

The picturesque Columbia River, at Troutdale, leaves the narrow gorge it has followed for two hundred miles, and expands into a mile-wide stream, and finally pours its flood into the Pacific Ocean. Of all the streams I followed in my travels, so far, none can compare with the Columbia River. The Hudson River, in many places, is grand; the Mohawk, Wisconsin, Mississippi and Yellowstone rivers all have magnificent, picturesque stretches, but for more than two hundred miles the Columbia River, with its ever-varying rocky precipices, mountains, leaping falls, islands, rapids and forests, holds the nature-loving tourist spellbound with its grand and inspiring scenery. Many times would I stop with awe, marveling at the wonderful formations caused no doubt by volcanic eruptions of Mounts Hood, Adams, St. Helens and Ranier (not far distant), active centuries ago, but extinct now.

Meeting a Portland wheelman in the street, he recognized me at once as the "circumcycler," and escorted me to the business office of Fred. F. Merrill, under whose leadership some ten or fifteen wheelmen were just about going out to meet me, when I came up, having made one hour better time than they expected in the last two days' riding.

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Portland is situated on the banks of the Willamette River, which empties into the Columbia, eleven miles to the north. The fact that these rivers are navigable for the largest ocean craft, makes Portland an inland seaport town. With a population of 80,000 people, Portland bids fair to rank as one of the largest cities on the Pacific slope. A grand panoramic view can be obtained of the city and the surrounding country and rivers from the residential part of the town, called Portland Heights. Mounts Hood, Adams and St. Helens, covered with perpetual snow, stand grimly in the background, looking down on the city. Fifty years ago the site on which Portland stands was a wilderness, but the supply vessels for the few settlers in the Willamette Valley anchored here, it being then the head of navigation. Stores and houses were quickly built up around these landings, and Portland rapidly grew. Ocean steam-vessels enter here from all parts of the world for passengers, but principally for grain shipments. My stay of three days in Portland was one continued pleasure, which I will ever remember. A more friendly set of people and wheelmen cannot be found in this country. The day after my arrival the Portland Wheel Club and Imperial Cycling Club tendered me a reception. Both clubs have a membership of about thirty. The Multnomah Amateur Athletic Club is the largest athletic club in the city, having a membership of 450. The members are now erecting a splendid club-house. Portland people are fond of and thoroughly understand the value of athletics for healthful exercise.

With sixty wheelmen of both bicycling clubs I visited the largest military post on the North Pacific coast, at Vancouver. Then came the almost sorrowful day when the pilgrim must needs resume his journey. I had wheeled across the continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific, I had toiled hard many times, and been in peril more than once,

THE PICTURESQUE COLUMBIA.

but I had seen and learned enough to repay me ten times over. An important stage of the round-the-world tour was completed safely, but there yet remained the eight-hundred-mile journey southward to the Golden Gate ere I could leave our own vast land behind and say that I had fairly started for foreign shores.

It was pleasant in Portland. Yet even while enjoying the broadest hospi-

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tality I kept thinking of the last long stage of my tour in America. Eight hundred and twenty-nine miles due south lay wonderful 'Frisco, the lion's whelp "that hideth fast in jungle growth of spire and mast;" and to reach the great metropolis of the Pacific coast I must wheel through a most attractive stretch of country. The route to be followed led up the Willamette Valley, over the Siskiyou Mountains, and thence through fair Sacramento Valley to the Golden Gate.

Having seen most of the attractions of Portland, I regretfully started at 3 P. M., October third, and, accompanied by seventeen wheelmen, rolled through the city's crowded streets on my way up the Willamette Valley.

After wheeling a few miles out the White House Road, most of the wheelmen halted and wished me good luck. Five and myself continued on along the banks of the Willamette River to Oswego and Oregon City. The roads were rolling and mostly good. The Willamette River gets smaller going south. The water, rushing over a rocky river-bed, at one point plunges down in an attractive fall. The road winds through deep forests to the Canby Valley, a beautiful, fertile country, thence through another thick forest to Aurora. Three of the wheelmen returned home by moonlight, while the other two decided to wheel to Salem next day with me. We were off at nine o'clock next morning, over a road perfectly level, sometimes of gravel, varied with stretches of natural clay—all excellent riding.

At Salem the wheelmen from Portland returned, and once again I was left to wheel alone. I continued up the valley, passing the Oregon State Reform School perched high on a hill, to Turner, Marion and Jefferson—all small towns. The roads were still level and fine, and I reached Albany, sixty-one miles from Aurora, early in the evening.

All along the road were large fields, the grain of which was already cut and probably on the placid Pacific en route for European and Asiatic seaports. Here and there were short stretches of forests, with small brooks, affording nice shady and cool rides. Every once in a while Mount Hood, sixty to eighty miles off, peeped its conical snow-covered peak over the Cascades from the east, until near Albany, when it vanished entirely. The rugged Coast range on the right divided the Willamette Valley from the Pacific Ocean. All in all, the valley had the appearance of the famous Shenandoah in Virginia, visited during my previous rambles awheel.

The valley, south of Albany, expands to a breadth of forty to fifty miles. The roads were level, mostly clay, but good riding through the small but pretty villages of Tangent, Shedds, Halsey, to Harrisburg. Here I met two wheelmen, crossed the Willamette River on a ferry, and continued, via Junction City and Irving, to Eugene. Here ends the Willamette Valley, one hundred and forty miles long, the paradise of the industrious farmer. Some of the farmers spurn the rights of wheelmen on the road. Always where there was room to run off the road I preferred to do so rather than enter into heated arguments, nothing being gained thereby. A bicycle is put on the same basis as a steam threshing-engine in Oregon. The law says threshing-engines must stop when within one hundred feet of a vehicle, and carry two planks, to be used in crossing road-bridges. Bicycles come under this same law.

There are hundreds of wheelmen in Portland and in the towns along the coast. Everywhere they were speaking enthusiastically of organizing a State division of the L. A. W. Then this ridiculous law could be tested and annulled, and the rights of wheelmen on the road recognized.

The country south of Eugene abounds with hills everywhere, heavily covered with timber. In company with H. M. Holden next morning, I followed the Willamette River for a few miles, which then turns east toward the Cascade Mountains. The material of the road here changes to red clay, which was well packed by the wagon traffic, and made delightful coasting over the rolling knolls up the narrow valley, through Goshen and Creswell, to Cottage Grove. Here two more wheelmen joined us, but all returned near Pass Creek Cañon. It was well they did, as the dilapidated corduroy road beyond, with the wet, red mud, was entirely unfit to ride for two or three miles. The forests are so thick that the sun does not penetrate through the trees to dry the road. At the saw-mill at Comstock Station all

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hands sent forth a yell of delight at seeing me come bounding down the rough cañon road. From here, through the small towns of Drains and Yoncalli, the road again assumed its former good condition, and I was merrily coasting again where it was safe.

Before starting over a range of mountains for Oakland, I entered the yard of a farmer to buy some milk, when a large dog immediately charged upon me. I succeeded in catching him by the throat and held him until the lady came, armed with a stick. Luckily the brute's dull teeth did not penetrate my tough corduroys.

Walking three miles up the mountain called Red Hill, I reached the top. Mountains were now everywhere, as far as the eye could reach. It was rapidly getting dark, so mounting, I was soon spinning through the dark forests, down the mountain-side, striking stones and roots of trees in the road, and at last reached the village of Oakland, sixty-two miles from Eugene.

The road next morning continued in prime condition from Oakland through two small hamlets, Wilbur and Winchester, to Roseburg, which town is charmingly situated among the mountains on the banks of the Umpqua River. Ten miles south of Roseburg is Roberts Mountain to cross, but the other side was a tremendous lively coast, being winding and smooth to Ruckles Station. The road now became more hilly, but still packed down hard, to Myrtle Creek, another beautiful mountain town. Following the old California road from here, it turns southeast, hugging the shores of the south Umpqua River to Cañonville, at the foot of Cañon Mountain, a regular "hog-back." The Southern Pacific Railroad, which was nearly always in sight all the way from Portland, turns to the right before reaching Cañonville, and winds its way up Cow Creek Cañon round about toward Grant's Pass. I was now in the heart of the mountains again, all thickly covered with pine, fir and oak timber. Small streams came tumbling down the mountain-sides; the air was clear and cool, making the riding delightful, although the road was somewhat hilly. It was truly a picturesque country, and everywhere in the valley and on the hillside the industrious farmer was tilling the fertile soil.

In the presence of nearly all the inhabitants of Cañonville I started up the cañon next morning at eight o'clock and again found delightful wheeling through the cool and wild forest for six miles. Then commenced the heavy grade over the "backbone" of Cañon Mountain, and down over a partly rotted corduroy road to a small settlement on Cow Creek, called Galesville. Heavy clouds hung overhead, and in fact had been moving northward toward the Willamette Valley for four days. I was fortunate indeed to get through this valley before the rain commenced. A few drops sprinkled me on my way up Cow Creek Mountain, and on reaching the top increased, which caused me to come down the steep mountain road on the Rogue River country side at break-neck speed, crossing the Southern Pacific Railroad and rushing into the small hamlet of Wolf Creek, to the utter amazement of the natives. It now rained incessantly, banishing my hopes of reaching Grant's Pass to-day (only twenty-one miles away). This was the first heavy rain I encountered in two months, since leaving Oakes, N. D., a distance of 2,300 miles.

On my trip through I had stopped at some quaint old places, but the one at Wolf's Creek headed the list for a queer combination. The hotel had a neat appearance from the outside. On entering the office an old map of the United States of 1862 greets the eye, and the next thing noticed are placards tacked around the room, quoting, "Swear not at all;" "The Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh His name in vain." On retiring to my room on the second floor I was surprised to be led through a small chapel, decorated promiscuously with colored lithographs, illustrations from the Bible. The rooms let out to the guests all opened into this chapel, and the traveler by this time gets quite religious himself. When the first bell-call sounded in the morning I immediately looked out the broken window to see how the road was after the heavy rain. The prospect was not very bright for a fair day's ride. The bell sounding the second time for breakfast broke my spell of musing, and I quickly dressed. Eating is one of the essential parts to make a bicycle journey pleasant, and no matter where I go, the inner man always receives most careful attention.

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The sun was making strong efforts to force his rays through the heavy clouds, and by nine o'clock the road was sufficiently dry to ride upon.

After crossing Wolf Creek I was soon walking up the steep mountain grade, then down the other side, holding the wheel back with a deadly grip on the brake-lever, to Grave Creek, then up Grave Creek Mountain. Reaching the top of this mountain, mountains large and small were seen ahead for a hundred miles or more. Mounting the wheel, the road was down, down, until my hands ached from holding the brake as I wheeled over a low ridge down into the young and growing town of Grant's Pass, on the Rogue River.

When Gen. U. S. Grant, in the fifties, was encamped here during the Indian troubles, there was but a post office and store, but since the Southern Pacific Railroad successfully crossed the Siskiyou Mountains, ten years ago, the town has grown. There are seven wheelmen and two lady riders here, quite a showing for a mountain town, with few ridable roads.

With F. W. Chausse as escort, we crossed the Rogue River, and followed along the west bank, eighteen miles to Gold Hill, passing Woodville and Rock Point, which were on the east side. The road was level, through a narrow valley. Mountains, sparsely covered with timber, towered high on both sides of the river, crowding in close to the water at some places. At Gold Hill Mr. Chausse returned, while I looked up my hotel, having made forty miles for the day—not so bad, considering the gloomy outlook in the morning. The moon and stars were shining brightly when I retired, but in the morning all was changed. Heavy rain-clouds reached half-way down the mountain-sides, while a drizzling rain was falling. Again, the prospect was poor for making much headway, much less for reaching the California line, only forty-seven miles to the south by road. I concluded to push on, however, and crossed the Rogue River, and wheeled over a low hill, into a broad level valley to Central Point. Determined to reach Ashland at least, I continued on over the valley, through Medford, Phœnix and Talent in the rain, and reached Ashland by noon. The road was mostly a sandy mixture and level, rain not affecting it very much. Nearing Ashland, the famous Siskiyou Mountains were plainly visible ten miles off, looking like a velvet green wall in the distance.

Ashland is a good-sized town at the foot of the mountains, and the head of the Rogue River valley. It boasts about a dozen wheelmen, who ride cushion-tired wheels. The clouds cleared somewhat after dinner and I started for the Siskiyou Mountains. The inhabitants along the Willamette Valley and from Roseburg through the mountains to Ashland had been telling me what a "terror" the road was across this mountain. The eight-mile stretch to the foot of the mountain was level and partly stoned, affording good wheeling.

Pilot Knob stands out prominent, high on the top of the mountain. This landmark was named by Gen. J. C. Fremont, on his explorations through here, after the Mexican War.

Now commenced the steep five-mile grade to the top. The first steep pitch compelled me to pant rather freely. A farmer happened along with his wagon and family, and urged on his horses, in order to reach me. Needing all the wind I had to climb the mountain, I walked faster, in order to avoid answering questions I had been asked a thousand and one times. But this inquisitive customer was determined; he leaped from his wagon and, walking after me, reached my side. I was now in an exploding humor, and when he sheepishly asked me, by way of starting a conversation, if I was really going away up to the top of the mountain, I gruffly answered in the affirmative. I spoke no further and he wisely waited for his wagon to come up, and troubled me no more. It commenced raining again, but I pushed up, up, until I had crossed the Southern Pacific tracks three times, and reached Siskiyou Station.

I was now on a level with the moving clouds. They would move toward a mountain and seem to go right through it, in reality condensing into rain. The railroad here tunnels through the mountain top for almost a mile. The road continues a mile farther, and when I had reached the top the rain ceased. At last I was on the summit of Siskiyou Mountain—not as bad a climb as I had been led to believe.

To be continued.

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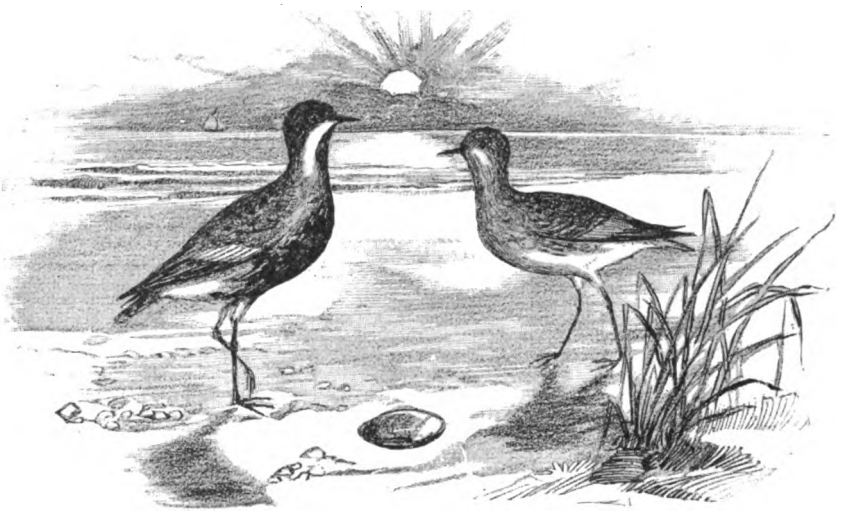

SHORE-BIRDS AND SHORE-BIRD SHOOTING.

BY ED. W. SANDYS.

SOMEWHERE across the vast dome of blue which arches in flawless beauty above the Great Lakes on fair May days, are unblazed, mystic, invisible trails. Unseen by human eye, unknown to human brain, understood only by a marvelous God-planted instinct, these trails extend now, as they have extended for uncounted ages. The microscopic eye of science scans the distant blue in vain for trace of them, or for the unknown signs by which these trails are followed with unerring certainty by uncounted hosts of airy voyageurs. The scientist knows of the existence of the trails and of their myriad travelers; he knows that somewhere in the glowing south and somewhere in the lonely north the unblazed trails begin and end, and that they are marked here and there, at proper intervals, by resting-places for the trailers.

Some day, beyond the misty clouds of counted years, ere brain's first feeble thought was rudely scratched or chipped upon time-defying stone, the God who made the birds held two of each race in mighty hands and lovingly whispered to them the secrets of sky-paths and of their wondrous journeyings to be. And with that knowledge and with the power to transmit it to their kinds, flew forth the earliest pairs to test together the trails from south to north and from north to south, and in the first testing to prove their teacher true and kind.

For ages the rivers of nervous life have flowed to and fro atween shadowy banks with unfailing regularity as the ordained seasons change. In the soft spring nights the hurrying pilgrims pass unseen, but earthward from the trails sink sounds of life at speed. The hum and hiss and flick of busy wings, the queries of many tongues questioning and answering anent the way, fall in musical whispers upon the trained ear of science hid in the blackness far below, and tell who press the trails so fast, from whence and whither bound.

There are other trails than those above the region of the Great Lakes. East and west, above Atlantic and Pacific shores, above the great plains and forests, are trails traversed by their own multitudes—convenient routes for feathered offspring of certain sections of country. The feathered peoples that swarmed these many trails in the past and unfortunately only traverse them in decreased numbers now, represent mainly the two great orders of bird-dom — the *Grallatores* and *Natatores;* in plain North American, the tribes of

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"A DISTANT CLOUD OF BIRDS." (*p. 225.*)

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waders and of swimmers. Nearly all the species embraced within the two orders are considered worthy victims for the true nimrod's weapon, and it is to be regretted that to the sport-affording and edible qualities of many of them must be attributed their present scarcity in districts where not many years ago they absolutely swarmed during their periods of migration. The order of *Grallatores* comprises such families as the herons, cranes, bitterns, snipes, plovers, phalaropes, sandpipers and rails, while among the *Natatores* are the swans, geese, ducks, loons, cormorants, sheldrakes, gulls, terns, gannets, guillemots, grebes, petrels, auks and puffins.

Greater or lesser numbers of nearly all of these families annually flew (and many of them still fly) the airy trails above the Great Lakes and halted temporarily at the several resting-places which the nature of the country afforded. Prominent among these resting-places for the ofttime weary and storm-driven pilgrims to and from the north were the sandy reaches now known as Toronto Island, opposite the fair city of Toronto, situated upon Toronto Bay, an indentation of the shore of Lake Ontario. This formed, in bygone times, a perfect paradise for shore and aquatic birds, and to-day the bars, in spite of being overlooked by a bustling city of about two hundred thousand population, are frequented by a variety of the families of both the orders.

It seems that in the past the island, beaches and bars of this bay formed one of the most important "road-houses" for feathered travelers along the northward route, and many a rare and valuable specimen unknown to the average sportsman has been secured by the keen gunners of the "Queen City" upon the resorts scarce distant a mile from the rush and roar of King and Yonge streets. Birds rarely found in Canadian collections, such as the ruff, red phalarope, avocet and stilt, now and then fell to the guns of keen men who sought the island before break of day, and who lay patiently in wait till evening shadows closed. A few decades ago one gun might bag anywhere from one hundred to upward of half a thousand plover of various kinds in a single day's shooting, and even now men who understand the annual flights of migrants can bag respectable lots of "black-hearts" (red-backed sandpipers) and other waders in the spring.

Among the rarer birds known to have been killed on the island and adjacent marshes are the white pelican, trumpeter swan, white-fronted goose, snow-goose, king eider, that *rara avis* the harlequin duck, canvas-back and sandhill crane. Another famous resort of these migrants was the marshy country about Lake St. Clair, the links between lakes Huron and Erie, and on these grounds, a few years ago, when I was busy completing one of the finest collections of birds in Canada, I saw, handled, mounted or shot specimens of the white pelican, white heron, sandhill crane, avocet, red and gray phalarope, cormorant, brant, trumpeter swan and snow-goose, and other *rara aves*, among a miscellaneous assortment of swimmers and waders which passed through my hands. Some of these birds have been questioned by well-informed ornithologists, but the best possible evidence of their occasional presence in the resorts referred to can be shown in the mounted specimens which exist to-day as perfect as when they left the taxidermist's hands years ago. No expert can mistake the phalaropes if he is familiar with the foot of the bird, or the avocet if he knows the bill, and in regard to the white pelican and white heron, the specimens are not only preserved in good condition, but were kept for some time at my home alive, the birds in question being secured wing-tipped by lucky shots.

Still another resting-place—and those who shot there a few years ago will not soon forget its swarming feathered guests—is the beautiful Rond Eau harbor, on Lake Erie. Here a grand land-locked expanse of water, connected with Erie by the narrowest of navigable channels, extends inland like a great, almost circular pocket. Between it and the lake are miles of narrow sand, ridges, ideal coursing grounds for *Charadridæ* and *Tringinæ*, and ringing the open water are belts of rice and rush, broad and fretted with lily-laden channels and spangled with shallow ponds, beloved of *Anatinæ*. Beyond the marshy borders stands a semicircle of forest growth of varying size, where, underneath great elms, currentless creeks choke in sheer laziness with lily-pads and varied weeds and form delightful retreats for woodduck, teal

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and rail. The soil of this forested part finally becomes dry and elevated some distance from the harbor, but in the main it is moist and black and fat—the kind best of all suited to King Woodcock's taste.

A list of the waders and swimmers of interest to sportsmen, which were regularly or occasionally taken at Rond Eau, will give a good idea of what a magnificent shooting-ground the place formerly was, and it must be borne in mind that a number of varieties haunted the place in clouds. We append the list to this article.

Sportsmen will readily understand what such a varied game-list implied, and as it was as true of Toronto Island and Lake St. Clair as of Rond Eau, and possibly also true of Long Point on Lake Erie, it may be safely said that these four localities offered in the past the finest mixed shooting in all Canada. But alas! the glory of nearly all has departed now. Long Point and the best grounds on Lake St. Clair are strictly preserved, Toronto Island has met the fate of all such grounds within sight of a city, and Rond Eau, though isolated to a certain extent, and still affording a certain amount of shooting, has been practically ruined by outrageous overshooting for a dozen years. That foe to game and honest sportsmen, the market-shooter, did the business in the latter instance. He and his unsavory brethren flocked to the slaughter as soon as the extraordinary merits of the Eau were noised abroad. Big guns and little guns roared and boomed and banged and popped at waders and swimmers unceasingly throughout the season, and while they certainly did not slaughter *all* of the game, such enormous quantities were destroyed, and the survivors were so much disturbed, that the legitimate sportsmen could do little, though fair numbers of fowl might be seen. For plover, curlew, and kindred varieties, the best season for sport was toward the close of May. "Black-hearts" and such feathered dainties usually put in an appearance about the twenty-fourth of that month, and a week of capital shooting was almost certain to follow. A description of one of many outings at the Eau will illustrate the fun we had.

Larry—a comrade for the trip in question—and I were bank clerks then and enjoyed few holidays. On the twenty-third of May we held earnest conference. The next day would naturally be the twenty-fourth, and 'twas the *twenty-fourthest* day of all the year to us. 'Twas the "Widow's" birthday, and a national holiday, when no good Canadian would deign to toil at any price, or do aught save what pleased him best.

The result of our conference was that we decided to drive twelve miles, or more, to the bar of Rond Eau harbor, and see and shoot what was visible and shootable while going, while there and while returning. The road thither was in excellent condition; so a horse and trap were ordered for some time before daylight and other preparations were speedily completed. I spent the night with Larry and we started at gray dawn. In the trap were the twelve-gauges, securely cased in oak and sole-leather respectively; a bag of oats for our steed, a plentiful supply of grub and shells for ourselves, and our waders and oil-skins. Luckily we were given a good nag, that pulled us along at a spanking clip.

What a drive that was! Two weary drudges let loose for one brief day to revel as they pleased! It was a perfect May morning, and we bowled along between farms apparently unending, where vaguely defined, mist-laden fields spread away to seeming boundless space. The great slumbering world paid no heed to us, for the signal-fires of coming dawn yet flared redly in the east, and even farmers and their dogs and fowl snatch sleep at times. It was good to just sit in the trap and bowl along, sniffing the wondrous spices of spring in the air, and watching the light gain power and the mist-curtains roll slowly away. Long ere we had traversed the great clearing of farms, long lances of yellow light flashed from the east and clove their way through mists and shadows and roused a myriad lives to hail the sun.

Birds appeared like magic, and rills of sweetest song bubbled and jingled from every copse and cover, telling the joy of the fresh-green, flower-spangled world. Big grackles, with black wedge-tails twisted awry, rasped and "Ska-arred" as they flew heavily from fence-post to twig. Starlings, with ebony coats and ruby shoulder-straps, queried "Cheer-cheer?" and voiced their musical "Konk-re-lay," a bird yodel of strange sweetness. Meadow-larks buzzed to and

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fro in brief, straight flights, and sent long-drawn whistling questions to each other. Bobolinks, in half mourning of creamy plush and velvet black, hung overhead and drifted o'er the fields, gushing forth golden cascades of song, as though the marvelous artists had stolen and blended the ripple of waters, piping, fluting, and the jingle of sleigh-bells into one tangled braid, and were trying to say "Whortle-berries" through it all as fast as possible. Bluebirds, sparrows, swallows—all were there, singing as though their wee throats would burst with gladness, or gliding through scented airs at will. Staid robins bounced along the grass in measured hops, and now and then a liquid fluting and a flash of orange and ebon betrayed the Baltimore.

In time we reached a portion of the road where ancient woods opened but a narrow track for our passage and where great trees locked arms above our heads. Banks of blossoms, like lingering drifts of tinted snows, piled in careless masses here and there, and from the cool, moist shades came breaths of incense shaken from tiny censers swinging above cushions of moss and from drooping boughs. Once a scarlet splash, against a wall of green, rested a moment like a cardinal flower, then darted into friendly cover—the first tanager.

In time the silver of Erie's restless breast flashed in front, and we drove down to the wet line of ripples upon the sand, and thence for miles along the beach to where the sand-spit narrowed to fifty yards, and the Eau lay on our left and Erie on our right, so near that one might cast a stone from one to other.

A rough little fishing-shanty furnished temporary shelter for our weary horse, and he was soon made comfortable. Then we lifted out gun-cases, shells and waders, and prepared for sport. While Larry was changing his footgear I unlocked the oak gun-case, and had barely got the "twelve" together when a storm of "black-hearts" drove down on us, flying but a few feet above the water. I had just time to shove in one shell, and as they passed about twenty-five yards' distant, I cut a hole through the flock the size of a peck measure. What seemed a hatful of the little fellows fell in the water, and I proceeded to gather them up. When I returned Larry was not all through. He had forgotten his keys, and could not open his fine sole-leather gun-case. It seemed a shame to cut the case, and we debated upon the possibility of both using my gun, turn about.

A moment later the question was settled. Chancing to glance lakeward, I spied a wavering dark cloud, not unlike the smoke from a steamer's stack.

"Larry, look! Curlew by all that's glorious!" Larry's knife was out, and he was down on his knees carving the prized leather case in ten seconds, and he couldn't cut the tough leather fast enough. Finally he got out the gun, and we walked along the sand-spit, one following the edge of the Eau and the other that of Lake Erie. We did not care so much for the "black-hearts" and little sandpipers, as we hardly considered them game, but with the larger plover and curlew it was another story.

Every now and again, however, one of us would pull up and let drive at a bunch of birds, and when we gained a point where we proposed to lie and wait, we must have had between us about forty little things, mainly "black-hearts."

Birds were astonishingly numerous, coursing over the sand ahead and driving along its shore line in scattering bunches, but at last we had thoroughly roused and driven most of them away to the bars beyond the impassable channel which connects the harbor and the lake. This fact worried us not a bit, for sooner or later they were bound to come trooping back, for we were on the best feeding-grounds. Our clothes matched the sand beautifully, and we lay down about fifty yards apart where some short, dead stuff furnished the little cover required.

We lay and smoked and talked across to each other in lazy comfort, enjoying a sun-bath and keeping an erratic look-out for any stray curlew. A "robin-snipe" undertook to pass over me, and I pulled him down, for his kind are rare in that locality. Then Larry got four or five chances at passing pairs of black-bellied plover, and knocked the big fellows over famously, much to his satisfaction, for they are good birds.

At last a double gun sounded from the direction of the bars whither we had driven the flocks, and soon an irregular fire proclaimed that others were busy, and that our fun would

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shortly begin. We lay low and waited, and soon the advance-guard appeared. At first in scattering flocks, then in one long procession came waders of many varieties, and we cleared for action, and picking the larger sorts, hammered them unmercifully, generally at short range.

Gradually the flight ceased, and we gathered in the slain. Birds lay on the sand, or floated idly on the water in every direction, for most shots were fired at flocks, and the first barrel seldom failed to drop two, four, or more. When all visible victims had been secured we had two goodly piles of handsomely plumaged birds, and were quite ready to cry quits on anything but the choicest kinds. In an hour's time shooting on other bars again drove the flocks our way, and though we intentionally let many bunches pass unmolested, some good ones were added to the score.

All this time we had seen nothing of the wished-for curlew, but at last Larry hailed me and pointed lakeward. There, sure enough, was a distant cloud of birds, and I moved over to the lake side of the bar and lay down to watch. For how long we lay there staring out over the shining expanse of lake I do not know, but we had distant vision of a tremendous flight of curlew, all apparently bound for resorts on Lake Ontario. Dark cloud after dark cloud, like puffs of smoke against the distant blue, showed, passed and vanished, as though following some selected route, and it seemed as though the curlew had utterly forgotten the existence of our tempting bars. While we watched, uncounted plovers and sandpipers flew over, or in front of, or pitched behind us near the place I had forsaken, but we had enough of them.

It has been truly said that naught can escape a patient watch and vigil long, and our turn came at last. Low down and far away over the water we saw a dark, writhing, changing line that veered and tacked from left to right, but grew plainer every instant.

"Here they come right for us — flatten out and wait!"

Nearer and nearer they sped until we could catch the faint music of five hundred whistling throats. Louder and louder grew the clamor, till the air seemed to quiver with a storm of "Whew-ew-whew-whew-ew." When the long, droning, quavering, blended cries struck like a cascade of noise as though the fowl were tonguing in our very ears, we leaped up. Almost over us was a cloud of screaming birds, brown of bodies and as large as pigeons, and into the mass we pulled "Whang-bang! bang-wang!" Then each shoved in a shell and fired again as the flock sheered off. "Whop-spat-spat-whop!" the heavy fellows struck on sand and water and we gathered in nine shapely prizes with stilted legs and long-curved bills like sickles.

This was glorious, and straightway we hunted for silm, stiff weed-stalks to hold the bird's necks in lifelike position, and soon half a dozen decoys were rigged most attractively. For two hours longer we waited, and then a pair stooped to the decoys and were promptly attended to, and half an hour later another great flock clamored in, only to pay full tribute to four barrels. Then again we lay and watched till the sun told us it was late afternoon. In the dim distance other flocks followed the hosts that had passed, but no more came our way, and Larry finally arose and in a loud voice "cussed" the distant curlew and declared that he was hollow all the way through, and would eat or know why.

We tramped the long way back to our trap and got out the lunch and fed, feeling at peace with all the world. Then we had a comfortable smoke, and after that smoothed our birds, stowed guns in cases and placed all in the trap. Larry led the nag down to the water that he might drink, and a few minutes later he was hooked up, and I sat in the trap holding the lines while Larry loaded his pipe before climbing up.

I have heard men groan under stress of mental and bodily anguish or bitter disappointment, when they put their souls into their work and there was no fooling, but I do not think that I ever heard one single sound in which sorrow, anger, disappointment and general disgust were so powerfully blended as in the voice of Larry as he exclaimed: "Oh, murder, look at that now!"

I turned on the seat and glanced hastily along the sand-spit we had left, and understood at once. There, in great fluttering clouds, in hundreds — nay! thousands — were the curlew we had seen a-wing during the day. Every one, apparently, of the many distant

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flocks we had longed to be within range of had changed its course and headed for the Eau bar. On the very spot where we had lain so long were curlew standing, while above them hovered fluttering hordes; oncoming flocks were visible stringing far out over the lake. In time they all pitched and formed a grand army of curlew, such as we had never dreamed of seeing. Could guns have been hidden within range of them, and four barrels emptied in the mass as the birds rose, a world's record for curlew would surely have resulted. We could do naught but look, and look *hard*, which we did while thinking unutterable things.

"By all the confounded luck that ever two duffers endured, why *didn't* we stop there an hour longer?" asked Larry. "Why, great Cæsar! we'd have downed a hundred at least, if—" I interrupted him by turning the cart around, "pasting" the horse once, for luck, and we sped away. The near wheel bumped savagely over something ere we had covered ten yards. What that something was I did not care, nor did I look to see, but I fancy it must have been Larry's terrible—the always terrible "If."

* * *

Among *Grallatores* were the great blue heron (*Ardea herodias*), great bittern (*Botaurus lentiginosus*), least bittern (*Ardetta exilis*), green heron (*Butorides virescens*), night heron (*Nyctiardea Gardeni*), sandhill crane (*Grus canadensis*), golden plover (*Charadrius virginicus*), killdeer (*Ægialitis vociferus*), Wilson's plover (*Æ. Wilsonius*), semi-palmated plover (*Æ. semi-palmatus*), piping plover (*Æ. melodus*), black-bellied plover (*Squatarola helvetica*), Backman's oyster-catcher (*Haematopus niger*), turnstone (*Strepsilas interpres*), avocet (*Recurvirostra americana*), northern phalarope (*Phalaropus hyperboreus*), Wilson's phalarope (*P. Wilsonii*), red phalarope (*P. fulicarius*), woodcock (*Philohela minor*), snipe (*Gallinago Wilsonii*), gray snipe (*Macrorhamphus griseus*), greater longbeak (*M. scolopaceus*), robin snipe (*Tringa canutus*), Cooper's sandpiper (*T. Cooperii*), purple sandpiper (*T. maritima*), red-backed sandpiper (*T. alpina*), jack-snipe (*T. maculata*), least sandpiper (*T. Wilsonii*), Bonaparte's sandpiper (*T. Bonapartii*), sanderling (*Calidris arenaria*), semi-palmated sandpiper (*Ereunetes petrificatus*), stilt (*Micropalma himantopus*), willet (*Symphemia semi-palmata*), greater yellow-legs (*Gambetta melanoleuca*), yellow-legs (*G. flavipes*), solitary sandpiper (*Rhyacophilus solitarius*), spotted sandpiper (*Tringoides macularius*), field plover (*Actiturus Bartramius*), buff-breasted sandpiper (*Tryngites rufescens*), marbled godwit (*Limosa fedoa*), Hudsonian godwit (*L. hudsonica*), long-billed curlew (*Numenius longirostris*), short-billed curlew (*N. hudsonicus*), Esquimaux curlew (*N. borealis*), marsh hen (*Rallus elegans*), clapper rail (*R. crepitans*), Virginia rail (*R. virginianus*), Carolina rail (*Porzana carolina*), little black rail (*P. jamaicensis*), yellow rail (*P. noveboracensis*), coot (*Fulica americana*), and the purple gallinule (*Gallinule martinica*). The list of swimmers also afforded a grand variety. Proudest of all were the snowy-garbed kings of waterfowl, the American and trumpeter swans (*Cygnus americanus* and *C. buccinator*), Canada goose (*Bernicla canadensis*), and, occasionally, the snow goose (*Anser hyperboreus*) and the brant (*B. brenta*) fell to the booming of some fortunate big ten-gauge. Among the other swimmers were the mallard (*Anas boschas*), black duck (*A. obscura*), pintail (*Dafila acuta*), green-winged teal (*Nettion carolinensis*), blue-winged teal (*Querquedula discors*), red-breasted teal (*Q. cyanoptera*), shoveler (*Spatula clypeata*), gadwall (*Chaulelasmus streperus*), widgeon (*Mareca americana*), wood-duck (*Aix sponsa*), blue-bill (*Fulix marila*), little black-headed duck (*F. affinis*), red-head (*Aythya americana*), canvas-back (*A. vallisneria*), golden-eye (*Bucephala americana*), buffle-head (*B. albeola*), long-tail (*Harelda glacialis*), velvet duck (*Melanetta velvetina*), surf-duck (*Pelionetta perspicillata*), eider duck (*Somateria mollissima*), ruddy duck (*Erismatura rubida*), red-breasted merganser (*Mergus serrator*), goosander (*M. americanus*), hooded merganser (*Lophodytes cucullatus*), white pelican, (*Pelicanus erythrorhynchus*), brown pelican (*P. fuscus*), cormorant (*Graculus carbo*), double-crested cormorant (*G. dilophus*), great northern diver (*colymbus torquatus*), red-throated diver (*C. septentrionalis*), red-necked grebe (*Podiceps griscigena*), crested grebe (*P. cristatus*), horned grebe (*P. cornutus*), and the pied-billed grebe (*Podilymbus podiceps*). There were also gulls, etc., of several varieties.

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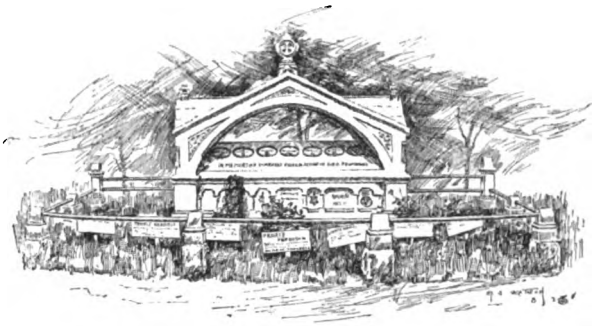

THE GRAVES OF THE NINETIETH.

CANADIAN MILITIA IN ACTION.*

BY CAPT. HENRY J. WOODSIDE.
95TH BATTALION, M. G.

WHEN in 1885 the rebellion broke out, it came as a surprise to the majority of Canadians like "the fall of a thunderbolt from a clear sky." Only a few had heard the low mutterings which preceded the storm. Some one had blundered.

A colony of half-breed farmers and traders had lived in prosperity for many years on the pleasant banks of the Saskatchewan River at a point 211 miles northwest of Regina, the capital of the northwest territories, and 500 miles west of Winnipeg as the crow flies, until a dispute with the government of Canada arose over the title to their land. The matter dragged on for years. Louis Riel, who figured in the Fort Garry troubles of 1869, was then living in Montana, United States. He still possessed great influence over his compatriots, for he was a clever, though an unscrupulous man. The dissatisfied half-breeds of the settlement sent a deputation to ask that Riel come to their assistance and head the agitation for the recognition of their rights. He came, and at once became the center of a movement that looked to force of arms as a final solution, and under Riel's guidance the peaceful agitation soon lost its harmless character.

There were trading posts at Duck Lake and elsewhere in the neighborhood which offered a tempting bait to the more excitable half-breeds and their Indian allies, who now began to scent trouble ahead. Duck Lake stores were seized by Riel's followers, and this overt act was followed by the capture of several white men, who were detained as hostages.

Major Crozier, in command of the Northwest Mounted Police stationed at Fort Carleton, forty miles distant, on the North Saskatchewan, heard of the trouble and sent to Prince Albert town, on the banks of the Big Saskatchewan River, where the north and south branches unite, for assistance. Eighty volunteers answered to the call and proceeded to Fort Carleton in sleighs, for it was March and the snow was still on the ground. With forty-one of these, under Captains Moore and Morton, fifty-three mounted police, under Inspector Howe, and a seven-pounder mountain-gun, Major Crozier moved his

*For previous articles on the Canadian Militia see OUTING, Jan. and Feb., 1891, and Jan., 1892.

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force next day to secure some forage and supplies that were stored near Duck Lake. The half-breeds, under Riel's lieutenant, Gabriel Dumont, were there ahead of him, and the advance scouts of each party met east of the trading post.

After a short parley between Crozier and some of the rebels, a shot was fired and in a moment the fight began. The police and volunteers extended on each side of the trail, and opened a sharp return fire to the attack, which began in front and speedily ran around each flank and felt for the rear of the loyalists. Some of the half-breeds had occupied a log-house, nearly hidden from view, seventy-five yards from their enemy, and the fire from this place was very destructive. The field-piece was of little service, and Major Crozier soon saw that if he wished to avoid a general slaughter of his force he had better withdraw. When the order to retire was given, the sleighs were turned around; the police came back in good shape, covered by the fire of a portion of the command, lifted their wounded and dead into the sleighs and drove off, taking the field-piece with them. The Prince Albert volunteers had not the advantage of drill, but crowded back to their sleighs, and taking some of the wounded with them, followed the police out of the trap.

There seems to have been no doubt of the bravery of the police and the volunteers. The affair was entirely unexpected. The rebels selected their ground so that a number of little coulees or ravines commanded the trail; the log-house sheltered a strong detachment of them, and they were enabled by their superior numbers to nearly surround the loyalists.

Fort Carleton was abandoned and partly destroyed. The whole force, along with a detachment of police under their head officer, Commissioner Irvine, who had arrived from Regina after the fight, retired to Prince Albert.

The news of the Duck Lake disaster raised the feeling in the rest of Canada to a white heat. Fears were entertained of a great Indian uprising and massacre of the settlers in the northwest territories. The Department of Militia and Defense rose to the occasion. It was besieged by offers of companies, battalions, troops and batteries. Authority was issued for the formation of provisional battalions from the pick of the permanent battalions in certain districts. Other corps were accepted as they stood, and these were hurried forward to the front. Two hundred and fifty of each of Toronto's crack battalions—the Second Queen's Own Rifles and Tenth Royal Grenadiers—were sent out, followed by the Governor-General's body-guard of cavalry. "A" Battery of the permanent force of Canada, then stationed at Quebec, was sent forward at the first serious news of the trouble, and preceded all the others in the movement around Lake Superior.

It was the end of March and winter was breaking up. The various corps had to be marched across wide bays covered with slushy-topped ice and transported on sleighs in sleet and rain along almost impassable trails, and through deep melting snowbanks. They suffered severely, but went through it cheerfully.

Major-General Middleton, then in command of the Canadian militia, hurried to Winnipeg a few days after the Duck Lake affair, and sending a detachment of the Ninetieth Battalion, Winnipeg Rifles, forward under Major Boswell to hold Quapelle or Troy station, where the Prince Albert trail branched off the C. P. R., followed with the rest of the battalion and the Winnipeg Field Battery a few days after. This force then moved northward to the Quapelle Valley, where Fort Quapelle, one of the most important of the western Hudson's Bay Company posts, stands.

General Middleton pushed northward from Quapelle, being reinforced as he moved on, until his command consisted of the Ninetieth Battalion, 318 men, under Lieutenant-Colonel McKeand; Tenth Grenadiers, 267 men, under Lieutenant-Colonel Grassett; Winnipeg Field Battery, 62 men, under Major Jarvis; "A" Battery, 111 men, under Lieutenant-Colonel Montizambert; Major Boulton's Mounted Infantry, 66 men; Captain French's Scouts, 35 men; "C" Infantry Company, 42 men, under Major Smith, and a long wagon train. The march was a very severe one on the untried troops, but they pressed on at the rate of twenty-three miles a day—foot marches over heavy roads—in alternately slushy

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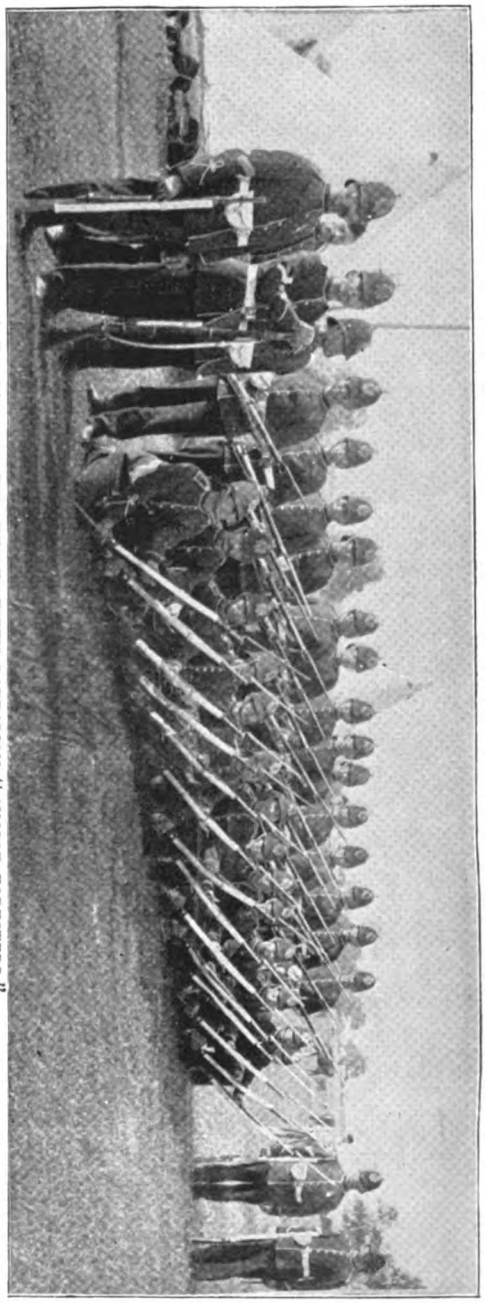
and bitterly cold weather. It is a matter for surprise to observe how rapidly men of city corps become reconciled to the hardships, poor fare and tent life in cold weather.

After a march of 228 miles the column arrived at Clarke's Crossing, within about forty miles of Batoche. Here the command was divided. The Tenth Grenadiers, Winnipeg Field Battery, French's Scouts, and twenty of Boulton's men were sent across the river, under Lord Melgund, and the two columns moved along the river parallel to each other for about twenty miles.

On the morning of April twenty-sixth the rebels, who calculated on surprising Middleton's command, had skillfully prepared what was virtually an ambush in the ravine, down which Fish Creek flowed toward the Saskatchewan. Their position was well taken. They dug rifle pits in the salient angle of one of the creek's bends, which was covered with dense brush, and, behind this, more pits in a hollow or washout in the farther bank of the ravine. Boulton's mounted infantry, acting as a scouting vanguard, came into collision with some of the enemy, who had come out into the groves on the right front of their position, where they expected to take the column in flank when its head had been checked at the point where the trail led past the angle. Major Boulton immediately wheeled his line as on a left pivot, charged the half-breeds and Indians and drove them into the ravine. His men dismounted and let their horses loose, to save them from being shot. In this plucky movement, executed in a faultless manner, the mounted infantry had one man killed and four or five badly wounded.

General Middleton, who was with the advance, ordered up the Ninetieth and "A" Battery. The latter came up on the gallop, the two guns swiftly unlimbered and went into action. The Ninetieth came up on the double, and deployed company by company, right and left, as they came, advancing in skirmishing order toward the ravine. The fight thus begun lasted from eight until after two o'clock. The Ninetieth outflanked the rebels on both sides, drove away the majority of them, and surrounded the angle, where a number of the enemy still held out. Most of the officers and men were anxious to be allowed to charge and clear out this "hornet's nest," but the general was of opinion that it would be a useless sacrifice of life for a very doubtful gain. He



A COMPANY OF THE THIRTY-FIFTH BATTALION "SIMCOE FORESTERS."

virtually had the remnant of his foe in a box, where they could do no harm if left alone, and would be only too glad to clear out when he withdrew the more advanced portions of his force.

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By 2 P. M. the Tenth Grenadiers began to arrive on the scene, having crossed the river on a ferry scow. They skirmished a little with the enemy before withdrawing. The Winnipeg Field Battery also, by dint of the hardest work, brought over their two guns. About four o'clock the troops were withdrawn a few hundred yards to the rear, a zareba was formed and a hospital prepared. Just as the rear companies were retiring, fifty or sixty half-breeds came out of the woods from the direction of Batoche. On some of the companies being turned about and advancing on them, they retired into the bush again.

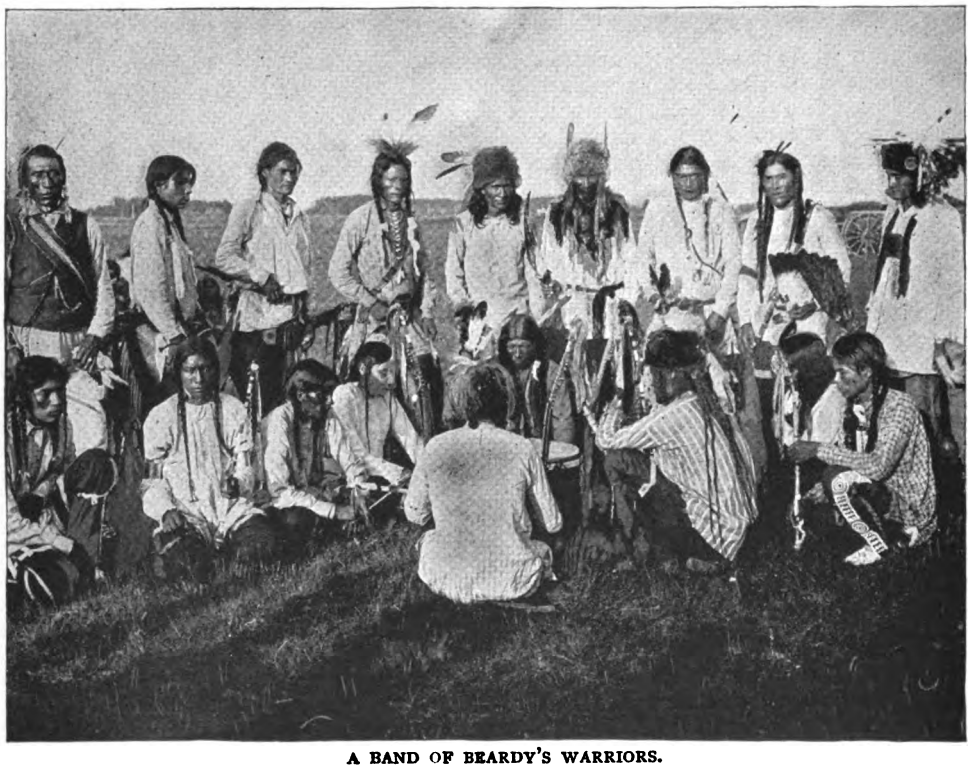
Fish Creek was a check to the loyalists only in so far as they failed to clear out the angle where less than twenty of the enemy were surrounded, but the position was so difficult to reach that it could only have been taken by a heavy loss of life.

When Middleton again advanced on Batoche, his force consisted of one column on the eastern bank of the river. He had received reinforcements in the shape of eighty-one men of the Midland Battalion under Lieutenant-Colonel Williams, thirty-five of the Surveyors Corps under Captain Dennis, acting as an intelligence corps, and the Gatling gun in charge of Lieutenant Howard of the Connecticut National Guard.

His whole force consisted of "A" Battery, 2 guns, 86 men; Winnipeg Field Battery, 2 guns, 40 men; Tenth Battalion, 210; Ninetieth Battalion, 254; Midland, 81; Boulton's, 65; French's, 28—total 764—and the Surveyor Corps. Lieutenant-Colonel Van Straubenzie commanded the infantry brigade.

Before General Middleton advanced to the attack on Batoche, on the ninth of May, he barricaded the steamer *Northcote*, and started her down the river with the intention of having her move with the land force. The steamer dropped down the river too rapidly, and before its crew was well aware, they were under fire at the village. The rebels endeavored to capture the steamer by dropping the steel cable of the ferry in front of her, but fortunately it came down in time only to take off her whistle and smokestacks at the deck.

To be continued.



A BAND OF BEARDY'S WARRIORS.

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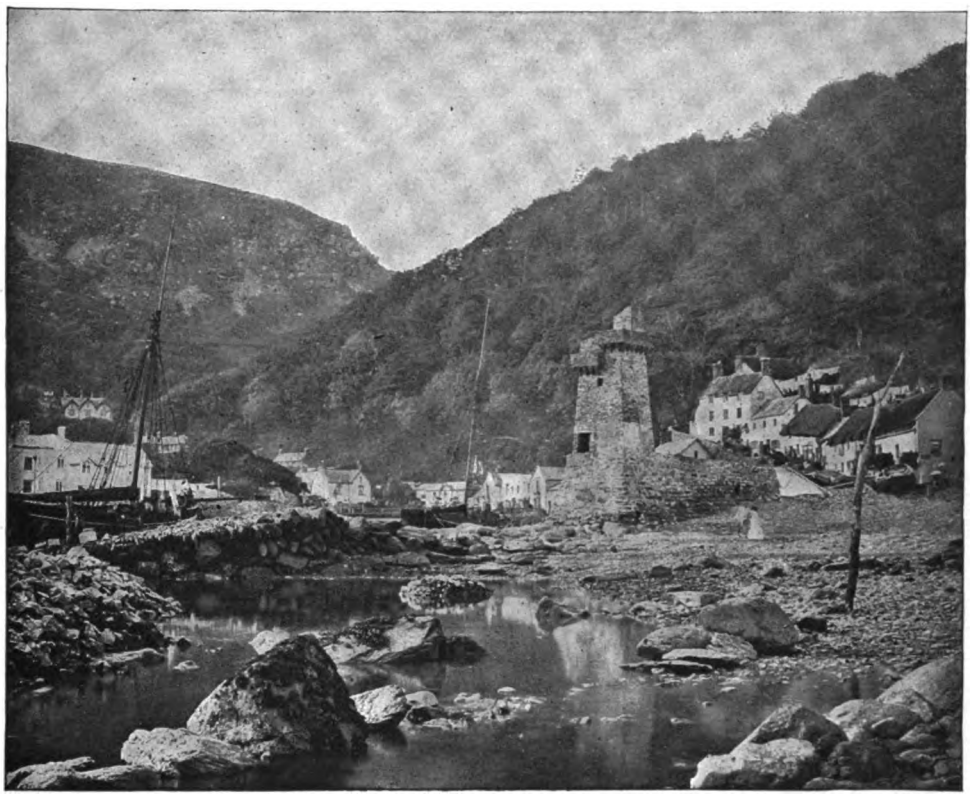
TROUT-FISHING IN DEVONSHIRE.

BY HAMILTON HILL.



OUR HEADQUARTERS AT LYNMOUTH.

TROUT-FISHING holds a place distinctively its own. Here in America it possesses us with its fascination. Along a winding meadow stream in June you may wander, with the long grass hanging over the pool, the pleasant smell of the clover in your nostrils, and the song of the birds in your ears; or by a livelier brook in the mountains, with shallows, rocky eddies and foaming falls, birches and firs overhanging the water. On a wider stream in Maine you can sit in your canoe and cast right and left over the broad pools, or under the alders, along the bunches of water-lilies, while the kingfisher springs his rattle overhead, or a wild-duck gets up with a splash as you round a curve. Now and again a big trout rises to your fly, and the excitement of his play and capture ensues. Again, still in your "birch" canoe, you may lazily swing over the seas of an inland lake, your trolling lines out to right and left, while the sweet summer wind blows gently past you, the clouds drift over, and the distant wooded mountains change and change in the varying light and shade.

Always trout-fishing is one of the pleasantest recreations of our poor American workaday life. So I have always found it, and so I still think; but a new opportunity offered. Having occasion to be in Europe, and being

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more or less a man of leisure, I determined to experiment on trout-fishing in England.

After a leisurely journey through Wales, and pleasant sauntering about the wonderful old cathedrals of Hereford, Chester, Gloucester and Wells, I came to Bristol. This was, so to speak, my starting-point for the Devonshire coast, where I proposed to settle for a time.

I entered the leading fishing-tackle store of the city to procure the necessary equipment, and felt a slight disappointment at finding a young woman in charge. A salesman of fishing-tackle is sure to be himself a fisherman, and a fisherman is sure to be a good, honest person, while among fellow fishermen there exists a *comeraderie* that makes them friends as soon as they meet. Who, in New England at least, does not remember with a kindly regret Prouty, who had charge of the fishing department of a sporting house in Boston? It was almost as good as a day's fishing to go into the store to look over the fishing gear, and talk with him of old days and exploits. Poor fellow! if he had half known how many there were who really loved him, I am sure he would have been with us still.

However, the good woman of the Bristol shop seemed to understand her business, inquired as to the locality where I expected to fish, and then produced a rod and tackle, which she said were suitable. I bought a little four-jointed rod, as being so much easier to carry with umbrellas and canes. In passing, let me say that I noticed genuine American rods for sale in this shop, and they were advertised as the best they had.

BY WATERS—MEET.

The shopwoman then made up for me a lot of flies, about as large as house-flies. She laughed at the flies we use in America. "Such would certainly scare every trout out of the pool." The leaders also which she gave me were finer than the finest silk. Alas! too fine, as it proved.

Thus fitted out, I took the train for Minehead, the end of the railway in this direction, and thence with some friends I went in an open drag to Lynton, in North Devonshire.

This twenty-mile drive is worth taking. Off the general beat of American tourists, it passes through the quaintest

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of villages—every house a picture—up and down hills of the most unheard-of steepness, on the sides of cliffs tumbling down to the sea, where any nonsense of the horses would send you rolling four hundred feet, and over miles of moors so wild and lonely that they are still the home, and the only home in England, of the wild red deer. We even saw two of these animals as they passed over a distant ridge. Finally, we drove down a terrible hill to a little village on the seashore, called Lynmouth.

At this place, which has been called the Riviera of England, three great ridges converge, and down the two valleys between them push two streams—the East and West Lynn. The craggy hills rise six to nine hundred feet right over them, with covering of heather. On the side of one of them, five hundred feet up, hangs the upper village of Lynton. So steep is the declivity that from the height above one could throw a stone upon the roofs below; and, indeed, a notice there declares that, "Whereas evil-disposed persons have at times thrown stones to the danger of her Majesty's subjects, etc., a reward of £5 will be paid, etc."

The scenery of the wild and narrow valleys through which these two streams flow must be seen to be appreciated. One of them falls four hundred feet in a quarter of a mile, over and around a succession of great bowlders. Both streams are a succession of falls, rapids, and shaded pools, opening further up into long, level reaches overspanned with the most picturesque of stone-arched bridges, all overrun with ivy, and with banks crowded with ferns. The water is clear as crystal, the pools deep, and the trout, though mostly small, are numerous. The fishing is all preserved, but the right to about twenty miles of the banks will cost you a shilling per day, or a dollar per week. It is here that I determined to try what English trout-fishing was like.

I soon settled down in a little home. I secured a couple of pleasant rooms, the windows on one side looking out over the roofs of the town, and out to the sea and the Welsh coast beyond. On the other side they opened toward great rocky hills and deep valleys. The kindly little mistress of the house prepared what I ordered or bought, and served me daily with neat, well-cooked

"OVERSPANNED WITH THE MOST PICTURESQUE OF STONE-ARCHED BRIDGES." (*p. 233.*)

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meals in my own parlor, all at a nominal cost. This is the almost universal way of living at English watering-places.

Having established myself comfortably, I explored, rode, sketched and loitered about at my own will. One bright afternoon a neat basket-wagon, with an active-looking lad as driver, drew up at my door, and soon the vehicle was half rolling, half coasting on its iron shoe down one of the steep hills of the place. From Lynmouth we turned into the valley of the East Lynn, and began ascending one of the steep and precipitous hills of the valley. The stream rose rapidly, but as we went up at a still greater angle, we were soon riding along a narrow track on the face of the slope, with not even a rail to guard the outer side of the narrowed road—the stream foaming far below. Here and there the valley opened a little, and we looked down on a bit of meadow. All such spots were fully improved, and generally a neat little collection of farm buildings far below you would testify to the value of the warm, sheltered nook thus created. The whole scene—the deep, winding valley; the hills towering far above, either well wooded or with wild, rocky pastures; the sheep nibbling where you would suppose no animal could stand—is one of extraordinary beauty. The woods are mostly artificial plantations, largely of larch trees. Many thousand acres of these hills and downs have been thus planted within the last twenty or thirty years.

After a time the road got out of this valley and up to high rolling land, fertile and well grassed, such as one would find in New England. Were it not for the roads, or rather, lanes, through which you drive, and the strange little villages you pass, you would not know that you were not in America. But these lanes — they are excellently well made, smooth and hard, macadamized from end to end, but so narrow! They are probably a survival of the times when all traveling was done on horseback, and the simple wants of the natives supplied by pack-horses. For long distances they are just wide enough for one vehicle. Should two meet, as my driver explained, the one nearest to some gate or other widening of the road, must back out to let the other pass; and not only are they narrow, but walled with high, stone-built walls, probably old beyond all memory of man. These walls are generally some six feet or more higher than the level of the road, the latter being worn two or three feet below the general surface of the country, and all the crevices are filled in with turf and mold, and almost invisible from the growth of ivy, fern, gorse, strawberry and blackberry vines, and innumerable flowers of every kind. The extraordinary dampness of the climate fosters this growth, where at home everything would entirely dry up. The villages look exactly as if they had come out of a picture—of low stone cottages covered with heavy thatch, which is often black with age, with great clumps of flowering plants growing out of it, on the roofs themselves. It is curious to note how the inhabitants are gathered into villages. The more wealthy classes live by themselves on their own estates—more than with us—but the great mass of the people are much more gregarious. You do not see modest houses scattered here and there over the hills, as you do at home. Probably this is a relic of the habits of the feudal ages, when the general public gathered under the walls of the nearest castle for its protection as well as for mutual defense. And even at a much later time, if all reports are true, in this section of the country there was little safety away from the protection of neighbors. It is hardly two hundred years since the Doones lived by robbery in this very region, and highwaymen grew rich by stopping honest people on these roads.

A ride through this country for about an hour brought us to Malmsmead, a collection of small farmhouses and their accompanying outbuildings. While the driver unharnessed and put up his horse, I examined stable and house connected. I could not see that man was housed any better than his horses. In both buildings rough stone and mortar showed on the inside, as well as on the outside. The thatching of the roof, the height and finish of each, inside, were substantially the same. Both were paved with irregular-shaped stones, those of the house perhaps a little larger and flatter. The house was furnished — Heaven save the mark!—that is, it had a rough wooden table, an unpainted settle or bench, a few chairs to

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match, and a dresser or shelf; and they were prepared there, as a sign over the door stated, to supply "plain refreshments if desired." I doubt if any of your readers in America ever entered so poor a dwelling; yet it was as neat as possible, and the good woman who had it in keeping was evidently a nice, self-respecting person, whom you would trust without doubt in respect to your supper.

From here my guide led me through divers gates to the brook where we were to fish. This is the Bagworthy, a branch of the Lynn. Readers of "Lorna Doone" will recognize the name as that of the stream whence John Ridd first found his way into the Doone Valley.

This locality is the scene of the novel, and it is most amusing to see how this story has impressed itself on the imaginations of the inhabitants of all this district. Every one knows it by heart; and I believe half the people fancy it is absolute history.

The Bagworthy brook, notwithstanding its honors, is a modest brook, much like others in a slate-stone country. Here it falls over a horizontal ledge, in a little waterfall, here makes a deep pool with high, rocky banks, here expands in a bit of open meadow, here hides under a long growth of overhanging bushes and trees. Too often the best pools could hardly be reached on account of the foliage about and over them. Wading the stream is forbidden. There is good fishing here, however. The trout, though mostly small, are lively, and very bright and clear in their colors, but they are educated beyond anything we know at home. The utmost caution is necessary. Not only the person, but the rod, must be invisible. The only chance, for the most part, is in casting up-stream with considerable line, and the curves and shrubbery of the stream make this very difficult—much more so as the extremely light line and leaders and minute flies utterly fail in that momentum on which we largely rely to get our flies well out. If the wind happens, as it did with me, to blow for the most part down-stream, casting up is almost impossible, and you must be content with such chances as you can get in other directions. An American will soon find that before he can make a success of it he will have to learn much, and that this is a finer art than any trout-fishing he has practiced at home, and at best he cannot hope to compete with the long-trained habitués of the stream, who carry home four or five dozen fish for the day's work.

I fished up and down the Bagworthy through the afternoon; at one good pool with the utmost quiet, contrived to get my flies around a clump of bushes, where, as I could not see the water, I was pretty sure the trout could not see me. A sudden strong jerk, a quick "jigging" of the rod, and the tip bent over into that fine half-circle which so delights the fisherman, as an indication of a heavy fish. "A fine trout at last!" But, alas! up flew the line into the air, the too fine gut having left the fly with the trout. We may claim at least a pound's weight for that trout. At last it was full time to return, and with great content with my afternoon's pleasure, even if I had not taken many fish. He must be dull indeed who does not find pleasure in wandering in the bright, open air along a pleasant stream of a summer afternoon. Emerson says, "Nature is a coy goddess. If you go out to stare at her, saying, 'I will go out and enjoy nature,' she will not show herself, but if you will make a pretense of being absorbed in some occupation, she will let you get a glimpse of all her beauties." I know of no pretense of an occupation, be it in America or in England, so fit for the purpose as trout-fishing. It is much the same in either country; but I found in England an added interest in the change in landscape and surroundings; in the great difference in the plants and flowers which were about my feet, and in the difference in the people, their customs, habitations and modes of thought and expression, which my expedition disclosed.

As we drove home in the evening the trout were rising freely in the pools along the way. I left them, indeed with regret, but I came home tired, yet enchanted with my experience.

You have among your readers, no doubt, many who are worn and nervous with their work. Such especially turn to your pages for rest from their business thoughts. Let me urge them, if they take a trip over the water, to establish themselves in some place like Lynton, and try their hand at trout-fishing in the Mother Country.

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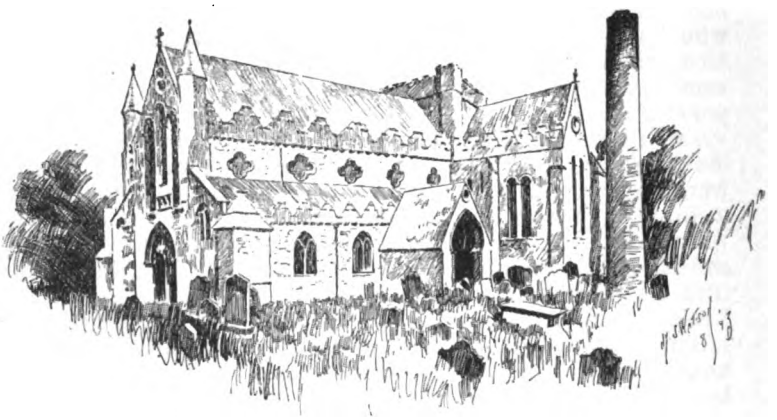
THROUGH ERIN AWHEEL.

BY GRACE E. DENISON.

III.



KILKENNY CATHEDRAL.

IN leaving Carysfort we made a side track, which one can obtain leave to enjoy, through the grounds of Shelton Abbey, from entrance gate to hall door two and a half Irish miles in length. (An Irish mile measures an American mile and a quarter.) This avenue is lined on either side with a succession of fine rhododendrons, which, on that June day, were in full and perfect bloom, crimson, white and pink, looking very grand and showy from the higher road to the north. After lunch it behooved us to make a very determined start for the south—Gorey, Ferns and Enniscorthy, which latter town I had a desire to explore for the sake of "Vinegar Hill," Strongbow's Castle, and a certain curiosity regarding a certain family of whom I had heard pleasant things. An easy road, lovely sunshine and the rest we had perforce taken at Arklow soon drove away even the memory of yesterday's drenching; an occasional muscle kinked, and an added crease appeared in the blue serge gown, but "Theodore" was safely rolled on Tim's luggage carrier, and in cycling past troubles are wonderfully soon forgotten.

At evening, just twenty-four hours behind time, we made our way into Enniscorthy, and had not gone many yards before an extra long and crooked hill, in the midst of the town, landed us on our feet.

Immediately a brisk little woman stepped in front of my wheel and told me who I was, who she was, and that our supper was ready in a certain cozy home near by, where was more Irish hospitality, some faint scoldings for our delay, and intimation that the Enniscorthy Club had ridden out as far as Ferns to fetch us in with honor the previous evening. After tea we had our fill of Vinegar Hill, Cromwell and the rebels; gory tales were related of piking and such warlike pleasantries. We circled curiously round the tower on the summit of the hill, and anon retracing our way into the town, chanting the well-known Irish song, "Enniscorthy," were informed that the Miss Murphy mentioned therein was at that same time running a milliner's shop in New York. We looked respectfully at Strongbow's Castle, grim and impregnable in hoary stone, and heard how he had received it from the King of Waterford on his marriage with the King's daughter Eva; then we were escorted back to the cozy home, which is known as Woodview, and stands at the base of Vinegar Hill,

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and I was talked to by an Irish cyclist, who knows more about the interior of a bicycle than I shall ever learn, or indeed care to; and he talked until I should never have forgiven him for exposing my ignorance, only that he took away my wheel and had a piratical-looking canvas chain-guard put on it, which enabled me to ride more gracefully and in a less cramped position than I had attained to, while my skirt, perforce, had hung all on one side for fear of the unguarded chain. Tim was up very early next morning, and had a swim and a tramp and a grand time in the market, for it was market-day at Enniscorthy—piles of poultry, as costly as five shillings the pair; small kids tied by the legs and bleating unceasingly, carts full of ducks (it seemed as if every feathered creature in the country-side must be on hand); buyers for Dublin and larger cities farther away; old men and women; donkeys by the score—all chaffering, pushing, laughing, squawking, in bedlam double distilled!

We left them with many a smile and hand-shake from the dear people at Woodview, and with our route pleasantly mapped out as far as Kilkenny, where we needs must stop for a night at the palace of a certain bishop, from whom I anticipated great things in the way of folk-lore and fun. A dainty luncheon hung on each handle-bar, and, as we had to pass through the Gap of Scullogue, and would climb pretty high to do so, mountain spring water would no doubt be on tap. An enthusiastic cyclist accompanied us for five or six miles, and to him we are indebted for many useful hints. He evidently approved highly of my choice of a country to explore on a wheel, and departed in due time to his business in Enniscorthy, with many wishes for our success and happiness. When I look back upon such a ride as we had that fair, clear morning, I am tempted to say that if we had only taken one such ride, it would have been well worth going to Ireland for the sake of getting it. The tender beauty of the distant mountains, that are high and grand, but neither hard nor stern; the silver tinkle of some concealed stream; the delicious scent of some honey-heavy, upland clover meadow; the clean, good road; the light mountain air—ah, me! with all these things who would not be happy?

Now and then we got off and stretched ourselves on the turf under some tree or hedge, and talked lazily of Enniscorthy, of Arklow, of Glen-da-lough, and when we talked of Kilkenny we scrambled up and regained our wheels in sudden remembrance of the ride before us. But distances had begun to lose their significance; under a smiling sky such

"OH, THAT COAST DOWN HILL!" (*p. 238.*)

as we gazed at, a few miles more was only so much more pleasure, and then the delicious twilight, stretching far into the night, is all gain to the cyclist. On one of our halts I chatted with a wee girlie of about eight, who came straying along, poking her bare little toes into the pebbles and humming a weird, untuneful ditty. "I minds the goats," she informed me. "I live down there.

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There's six of us. No, I don't go to school, nor I can't read. I just minds the goats!" "Do you know what that is?" "I do," phlegmatically; "'tis a penny. Thank you kindly," and she slipped it into her pocket with a quick courtesy that made her look as if her knees had suddenly broken under her. "How far is it to Bagnallstown?" said Tim, quizzically. "I don't know!" said the small girl, carelessly. "Is it a mile?" "I don't know." "Were you ever there?" "Me mother was—I minds the goats!" And so grew up in our private vocabulary a sentence expressive of our indifference to, or utter ignorance of, any questions under consideration. "I minds the goats" was all that was needful to explain our attitude. We lunched at a convenient corner, where a mountain stream trickled cool and clear, and presently, as we rode on in the midday sun, I began to develop a capacity for drink which surprised me. Every time we passed a tidy cottage or an interesting-looking residence, I wanted a drink and halted to get it. Milk, sherry and whisky were offered instead of water, and Tim regarded me with a patient and long-suffering air as I hobnobbed with peasant, grannie, farmer or small boy, all interesting to me and bores to him. We encountered one old lady who presented us with quart bowls of rich, creamy milk, and was distressed because, try as I would, I could not drink a quart! "Would ye consthrain the young gintleman to take it, thin?" she urged, but Tim declined to be constrained, and after setting the old dame completely wild by the bestowal of a four-penny silver bit, he calmly informed me that she was an undoubted lunatic, and that we had best get away. This was one of Tim's Irishisms. But the day was shortening (though, indeed, it was the longest day in the year), and, in spite of many drinks, I was ravenously hungry, as only cyclists can be; so we made time to Bagnallstown, where we intended dining. Oh, that coast down-hill to Bagnallstown! Mile after mile, over a limestone road that shone white and clean, round curves, past toiling harvesters, who tossed up their hats and yelled in delight as we fled by. Open-mouthed and rough-haired, disheveled in skirt and short in breath, I careered on until the slant grew gentler and gentler, cars hove in sight, children lingered gaping on the roadside, and we rode into the town shouting at one another: "*Wasn't it glorious!*"

I think it was our best coast, and I don't think I shall forget it for many a moon; but "after sunshine comes a cloud," and this time the cloud was on the brow of the waiter of the inn, where we arrived breathless, laughing, excited and starving. "Could we have dinner?" "What did we want?" "Potatoes and meat." "The potatoes were bad. There was meat on the table in the coffee-room." I got suddenly enraged, and risked my dinner for the relief of giving the crabbed old wretch a scolding. To my surprise he took not the least notice of my outspoken opinion, except by shrugging his shoulders and remarking: "The potatoes are bad; what else do you want?" Then I discovered that he was almost stone deaf, and was glad Tim had retreated to "look after the wheels." I contented myself by shouting: "Chops, ham and eggs, bread and butter, jam and *tea!*" He repeated the order to insure correctness, turned a deaf ear to my shouted "Hurry up!" and slowly scuffled out to the kitchen. I rated Tim for laughing, and waited, with small patience and a large piece of bread and butter, for the provender, which was served by a comely creature in a neat gown and a very friendly smile. "It wasn't long," she said, soothingly, having doubtless benefited by my eloquence down-stairs. "And it's crame you'll be having for your tay, and fresh butter, just in; and the eggs for the gentleman, and the ham." So she purred on and spread the feast, while we waited hungrily, but slightly appeased by her simple soft-sawder. Tim fell into tantrums over the ham, which was rank, but the deaf man calmed him with some delicious marmalade and a good chop, and, as usual, a prime cup of tea so roused my conscience that I presented the surly waiter with a sixpence when I paid the bill.

A shower and a rainbow had blessed the outer world while we supped, and Tim faintly suggested taking the train to Kilkenny, which I opposed with quite unnecessary force, while he tranquilly remarked: "All right, old lady," and went down to fetch out the wheels. It was seven o'clock, and as sweet and fresh an evening as ever you saw, when we left

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the usual knot of interested natives and skimmed out of Bagnallstown. Just after we left we heard the smart trot of a horse on the road behind us. Tim, who had forgotten the ham, and was doing finely on the marmalade, glanced back. "We are pursued!" he said, pretending to tremble. "It's a royal Irish constabulary inspector and his orderly! Did you pay the bill? Did you pocket the spoons? Confess, and all will be forgiven."

"I gave the waiter sixpence," I said, conclusively. "Don't let them get ahead. *Come on!*" and forthwith a race began. It was hot. I was melting. Tim laughed and shouted: "There be fleet steeds that follow. Go it, old lady; more power to you. Oh, I know they'll be harder on us than if we surrendered at once. They'll transport us—whoop!" and we flew on, finally getting a good lead, and hearing the trot, trot grow fainter in the distance. Then I got off in a bath of perspiration. "It was that last cup of tea. I am stewing! Let us rest under the tree and see them go by!" I gasped, and Tim acquiesced willingly. They went by, the grim inspector as grave as a judge, the handsome young constable pulling his mustache and grinning; and after a moment we mounted (dreading that *bête noir* of cyclists—a chill), and rode on, only to come upon the dog-cart and the men ambling leisurely along at the foot of the next hill.

For a little way we plodded behind them, then the pace grew too trying, and the impulse to get ahead too strong. "Let's pass them," suggested Tim. "Ring your bell."

And just now happened the only happening that I am ashamed of, showing conclusively that too much larking is not safe on a wheel. Our rule of the road is exactly reversed in Ireland—one passes on the right and meets on the left. I had schooled myself to be careful, and had never made a mistake so far; but whether it was the fun, or the pace, or the last cup of tea I know not. Certainly this time I did forget, and made a rush at the lessening space on the left (for the good inspector was carefully giving us lots of room on the proper side). There was a shout from Tim and a prance of the spirited horse, a wobble of the wheel, a lurch and a crash, and I and the wheel in a tangled mass on a cruel heap of broken stones. "I've killed the lady!" shouted the inspector, scrambling down, while the orderly ran to the horse's head and Tim wheeled back. They lifted me out, and then Tim dragged up the wheel. Such a wheel! Any one who has seen a pneumatic wheel wrecked can understand how it looked, and how I laughed! We were two miles from Kilkenny, so the inspector took me up beside him, and the orderly let down the back seat, and Tim carefully handed him up the unfortunate wheel, wavy in the tire and crazy in the spokes—a veritable "drunk and disorderly" in charge of the police!

The inspector did not laugh—he was very solemn. "I really thought I had killed you," he said, seriously, and was evidently distressed at the idea of having been so undignified as to lark about the country with a pair of wandering cyclists.

"Well, you did not hurt me a bit, and it was all my own stupidity," I said, warmly. "But, really, inspector, I don't think I can drive up to the palace with that wheel. Couldn't you leave it somewhere?" "At Kelly's, sir," put in the young orderly. And Kelly, turning out to be the bicycle agent, to Kelly's we went. Mrs. Kelly received the wheel and promised it for the morrow, and we proceeded through the town of Kilkenny, much to the curiosity of the inhabitants, who gaped and grinned and wondered, no doubt, how I had got into the clutches of the law. Had I known that my hat was on one side and my face rather dusty on the same, I should have remedied these little matters; but ignorance is bliss, and I drove along to the palace door, looking rather rakish and disorderly. In an hour or so I began to feel hurt, and was glad to go under a hot-water cure for the myriad cruel little dints and bruises I had found on the broken stones. And I put in rather a bad twelve hours in the miter-room of the palace—too sore to toss and too nervous to lie still, longing for day, and when day came obliged to confess that I could not get up, and was very angry with myself indeed.

A sweet, young Episcopal maiden came and perched on my bed and chatted, and was good to me, and by degrees the idea that some one had put me through a sausage mill, and that I was an idiot, and that my tour was ended

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and my cycling done, faded into a tired, thankful feeling that it was no worse; and I slept like a thoroughly worn-out woman. Next morning Mr. Kelly sent my wheel, as trim as ever, and I paid him four shillings, much wondering how he had done it up so well. As to the kindness and brightness and alertness and wisdom and folk-lore and fun of the bishop in whose home I rested and recovered myself, are they not written in the hearts of the people among whom he has lived for seventy-two years, and to whom the name of "Packenham-Walshe," as they affectionately call him, means all that is good and kind and lovable? He showed me wondrous old books, and a wee thumb Bible, just the size of his thumb, and he told me yarns so funny and so characteristic, and with such a quiet twinkle of his merry eyes; and he led me up and down St. Canice's Cathedral, which he loves and is proud of, and he burglarized the sanctum of his favorite canon for our entertainment, that I would be cold indeed were he not to me a dear and delightful prelate, this Bishop of Ferns and Ossary.

There is, says the wise man, a time for everything, and the time for a small rest had intervened in our ride, while the wheel was in hospital with Mr. Kelly, of Kilkenny. Tim played tennis with the boys and girls who called my charming bishop "father," and I, bone-sore and self-accusing, reposed in the miter-room and conjured up ghosts of long-dead bishops and lords of the soil whose pranks and sayings formed the theme of many a rich tale told in the gloaming by the bright and legend-loving Bishop of Ferns and Ossary—not the tarradiddles of Killarney guides, nor yet the fantastic ghost-lore of the northwest, nor even the sparkling storyettes of Dublin town, but authentic yarns of defunct Ormond-Butlers (or *vice versa*), whose castle rose ivy-crowned and beautiful just a five minutes' walk from the palace, and whose monuments, in the rich, black Kilkenny marble, lay thick adown the aisle and nooks and corners of St. Canice's Cathedral. One reaches the bishop's palace in a devious and undignified prowl through high-walled, narrow alley-ways, and just inside the old hall-door one stumbles on the first old-time tale of the place. Here died a former Lord Bishop, coming from his court as lord of the soil, magistrate, judge, or whatever he pleased to call himself—after sentencing a guilty man to imprisonment. The prisoner, who was, by the way, a bigamist, shot his judge (or stabbed him, more properly, as it was very long ago) just as the bishop passed under this particular arch, and his life-blood dyed this particular stone of the floor. There are secret passages, queer old rooms, immensely thick walls—all the old-time peculiarities which we young American people have to remember were the style long, long before our country was discovered.

To be continued.

KILKENNY CASTLE.

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AMATEUR SPORTS AND PASTIMES

Outing MONTHLY RECORD

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications should be addressed to "The Editor." Letters and inquiries from anonymous correspondents do not receive attention.

OUTING will in this department record all important events within the domain of pastimes and of strictly amateur sport; therefore these pages are open to members of organized clubs engaged in the reputable sports of the period. The editors of OUTING RECORD cordially invite full reports of contests and events of interest to officers and members of amateur clubs and associations.

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OUTING for July, our midsummer number, will be considerably enlarged in order to make room in that issue for our cyclists' reports, "How to wheel from New York to Chicago," and for the remaining chapters of Frank Lenz's world tour awheel, "Across the Rockies to San Francisco." None of the chapters thus far printed approach in interest this portion of Mr. Lenz's experiences on the American continent while wheeling westward. There were not a few among our readers who doubted the successful accomplishment of this journey with a Pneumatic tire. Not only has Mr. Lenz found his wheel adequate to the task, but in completing his description of his journey across the Rockies, he has occasion to say:

"My utmost faith to wheel through foreign countries with a pneumatic tire like the Victor, which admits of quick repair by use of an inner tube, removable through a hole in the rim, is now fully established. I have traveled thus far 5,412 miles, and as yet the front tire of my Pneumatic shows but little wear. The rear tire, of course, did not do so well, as mostly all the weight of the bagage and myself was borne by it, making in all 255 pounds (wheel and baggage, 110 pounds; my weight, 145). Altogether I am convinced that I acted wisely in choosing a Pneumatic for my world tour, and I start across the Pacific with no misgivings as to the strength and durability of my Victor."

OUTING was first among the cycling journals to advocate the introduction of the Pneumatic tire. We therefore record this testimonial of Mr. Lenz with unusual gratification, and point with pride to the record OUTING has made for the Pneumatic Safety. There are several first-class manufacturers whose wheels might have stood the test as well, but the fact remains that the wheel chosen for our purpose has borne out its reputation in a rough ride of over 5,000 miles. When last heard from the interior of China—where Mr. Lenz is having some pretty tough experiences—the wheel was performing its service as faultlessly as in our own country.

BASEBALL EVENTS AND FIXTURES.

June 3—Harvard-Yale L. S. at Cambridge.
June 12—Harvard-U. of P. at Cambridge.
June 14—Harvard-U. of P. at Cambridge.
June 17—Yale-Princeton at New York.
June 18—Harvard-Yale L. S. at Cambridge.
June 22—Harvard-Yale at Cambridge.
June 27—Yale-Harvard at New Haven.

IN the last number of OUTING I commented on the attitude of the colleges toward the new rule with regard to the position of the pitcher's box, and showed how, instead of being a "whim of baseball magnates," the rule was justly calculated to make the game more lively in all respects and to give the science of team-play in fielding its due prominence as compared to the science of pitching. Since then this opinion has been corroborated by Mr. A. G. Spalding in his "Official Baseball Guide;" and in addition Mr. Spalding makes some highly suggestive remarks with regard to the effect the new rule may be expected to have on the science of team-play in batting.

The effect of the new rule, he says (p. 150), will be "to equalize as much as possible the powers of the attack and the defense in the game." This equalization should be effected by enabling "the batsman to do more *place hitting*, which is the very acme of skill in baseball," and which has been almost an impossibility under the wild, swift, intimidating style of cyclone pitching. On page 68, he says that the art of the batsman is to place hits, forwarding the runners with the least expenditure of strength, and at the same time bringing out the most attractive features of the game, which are fine base-running and difficult fielding.

Nothing could be juster from the point of view of the extreme scientist than Mr. Spalding's praise of place hitting and sacrifice hitting; but in saddling such theories upon the general public the old question is touched upon again, whether sport should be for the expert or for the general spectator. It is granted that the wedge plays in American football require more science than the slap-dash methods of the Association game, or even than the "individual" tactics of our game of four or five years ago; but there is a strong and growing minority who protest that the game should be enlivened by tactics which give pleasure and a variety of exercise to the player, and which the layman can understand. Likewise the baseball expert may take extreme delight in the fielder who makes impossible catches, or in a batsman who fathoms a strategic pitcher and drives the ball between the fielders; and he may be willing to forego any amount of "fungo" hitting for one or two well-calculated base hits. The question to be argued, however, is whether the sport is improved *as a sport* by introducing

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the elements of extreme science. Either answer to this must, of course, be at best a mere matter of opinion; and the question will inevitably be decided by experience and a general appeal to the intelligent lovers of sport. Still I venture to express my opinion that any refinement in the game which tends to cultivate strategy at the expense of good fun and exercise attenuates the interest of both player and spectator, and marks a decline in the sport.

If, now, freer though less scientific hitting is desirable in the National League, it is all the more desirable in the amateur games. Where baseball is a profession it is perhaps not impossible (though experience is against the supposition) to cultivate place hitting, sacrifice hitting, and all the minutiæ of scientific ball, for there the season is a long one and the games are numerous. In amateur ball, however, the case is quite different. Not only are the players on an average eight or ten years younger, and far less experienced, but the games come less frequently and the season is shorter. Three practice games a week during three months, and a series of three to five championship games during the last month, is the average for the college nines; and in the New York and Chicago amateur leagues the games come weekly during the summer. Obviously a refinement of the game which is so difficult to effect in the National League is out of place here. The aim, therefore, in lengthening the distance the pitcher has to throw the ball should be, in amateur ball at least, not to give greater latitude for placing hits, but to allow more batting of the old kind, with the greater liveliness and importance of the fielders which this would bring about.

U. OF P., 11; YALE, 6—PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 30TH.

Yale played an undergraduate team, Pennsylvania a university team. The fielding on both teams was loose, and the pitchers received poor support.

YALE.	R	1B	PO	A	E
Rustin, 3d b.	0	0	4	0	3
Beal, c. f.	1	1	0	0	0
Case, l. f.	0	0	2	0	0
Steph'son, 1 b.	0	3	6	0	1
Bliss, r. f.	0	0	0	0	0
Hedges, 2d b.	1	1	2	1	0
Harvey, s. s.	1	1	0	2	2
Kedzie, c.	1	1	13	2	1
Carter, p.	2	1	0	2	0
Totals	6	8	27	7	7

PENNSYLVANIA.	R	1B	PO	A	E
Thomas, c. f.	3	2	1	0	0
Hollister, l. f.	1	3	2	0	0
Bayne, p.	2	0	1	3	1
Reese, r. f.	1	0	1	0	0
Goeckle, 1st b.	1	1	13	0	0
Thomson, 2d b.	1	2	4	1	1
Cantrell, s. s.	0	1	2	4	0
Coogan, c.	0	0	2	5	1
McGrillis, 3d b.	2	1	1	2	3
Totals	11	10	27	15	6

Pennsylvania	2	1	0	0	0	1	1	0	6	—11
Yale	0	0	3	2	0	0	1	0	0	— 6

Earned runs—Pennsylvania, 2; Yale, 1. Three-base hit—Beal. Two-base hits—Stephenson (2), Hedges, Harvey, Kedzie, Hollister and McGrillis. Sacrifice hits—Harvey, Hollister and Cantrell. Bases stolen—Thomson, Hollister, Bayne, Thomson (2), Harvey. Left on bases—Pennsylvania, 12; Yale, 7. Struck out—Thomas (2), Bayne, Goeckle (3), Cantrell, (2), Coogan (4), McGrillis (3), Hedges, Kedzie. First on errors—Pennsylvania, 4; Yale 3. First base on balls—Thomas (2), Reese (3), Bayne, Thomson, McGrillis, Case, Harvey (2), Carter (3). Hit by pitched ball—Bayne. Passed balls—Kedzie (3). Time—2h. 40m. Umpire—Hurst.

U. OF P., 7; YALE, 8—PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 5TH.

Boswell pitched one inning for Pennsylvania, and was retired in favor of Reese, who proved very effective. A muff by Captain Thomson in the fourth inning gave Yale two unearned runs.

YALE.	R	B	PO	A	E
Rustin, 3 b.	2	1	3	4	1
Beal, c. f.	2	2	2	1	0
Case, l. f.	1	2	0	0	1
Stephenson, 1b.	0	0	1	2	0
Jackson, 1 b.	0	1	9	0	0
Bliss, r. f.	1	0	0	3	1
Hedges, 2 b.	0	0	0	3	2
Arbuthnot, s. s.	0	2	2	1	2
Kedzie, c.	0	0	10	1	1
Carter p.	2	1	0	0	1
Totals	8	9	27	15	9

PENNSYLVANIA.	R	B	PO	A	E
Thomas, c. f.	2	2	1	0	0
Hollister, c.	2	2	7	6	0
Bayne, l. f.	1	1	2	0	0
Reese, r. f., p.	2	1	0	4	0
Thayer, 1 b.	0	1	8	0	1
Thomson, 2 b.	0	1	4	1	1
Cantrell, s. s.	0	1	1	1	1
Boswell, p.	0	0	0	0	0
Blair, r. f.	0	0	0	0	1
McGrillis, 3 b.	0	0	1	0	0
Totals	7	9	24	12	4

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Yale	4	1	0	2	0	0	0	1	0	—8
Pennsylvania	3	0	0	0	1	0	3	0	0	—7

Earned runs—Pennsylvania, 1; Yale, 1. Three-base hit—Rustin. Home run—Thomas. Stolen bases—Thomas, Hollister, Reese, Thomson, Rustin, Beal, Case, Arbuthnot (2). First base on balls—Bayne, Thayer, Thomson, Beal (2), Case, Bliss (3), Carter (2). First base on errors—Pennsylvania, 6; Yale, 3. Left on bases—Pennsylvania, 6; Yale, 6. Struck out—By Carter, 8; by Boswell, 1; by Reese, 7. Double plays—Rustin, Arbuthnot and Thomson; Thayer, Jackson and Rustin. Passed balls—Kedzie, 2. Wild pitches—Carter, Boswell, Reese. Time—2h. 30m. Umpire—Tim Hurst.

U. OF P., 12; HARVARD, 12—PHILADELPHIA, APR. 6.

Highlands was erratic and was poorly supported by Corbett. In the fourth inning Wiggin and Upton were substituted with good effect. On the whole, Harvard played a strong uphill game, and Pennsylvania made the best showing thus far this season.

PENNSYLVANIA.	R	1B	PO	A	E
Thomas, c. f.	2	3	1	0	2
Hollister, c.	2	3	6	3	1
Bayne, l. f.	1	2	2	1	0
Reese, p., r. f.	2	0	0	4	1
Thayer, r. f.	0	1	0	0	0
Boswell, r. f.	0	0	1	0	0
Filbert, p.	0	0	0	4	0
Thomson, 2 b.	2	2	3	1	1
Cantrell, s. s.	2	3	3	1	2
Goeckle, 1st b.	0	1	7	0	0
McGrillis, 3d b.	1	0	4	1	0
Totals	12	15	27	15	7

HARVARD.	R	1B	PO	A	E
Hallowell, c. f.	1	1	2	0	0
Cook, 3d b.	2	2	2	2	1
Sullivan, s. s.	2	1	3	3	0
Abbott, r. f.	1	1	0	0	1
Froth'h'm, 2 b.	1	1	3	1	0
Dickinson, 1 b.	2	1	8	0	2
Upton, l. f., c.	0	2	4	3	0
Corbett, c., l. f.	0	1	5	1	0
J. Highlands, p.	1	1	0	1	0
Wiggin, p.	1	1	0	1	0
Totals	12	12	27	12	4

Harvard	0	0	0	2	3	3	1	0	3	—12
Pennsylvania	4	2	3	1	0	1	0	0	1	—12

Earned runs—Pennsylvania, 3; Harvard, 2. Three-base hits—Bayne, Cantrell. Two-base hits—Goeckle, Sullivan, Upton. Sacrifice hit—Goeckle. Bases stolen—Hallowell (3), Cook, Abbott, Frothingham (2), Dickinson, Corbett, Bayne, Reese (2), Thomson (4), McGrillis. Double plays—Corbett and Cook; Upton and Cook; Wiggin, Sullivan and Dickinson. Left on bases—Pennsylvania, 6; Harvard, 13. Struck out—By Reese, 2; by Filbert, 1; by Highlands, 4; by Wiggin, 3. First base on errors—Pennsylvania, 2; Harvard, 3. Base on balls—Hallowell, Cook (3), Sullivan (4), Abbott (3), Dickinson (2), Hollister, Reese, Thomson (4), Goeckle. Hit by pitched ball—Reese. Wild pitches—Highlands, 4; Reese, 1. Balks—Highlands, 2. Passed balls—Corbett, 2; Hollister, 2. Time—3 hours. Umpire—Hurst.

YALE, 5; U. OF P., 4—NEW HAVEN, MAY 6TH.

The game was well played on both sides. Pennsylvania batted hard, but ran bases poorly. Carter struck out ten men, which makes a total of 106 for the season.

PENNSYLVANIA.	R	1B	PO	A	E
Thomas, c. f.	0	0	2	0	0
Hollister, r. f.	0	1	2	0	0
Bayne, l. f.	0	1	1	0	0
Reese, p.	3	2	1	2	0
Goeckle, 1st b.	1	1	7	0	1
Thomson, 2 b.	0	3	3	1	2
Cantrell, s. s.	0	1	1	1	1
Coogan, c.	0	0	4	4	2
McGrillis, 3d b.	0	0	3	1	0
Totals	4	9	24	9	6

YALE.	R	1B	PO	A	E
Rustin, 3d b.	3	2	2	0	1
Beal, c. f.	1	0	3	0	0
Case, l. f.	1	1	1	0	0
Stephens'n, 1b.	0	0	10	1	2
Speir, r. f.	0	1	1	0	0
Bliss, s. s.	0	2	1	5	0
Hedges, 2d b.	0	0	0	0	0
Kedzie, c.	0	0	9	5	0
Carter, p.	0	0	0	1	0
Totals	5	6	27	12	3

Yale	1	0	2	0	1	0	1	0	0	—5
Pennsylvania	0	1	0	0	0	2	0	1	0	—4

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Earned runs—Yale, 1; Pennsylvania, 2. Two-base hit—Bliss. Three-base hits—Rustin, Speir, Thomson. Home run—Case. Stolen bases—Rustin (3), Case (2), Thomas, Bayne, Reese (2), Goeckle, Thomson. Double play—Carter, Stephenson and Kedzie. Struck out—By Carter, 10; by Reese, 6. First base on balls—By Carter, 3; by Reese, 4. Left on bases—Yale, 5; Pennsylvania, 7. Hit by pitched ball—Stephenson. Wild pitches—Carter, 1; Reese, 1. Time—1h. 55m. Umpire—Dave Orr.

HARVARD, 7; PRINCETON, 0—PRINCETON, MAY 6TH.

Only ten Princeton players reached first base; of these five got to second and three to third. King, Gunster and Otto did excellent fielding. Harvard played throughout a cool, steady game, and accepted every chance. The battery, Wiggin and Upton, though less brilliant than Highlands and Mason, proved on the whole steadier and more reliable.

HARVARD.	R	BH	PO	A	E
Hallowell, c. f.	2	1	2	0	0
Abbott, l. f.	3	2	2	0	1
Froth'h'm, r. f.	1	2	0	0	0
Cook, 3 b	1	1	0	2	2
Hovey, 2 b	0	1	4	4	0
Trafford, 1 b.	0	0	6	1	0
Sullivan, s. s.	0	1	4	2	1
Upton, c	0	0	9	2	0
Wiggin, p	0	0	0	7	0
Totals	7	8	27	18	4

PRINCETON.	R	BH	PO	A	E
King, 2 b	0	0	2	3	0
Woodcock, c. f.	0	0	4	1	1
McKenzie, l. f.	0	1	3	0	0
Trenchard, c.	0	0	3	0	2
Paine, r. f	0	1	1	0	0
Gunster, 3 b.	0	0	0	7	0
Brooks, s. s.	0	2	1	1	3
Drake, p.	0	0	0	7	0
Otto, 1 b.	0	0	13	0	0
Totals	0	4	27	19	6

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Harvard	2	0	0	0	1	0	2	0	2	—7

Earned runs—Harvard, 2. Three-base hit—Brooks. Stolen bases—Abbott, Frothingham (4), Upton, Brooks. Sacrifice hits—Frothingham (2), Cook (2), Trafford, Wiggin, Drake. Wild pitches—Drake, 2. Time—2h. 20m. Umpires—Mr. Murray and Mr. Hopkins. Left on bases—Harvard, 10; Princeton, 4. First base on balls—Hallowell, Cook (2), Hovey, King, McKenzie (2). First base on errors—Harvard, 4; Princeton, 2. Struck out—Sullivan, Upton, Wiggin, Woodcock, Paine, Gunster, Otto. Double plays—Cook, Hovey and Trafford.

ATHLETICS.

APRIL is the month in which the school and college athletes quit the dull work of the gymnasium for the lively outdoor practice that leads directly to the championship games of May. Among the New York schoolboys the past season has been one of great activity. Nearly all of the prominent private institutions have given games which have resulted in a considerable lowering of school records; and at most of these games there were several events open to the athletes of the other New York schools.

This method of getting ready for the spring campaign may well be contrasted with that of the Interscholastic Athletic Association of Boston. There the school games take place indoors during the winter, and culminate in an interscholastic championship meeting, held last winter in the middle of February. A regular feature of this meeting is a relay race between the first two schools of the previous year. After these championships there is an interval in training until it is time to get ready for the outdoor championships, held generally on the Harvard Athletic Field in the second week of June. Thus there are two distinct seasons in athletics, and the period of training is doubled without the danger of overtraining. If a scheme similar to this could be worked among the New York schools, it would without doubt double the incentive to train, and, by making races more frequent, steady the young contestants.

There is space only to mention the open events in the various school games. As might be expected, the best time was made in the shortest distances. For a hundred yards and less the young sprinters compare very favorably with college and even with the oldest club sprinters. Simpson of Barnard, Brooks of Harvard, and Fisher of Harvard, give great promise.

At the Trinity School games, at the Berkeley Oval, the only open event was the mile bicycle run, which resulted as follows: F. L. Downing, Columbia Grammar, first (time, 2m. 50 3-5s.); G. F. Baker, Jr., Morse, second; W. J. Mooney, Trinity, third.

At the games of the Columbia Grammar School, on Manhattan Field, the mile bicycle race was won in 2m. 51 3-5s., by W. H. Fearing, Cutler; J. A. Powell, Cutler, was second, and J. S. Williams, Jr., Cutler, third. The other open events resulted as follows:

One-hundred-yard dash—First heat, P. W. Simpson, Barnard; E. W. Brooks, Harvard, second. Time, 11s. Second heat, H. C. Brokaw, Berkeley; H. L. Williams, Cutler, second. Time, 10 3-5s. Final heat, P. W. Simpson, Barnard; E. W. Brooks, Harvard, second; H. L. Williams, Cutler, third. Time 10 3-5s.

One-hundred-and-twenty-yard hurdle race for juniors—Won by D. Harris, Cutler; H. Vonn Baur, Barnard, second; F. Hollins, Cutler, third. Time, 18 2-5s.

Two-hundred-and-twenty-yard hurdle race—Won by E. W. Brooks, Harvard; F. H. Bosworth, Jr., Cutler, second; H. L. Williams, Cutler, third. Time, 27 3-5s.

The games of the Oxford Athletic Association, which is composed of the athletes from the Brooklyn Latin, the Polytechnic, and Harvard School, were held in Clermont Avenue Rink, Brooklyn. The time in the fifty-yard dash was only a fifth of a second worse than the world's indoor record, 5 3-5s., held by E. B. Bloss, of Harvard.

Fifty-yard dash, open to New York and Brooklyn schools—Final heat won by Fisher; Stuart second, Brooks third. Time, 5 4-5s.

Four-hundred-and-forty-yard run—Won by C. Billings, Allen; E. W. Brooks, Harvard, second; F. Fisher, Harvard, third. Time, 63s.

One-thousand-yard run—Won by C. Southwick, Harvard; B. Atkinson, Harvard, second; F. L. Downing, Columbia Grammar, third. Time, 2m. 50 4-5s.

At the third annual games of the Cutler's School, held at the Berkeley Oval, a third bicycle race took place, which stands side by side in excellence with those at the Trinity and Columbia Grammar School games. This event, at the championship games of May 13th, promises to be well contested. The time already made is excellent, considering the conditions under which the races were run and the youth of the contestants, but it will be strange if the redoubled competition at the championship games does not better it. In the quarter-mile run, Fisher, the Harvard School sprinter, finished in 55 1-5s., which is only a fifth of a second worse than the New York scholastic record. This, with his record of 5 4-5s. for fifty yards, gives promise of great future power both in speed and endurance. The open events resulted as follows:

One-hundred-yard dash—First heat, H. Moeller, Columbia Grammar; W. B. Rogers, Barnard, second. Time, 11 3-5s. Second heat, T. R. Fisher, Harvard; P. W. Simpson, Bar-

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nard, second. Time, 11s. Third heat, E. W. Brooks, Harvard; A. C. Ayres, Condon, second. Time, 11 2-5s. Final heat, Brooks; Simpson second, Fisher third. Time, 11s.

Quarter-mile run—Won by T. R. Fisher, Harvard; C. M. Billings, Allen, second; H. Rowland, Halsey, third. Time, 55 1-5s.

Half-mile run—Won by C. Southwick, Harvard; B. Atkinson, Harvard, second; Charles Atkinson and H. L. Coswell, Harvard, tie for third place. Time, 2m. 15 4-5s.

Mile bicycle race—First heat, E. Stevens, Jr., Woodbridge; H. A. Mossman, Condon, second. Time, 2m. 55s. Second heat, G. T. Baker, Morse; T. Duffy, De La Salle Institute, second. Time, 2m. 58s. Final heat won by Mossman; Stevens second, Baker third. Time, 2m. 50 3-5s.

APRIL 29TH.—At the Yale 'Varsity scratch meeting, W. O. Hickok, the football guard, threw the hammer 112 ft. 9 in., beating his own world's record. As the handle of the hammer was of wire, the record will not be allowed to stand. Hitherto the best man at throwing the 16-pound hammer was J. R. Finlay, guard on the Harvard eleven of 1891, who cleared 108 ft. 9 in. in the first Yale-Harvard athletic meeting. The mile walk was won by Wight in 7m. 6 4-5s. Two years ago this man was rods behind the Harvard walkers, who finished in 7m. 14 3-5s., and last year he was a very poor fourth to three Harvard men, who finished in 7m. 48s. In the coming season the tables are likely to be turned. The quarter-mile run was won by Bennett, a freshman, who was previously unheard of. If Bennett improves, it is not improbable that Yale will, in a year or two, win the quarter at the Intercollegiate, which race has hitherto gone to Harvard, with the exception of two years, when it went to Dohm of Princeton, and Shattuck of Amherst.

A summary of events:

Track events, 100-yard dash—Won by H. H. Bennett; W. M. Richards, second. Time, 10 1-2s.

220-yard dash—Won by W. M. Richards; R. M. Spenser, second. Time, 22 1-2s.

440-yard run—Won by H. H. Bennett; Robert Anderson, second. Time, 51s.

880-yard run—Won by S. Scoville, Jr.; Hendon Chubb, second. Time, 2m. 6 2-5s.

One-mile run—Won by J. E. Morgan; S. Scoville, Jr., second. Time, 4m. 37s.

One-mile walk—Won by S. E. Wight; S. H. Bunnell, second. Time, 7m. 6 4-5s.

120-yard hurdles—Won by D. B. Lyman; McLane Van Ingen, second. Time, 16 3-5s.

220-yard hurdles—Won by McLane Van Ingen; E. H. Cady, second. Time, 26 3-5s.

Two-mile bicycle race—Won by W. H. Glenny; H. Parmelee, second. Time, 6m. 3s.

Pole vault—Won by E. H. Rice; Herman Thomas, second. Distance, 9 ft. 6 in.

Running high jump—Won by J. W. Rowe; L. P. Sheldon, second. Distance, 5 ft. 5 in.

Running broad jump—Won by L. P. Sheldon; C. B. Pinney, second. Distance, 21 ft. 7 3-4 in.

Putting the shot—Won by W. O. Hickok; Alex. Brown, second. Distance, 37 ft. 8 in.

Throwing the hammer—Won by W. O. Hickok; P. T. Stillman, second. Distance, 112 ft. 9 in.

APRIL 29TH.—The Harvard inter-class track athletic championships were held on the same day as the Yale games, and though none of the graduate school athletes competed, the results offer a fair basis of comparison. It will be seen that, though no record was broken, the showing is not inferior to that of Yale.

100-yard dash—Won by J. P. Whittren '95; E. B. Bloss, '94, second; L. Sayre, '96, third. Time, 10 2-5s.

220-yard dash—Final heat won by S. M. Merrill, '94; L. Sayre, '96, second; J. P. Whittren, '95, third. Time, 22 1-5s.

440-yard run—Won by N. W. Bingham, Jr., '95; E. B. Hill, '94, second; F. H. Bartlett, '95, third. Time, 51 3-5s.

880-yard run—Won by H. C. Lakin, '94; C. H. Hubbell, '93, second; P. Richardson, '96, third. Time, 2m. 4 2-5s.

One-mile run—Won by D. W. Fenton, '95; A. Blake, '93, second; J. Bordman, '94, third. Time, 4m. 39s.

120-yard hurdles—Won by O. W. Shead, '93; K. Brown, '93, second; G. D. Whitehead, '96, third. Time, 16 1-2s.

220-yard hurdles—Won by H. M. Wheelwright, '94; G. D. Whitehead, '96, second; S. Jameson, '95, third. Time, 26 3-5s.

One-mile walk—Won by A. L. Endicott, '94; C. R. Bardeen, '93, second; F. Johnson, '95, third. Time, 7m. 13 3-5s.

Two-mile bicycle race—Won by F. S. Pratt, '94; P. Davis, '93, second; C. M. Holmes, '96, third. Time, 5m. 59 3-5s.

High jump—Won by T. E. Sherwin, '94; W. E. Putnam, Jr., '96, second; G. C. Chaney, '94, third. Height, 5 ft. 8 1-4 in.

Pole vault—Won by T. E. Sherwin, '94; H. M. Wheelwright, '94, second; W. E. Putnam, '96, third. Height, 10 ft. 3 in.

Running broad jump—Won by E. B. Bloss, '94; O. W. Shead, '93, second; T. Richardson, '94, third. Distance, 22 ft.

Throwing hammer—Won by E. Cockrell, '95; J. P. Whittren, '95, second; E. James, '95, third. Distance, 82 ft. 3 in.

Putting the shot—Won by R. MacAllister, '93; J. P. Whittren, '95, second; P. K. Whittemore, '95, third. Distance, 33 ft. 7 1-2 in.

The championship was won by the class of '94, with 49 points; '95 was second, with 30 points, '93 third, with 22 points, and '96 last, with 11 points.

MAY 6TH.—At the Harvard 'Varsity scratch meeting a few of the records of the inter-class games were bettered by athletes in the graduate and professional schools. W. H. Shea, L. S., put the shot 38 ft. 11 in., which is not up to his usual form. John Corbin, Gr., won the half-mile run in 2m. 3s., and W. F. Garcelon, L. S., ran over the low hurdles in 26s. The only other event in which the records of the previous Saturday were bettered materially was the mile walk, which Endicott won in 7m. 4 3-5s.

At the fourth annual handicap games at Princeton, Hickok, of Yale, threw the hammer 111 ft. 10 1-2 in. This time the handle was of wood, and the record will stand. It surpasses Hickok's previous collegiate record by 3 1-4 in.

MAY 13TH.—Harvard won the second annual track athletic games at Boston, making 67 to Yale's 45 points. E. B. Bloss broke the record for the running broad jump, making 22 ft. 4 in. We shall treat this subject in our next issue.

JOHN CORBIN.

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THE "merry month of June" will find the enthusiastic amateur "over hill and dale," firing off plates by the dozen, and, curiously enough, with a success in an inverse ratio to the numbers exposed. Why this should be so, and how to avoid it, is the main object of this article.

I have the greatest respect for the tourists who employ their kodaks or other form of hand-camera in taking flying shots at whatever interests them on their journeys; they are good friends to the plate-maker, the stock-dealer and the professional developer, but are not entitled to be considered amateur photographers.

Photography is a means to an end—picture-making; and the true amateur photographer is he, and only he, who in all his operations has that ever before him as the goal. To him the following observations are especially addressed.

The first essential in picture-making is that you shall possess the power of *seeing*. You must learn to see possible pictures in every phase of nature.

Not less important is the ability to place the pictures so seen on the focusing screen, and here the artist of the brush is more fortunate than he of the camera; as, while the former may leave out such features as he considers objectionable, the latter must include all that comes, his power over his material being limited to selection of the point of view, and perhaps the addition of some suitable object to the foreground.

The successful composition of a picture implies some knowledge of art, and I am aware that some artists claim that each artist should be a law unto himself, and I also know that some of them make a sad bungle of the liberty.

The photographer, especially the young photographer, will do well to make himself thoroughly acquainted with those laws, so far at least as that can be done by, say, a careful study of "Burnet's Essays," not to be slavishly followed, but rather to show him what to avoid; in fact he should make for himself a photographer's catechism of "don'ts."

Don't, except under very exceptional circumstances, place the horizon line of a landscape higher than about one-third from the bottom of the picture.

Don't under any circumstances whatever place the horizon of a seascape or marine view higher than the above position.

Don't place the principal object, or any object of importance, in the middle—either horizontally or perpendicularly—of your picture.

Don't have more than one *motif*, or object of special interest, in your picture, and see that everything else leads to or is connected with it.

Don't have prominent weak—that is, angular—lines in your composition without something, either in contrasting lines or masses, to support and balance them.

Don't be tempted to photograph "a bit of beautiful reflection," the result of which would look equally well, or rather equally absurd, whichever side was uppermost. If you must expose a plate on such a subject, throw a stone into the water just before making the exposure.

Don't introduce figures into a landscape till you have learned to recognize, not only where they will do no harm, but where they will be a help to the composition; and where there are more than one, see that they are contrasted, sitting with standing, age with youth, light with dark, etc.

Don't have two or more lines running parallel to each other, or even single lines parallel with the sides of the picture; in fact have as few straight lines as possible, and never without contrast in some way.

Don't scatter the lights or darks all over the picture, but concentrate and contrast them.

Don't have a bare foreground, without anything to lead the eye to the principal objects of the composition.

And now there is one "don't" more. Don't suppose that having observed all these prohibitions, you will thereby of necessity have secured a good picture. The prescribed is much greater and not less important than the prohibited, but would occupy more space than is at my disposal; and so I must be content with a little advice and a few recommendations, the result of some experience and of no little thought.

Limit—very much limit—the number of plates you take with you, and even then force into your head the fact that it is better to bring back some, or even all, unexposed than to expose them on subjects not in every way satisfactory.

As a rule, the less there is in a subject the easier will be the composition, and it is gratifying to know that it will also be the more pleasing. In other words, the simpler the composition and the smaller the included angle, the better it is suited for reproduction by photography. That implies the use of a lens of considerably longer focus for any particular size of plate than is at present generally employed. Opticians in listing their lenses give their covering power at pretty nearly a base-line equal to the focal length—an angle of 53°, and photographers have got into the habit of so using them; but an analysis of the most effective drawings by the best artists will show that they generally embrace not much more than half that angle, and the photographer would do well to follow the good example, and, except for interiors or in circumstances where a wide angle is essential, never employ a lens of less than twice that of the base-line of the plate—a ten-inch lens for 5 x 4.

Lastly, and probably most important because most difficult of control, is the lighting.

The text-books generally tell us that a picture may be lighted from either the right or the left, but never from directly behind or directly in front; and in this latter they are wrong, as in the hands of one who knows how to manage it some of the most charming effects are produced in that way.

JAY SEE.

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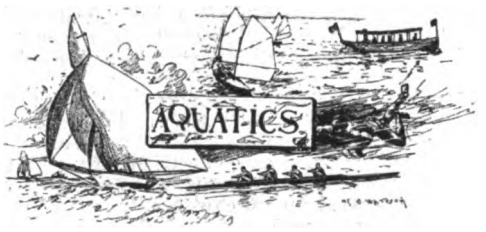

YACHTING.

ALL the yachts, whose owners are of any moment, are in commission by this time.

This, of course, is the year *par excellence*, when no yachtsman worthy of the name can afford to allow his yacht to hibernate during the summer—if an Irish bull of so phenomenal a kind will be tolerated.

For, mark you, my brethren, this is going to be a phenomenal year in the annals of yachting on both sides of the unfathomable pond. Never before was enthusiasm at such a highly wrought pitch. The *Puritan-Genesta*, the *Mayflower-Galatea*, and the *Volunteer-Thistle* matches may be said not to be "in it" in comparison with the excitement of the present year. For America starts the generous strife by sending a Yankee yacht across the ocean to try conclusions with the best the British can furnish—Prince of Wales and all.

The pride of Great Britain has been touched up. The mere fact that Capt. Royal Phelps Carroll, of the New York Yacht Club, was bound eastward with the *Navahoe* to hunt for as many cups and money prizes as might come his way with a saucy Yankee clipper yacht from the board of so celebrated a designer as Nat Herreshoff, very naturally put the Britishers on their mettle. Thus, Watson was commissioned to design two powerful racing yachts — one for Lord Dunraven and the other for the Prince of Wales.

I fail to see how the new *Valkyrie* can help meeting the *Navahoe* in some of the early races, especially as the *Navahoe* is out for blood, and will take part in every race for which she is competent to enter. The competition will be brisker than ever known in British waters. The two little fin keels that Herreshoff sent across the pond last spring, demonstrated that America was in keen and active racing trim and quite anxious to measure her strength against any kind of craft pitted in opposition.

The fact that the *Navahoe* is bound to England reminds our gallant rivals of the old schooner yacht *America*, whose prowess is responsible for the international yacht-racing of to-day. Therefore they will do their liveliest to prevent the *Navahoe* having such walkovers as did that celebrated "two-sticker" in the early "fifties."

The *Navahoe* was formally put into commission on May 6th. She had been tried previously on several occasions, but on the date mentioned was turned over to Mr. Royal Phelps Carroll by her designer and builder. As hinted before in these columns, she is an enlarged and improved *Wasp*, with a centerboard added. Her preliminary trial trips, I am informed, were quite satisfactory to her designer, her owner and her skipper.

Of course, the writers in the daily newspapers, most of whom cannot distinguish the jib halyards from the gafftopsail tack, discussed her shortcomings most learnedly with any amount of nautical expletives, such as "hoist slacks," "shiver my timbers," "splice the main-brace," etc., such as are only heard of on the deck of an opera bouffe craft like *Pinafore*. But, as a matter of fact, the craft is no "tenderer" than was expected, and when she meets her British antagonists is not likely to disgrace herself.

In the bouts she has had with that thoroughly capital cruising schooner *Iroquois* she has beaten the "two-sticker" out of her boots. This performance was nothing to brag of when it is remembered that *Wasp* and *Gloriana* are quite capable of sailing round the *Iroquois* under certain conditions. But still, as there were no large "single-stickers" in commission, the test was better than nothing. Capt. Ralph N. Ellis and Mr. Woodbury Kane will sail across the ocean in the *Navahoe* as guests of her owner, and will be attached to her all the season. By the time these lines are being read by the OUTING constituents, the venturesome craft will most likely be well on her way. Mrs. Carroll will sail on June 3d. I do not like to mention a lady's name in this column, but I trust I may be pardoned in this instance if I say that Mrs. Carroll is one of the pluckiest sportswomen alive. She has shot big game in Central Africa and is a capital yachtswoman. In England she has a host of friends, who will make her sojourn pleasant, while trying their level best by all fair means to prevent her husband from winning too many cups. Charles Barr, the skipper of the *Navahoe*, is now a full-fledged citizen of these United States, having forsworn all allegiance to the Queen. He now hails from the quaint old town of Marblehead, and is cultivating with commendable assiduity a Yankee accent. He "guesses" and "callalates" quite often, but the old Scotch "burr" sticks to him, and he can't get rid of it, no matter how hard he strives. A very capable skipper is Barr, as his doings on the *Minerva* and the *Wasp* conclusively proved. The *Navahoe* is the first large craft he has had charge of. When she leaves she will have thirty-two all told on board. She is handsomely and comfortably fitted up, but when she is racing she will be "gutted," if one may be allowed to use so expressive a word. Her crew will be closely cropped and clean-shaven, and there will be no more cats aboard than can catch mice. The ornamental element will be excluded, and Messrs. Kane and Ellis will have to pull and haul for their board. I have been at some pains to procure the absolutely correct dimensions of the *Navahoe*. They are as follows: Length over all, 134 feet; length on load water-line, 84 feet; beam, 23 feet 6 inches; draft, 13 feet. Her mast is 92 feet; her topmast, 56 feet; boom, 92 feet; bowsprit, 47 feet. At the widest part her keel is 3 feet 4 inches broad.

The Prince of Wales' cutter *Britannia*, designed by Watson especially to meet the *Navahoe*, was launched on April 20th at Partick on the Clyde. Her dimensions have not yet been made public, but according to the *Field* she has an overhang aft of quite 30 feet. She has also a long and powerful bilge, with a beam of about 22 feet and a draft of 16 feet. She

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has a lead keel weighing in the proximity of 80 tons. She carries a big sail-spread, and from the shape of her hull should be exceptionally good at beating to windward. Her accommodations below are said to be first class—in fact quite equal to those of an ordinary 200-ton vessel. Capt. John Carter, of Wivenhoe, is in charge of her with his famous crew — smart and agile as lascars. Some people affect to sneer at the Prince of Wales as a yachtsman. This is a mistake. The Prince is a capital sailor and can handle a yacht in seamanlike style, unless the skippers who have sailed with him unite in lying. The Prince has a quiet and steadfast way of backing his opinions with sovereigns. And so has Captain Carroll. It is hard to say which of the two has bagged the biggest game, but there is no doubt that the American had to fight harder for his trophies of the chase along the banks of the Congo than the Prince in the jungles of Hindostan.

Commodore J. Malcolm Forbes, of Naushon, Mass., has bought the famous *Volunteer* from General Paine, with the intention, it is said, of restoring her to her old rig as a sloop, or rather cutter. It will be remembered that some radical changes were made in the forebody of this craft when she was transformed into a schooner, but at this writing I am unable to find out for certain if her hull will be restored to its former condition or not. I am inclined to believe that her rig only will be changed. Mr. Forbes is also the owner of the *Puritan*, which many men have wanted to purchase and turn into a schooner. Mr. Forbes is a millionaire, and a liberal one at that, and can well afford to own two successful *America's* cup-defenders. The *Puritan*, it should be remembered, beat the *Volunteer* once in a run from Newport to Martha's Vineyard.

It is said that Mr. Forbes believes that the *Volunteer* in her old rig will be able to hold her own with the new-fangled racing machines of Herreshoff, Paine, and Stewart & Binney. I hear it rumored that Mr. Forbes will enter her for the trial races. If so, the contest will indeed be interesting. I have seen every race sailed by the *Volunteer*, and for windward work have never seen her equal. This is the true and only test of a yacht. A haystack may run fast before the wind, but a thresh in the teeth of a stiff breeze is needed to show what a craft is good for. There will not be wanting many adherents of the old ship. At any rate, it may safely be predicted that the *Volunteer* will not disgrace herself in her races with any of the new craft, especially in a beat to windward in a strong breeze. In this respect the *Volunteer*, either as a cutter or schooner, is simply superb.

Meanwhile the Stewart & Binney fin-keel craft *Pilgrim* is being rapidly hurried along at the yard of Pusey & Jones, Wilmington, Del. Her chief dimensions are 120 feet over all; on the water-line, 85 feet; beam, 23 feet; draft of hull proper, 5 feet; depth of fin, 17 feet; total draft, 22 feet.

Her draft, which is enormous, is doubtless the greatest ever put on a racing yacht. The aim of the designers would seem to be to obtain the greatest power possible on the least displacement. The *Pilgrim* has a larger sail-plan than the sloop *Volunteer* had. She has only about 20 tons of lead, in place of the 70 tons carried by the Herreshoff boats, but it will be so low down that its leverage will be enormous. It will be securely fastened to the steel plate by bolts and angle-irons and other devices known to naval architects. There will be no danger of it falling off, even in the heaviest of seas.

Of course, her type is simply that of a racing machine. She has a metal centerboard forward of the fin, as I have before mentioned in this column. It is about seven feet long, and it is thought will add considerably to the boat's lateral resistance. Her rig, though larger than that of *Volunteer*, will be the smallest of the four cup-defenders. Experts in Boston calculate that the *Pilgrim* will be chosen to defend the cup because she has the least displacement (less than 100 tons), the easiest form to drive and the best rig to handle. We shall be better able to judge of her merits after the cruise of the New York Yacht Club.

I suppose that by the time the June number of OUTING is published all the embryo cup-defenders will be overboard and getting tuned up for the business of the season. There will be no lack of trophies for them to compete for. Every yacht club of standing has arranged for special prizes to be given to them. The more the merrier. The formal trial races will be sailed in September, but the *America's* Cup Committee has wisely stipulated that it shall be bound by no hard-and-fast rule. It shall be at perfect liberty to select any one of the candidates it may please, whether victorious or not in the actual trial contest. That is, the committee will take the general average of the most successful craft during the season, and if she happens to be beaten by a fluke in September, the defeat may not prevent her from being selected as the champion. This, of course, is the common-sense plan, and Commodore James D. Smith is remarkable for his straightforwardness and his wisdom. There is no nonsense about him. It is a pity that all his fellow-yachtsmen in the club are not tarred with the same brush. I have known him for years. I admire him and respect him, and I congratulate Lord Dunraven upon having so fair an antagonist to deal with in arranging the preliminaries of the race.

Lord Dunraven's *Valkyrie*, which has already had her trial trip, and has developed remarkable sailing qualities, it is said, is described as having a long, finely drawn out upper body with a little "tumble home." Her greatest beam is at the load water-line. She is 126 feet over all, and her length on the load water-line is 86 feet, a trifle under or over. She has a clipper bow, closely resembling that of the *Wenonah*. Her beam is 20 feet 6 inches and her draft of water 16 feet 6 inches. Her construction combines lightness and strength to as great a degree as yacht naval architecture has so far attained. Her bowsprit is simply a stump, its length outboard being 16 feet. Her sail-plan is large. She has hollow spars, and her mainboom measures 93 feet. Skipper William Cranfield, Lord Dunraven's tried and trusty captain, is in charge of the craft, and he can be relied on to develop all her latent speed.

The admirers of William Fife, Jr., of Fairlie on the Clyde, are rejoicing and with much reason. The 85-footer *Calluna*, which he designed for a Scotch syndicate, had her trial trip on May 8th, and is said to have done splendidly. It

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is the intention of her owners to race her on every possible opportunity against *Navahoe*, and thus she naturally interests all American yachtsmen. I hear that, in the first place, she much resembles *Minerva*, and, of course, is handsome—as all the Fife craft are. She carries her canvas well, walks to windward in a delightfully witch-like manner, and stands up to a squall like the Eiffel tower. According to Captain Hogarth, who has charge of her, she is good all round, beating, reaching and running. Of course, we must make some allowance for the enthusiastic exuberance of interested persons.

It will be remembered, however, that when Mr. Fife paid his last visit to this country he pledged his professional reputation that he could build a boat to beat the *Volunteer* with ease. The *Calluna* is the first large sailing yacht from the board of Mr. Fife, just as the *Navahoe* is the first large racer designed by Nat G. Herreshoff. The behavior of these two experiments when they come together should indeed be interesting.

A centerboard schooner that is expected to make her mark this season is the *Emerald*, just launched from the yard of S. L. Moore's Sons, at Elizabethport, N. J. She was designed by Mr. H. C. Wintringham, of Bay Ridge, for that well-known yachtsman J. Rogers Maxwell, late owner of the *Shamrock*, which did such splendid work last season. The *Emerald* is built of steel. Her length over all is 113 feet, on the load water-line 82 feet. Her draft of water is 10 feet. Her overhang forward is 13 feet, overhang aft 18 feet. Her beam is 21 feet 6 inches. She has the prettiest suit of sails ever bent. They were made by Sawyer & Son. The schooner will be sailed by her owner, who is a skillful helmsman and one of the most popular yachtsmen of the day—game to the bone. His friends hope that he will be as successful with his new craft as he was with the *Shamrock* last year.

Mr. Latham A. Fish, owner of the schooner *Grayling*, has bought the fin-keel *Dilemma*, designed by Nat G. Herreshoff for Commodore Morgan. Mr. Governeur Kortright, of the New York Yacht Club, owned her for a time, and had some splendid sails in her. She was fully described and illustrated in the July, 1892, number of OUTING. Being the first ballast-fin craft turned out by the Bristol firm, her change of ownership is an interesting item of news. Commodore Fish has recently devoted his leisure hours to sailing a catboat in the waters near his lovely country seat at Greenpoint, L. I. Some of the old-fashioned boatmen thereabouts will think their eyes deceive them when they gaze at the witch-like way the *Dilemma* walks to windward. She is not, however, near so fast as the *Drusilla*, also a Herreshoff craft.

It will be good news to yachtsmen when they hear that the celebrated schooner yacht *America*, the property of the late General Butler, will again go into commission this season. The general told me that cruising in her had no doubt prolonged his life. He was a devoted yachtsman, and so is his son Paul. Boston men are delighted that the splendid old craft will be in evidence this year, above all others. Lord Dunraven and his friends will no doubt feel interested in her. With the wind two or three points free, she can still hold her own with the best of the modern racing craft of her inches. Captain Cannon has been retained in command.

A. J. KENEALY.

ROWING.

THE kaleidoscope has been given another turn, and the lovely vision of an international eight-oared race between Oxford University and the winner of the Yale-Harvard race has vanished. Various reasons have been given for the failure of all negotiations Mr. Fletcher, the Oxford president, has said that the exchequer will not permit a trip to the United States, and that the members of his crew devote their "long vac" to acting as tutors and could not afford to sacrifice such engagements as they may have made for the ensuing summer. He holds out the faint hope that a college crew might be made up to visit us. I do not think either Yale or Harvard would care to row a college crew. While in the '60's, the Brasenose College, Oxford, crew was probably as good as the 'varsity, yet even were any college eight now so good, it would hardly be consistent with Yale or Harvard's dignity to accept a race with it as an equivalent for an international inter-university race. Should the Leander Club, however, send over a good eight, it would certainly be within bounds to race with it, for it would be made up chiefly, almost exclusively, of Oxford and Cambridge "blues," and would give a very good account of itself. But this would be only a last resort.

What will come of Mr. Pulitzer's offer to pay the expenses of either the Oxford crew to come here, or the Yale or Harvard crew to go to England to race, can hardly be told now. I doubt whether a sensational offer of this kind is quite in the line of dignified college athletics. It seems to me that support for the crews should come from the "inside."

I was interested a short time ago in hearing a criticism of the Oxford crew made by a Yale oarsman who had followed the "dark blues" several times on the coach's launch during training. He gave it as his opinion that the men overreached and swung out of the boat, and that their body form and work was inferior to that of a Yale crew; but he said that the blade-work (what in England is called "watermanship") was marvelous, that the oars entered and left the water in a way he had never seen equaled on this side. He also said that the leg-work was much harder than Yale's, although he was at a loss to understand why it was so. I confess I was much surprised to hear the first part of the criticism, as it differed so completely from my recollection of Oxford rowing. In my day no faults were considered more fatal than swinging out of line and overreaching. Taught by bitter experience at Henley, when crews from Oxford and Cambridge colleges went down like chaff before "body-formless" Thames and London Rowing Club crews, the famous body-form of Oxford had given way somewhat to the new idea, viz.: that it mattered little in what position a man held his back—within certain bounds—so long as he kept it in *one* position all through the stroke and all the time. If a man could row best with a round back, he was allowed to do so. Straight backs were considered prettier and, on the whole, preferable but

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were not absolutely insisted upon. But even with this modification, the body-work seemed to me superior to Yale's. The latter part of the criticism coincides with my oft-repeated contention, namely: that the Yale crew does not get in the leg-work of an Oxford or Cambridge crew. My explanation has been and is that, whereas the former "snap down" their legs, the latter drive steadily, with their heels pressed against the stretcher; they try to force the stretcher "through the bottom of the boat" with a steady, powerful, even drive, whereas the former try to kick it through with one sharp kick, as it were. That the watermanship of the English crews should strike a Yale man so favorably is what I should have expected. When Mr. Cook, for instance, ceases to make his pupils stop their hands before they reach the chest; when he has them rowed *home* high on the chest and dropped smartly off it before the oar is feathered; when he gets his men to catch the water hard at the instant they are forward and at the very beginning of the stroke; when he makes them pull the stroke through equally hard in every part of it, but easing up in the last quarter of the last half and allowing the hands to come into the chest by the momentum of the oar—then he may expect to equal the superb watermanship my Yale friend so greatly admired. To my mind these principles are essential to a proper mastery over the oar and its course through the water.

At the present writing, the final selection of the crew to represent Yale has not been made. There still remain several weeks of training, but surely Yale will not so far depart from her good habits as to put off the selection to the tenth or eleventh hour. Messrs. Hartwell, Stevenson and Cook have each had a turn at the coaching. A wail in the papers as to the unfortunate condition of the crew was the most noticeable result of Mr. Cook's visit. I fear that the guileless reporters who overhear Mr. Cook's admonitions do not appreciate the niceties of his method of coaching, and, upon hearing him correct a fault, are prone to rush into print with the perennial statement that "Bob Cook says the crew is much inferior, backward," etc., etc. The *Yale News* of April 25th contained what may be called the official criticism of the crew. From it we learn that in the eyes of those in charge, the crew, as a whole, lacks steadiness and that the blade-work is poor; the body-work is not up to the mark, while the time is inexcusably poor for the time of the year. Individual criticisms point to Gallaudet, Ives and Van Huyck as being the chief sinners. Longacre, '95, has been tried pretty regularly of late, but does not show much improvement. Paine has greatly improved over last year. The changes that have been made in the positions of the men of late, make criticism of the crew as a whole doubly difficult. With Paine at 4 the bow is considerably heavier than the stern—surely a mistake. The only positions for such heavy men as he, are at 5 or 6. The order during the last week of April was as follows: Bow, Johnson (168); 2, Messler (177); 3, Van Huyck (175); 4, Paine (192); 5, Goetchius (172); 6, Rogers (166); 7, Ives (179); stroke, Gallaudet, (166). Average weight, 174 5-8 pounds. Substitutes: Longacre (177), Howland (170), Folger (173), Beard (191). With the exception of Paine none of the men are "too heavy," and his good oarsmanship may justify his presence. Over-reaching seems to be a fault of several of the men. I do not lay much stress on this, however, at this early date. Under Mr. Cook's eye this fault will disappear. The most unfavorable points now to my mind are the poor time and the tendency of several men to miss the beginning and wash out—not to "catch hold" and to "clip." These are most difficult faults to correct.

The freshman crew is made up of: Bow, Beard (172); 2, Holcomb (175); 3, Hart (159 1-2); 4, Dater (178); 5, Knapp (181); 6, Cross (196—almost a Heffelfinger in weight); 7, Treadway (172); stroke, Smith (153). Average weight, 173 5-16 pounds. Mr. W. R. Cross has been elected permanent captain.

The new boat-house on Lake Whitney is nearing completion, but is not likely to be used by the 'varsity crew this year. Hereafter the crews will practice upon still water instead of on the harbor.

Harvard is indulging in the same pastime as Yale, namely: changing the position of her men constantly. Glidden has retired from stroke, apparently for good and all, and Fennessy, a freshman who gained a good reputation as an oar at St. Paul's School, has taken his place. Fennessy is evidently a great acquisition. The men seem to follow him better than they have followed any other stroke. Fearing is steadily improving and seems sure of his position. His greatest fault is slowness in getting his hands away. Vail has come into the boat and works well. His weak knee stills hampers him, and his illness has told on his strength, but it is hoped that he will be one of the crew. Cummings is also out of condition, and this tells against his oarsmanship. Davis and Richardson work faithfully and well on the whole. Johnson is slow on the recover and with his hands. Newell is as steady and reliable as is to be expected of such a veteran. Blake, Acton and Eddy are also in training, and occasionally occupy places in the boat. The order is by no means settled at the date of this writing. As this will appear in print at the beginning of the month in which the race will take place, a prediction of the result may be expected from me. Yet I should be most foolhardy to attempt such a thing in view of the present unsettled condition of the crews. Yale has the advantage of having five veterans to Harvard's three, possibly four. On the other hand, as a set-off to this, the "crimson" crew contains excellent new material and is probably more settled at this date. The order of the Harvard crew at the end of April was. Bow, Newell; 2, Richardson; 3, Johnson; 4, Davis; 5, Cummings; 6, Vail; 7, Fearing; stroke, Fennessy. It is worthy of note, in view of the recent agitation, that all these men are undergraduates and that each class is represented.

The freshmen are rowing as follows: Bow, Forbes; 2, Derby; 3, Lewis; 4, Russell; 5, Duffield; 6, Shea; 7, Shepard; stroke, Townsend. The loss of Fennessy has interfered sadly with the crew's improvement, but good material for a winning crew is left.

Cornell and the University of Pennsylvania will row their annual eight-oared race at Lake Minnetonka, Wisconsin, during the first week of

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July. Offers of the most liberal character were made to induce their crews to take part in the grand carnival of sports which the good citizens of Minneapolis and St. Paul are to hold in July. The course is one of the finest fresh-water courses in the country — four miles straightaway, with the finish opposite a large hotel, affording splendid vantage-ground for spectators. The wisdom of the decision to go West is doubted in many quarters. But the Cornellians seem enthusiastic. Courtney does not favor the decision. I do not think it is especially wise if Cornell's eventual object is to induce Harvard or Yale to race her. Mr. H. J Hagerman's letter in the Cornell *Sun* of April 25th is excellent in spirit and tone. If the Ithacans will become imbued with his thoroughgoing sportsmanship as expressed in this letter, the dignity they will thereby acquire will compel recognition far sooner than any amount of "you're afraids." One sentence is well worth copying and should be taken to heart by all college men everywhere: "If more attention were paid to the men in training for the crews and more notice given to their individual faults and excellencies, and if more general interest were taken in the general welfare of our aquatics, and more stimulus and encouragement given to those who sacrifice their pleasures and their time to represent us on the water and carry us through the present perplexing period, the crew would be more strongly impressed with the sincerity of the interest taken in them than they are now." It is one of the best essays on college spirit I have read. Poor Columbia! if only your present undergraduates were capable of taking this to heart and of acting upon it!

Mr. Charles J. Barr, '93, has been elected captain of Cornell's 'Varsity crew. The order of rowing now is: Bow, Collins; 2, Barr; 3, Hager; 4, Kranz; 5, Shape; 6, Troy; 7, Gillson; stroke, Hall, cox., Sherman. The positions are probably settled, but the condition of the crew is far from good. Courtney is hard at work, however, and improvement should be more rapid henceforth. Mr. Percy Hagerman, who rowed on Cornell crews before rowing on the Yale '91 'Varsity, has been coaching the 'varsity in conjunction with Courtney. The freshmen row as follows: Bow, Matthews; 2, Bingham; 3, Guilford; 4, Dyer; 5, Shaw; 6, Howard; 7, Slade; stroke, Hamilton; cox., Hall. Goodrow, who was stroking the crew during April, has been prevented by the faculty from rowing longer, much to Courtney's disgust. The University of Pennsylvania has inaugurated a system of undergraduate control over aquatic affairs, such as I have heretofore advocated. I am delighted at the adoption of the new system and congratulate "U. of P." upon it. Mr. Henry D. Oliver, '94, has been elected president of the College Boat Club. All students may become active members and vote at annual meetings. The plan is similar to that in vogue at Yale. Mr. Woodruff will this year have his first opportunity of pitting the Yale against the Courtney system of rowing—for I presume he adheres to the style he learned at New Haven. It will also be Pennsylvania's first four-mile race.

Columbia's freshmen remain about as they were last month. Their average weight is about 143 pounds, as against Cornell's freshmen's average of 158. It is also singular that Cornell's lightest freshman is heavier than Columbia's average. The race will take place in June at New London.

The Columbia College class races were rowed on the Harlem on May 5th, resulting in the victory of the freshmen. The junior crew was second. Time, 6m. 40s.

From the Pacific coast we learn that Courtney is likely to coach the crews of Leland Stanford, Jr., University and of the University of California in the late summer; but he will return to coach Cornell's football eleven.

It is a singular fact that every university boat club is having difficulty this year in raising the money needed to support the various crews. This is a singular commentary on the apparent small interest that is taken in one of the grandest of sports, except during race week. It is a reproach to the students that they should make editorials upon the subject in their college papers possible. It is a sad result of the absence of genuine college spirit which implies a spirit of self-sacrifice where needed on behalf of one's *alma mater*. He is a poor college man who wants to get all he can out of his college, with the least amount of sacrifice or contribution on his own part.

CHASE MELLEN.

CANOEING.

THE single-hand cruiser *Scarecrow*, described in the May OUTING, has been launched and put in commission, and proves to be all that her designer expected—a safe, fast, comfortable boat for two. This boat created so much interest while being built, seeming to supply a decided need, that five others of similar lines and dimensions were ordered of the same builder, and many more are under construction by other builders. This demand for single-handers has affected canoeing somewhat. There is very little talk of new racers, and the old-time racing men have retired, leaving a clear field for some of the clever younger sailors.

The World's Fair will probably interfere somewhat with the success of the racing at the meets this coming summer, but will not, in all probability, interfere with the attendance. The racing for the last ten years has produced but a small number of successful men, and the same names have figured year after year as prize-winners. The season now opening will undoubtedly produce a number of *dark horses*.

The most successful sailing racing canoe of 1892, sailed by Mr. Oxholm, of Yonkers, has been sold to a Western man, and may appear at Chicago later in the season, and will undoubtedly be entered in the races of the Western Canoe Association, at Ballast Island, early in July.

The most scientific sailing canoe ever built, exhibiting the most perfect workmanship, is now in the New York Canoe club-house on Gravesend Bay. It is from designs of William Gardner, built by Stevens, the builder of the famous Vesper fleet; is owned and will be sailed this year by Mr William Whitlock. It carries a larger sail spread than any former racing canoe —about 200 square feet. Drawing ten inches of water, twice the ordinary draft, makes it a very powerful boat.

C. BOWYER VAUX.

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AN IDEAL WHEELING ROUTE TO THE WORLD'S FAIR.

Part I.—NEW YORK to NIAGARA FALLS.

"IN the hills, forests and fields, by the side of winding streams and shining lakes — near to Nature's heart—are found the springs of life, where the tired body and weary brain find rest."

Among the countless multitudes who will journey westward during the World's Fair year will be many thousands of wheelmen from the Eastern States. Numberless small touring parties have already been formed, while the number who are debating the question of "To go or not to go" is exceedingly great.

The reduction in the weight of road wheels is slowly but surely placing touring at the head of wheeling—where it belongs—and the utility of the bicycle as a long-distance traveler is being proven with each succeeding year.

To those who can make a bargain with "Old Father Time" for a few weeks, I would say: "Put air in thy tires, and oil in thy oil-can, encase thyself in a suit of corduroy, see that every part of thy favorite steed is in order, take courage and turn toward the city of the World's Fair awheel."

There are several routes, one by the Hudson, and through central New York to Niagara Falls, through lower Ontario and Michigan; another by way of Philadelphia, Wheeling, W. Va., Columbus, O., and Indianapolis; still another by way of northern New Jersey, northeastern Pennsylvania and southern New York to Niagara Falls, thence to Buffalo and along the southern shore of Lake Erie through Cleveland and Toledo, and from that city over the levels of western Ohio, northern Indiana and Illinois. This latter route will be dealt with in these articles because of the variety and excellence of its scenery, and because it combines in the greatest degree, panoramas of mountain and valley, forests, rivers and lakes, which will long remain in the memory of him who wheels over the thousand miles, more or less, that separate the metropolis of the East from that of the West.

Taking the Fourteenth street ferry at New York to Hoboken, N. J., the wheelman encounters a steep hill at the very beginning of the journey. At the top of this hill take the road which runs westward, branching from the boulevard, and speed along about a mile westward until a cemetery is reached; turning to the left at this cemetery, the traveler is on the macadam road which takes him in a northwesterly direction, near Mt. Secaucas, over the Hackensack River, from the bridge of which a delightful view is to be had to the southward. This same road carries the wheelman near Rutherford to Passaic, and is the principal street of Passaic. The road we have taken divides at the Erie station, Passaic, both branches going to Paterson. The branch on the right, commonly called the "river road," is preferable, and gives a better entrance into Paterson. This latter city is about sixteen miles from Hoboken and is one of Jersey's largest and most prosperous cities. The two most prominent clubs are the Tourists' Bicycle Club and the Passaic Falls Wheelmen; the former are tourists *de facto* as well as in name. No better fortune could happen to a wheelman-traveler than to be obliged to spend a rainy evening at the rooms of this hospitable club, where the stranger who sojourns near their gates is welcome "forever and aye;" but the wheelman who has Chicago for his goal can only afford to give a night to Paterson.

Leaving Paterson by Market street, westward, until its end is reached, turn to the left and, without crossing the bridge, follow the street-car tracks to Little Falls. Shortly after leaving Paterson we come near to Passaic Falls on the right—a miniature Niagara, worth a moment's stop.

Turn to the left at Little Falls for Fairfield and Franklin, the latter about ten miles from Paterson; from Franklin to Rockaway is thirteen miles over roads of various materials. At the end of the macadam, at Franklin, turn to the left. There is some uphill work between Parsippany and Denville, but that quickly done, turn to the left after leaving the Denville Hotel, and soon Rockaway is in view. Here is located the "Liberty" factory, where all are welcome, as I was, to inspect the different departments of that great producer of wheels.

At Rockaway I should advise the tourist to take the tow-path of the Morris Canal, which will be near our route until Hackettstown is reached. Dover is but three miles and a fraction from Rockaway, and the tow-path should be discarded when the third bridge from Rockaway crosses it. Taking the road above the bridge at the left, a splendid stretch of road leads into Dover; here we are in the hills, which will grow more numerous, steep and more picturesque until Mt. Pocono is reached. We are now going through a rich farming country, and on every hand is seen the handiwork of the industrious farmer.

Hackettstown, twenty miles away, is our next objective point and is best reached by following the main street of Dover westward to Stanhope, mostly uphill, through Stanhope to Waterloo, *via* Oxford Furnace. From Waterloo to Hackettstown is seven miles, and the road is almost parallel with the Morris Canal. For variety we can leave the road for the tow-path and thus have an opportunity of debating with the canal driver whether or not our wheels and luggage shall see the bottom of his ditch. The wheelman who has never ridden on the tow-path has no idea what it adds to his vocabulary. From Dover the road is quite hilly, with now and then a delightful coast to break the monotony of the upward climb. The road is winding, but always ridable.

From Hackettstown the tourist has a choice of two routes: one *via* Washington, Oxford and Manunka Chunk to Delaware Water Gap, or to the "Gap" by the better and shorter way *via* Danville, Hope, Knowlton and Columbia;

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the distance of the latter route is twenty-three miles. Two mountains are crossed between Hackettstown and Hope, and the route is of sufficient variety to satisfy the variety hunter.

I took the former route, however, crossing the Delaware River at Delaware in a hand ferry. The ferrymen inquired my destination. I told him Chicago. Had I told him that I was about to establish a retreat for the weak-minded in the solitude of those mountains, I might have been believed, but, as it was, he thought that his ferry was carrying the most expert prevaricator who ever passed from New Jersey to Pennsylvania.

The tourist should by all means take the shorter route, which will bring him to the Delaware River at Columbia, four and one-half miles from the "Gap."

The Delaware River has its source in the heart of the Catskills, and is one of the grandest streams in the East, flowing silently through the hills of Pennsylvania for many miles, and forming the boundary between that State and New Jersey.

At Delaware Water Gap the river runs through a defile formed by almost perpendicular cliffs which rise up to a height of over a thousand feet, forming a picture "as fair as the eye of man can look upon." Happy is the traveler who, at the end of his second day out, can pause in his journey to survey this masterpiece of nature. Of late years this region has become a summer resort much frequented by those who, buried amidst its mountains, woods and waters, forget the rush and roar of life for a season. The roads are not at all bad and the hills are always ridable.

At Delaware Water Gap we take our last glimpse of New Jersey, and are henceforth to wheel through Pennsylvania for over 125 miles. Although not so thickly settled as New Jersey, the country is no less interesting, and the tourist need have no fear for want of the best accommodations wherever night may overtake him.

Four miles from Delaware Water Gap is Stroudsburg, Pa., a pleasant village, where the traveler will do well to spend the night, preferably at the Hotel Burnett.

Every wheelman who passes through Stroudsburg should spare a few moments for a visit to the local consul, Dr. C. M. Brownell, who is one of the most enthusiastic wheelmen I have ever met, and appropriately called "The Pathfinder of the Hills."

From this point the hardest part of the journey begins, and the next objective point is Scranton. Leaving Stroudsburg by Main street, we wheel toward Tannersville over roads which are never good, but for the most part ridable. At Tannersville the road divides, and we shall take the turn to the right, which will bring us to Forks Station, or Pocono. This is sixteen miles from Stroudsburg, and for the most part uphill, for Forks Station is nearly on the summit of Mt. Pocono.

After the steady ascent of the mountain, a few minutes' rest will be welcome. Looking back toward the southeast, Delaware Water Gap can still be plainly seen. On every hand are massive hills, homes of the ruffed grouse, woodcock and other small game, while trout hide in almost every one of the myriad streams that flow through this region. In the summer months the woods resound with the report of the rifle. The altitude of Mt. Pocono and its splendid ozone draw many tourists during the summer months from the large cities of the East.

From Forks Station to Tobyhanna is seven miles, over fairly good roads, and the distance is made comfortably in less than an hour. Speeding through the main street of Tobyhanna, we are on the road which leads to Scranton, twenty-five miles away. The first five miles are made under difficulties, for the road leads through a deep forest, over stones and ruts, which makes part of the distance unridable. In the depth of this forest the tourist can easily imagine himself a thousand miles from civilization. After emerging from this labyrinth of forest, the same road leads over a rolling country near Gouldsborough Station (not Gouldsborough Village), through Lehigh, Daleville, Moscow and Dunnings, the latter but a few miles from Scranton. Nothing of special interest meets the eye of the traveler until we near Scranton, when the road runs parallel to the tracks of the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western Railroad. The wheeling grows better and the hills grow larger and more picturesque. In case the distance from Stroudsburg to Scranton cannot be made in one day, Moscow, thirty-six miles from Stroudsburg and twelve from Scranton, is the best resting-place between the two cities.

Scranton, the third city in Pennsylvania, nestles in the hills, from which its chief wealth, coal, is obtained. Wheeling down Washington avenue and thence to The Westminster on Wyoming avenue, a glimpse is obtained of the best portion of the city. Scranton is a city of wheelmen and wheel clubs, prominent among which is the Scranton Bicycle Club, whose rooms on Washington avenue are always open to the wheelman-traveler.

There are two ways to reach our next objective point, Laceyville: one by way of Pittston, five miles south, and another by the shorter and better route, *via* Factoryville. Taking the asphalted Washington avenue, north, turn to the left at the end of the asphalt and cross the tracks of the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company. We are now in Providence, a suburb of Scranton. Wheeling straight over the hill, we are on the winding road which leads over Clark's Summit, through Glenburn and Dalton to Factoryville—sixteen miles from Scranton. Here the hungry cyclist may end his misery. The roads are of common dirt, yet the wheeling is very good, and the run is easily made before breakfast. Factoryville is eleven miles from Tunkhannock, along the banks of a creek of the same name. The roads are good, the grades easy, and ere we are aware Tunkhannock is in sight, a small village situated on the north branch of the Susquehanna River, and also on the Lehigh Valley Railroad. From this point to Waverly, N. Y., our route is along and through the Lehigh Valley, which for variety of scenery is not excelled in the East. The traveler on a train has no idea of the panoramas he misses, for the only place to view everything is from the highways which lie over the hills themselves. Tunkhannock to Meshoppen is ten miles by a winding road, mostly up-grade. About three miles above Tunkhannock the valley widens, and the view from the top of the hill is one to be long remembered. The river is crossed at Meshoppen, and eight miles

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further over roads of various material is Laceyville—a good stopping-place for our fourth night out.

Forty-three miles further up the valley is Athens, Pa., and the tourist can easily make the distance in one day, and take in every one of the many pictures of mountain, forest and valley to be found *en route*. There will be many a chance to coast, particularly just before coming to Wyalusing. A brake is at all times desirable, and the tourist who has no such commodity in this region will do well to go slow and at all times have perfect control of his wheel, for the road makes many sharp curves and many times runs along the edge of a precipice, over which if the wheelman once goes he is not liable to return with all his God-given powers. From Laceyville to Athens we pass through Wyalusing, Rummerfield and Towanda, crossing the river again just before entering the latter city. Towanda is fifteen miles from Athens and twenty-eight from Laceyville. The former village is reached by following the main street of Towanda northward, crossing the Lehigh Valley tracks at Ulster, seven miles from Towanda, and the Chemung River just before entering Athens. The tourist who wishes to spend the night at Athens will find the best accommodations at the Hotel Stimpson.

If the roads are in good condition the sixty miles of the sixth day's ride between Athens, Pa., and Bath, N. Y., can be covered in one day. Athens is but four miles from Waverly, N. Y. Here we pass out of Pennsylvania and shall see no more of the Keystone State for a while.

A good sidepath extends from Athens to Waverly and runs within a half mile of Sayre, the great railway town of the Lehigh Valley. The main street of Waverly, followed westward for eighteen miles over clay roads, brings us to Elmira, where a good luncheon can be had at the Hotel Rathbun, which is Elmira's L. A. W. hotel. The magnificent rooms of the Kanawealo Cycle Club, on Gray street, are always open to the wheelman-traveler. Undoubtedly their claim to the best club-house between Buffalo and New York is correct.

Leaving Elmira, by following Water street westward we are on the road which will lead into Bath street, thirty-eight miles ahead, over clay roads, which are good riding in the dry season and miserable in the rainy. Eighteen miles from Elmira is Corning, the Crystal City, so called from the fact that the most extensive cut-glass works in the world are there located. More than half of the electric-light bulbs used in this country come from Corning, while the cut-glass took the first prize at the Paris Exposition in 1889.

Wheelmen, as you pass through Corning, try its sidewalks. You won't regret it. The City Recorder, Mr. F. C. Williams, is an enthusiastic wheelman, and no one need fear the sentence "Ten dollars, or ten days" in Corning. Crossing the tracks of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western and Erie at Corning, turn to the left and a good sidepath leads to Painted Post, two miles away, where we again take the road to Bath eighteen miles farther, *via* Cooper's and Campbell's two small intermediate villages. The roads are of clay and common dirt, good in the dry season. Sixty miles is enough for one day, and Bath is a pleasant place in which to spend a night. The best hostelry is Hotel Nichol.

The next twenty-six miles, Bath to Wayland, N. Y., is along the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad. The roads are fairly good, the grades easy, and Wayland is easily made for dinner. Here two routes are available to Buffalo, one *via* Dansville and Mt. Morris over roads which had better be avoided in the rainy season; the other through Springwater to Lima, which is preferable. At Lima we strike the State road which runs from Albany to Buffalo, and is in good condition when the highways of the surrounding country are inundated. Lima is twenty-six miles from Wayland, and can be made in about three hours.

From Lima to Buffalo is a straight road and plain sailing. A short day's run of thirty-three miles lies between Lima and Batavia, where the tourist who does not care to push on to Buffalo, thirty-six miles farther, had better spend the night, as there is no good stopping-place between the two cities. The Richmond is the L. A. W. hotel, and here is kept a register of the League members who stop there during the year. The thirty-six miles between Batavia and Buffalo is a good half day's run, and the afternoon can best be spent in a short run around the city. Buffalo has more miles of asphalt than any other city in the world, and boasts of more wheelmen than any other city in the United States in proportion to its population.

The Press Cycling Club, on Delaware avenue, is always glad to see the wandering cyclist, and an evening spent there is sure to be remembered.

The League hotel is the Genesee, where a number of wheelmen can always be found.

We are now nearly to the end of the first division of our journey—only twenty-three miles away from Niagara Falls, over clay roads and sidepaths, or the space between the tracks of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad. Leaving Buffalo by Delaware avenue, we have asphalt pavement for about four miles, then sidewalk for two and one-half more, and clay for the remainder of the distance. The space between the tracks of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad makes excellent riding and is generally preferred to the road.

Eleven miles from Buffalo we pass the Tonawanda lumber yards—the greatest lumber mart in the East. The next twelve miles is along the shore of Niagara River. No one would think, to notice its gentle flow and calm tranquillity, that just ahead each drop of water must pass over the mighty Falls of Niagara and form a part of the grandest spectacle in this or any other land. In our journey from the metropolis we have seen hill and mountain, rivers, brooks and mountain torrents, valleys and fertile fields, but all fade into insignificance beside this masterpiece of a masterhand. We see the water, "as old as Adam, yet as young as the morning dew," the outlet of Lakes Superior, Huron, Michigan and Erie, pouring in awful majesty over heights which make the scene a vivid remembrance. Here our trip is cut in twain, where a stone can be thrown from our own lands to the empire of England's Queen.

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Here a side trip can be taken to Toronto, Canada's "American" city, if desirable.

At times the tourist will be obliged to ask questions regarding direction and distance. In the great majority of cases the answers should be taken *cum grano salis*. If you inquire the distance to a certain town from the proprietor of a country hotel he will invariably add from 25 to 50% to the real mileage. On the other hand, the farmer will generally be just about as far the other way, thinking that perhaps you are on a "dead broke" trip and hungry.

When you come to a point where the road divides and there is no place for inquiring, it is always best to follow that branch which has telegraph poles strung along. In case neither road has telegraph poles, the best road and the one most traveled is the one to risk.

When you see advertising signs on fences and barns, the city is not many leagues distant.

ROBERT BRUCE.

CYCLING FIXTURES.

June 3—Buffalo. N. Y. State circuit meet.
" 3—Milwaukee Wheelmen's indoor tournament.
" 4—St. Louis. Inter-State De Soto run.
" 10—Holmes' Field, Boston. Harvard W. C. A. race meet.
" 16-17—Syracuse. N. Y. State circuit meet.
" 17—Herne Hill Track, London. N. C. U. championships.
" 17—So. Norwalk, Conn. Alpha Wheel Club's ten-mile road race.
" 17—Lynn (Mass.) C. and A. C. race meet.
" 17—Spencer, Mass. Spencer Bicycle Club.
" 24—Philadelphia. South End Wheelmen's annual meet.
" 24—Newark to Princeton and return. Metropolitan A. C. C. Century run.
" 24—Louisville. Prince Wells' ten-mile road race.
" 25-26—Lawson's second annual tour to Kentucky State meet. Louisville to Harrodsburg.
" 27-28—Kentucky division meet, Harrodsburg.

THE Racing Board of the L. A. W. have always been in trouble over something or other, and I should think that silver strands by the thousand would appear among their locks. "I would rather be a dog and bay the moon," as William Shakespeare hath it, than be a member of any one of the active committees of the L. A. W., and be a shining mark for all the spite and abuse. Some people crave prominence, and are willing to achieve it even at the cost of personal comfort and with the knowledge that the more active, conscientious and sincere they are in their work the more they will suffer at the hands of the penny-a-liners; but once in a while there is cause for criticism. This thought has been inspired by the action of Mr. Miller, a member of the Racing Board, in refusing sanction to the Associated Cycling Clubs of Boston, backed up by the Massachusetts Division, to hold a race meeting at Waltham, Mass., May 30th, on the ground that sanction had already been granted to the Bay State Club, of Worcester, Mass., and that the granting of a sanction for the Waltham meet on the same day would conflict with the Worcester affair. It is true that Mr. Miller has the right to withhold sanction when, in his opinion, the date applied for would conflict with that already granted another club; but it is also true that the '92 Racing Board agreed that on all legal holidays this rule should be waived. Mr. Miller, therefore, had the right, had he been so disposed, to grant to the A. C. C. the asked-for sanction, and his refusal to do so, up to the present writing, has kicked up the worst kind of a row in Massachusetts among the members located in Boston and vicinity. Under the circumstances, Mr. Miller's action was most unfortunate, as the very existence of the Waltham track depended on the ability of the Massachusetts Division to hold its spring meet there. Some sort of arrangement has been patched up, but at best it is a compromise, and the Massachusetts Division officers, and a large portion of the members of that division, feel sore over the affair. Later I learn that the final outcome of the matter is that the Bay State Club of Worcester withdrew its protest and Mr. Miller granted sanction.

F. J. Osmond, the erstwhile English champion, is now in this country, and when asked if he would race this season, he diplomatically replied that maybe he would if he were "fit." I use the word "erstwhile" in connection with Mr. Osmond's championship honors simply because after last year's strange dodging of Zimmerman he can scarce lay claim to the championships of the present. Mr. Osmond comes to this country to represent a firm of English manufacturers who will exhibit at the World's Fair, and while he may feel that his duties as representative will prevent him from appearing on the track in the international events next August, I think if he wanted to meet Zimmerman very badly he would manage to do it.

By the way, while Osmond is on his way to this country "Zimmy" takes ship for England, and now Sanger, the Western pet, is on his way to try conclusions with the English flyers, and, of course, incidentally, he and Zimmerman will perhaps meet. There are those west of Pennsylvania who aver that Sanger is the better man. Unless Zimmerman has deteriorated very much, I still think he will be able to hold the premier position among racing men during the Columbian year. The champion went South, and as is always the case in the first part of the season, he was beaten by men who cannot be called his equal. He is a hard man to get fit, and it is not until the summer is well advanced that he gets moving, but when that time comes it is evident that the best of them in a race have the pleasure of a back view of Champion Zimmerman's wheel.

Like everything else this year in Chicago, the track on which the international races are to be held will be the best thing of the kind that science and money can produce. From the 5th until the 12th of August Chicago will be the scene of the greatest bicycle meet ever held. Of course it will lose prominence in the general shake-up and immensity of the great Fair, but cyclers will have a full realization of its bigness, and there is no doubt but that "cycling week" in Chicago will not rank among the lesser of the side shows of the Fair. The track alone will cost $7,000 and will be done by May 25th.

The surface will be of a fine, loamy soil, and the finest of Joliet gravel mixed, and will, when finished, hardly show a piece of gravel as large as a pea. This surface will be 2½ inches in thickness and will be laid on the top of a bed of fine-screened macadam, such as now forms the surface of the straights at Parkside. Banking will be 1 foot in 5 on turns, making the banks 6 feet high at the summit. Banking will begin

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on the outer edge of the track 75 feet before the commencement of the turn and will rise 1 foot in 45 inches on the outside until 6 feet is reached. This summit will extend at 6 feet for 150 feet, then drop gradually into the back-stretch. Turns will be 439.6 feet on inner curb and 444 feet on the pole line. The straights will be 486 feet each. The turns will be 30 feet wide, the back-stretch 25, the home-stretch 40 feet. The finish will be 120 yards fron the end of the last turn.

The oldest bicycle club in America, the Boston Bicycle Club, celebrated the fifteenth anniversary of the first club run ever held in America, by repeating as near as possible that historic event. The start was made from Copley square and the same route was followed. The club was photographed by Captain Kendall on exactly the same spot that the original photograph was taken fifteen years ago.

Only one of the original party, Papa Weston, was present on this anniversary run, which, by the way, was the two hundred and thirty-ninth regularly called run of the club. One of the party, by the way, an old timer, rode an antiquated "Star." The rest of the party rode modern wheels, among which the "Geared Ordinary" cut a figure.

Speaking of the Geared Ordinary, this machine does not seem to be catching on very rapidly in this country. I have had the opportunity to try this wheel a little bit this spring, and I must confess that my limited experience has not awakened that wild enthusiasm which some entertain in this new mount. I intend giving the wheel a more thorough test; but in my preliminary and brief trials I notice the difference there is in driving on a fixed and a movable axle, and I am of the opinion that the advantage of the fixed axle is the secret of the success of the "R. D." as compared with the "F. D."

I acknowledge I am prejudiced in favor of the "Safety," but my prejudice is never so strong as to resist argument and proof, and so if after a more protracted and intelligent trial I find my theory and impression wrong as to the inferiority of the "F. D," I shall be most happy to own up. It is never safe to bank too much on theory when treating on cycle construction, for sometimes the most logical theories are ruthlessly upset by actual practice.

I am satisfied from actual experience that the use of tight knee-breeches is likely to bring about injury to the knee. For many years I rode a bicycle, clad in tight knee-breeches. After a while I began to be troubled with a lame knee. It continued to grow worse, and for a long time I could not imagine what caused it. I thought I must have hit or wrenched it, but I could not remember ever having done anything of the kind. I laid it to rheumatism, and in fact some doctors called it that. At length a bright young medical friend, after a careful examination and a thorough verbal cross-examination, came to the conclusion that the constant pressure on the knee-cap by tight breeches was the cause, and he suggested the adoption of knickerbockers. For the past year I have ridden in "knicks," and I find my trouble fast disappearing. If any of the readers of OUTING are troubled by lameness in the knee let them try knickerbockers. The knee-cap is a very delicate portion of the anatomy, and sometimes the slightest blow or undue pressure will work havoc.

Relay riding seems to bring about bad weather. Last year, in the great relay ride from Chicago to New York, the riders met with floods and mud, and had a fearful time of it. This year, in the ride from Boston to Chicago, rain commenced within the first twelve hours, and in consequence the men were seven hours behind time at Rochester. To within a few miles of New York city the relays had gained nearly two hours, but this was all lost, and seven hours besides between New York and Rochester. I think bad judgment was shown in holding a race so early in the season. June is a better month, and not so likely to produce unsettled weather. The relay was over twenty-four hours late in arriving at Chicago, and during the entire trip the riders encountered the most horrible weather and roads.

I suppose these relay events are good for the cause of cycling. They call attention to the sport, and demonstrate the practicability and possibilities of the wheel, but it is a phase of cycling which has too much of the "Ta-ra-boom-de-ay" element in it to appeal very strongly to my enthusiasm. I suppose I am an old fogy; but somehow or other anything which smacks of the circus parade does not appeal to me. The newspapers all notice these rides, and thus cycling receives a certain amount of free advertising, and that is about the only thing that can be said in its favor, if, indeed, such advertising proves of actual good to the cause. This is an open question, and one I am not ready to answer in the affirmative.

There is a vast difference in tearing across the country at breakneck speed and a well-ordered tour such as is now being taken for OUTING by Lenz around the world and Bruce from New York to Chicago. The results of such trips as these are of value, as they furnish data which must be of value and interest. It is the difference between the scorcher and the tourist: one is inspired by an unnatural and insane desire to cover distance in the shortest possible time, and the latter is prompted by a laudable and rational desire to see new worlds and enjoy nature properly. I am aware that the contrast that I make will draw down on my devoted head the blessings (?) of the scorcher man, but I cannot help it. The habitual scorcher is not a rational being; an occasional sprint along a smooth road is enjoyed by the slowest of coaches, your correspondent included. Scorching, or riding "all out," is intemperance just as much as a man who uses alcoholic beverages to excess, and bad effects are apt to result in both cases.

Our "Fixture" column will indicate the great interest which is shown in racing the coming season, but I regret to say that Hartford does not appear on the list, and unless the new Connecticut law just gone into effect controlling pool-rooms and race meetings is repealed, I fear the year 1893 will pass without any event being run at Charter Oak Park, Hartford. It is a question whether the law applies to races where other than cash prizes are given, but the managers of Charter Oak Park have refused to let the Hartford Wheel Club have the track, on the ground that the law covers the cycle races as well as horse-races. PROWLER.

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WITH the first of this month begins a period of idleness for the gun, for no right-minded mortal with the slightest idea of true sportsmanship will pull trigger upon bird or beast (save a few varieties classed as "vermin") at a time when every principle of humanity and common sense pleads for a stay of the destroyer's hand. This is a season of reproduction. In wood and dell, in copse and hedge, on marsh and field and shore, uncounted fragile, instinct-woven baskets are freighted with dainty egg or callow young, and these wondrous stores of life should never be molested. Nor should the merry basket-makers be interrupted in their labor of love until, at least, after their all-important duties have been completed. This is a fishing month, a camping month—anything save a shooting month—and to those who purpose making a pleasant holiday in June and camping beside trout or bass water, I would say, Take no firearm to camp with you. Possibly you may desire some kind of revolver as a show of protection, but, as a rule, readers of OUTING will not be called upon to pitch camp where any danger worth troubling about could possibly threaten. In fact, I believe that among ordinary campers the revolvers taken along for defense are far more dangerous than the foes they are supposed to assist in repelling.

There is neither need for nor sense in taking gun or rifle into the woods at a season when the law forbids its use upon birds and animals certain to be seen. Many an otherwise honest camper has become a lawbreaker simply because a gun or rifle was within easy reach at the wrong moment. Take all the fishing tackle you may desire, but leave the firearms at home until the proper time for them arrives. "But we might see a bear!" a camper exclaims. Well, suppose you do see a bear? It won't hurt you, and you won't see it long after it sees you; nor is there glory of much worth in killing a summer bear in poor coat and of no earthly use. "But we might see a——" Yes, *exactly!* I'll finish it for you. The word was stopped just in time. The fact is, you might see a moose, or a caribou, or a deer, or grouse, or duck, or any one of the animals or birds which the law of the land, of honor, and of common sense, forbids you to meddle with for a reasonable time. And, furthermore, my friend, if you should see one of these creatures you'd promptly try to "plug it," and that is precisely what you have no business to do. "Lead us not into temptation" is good, and "Don't lead yourself into temptation" has also certain merit of its own; so why not make a sure thing of it by leaving the tempters behind, so they can't tempt you?

I would even leave the little rifle "twenty-two" or "thirty-two" at home during June and July. Good pieces of these calibers are not toys; in fact, they have been known to *irritate* grouse, duck, quail—yes! and even a fawn or grown deer so seriously that the irritation resulted fatally. "But my boy wants to shoot at marks," says the old man. Exactly, and what kind of marks? First a tin can, or bit of paper, or knot, then a poor anxious bird with food for its young in its bill; or it may be a swimming duck, or a basking turtle, or possibly something much larger affords a chance Then watch the old man—watch him grab the little rifle and make the boy "lay low," while O.M. shows him how to put a hole through the creature and through the law.

Nay, nay, old man! Let the boy fish, boat canoe, swim and tramp through the woods on exploring trips to his heart's content; go with him if possible, and encourage healthful exercise and observation as much as possible, but don't teach him, nor allow him to acquire, unlawful and inhuman tricks. Upon nearly every one of furred or feathered things seen during June and July depends a family of helpless lives, which may be doomed to the miseries of slow starvation by one thoughtless shot.

The boy with the firearm sees a bird and says, "Watch me plug him," and if the aim prove true the boy thinks he has done something clever, and most likely his fond father tells him that he has so done. In reality he has broken a law, and probably sounded the doom of half a dozen wretched fledglings hidden in a nest near by. Men will cheerfully give up a handful of dollars for the privilege of drinking in the wondrous melody from the trained throat of a Patti or an Albani, and go into raptures over the sweetness and the elevating influence of perfect music; yet the same men will blithely murder a poor little feathered Patti, and still forever life and song such as no Patti ever aspired to—in fine, destroy what the concentrated brains and skill of the world cannot replace. And for what purpose? Simply to gratify a taste for the shambles, or to "show off"—to prove that an eye can glance along a bit of iron or steel truly enough to insure the planting of a nugget of lead within the limit of a poor, unsuspecting creature's body—to kill a beautiful, happy bird. It is not right to slay without good reason; it is doubly wrong to kill a bird during the breeding season. Slay the oyster-patty if you must slay something—it can be replaced—but let the feathered Patti live in peace. ED. W. SANDYS.

ONE of the most useful catalogues of anglers' supplies to hand this season is issued by the well-known manufacturer, Edward Vom Hofe, of 95 and 97 Fulton street, New York. Mr. Vom Hofe has manufactured rods and reels of the better quality for the past twenty-five years, and the fame of his goods is known to anglers from the salmon rivers of Canada to the "tarpon" waters of Florida. For quality and faultless workmanship Vom Hofe rods and reels are unsurpassed. His stock of fishing tackle is as complete as careful study can make it, and contains all novelties of value. His catalogue is complete, finely illustrated, and contains valuable pages on fishing. Send twenty-five cents in stamps.

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KENNEL.

FIXTURES, 1893.

Bench Shows.

June 1 and 2—American Pet Dog Club, New York.
June 12 to 17—World's Columbian Exposition dog show, Chicago, Ill.
Aug. 30 to Sept. 2—Blue Grass Kennel Club, Lexington, Ky.
Sept. 5 to 8—Hamilton Kennel Club, Hamilton, Can.
Sept. 11 to 15—Industrial Exhibition Association's dog show, Toronto, Can.
Sept. 19 to 22—Rhode Island State Fair Association's dog show, Providence, R. I.

NOT so long ago, at the Denver bench show, a valuable Yorkshire terrier met sudden death from the tapered jaws of a big Russian wolfhound. Since that unfortunate episode there has been talk of having no more classes for borzois at the Continental Kennel Club's shows. To banish the big borzois is not the best way to prevent future accidents, and at the same time to do justice to fanciers of the Russian breed. The big dogs are handsome animals and deservedly have quite a numerous following. They are, moreover, quite as fully entitled to consideration as are several other large breeds. The fact of a terrier being done to death by a wolfhound does not necessarily damn the Russian breed. A mastiff, great Dane or deerhound would have killed the little terrier just as quick as did the wolfhound, had one or other seized the little fellow in earnest. The real trouble lay in having the small dog within reach of brutes which could kill it at one snap. I have frequently noticed at shows toys and big dogs exercising in the ring together, and inwardly trembled for some of the dwarfs, helpless among giants. The simplest way to remedy the matter would be to provide a separate show and exercise-ring for toys, where the wee canines could stretch themselves without being terrified by huge creatures, any one of which might ruin a "toy" by accidentally jumping on it, to say nothing of actually biting it.

It is probable that about one hundred and twenty-five Canadian dogs will compete for honors at the Columbian Exposition's bench show. As the exhibit should include the cracks of the Dominion in the several classes, it is quite probable that a reasonable share of honors will be won by Northern kennels.

In connection with bench show topics, I am reminded of the fact that awards in the English setter classes at big shows of the season appear to indicate what may be termed a leaning toward the Laverack type by the judges. Laverack type is very pretty. Perhaps the most beautiful specimens of English setters ever shown have been of this strain, but all the best ones I have seen appeared soft—not at all the kind of animals to stand continued hard work. What I take to be the typical Llewellin is a better animal in all save beauty—a hard-looking, strongly muscled dog and a worker under harsh conditions. Such a dog is meant for actual business—not looking pretty, but he can give his silky, softer brother "cards and spades," and then beat him as an every-day, all-day worker.

DAMON.

LOFT.

THE interest among pigeon-flyers in the use of the birds as messengers from the warships in the Naval Parade was very marked, and, as usual, when the work is out of the ordinary and ignorance rushes in where experience dares not tread, there was a revelation. Three birds of Charles Mehler, West Philadelphia, which were sent to Annapolis, ninety-eight miles, as their third fly, and in training for the journey from the U. S. S. *Dolphin* when at Hampton Roads, made the best record, although they were detained by bad weather past their flying date. They were put on board the *Dolphin* April 21st, and the next morning, April 22d, at half-past six o'clock, were let go from off Old Point Comfort, 212 miles from home. At 11:45 A. M. they were found in the home loft; time of arrival unknown. The average speed, counting time of finding as time of arrival, would be 1,150 yards per minute.

This journey goes to prove that all the training journeys are unnecessary, that birds do not need to be taught the way; but the only lesson is that, let go from the basket, they are to get home in the quickest possible time. This, it would seem, can be taught as well in flying from different points in the immediate home vicinity as in sending down the road.

The work from the war-vessels on the way up the coast was very unsatisfactory, owing to the bad weather prevailing over in New Jersey. Of the thirty-five liberated, only three were home the same day, and one of the three was a youngster hatched late in January.

The little cote on the U. S. P. S. *Constellation*, which was the beginning of the messenger service from shore to ship, was removed from the vessel after the summer cruise, and for a time was at Annapolis; then it was placed on the U. S. S. *Standish*, used for artillery practice, where the birds, it is said, soon became accustomed to the smoke and report of the guns. Afterward it and the birds were transferred to the Naval Academy grounds to await the return of the *Constellation* for the start in June on the summer cruise.

It has been a question as to what effect all these changes will have on the birds, but they are in fact only part of the lesson birds on shipboard must learn: that it is the cote, not its location, that is home, and thus far they have so entirely accepted every situation that there has really been no lesson in it.

This is only repeating the experience of the scientific expeditions with their pigeons: that the wagon or tent which houses the birds is the home to which they return, no matter where they must look for it. With this fact in mind, there is a very wide field for use of the pigeon that has not yet been touched upon.

E. S. STARR.

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A LESSON AND A MORAL.

Æsop might well have added one more to the long list of fables that emanated from his brain, and told us about a certain dog who was so proud of his large, bushy tail that he cultivated that appendage at the expense of the rest of his anatomy. After a while, the story might have run, this sedulous care resulted in the tail becoming so bushy and ponderous that in place of the dog wagging his tail, the tail wagged the dog, and the canine fop realized too late that his vanity had been greater than his wisdom.

Such a state of affairs has been that witnessed in the Eastern racing world within the last few weeks. The Board of Control made to themselves a tail of stupendous dimensions when, in December, 1891, they outlawed the followers of winter racing in the Eastern States. Even at first the tail was of such fine size that it was all the board could well handle, and circumstances ensued so favorable to its growth that within a comparatively short period it overpowered its wearer. Luckily the board played the part of a wise dog, and by prompt action reduced the tail's disproportionate size toward the body to which it was attached, but there can be little or no doubt that the effort of cultivating such an outgrowth, and the subsequent necessity of reducing its size, have told on the parent body.

The fact of the matter is that, excellent as were the intentions in forming the Board of Control, that body was, to use a rough but expressive phrase, "too previous" in excommunicating the winter brigade. Even at the time the action was taken the opinion as to its wisdom was by no means unanimous. The racing world at large ascribed the measure to the influence of the late Mr. D. D. Withers, but this was in reality very far from being the truth. That wise turf legislator — and no country has produced a man more indefatigable or well balanced in his judgment—saw that the resolution was premature, throwing his influence into the scale against it. Events have proved that when he said that the action was premature he showed his usual foresight, and it is a thousand pities that his advice was not originally heeded. Had it been, hundreds of men would not now be provided with a legitimate cause for discontent against the body which claims to exercise authority over the most important of the Eastern race-courses.

In saying this there is no wish to render the Board of Control's position any less pleasant than it is. That the establishment of such a body was needed, and that there was a very wide and real field for them, admits of no doubt. Their sphere of usefulness is almost unlimited, and in most ways they have shown a practical recognition of the wisdom of the proverb "*festina lente*." In this particular step, which was the most important taken during their career, undue haste brought its usual results. Of course, events assumed an unfavorable direction, and the situation in New Jersey, under the measures which became law during the past winter, made it a nice question whether the Board of Control could continue to enforce the resolution of December, 1891, and still allow the associations represented in it a chance to conduct their business with any degree of profit. Under the new laws the Monmouth Park Association had no choice but to allow any of the men who threw in their lot with the winter tracks to race and conduct their business at Monmouth. From that point of view Monmouth could no longer be considered an integral member of the body. Without that association the three clubs represented had no chance, in view of the provisions of New York State's Ives law, of having racing within their jurisdiction on more than ninety days in the course of any one year.

To appreciate the full force of the situation, it must be remembered that even before the events of last winter a number of owners of more or less prominence had had serious thoughts of relinquishing their affiliation to the board. If the board had virtually reduced the available amount of racing to ninety days, not only these owners, but many others, would have of necessity left the fold. It would not, in fact, have been any matter of choice. A man with a large string of horses could not make his racing pay within so short a period, unless he had phenomenal luck. During the remaining part of the year, if he still wished to escape debarment, an owner would have had to take his horses West, a thing comparatively few care to do, except under special circumstances.

It will therefore be readily comprehended that the Board of Control found themselves between Scylla and Charybdis. All the influence that the more conservative members and adherents could bring to bear could not withstand the pressing arguments furnished by the actual facts of the case. Moreover, the Monmouth Park people exerted themselves to induce the board to rescind their resolution. A handy excuse for so doing was available in that the New Jersey Legislature had passed a law prohibiting racing during the three midwinter months. The chance was taken and the famous "edict" went by the board.

The most palpable thing in the whole matter appears to be that the Board of Control, as originally conceived and as existing to-day, is too narrow an organization. Too few interests are represented in it, and, in consequence, too many antagonists are insured. It reflects infinite credit on the good sense and mental balance of racing men that so many of them remained faithful when the order of December, 1891, was made. Now, however, they have little or no cause to yield implicit obedience to the dictates of the board. Having rescinded the most important resolution made during its existence, the board's commands will carry but little weight. The class of small owner-trainers who have lost money through having to lay their horses up during the winter, when they might have been earning something toward paying expenses all the time, feel this particularly, and no one can blame them.

FRANCIS TREVELYAN (Sporting Tramp).

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TRAVEL, PLEASURE AND RESORTS.

NORTHWARD, within easy reach, spreads an ideal region for summer travel, for camping, canoeing and sport. It is a region apparently designed by Nature to serve as a playground for busy thousands in the States, where every pleasing phase of picturesque and pastoral scenery appeals to the visitor. It is a romantic old-new land, wherein the master-singer found pearls beyond price and wove them into golden strands of song, which made the Land of Evangeline world-famous. It is an ideal country for summer and fall vacation, and its best sport and most attractive scenery are readily reached *via* the stanch craft of the Yarmouth Steamship Company, which make close connections for all points in Nova Scotia. Send ten cents in stamps for new illustrated "Guide-book to Nova Scotia," to J. F. Spinney, Lewis Wharf, Boston, Mass.

NO visitor to the World's Fair City should return from the West without seeing the marvels of the world-famous Yellowstone Park. To enable tourists to visit one of the most wonderful regions of the world, the Northern Pacific Railroad will start twice each day from Chicago, through vestibuled trains, with elegant dining and sleeping cars, to Yellowstone Park, Montana and Pacific coast points. By a most liberal arrangement the tourist may visit the park, spend six days amid Nature's strangest works, and return to Chicago within eleven days, and all at a total expense of $160.

PROVIDENCE AND STONINGTON line's palatial steamers to Boston, Providence, Worcester and all Eastern points offer the perfection of accommodation at reduced fares. A refreshing voyage and full night's rest enable the traveler to reach his destination fit for business or pleasure. Every modern luxury, including a fine orchestra, is provided for patrons of these popular lines.

WHAT Cook has done for Europe and the Orient, Raymond & Whitcomb are doing for America; and in the coming season they have organized a grand series of tours to the Columbian Exposition from Boston, New York and Philadelphia at frequent intervals. All travel will be in special vestibuled trains, and all fortunate enough to hold their tickets will be accommodated in an elegant, commodious and finely appointed hotel, built for their special use, near the Exposition grounds.

WE have mentioned before the delightful summer resort territory along the line of the New York, Ontario and Western Railway, and the "Summer Homes" book published by that company, which may be had free upon application at any of their numerous offices in N. Y. They announce now two through trains to Chicago for World's Fair business, making a rate from New York to Chicago and return, on these trains, of twenty-eight dollars. The route of the Ontario and Western is along the west bank of the Hudson River, through the Highlands, across the State of New York to Lake Ontario at Oswego, and from that point to Niagara Falls, along the southern shore of Lake Ontario. The time table is so arranged that passengers, both east and west bound, are given a stop-over at Niagara Falls.

THE comfort of the cycler depends as much on the adaptability of the rider's clothes as on the wheel, and cyclists of either sex will do well to consult the catalogue of the Holmes Company, of Boston, for their summer's outfit.

IF the tailor does not make the man he materially adds to the pleasure of the sportsman, and those who, like the W. Fred Quimby Company, of Broadway, New York, make a specialty of sportsmens' outfits, are benefactors.

STEAM yachts and launches have been very much in evidence in the past month in the Hampton Roads and New York harbor; their convenience and swiftness were never more appreciated, and many a Clay & Torbensen, Gloucester boat, graced the water like a thing of life.

THE manufacture of fine lawn-tennis goods is made a specialty by Horace Partridge & Co. The American Tate racket excels in every point of workmanship, and is strung with the most endurable expert English gut. The Partridge championship tennis ball is guaranteed equal to any made, both in elasticity, quality of cover and sewing. Their new quarters are at 335 Washington Street, Boston.

OWN your own house is sound advice, and so is own your own boat, and when you can get a cedar rowboat, copper fastened, of E. Y. Phillips, 27 Cliff Street, New York, for $25, it is an inducement to do so. Get one and be independent, is OUTING'S advice. You will save its cost in the coming summer and still possess it.

As the season opens, plates and developers, lenses and chemicals fill a large space in the tourist photographers' minds. They will find it time, money, and vexation saved to consult a firm to whom the supply of tourists' requisites is a specialty, such as George Murphy of 57 E. 9th St., New York.

NEW ENGLAND anglers outfitting for Eastern and Western points, may select from one of the finest and most complete stocks of anglers' supplies in America, at the show-rooms of Messrs. Dame, Stoddard and Randall, 374 Washington St., Boston, Mass. Outfits purchased of this enterprising firm advertise their own merits during a season's use.

THE value of tireless, wisely-directed energy, coupled with broad and honorable business methods, is significantly illustrated in the enviable success of the John P. Lovell Arms Company, of Boston, Mass. The same quality of workmanship and material which placed their sporting goods in the front rank, insure them the 'crown of success" in the bicyle world. The Lovell Diamond Cycle is a jewel indeed.

Now is the season for tents, awnings, paulins and sails, and nowhere can they be had in greater variety or better quality than of S. Hemmenway & Son, 60 South street, N. Y.

SPORTSMEN of all grades will be glad to learn that W. H. Becannon, of the late firm of Keefe & Becannon, has established a sporting goods business at 234 Broadway, New York.

FOR SALE—Steam yacht *Dione*. Length, 62 feet; beam, 9 feet; draft, 4 feet 6 inches; engine, 7x8½ inches; marine boiler, locomotive type. Now lying at yard of Harlan & Hollingsworth Company, Wilmington, Del. Apply to Henry Whiteley, P. O. box 1136, Philadelphia.

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THE PAIN OF PARTING.

MR. BLANC (of Boston): "Professor Totten insists that the world is coming to an end."

MRS. EMERSON (also of Boston): "I'm so sorry! How hard it will be to leave Boston!"—*Truth.*

IN THE LAND OF THE FREE.

"WHERE to-night?"

"I am going to congratulate Miss Beaufort."

"What's your rush? The engagement didn't come out till this morning."

"I know it; but I want to call before it is broken."—*Life.*

HE HAD CAUSE.

YOUNG SNOBBERLY: "Ah, m' lud! I suppose you simply detest the people of this country?"

LORD FITZMUD: "Aw—yahs. They mostly all take me for one of those demned Anglomaniacs."—*Puck.*

"WRITIN' HIS OBITUARY."

"THERE'S a man out there who says he whipped the editor."

"Out where?"

"In the cemetery."

"And where's the editor?"

"Writin' his obituary."—*Atlanta Constitution.*

THEY HAD FLED.

"I SEE the reports say that when Miss Highnote finished singing her pathetic ballad at the Hotongs' musicale 'there was not a dry eye in the room.'"

"Quite right! All the people had gone into other rooms."—*Chicago News.*

PARENTAGE.

CALLOW: "I'll bet you don't know my father's business."

PENELOPE: "He's a bull in Wall Street."

CALLOW: "Heavens! How did you know?"

PENELOPE: "I supposed so because you're his son."—*Truth.*

A WOULD-BE facetious correspondent inquires, "What relation is vinegar to its mother?"

"Just the same, Horatio, that a champagne cork is to its pop."—*Life.*

DEPENDING ON PROVIDENCE.

EDITOR OF THE WEEKLY WINDGALL (to a visitor): "Smith, you must lunch with me to-day."

SMITH: "All right. Are you going out now?"

EDITOR: "No; I can't go just yet. Do you mind waiting until the next mail comes in? There will probably be a subscription in it."—*Truth.*

THE RETORT COURTEOUS.

FIRST ARTIST: "Well, old man, how's business?"

SECOND ARTIST: "Oh, splendid! Got a commission this morning from a millionaire. Wants his children painted very badly."

FIRST ARTIST (pleasantly): "Well, my boy, you're the very man for the job."—*Life.*

A FRIEND INDEED.

MANAGER: "I won't need your valuable services as bill-poster hereafter."

BILL-POSTER: "What! You're not going to discharge me, are you? Why, I'm your best friend!"

"You my best friend?"

"Certainly; nobody sticks up for you as I do."—*Texas Siftings.*

BERTIE: "Aw, Miss Ethel, theah is one thing I like about you."

ETHEL: "What is that, Mr. Softleigh?"

BERTIE: "My awm, deah."—*Truth.*

AMBITIOUS YOUTH: "Do you know of any way by which young writers like myself can make money in literature?"

MAGAZINE EDITOR: "Um—there is one."

AMBITIOUS YOUTH: "I am delighted to hear that. What would you advise?"

MAGAZINE EDITOR: "Keep a news-stand."—*Boston Globe.*

"THAT fellow ought to be kicked to death by a jackass, and I'd like to be the one to do it."—*Life.*

THE CAUSE OF THE TROUBLE.

BETSEY and I are out to-day,
And this is the reason why:
I went to town with a load of hay
And returned with a load of rye.
—*Truth.*

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AMONG THE BOOKS.

THERE is always a very salty twinge to the sea stories of H. Clark Russell, which is not wanting in his latest novel, "List, ye Landsmen!" While the story is rather barren of those exquisite descriptive touches Clark Russell often presents, "List, ye Landsmen!" is a robust production. It is told in the first person, and the hero passes through a great many adventures. When he goes ashore from a voyage, he gets taken in by a "press gang," is run down in a small boat, but escapes. Not content with going off on a perilous voyage to a desert island to find a ship in a cave with a lot of gold, he rescues a beautiful shipwrecked Spanish lady, who afterward helps him take the ship from the crew, who have mutinied. The finding of the treasure-ship in the cave affords ample opportunities for several weird passages of description, and the reader is very glad to find at the end that the hero does not marry the woman, who, strange as it may seem, is engaged already. The love element in the story is not prominent, and what little there is, has the merit of being of a healthy sort. [Cassell Publishing Company, New York.]

WITH picturesque scenes of Scotch life Gilbert Parker has interwoven the exciting incidents connected with the history of the Hudson Bay Company in the constructing of "The Chief Factor," a story of exciting adventure and romance. The Scotch character is pictured in all its sturdiness, tossed by passion, jealousy and revenge, but surviving by force of its manly and sympathetic nature. Andrew Venlaw, the Chief Factor, enraged by his rival's conduct and the supposed weakness of the lass he loves, seeks reparation by the sword, but afterward becomes reconciled and even forgives his enemy, who is really the choice of the girl. With some bitterness he gives way to the suit of his fortunate rival, but finds himself rewarded by the devotion of another lass, whose love and jealousy had from the first been abetting his rival's suit. So again man's best laid plans have "gan agae" for better ones contrived by woman's love. [The Home Publishing Company, New York.]

"ABRAHAM LINCOLN," one of the series of "American Statesmen," is a valuable biographical work by John T. Morse, Jr., comprising two volumes. The personal career of President Lincoln is very appropriately made subservient to his activity as statesman and political leader, and in this respect the author has made a substantial addition to the annals of the country's history as well as a worthy tribute to the nation's most revered and honored statesman.—[Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.]

"LETTERS FROM SOUTH AFRICA," by the *Times* special correspondent, is a neat and handy volume containing letters that originally appeared in the columns of the *Times*. The pages reflect very faithfully the situation as it really stands in that section of the world, and afford the public, by their republication, a thorough acquaintance with South African affairs. [Macmillan & Company, London and New York.]

"THE CONQUEST OF MEXICO AND PERU," an historical narrative in verse, by Kinahan Cornwallis, is a continuation of the theme begun in "The Song of America and Columbus," and if carried out as the author has planned, is likely to fill many more voluminous books. The work shows careful study of history, and should be commended at least for its clever versification. With few exceptions, however, the lines are barren of poetic beauty. Verbal exuberance seems to have cropped from the zeal of a skilled pen; even in its best couched lines we feel neither the warmth that poetic genius sheds nor the power inspired of high conceptions. This is an age of philosophy. Events are mere resultants to the modern mind; in greatness even there is fortuity. The epic muse no longer thrills the heart unless by blending her dull monotone with the more sensuous notes of passion and pathos.—[Daily Investigator, N. Y.]

KENTUCKY life in the olden times is cleverly painted by James Lane Allen in the homely but interesting romance, "John Gray." The tale is wholesome in the lines of stern morality, natural in its sequences, and picturesque in its quaint and strong characters. Gray, a Kentucky schoolmaster, who has become attached to a young lady in the village, is misled by a trivial circumstance into the belief that the latter has slighted him in favor of a rival. In the course of events the lady married the rival lover, while Gray finds in Philadelphia an equally good woman and one more suitable. The story ends happily, yet with a touch of pathos. [J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.]

"HOW NATURE CURES," by Emmet Densmore, M. D., is an elaborate treatise on hygiene that will form a useful and valuable book for the physician's library and for the household. A new system of hygiene is advanced and the subject of food is thoroughly discussed. The book is not only the result of long experience and study, but is also an exponent of many simple doctrines often neglected in modern life. [Stillman & Co., New York.]

"AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY," by W. I. Lincoln Adams, forms a useful, practical guide for beginners. Photographic apparatus and how to use it, both in the field and dark-room, is admirably treated. Among the valuable articles reprinted from various periodicals is an excellent chapter on "Composite Photography," which originally appeared in OUTING.—[The Baker & Taylor Co., New York.]

"A STUDY IN TEMPTATIONS,' of John Oliver Hobbes, is one of the latest additions to the series of bright, compact volumes comprising the "Unknown" Library. The story is especially strong in its sketches of English life and character.

BOOKS received—"An Imperative Duty," by W. D. Howells. [Harper & Brothers, New York.] "Squire Hellman," by Juhani Aho. [Cassell Publishing Co., New York.]

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ANSWERS TO "OUTING" CORRESPONDENTS.

Frank H. G., Battle Creek, Mich.—The developing power of amidol is brought into play by a much smaller quantity of alkali than required by any of the other developing agents, and as commercial soduim sulphite is always alkaline, the formula given by "Jay See" in the April OUTING will be found to work well. It will bring out an image with a shorter exposure than any other developing material to which an alkali has been added, to the greatest possible extent short of fogging. There is, however, no objection to the addition of from five to ten grains of potassium carbonate to the ounce of the amidol developer, in cases where the exposure has been so short that the prescribed formula will not bring out the image.

H. H. L., Cornell University, Utica, N. Y.—In a low-hurdle race there are ten hurdles, twenty yards apart, with twenty yards clear at start and finish. Total: 120 yards. The number of strides between hurdles must be gauged by the length of the stride. This varies with the hurdler. Ordinarily the hurdler takes eight strides and clears twelve to fifteen feet on the leap; thus he takes off with the right and left alternately.

T. R. Fearing, Jr., who won the event last year at the Intercollegiates, has a remarkably long stride, and is able to cover the distance in seven strides, thus taking all the hurdles from the same leg.

J. P. Lee, who holds the record, starts out in the seven-stride style, but after the fifth hurdle falls into the eight-stride style, because it is surer and easier on a killing finish. It is said that his leap measures eighteen feet. The great point in taking the hurdles is to skin them as narrowly as possible and to land facing directly forward. The forward leg should be at a proper angle to receive the weight of the fall, and at the same time to fall into the stride immediately. If the rear foot ticks the hurdle it matters little; every inch that the hurdler leaps above the bar wastes his strength and checks his speed.

Quiz, Detroit, Mich.—You will find in the back numbers of OUTING much information on the subjects you mention; for instance, you will find exhaustive articles upon the "Quail" in our issues of October and November last, and "Shore-birds" in our present issue in June. Your suggestion is one upon which we act, from time to time as the seasons go by, for such matter.

A. H. H., Kearney, N. J.—Read Malcolm Ford's article on "Training," in February, 1892, and an article on "Sprinting," in May, 1891, in OUTING.

C. D. B., Hot Springs, Ark.—We shall have, in two or three days, an excellent road book for the English roads, with choice of thirty tours, and we shall be happy to supply you with this upon your order.

By all means, when you are in England go to Antwerp from Harwich by the Great Eastern steamships. You will find in OUTING for May, 1889, an article entitled "From Saturday to Monday in Antwerp," and in June, July and August, 1890, and in July, 1892, articles upon "Wheeling in Germany." The valley of the Seine, from Paris to Havre, is an exceedingly interesting trip, and in OUTING for May and June, 1892, there are articles covering a portion of high ground from Rouen to Havre.

D. C. D., Moline, Ill.—The geological surveys of Minnesota, especially the old, early one of Owen, contain much information. Schoolcraft's "Travels" (published 1821) abounds in it, and more recently Mr. Glazier has been over the ground. Probably inquiring of the Northern Pacific and Great Northern Railroad officials in St. Paul would bring good results.

Mabel H. L., N. Y.—Write or call on Messrs. Spalding, or Rand & McNally, Broadway, New York, and you will get a road book of New York State.

A. E. C., Madison, Wis.—The following are the records about which you inquire:

	American College.	*World's Record.*
Mile walk	6m. 52 4-5s.	6m. 23s.
50-yard dash	5 3-5s.	5¼s.
Half-mile run	1m. 55¼s.	1m. 53⅛s.
Standing broad jump without weights	10 ft. 3¾ in.	
100-yard dash	10s.	9 4-5s.
Standing high jump		5 ft. 8½ in.
Running broad jump	22 ft. 11¼ in.	
Hitch and kick		9 ft. 1 in.
Mile run	4m. 29 4-5s.	4m. 12⅗s.
Running high jump	6 ft. 4 in.	6 ft. 4¼ in. Amateur.
Putting 16-pound shot	40 ft. 10 in.	46 ft. 7¾ in. Amateur.
Pole vault	10 ft. 9¾ in.	11 ft. 7 in. Amateur.
Hop, step and jump	44 ft. 11¾ in.	48 ft. 8 in.
2-mile bicycle ride	5m. 31 1-5s.	4m. 28 3-5s. Amateur.

W. T. C., Iowa City, Ia.—The intercollegiate record in the run, hop, step and jump is held by E. B. Bloss, Harvard, '94, who cleared 44 ft. 11¾ in. To have your records admitted as standard you need two or three experienced measurers, known to the Amateur Association, who must certify to the fairness of the jump, the correctness of the measurement, and the correctness of the tape. The contestant's signature is also required.

G. E. R., Quincy, Ill.—You will find the information you require in the series of articles by Mr. Malcolm Ford: "Sprinters and Their Methods," May, '91; "Distance Running," June, '91; "Hurdling," July, '91; "Running High Jumping," August, September, '91; "Running Broad Jump," October, November, '91; "Training," February, '92; "Standing Jump," March, '92; "Pole-Vaulting," April, '92; "Hop, Step and Jump, and Variations," June, '92; "Shot-Putting," July, '92; "Hammer-Throwing," September, '92; "Throwing the 56-Pound Weight," October, '92.

"*Tap.*"—The Pet Dog Club elected these officers: President, Mrs. S. C. Barnum, New York City; vice-presidents, Mrs. Horace Stokes, Mr. German and Mr. Charles Wheatleigh; secretary, Miss Marion F. Bannister, Springfield, N. J.; treasurer, Mr. W. J. Fryer, Jr., New York City.

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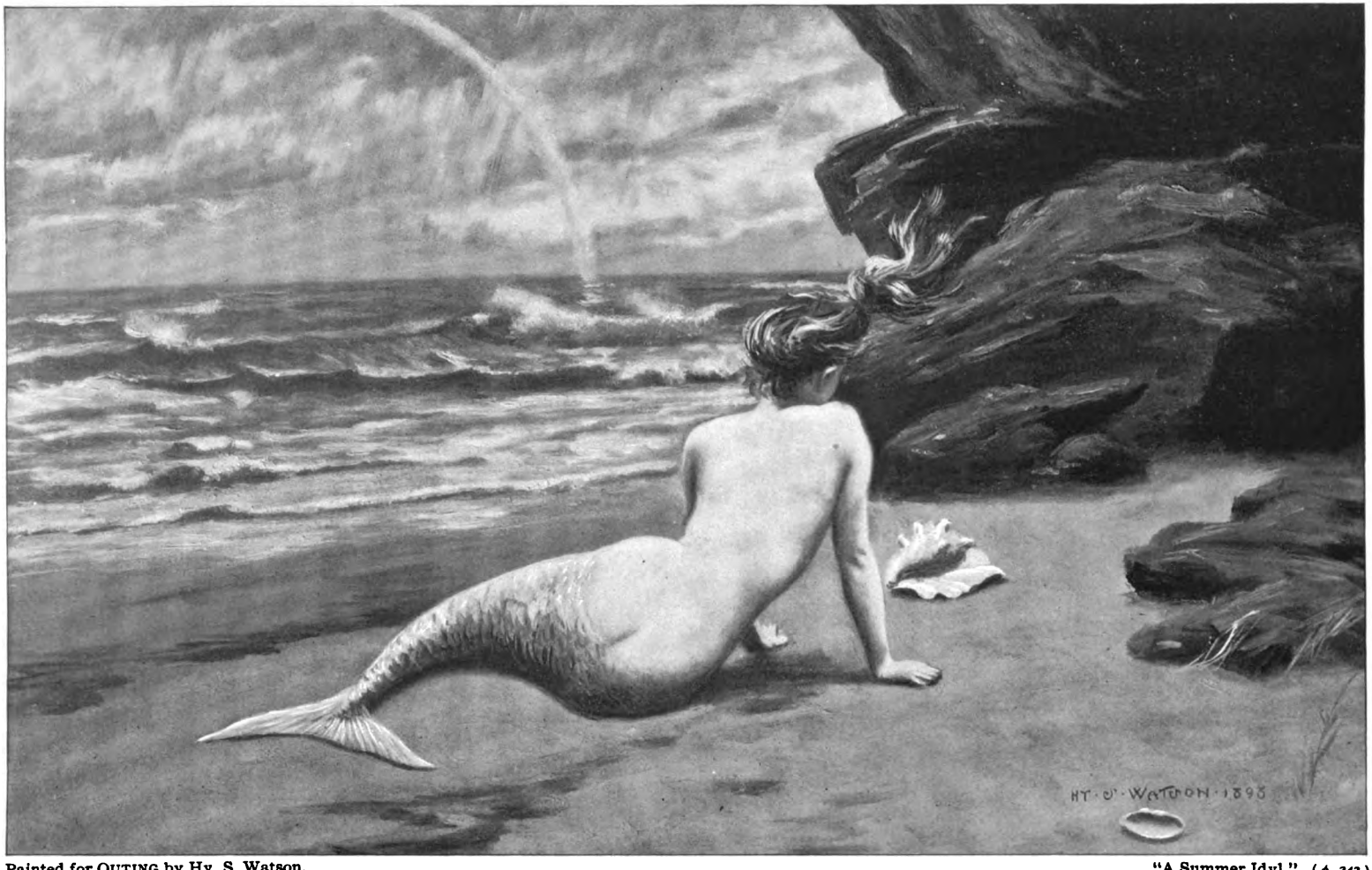

Painted for OUTING by Hy. S. Watson.

"A Summer Idyl." (p. 243.)

"A shell, a thing of beauty
Some ocean nymph had lost,
The dredging storm-waves' plunder
On fluted strand was tost."

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OUTING.

VOL. XXII. JULY, 1893. No. 4.

A SUMMER IDYL.

I.

I WONDERED where the rainbow,
With one foot on the sea,
Went when its span of brightness
Lived but in memory.

II.

The summer cloud is raveled,
I query now no more,
For lo! the answer met me
Down by the silver shore.

III.

A shell, a thing of beauty
Some ocean nymph had lost,
The dredging storm-waves' plunder
On fluted strand was tost.

IV.

I rent the masking seaweed,
I turned it to the light,
In perfect pearly lustre,
With iris hues bedight.

V.

My trove held open secret—
Since Nature wasteth not,
The bow, in her alembic,
To purpose new is wrought.

VI.

With its mysterious passing
Full well I am acquaint—
It gave its pristine glory
This ocean cup to paint.

LAVINIA S. GOODWIN.

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PASTELLE.

BY CLARA SPRAGUE ROSS.

CHAPTER I.

THE hottest day of the season was over. The sun, a huge crimson ball, had dropped unwillingly below the horizon. Twilight came with a faint, trembling breath; a few soft, fleecy clouds passed out with the vanishing murkiness and left the night brilliant and beautiful. A fair, young moon, shyly creeping in and out of the frail cloudlets, hung in the burning atmosphere, but night brought neither respite nor relief. The crickets in the grass kept up their sad monotone; the insect life that had reveled in the glare of the midday sun still rent the air with hissing, stinging cries; the weary birds, hiding beneath the hot and dusty leaves, twittered fretfully or made petulant bird-remonstrance to each other.

At the large hotel on the hill, at the right of "Buxton's," the panting orchestra were playing the last bars of an enticing waltz. From my window at "Buxton's" I watched the hitherto gay, young devotees of the dance come slowly up from their sail on the still, dark waters of the lake that gave to this lovely Adirondack retreat its name. One by one the lights were extinguished in the immense hotel, and the moon and the crickets were alone.

Too much exhausted with the heat to sleep, impatient of the four bare, white walls that imprisoned me, I took a soft lace scarf from my dresser, carefully descended the creaking stairs, silently drew the clumsy bolt that protected "Buxton's" from the world, and stepped out on the broad, rough piazza that ran around three sides of the old farmhouse. A large, old-fashioned rocker, with broad arms, stood in one corner of the piazza, and, sure of the solitude, I threw myself into its shelter. With a start, and a little cry of astonishment, I fell back against the piazza railing. Just before me sat Miss Harriet Buxton; one hand supported her bowed head, the other slowly waved back and forth a tattered palmleaf fan. She drew herself up at the sound of my startled cry, and, turning her dark, homely face toward me, said: "I'm sorry I scairt ye, Mrs. Manning; will ye have this chair?"

"Forgive me for intruding upon your quiet, Miss Harriet; you must be very tired to-night," I answered, seating myself near her on a cane sewing-chair.

"Yes, I am tired, dead tired o' thinkin'. I don't do nothin' that tires me like thinkin', and I've done sights of it," was the sorrowful reply.

I glanced at the hard, knotted, scarred hands that were now folded in Miss Harriet's lap, thinking of the never-ending toil to which they bore unquestioned witness. I knew so well how many, many summers this tall, frail woman had carried the old inn, familiarly called "Buxton's," through the drudgery of its short season. Always patient, always filled with anxiety lest her guests should suffer the smallest inconvenience; making good Miss Susan's unfortunate derelictions and Sarah Buxton's miserable blunders.

I was conscious of the struggle, of the pain, the weariness, but I had only thought of these as physical; I had left out of the problem she was working the wearing, mental strain, the agonizing mind of this poor mountain drudge.

I was full of pity; I longed to offer sympathy, to give expression to the rushing thoughts of my own mind, or to ask her to share with me the anxiety that weighed so heavily on her's; but I sat mute at her side. I dared not try to penetrate the unconscious dignity in which the woman wrapped herself after that one sad cry. The reserve, the loneliness of a lifetime were not to be rudely thrust aside, that a stranger from another, brighter, happier world than hers, might gaze curiously at a struggling, quivering heart.

A gentle breeze from the lake, hidden in the pines and balsams just below us, lightly swayed the leaves of the creeper

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that twisted itself about the weather-stained piazza; a slender, purplish cloud trailed slowly across the moon. Leaning over until I could look up into her face, I laid a hand upon the one with which she clasped the arm of her chair, and said softly: "You are a marvel of strength and endurance, Miss Harriet; but these have their limit with the best of us; you need rest, and more than rest, change." The shadow of a smile hovered about her fine, firm mouth, but she did not withdraw her hand as she answered, a little bitterly: "You're as good as the doctors, Mrs. Manning, for prescribin' remedies that only the dear Lord knows how we shall get. I have never been further from home than over to John Brown's grave in forty years; the only change I'm likely to have will be upward, not outward." Then, as if fearing she had spoken harshly, she added, "but it's kind of you to care, and it ain't the work, nor the mountains, nor 'Buxton's' that's so hard to live with, it's the worry as I told you; and yet I've found a way out of lots of worries. There's Stannardses, up on the hill; I fretted from the time they turned the first sod till the Leightons and the Crafts and President Powers, and all of the rest of our reg'lars drove up *here* by the first stage the next year, 'bout the way we girls was goin' to be pushed further and further along till there wouldn't be nothin' for us to do but to drop into that black, treacherous lake yonder.

"LOOKING UP THE WAY THEY WAS TO COME." (*p. 247.*)

"The mortgage on the farm's been paid since then, and a bit laid by for Sarah and Susan; not much, though. Nobody but Sarah could make both ends of it meet, but she'll do it, and take care of Susan, too; them twin girls set sights by each other, and the same Providence that's cared for three old maids can care for two; but—but—" she hesitated, struggling to repress the quivering of her lips and to crush back the strong emotion that threatened to overwhelm her—"but what'll become o' Pastelle, my pretty little Pastelle? Can ye tell me that?" she pleaded.

How far apart we were, after all! Only this pained cry, with the pathos in the word Pastelle, could have convinced me that the wild, shy, careless child was the Koh-i-noor with which Miss Harriet could not part. "Her sisters—Sarah surely will care for her," I suggested.

"No, no," she answered, hastily, "you don't know Sarah. Where she loves she'll do anything; where she hates she can't see no good. She never could bear Pastelle, never since she laid soft and white and helpless in the old cradle that all the Buxtons have been rocked in for four generations.

"I think it broke her heart when father married the second time; Sarah'd been his favorite always, and I thought she'd die when I told her the truth. You see, Mrs. Manning, it all came about like this: father had lived alone ever since mother died. We girls weren't like him. Father was a gentleman, and he hadn't always lived up here in the mountains. 'Twasn't half so strange he married Pastelle's mother as that he had married ours. He loved his books and his dogs and the sunsets and the scenery. He never talked much, and was gloomy and lonesome-like when the season was over and the guests was gone.

"One summer there came up a family from New York—father, mother and five children—ugly, whining, fretful children they was, too—and a girl about

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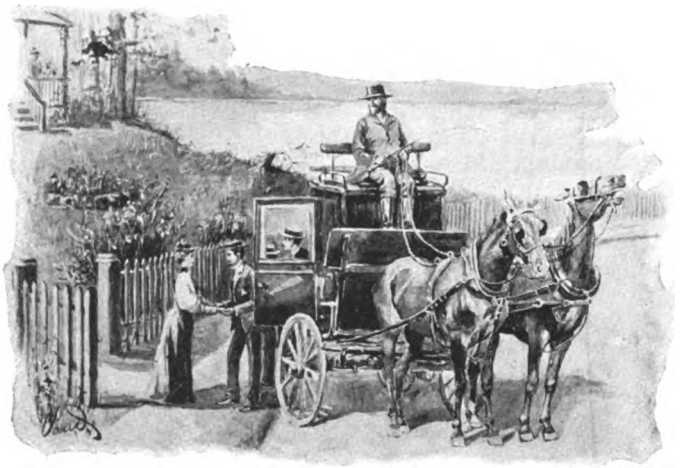
sixteen, Pastelle. She was a poor cousin; her aunt gave her a home and expected her to look after the children. The girl was a delicate, quiet thing, and those youngsters made her life miserable. She told them stories, she rowed them on the lake, or she took long tramps *into* the



"TWO HOURS BEHIND TIME." (*p. 249.*)

woods with them, never cross or complainin', but growin' every day more pale and thin and tired-like. After a few weeks she began to cough, just a little low cough, as if she didn't know she was coughin'. I couldn't but feel sorry for her.

"By and by her aunt said she shouldn't stay in this lonesome place any longer. There was nothin' here then but 'Buxton's,' and they packed their trunks to go the next day. Father says to me that mornin', 'Harriet, we'll keep that poor child another month, if her aunt is willin'; you may ask her.' Well, the aunt didn't seem to care whether she went or stayed, and the girl looked so grateful-like when I put my arm around her and gave her father's invitation that I couldn't help bein' glad, tho' I knew what was comin'.

"When the month was over father wrote her friends that he and Pastelle were going to be married. They never answered the letter.

"We might have been very happy that winter but for Sarah. Father seemed to think more of Susan and me because Pastelle loved us, and her pretty, girlish ways made us her willin' slaves. She found an old violin somewhere in the house, and evenin's she'd play to us, a sad, tearful sort of music, that would have broken a heart of flint, I used to think. She grew rosy, and the hollows filled up in her cheeks, and she didn't cough so much—but she couldn't win Sarah, and she knew it; and tho' father wouldn't have borne any real unkindness to his wife, he never seemed quite to forget his old fondness for Sarah, and he didn't interfere. Her jealousy rather pleased him I fancy.

"Well, the next summer season was an awful hard one; the house was full, and father was more careless than ever. He would take Pastelle and go off every mornin' across the further lake, and into the woods, leavin' everythin' for us girls to do.

"I was half sick that year, too, and we couldn't have carried 'Buxton's' through but for Sarah; the angrier she got with father, the harder she worked, and we did splendidly.

"I was glad, tho', when it was all over, and we were quiet again. Susan and I made lots of plans for the long, dreary winter days that was comin', and Pastelle would laugh and tell us how good she thought we was, and how much she loved us.

"Late in October we were havin' almost summer weather. That fall a party of young men drove over here for a week's huntin'; they made father promise to go with them as guide. He didn't want to go, and at first he refused, but Pastelle joined with the young men, and they offered so much for his services that he consented, though I could see he did it reluctantly, and only because Pastelle wanted him to.

"She was awful restless as soon as he was gone. I couldn't seem to do anythin' to make her happy; she would start at every little noise, and her face had a scared, white look all the time. Sarah'd smile kind o' scornful and say she guessed she'd live through it.

"We didn't expect them back until

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Saturday night, for the young men was to spend Sunday here; but early Friday mornin' Pastelle drew a chair towards the window, lookin' up the way they was to come, and folded her arms on the sill, with her head restin' on them, and her great gray eyes fixed on the mountains. All at once I saw her start, and, lookin' over her head, I could see one of the young men runnin' down the little foot-path and motionin' to me somethin' I couldn't understand. I hurried to the door, but Pastelle got there first, and she heard him say, 'Take her away, Miss Harriet! take her away!' Swift as a deer she rushed past him, and over the ground down to the lake. She was the first to know and see it all.

"One of the party had slipped on the wet grass that mornin' and fallen; his gun had discharged, and father, who was walkin' just before him, dropped lifeless at his side without a cry.

"They told me afterward they thought their feet was rooted to the earth when they saw Pastelle flyin' down to meet them. She didn't make a sound or ask a question; she only raised one of father's hands from his breast, and, claspin' it in her own little hand, walked slowly and calmly beside the men who bore the quiet form she loved so dearly.

"I can't tell you of the next few days, Mrs. Manning—you know it ain't easy to talk about the things that wring the life-blood out of your heart—they were terrible days, though, with Sarah cryin' and sobbin' all day and all night beside the coffin, and Pastelle cold, and white, and dumb, stealin' in and out of the room, just to look at father, or to put his hair back and touch his forehead with her colorless lips.

"They came to an end at last, as I've found everythin', good or bad, does come, and we four were left alone in the old house; but the winter Susan and I had looked forward to was the dreariest, darkest one of our lives.

"I think if Pastelle had been wild and fierce in her madness it would have been easier, but she just sat there by that window day after day, lookin' and watchin,' and never speakin' one word.

"We got the doctor to come over from Evanstown to see her. He said there was nothin' to do but wait; she'd come out all right by-and-by. We must let her have her own way and watch her carefully.

"One day in March, Pastelle, just a little whiter and quieter, lay in there where father had rested, and I sat, helpless and alone, watchin' the bit of a baby girl she had put into my arms.

"The soft, lovin' look had come back into her eyes at the last, and she spoke just once when she gave me the baby: 'She is yours, Harriet; her name is Pastelle, to please her father, you know.' Then she just folded her hands and sighed, and Susan pressed the lids down over the tired eyes that would never need to watch any more.

"THEY WALKED UP AND DOWN." (p. 252.)

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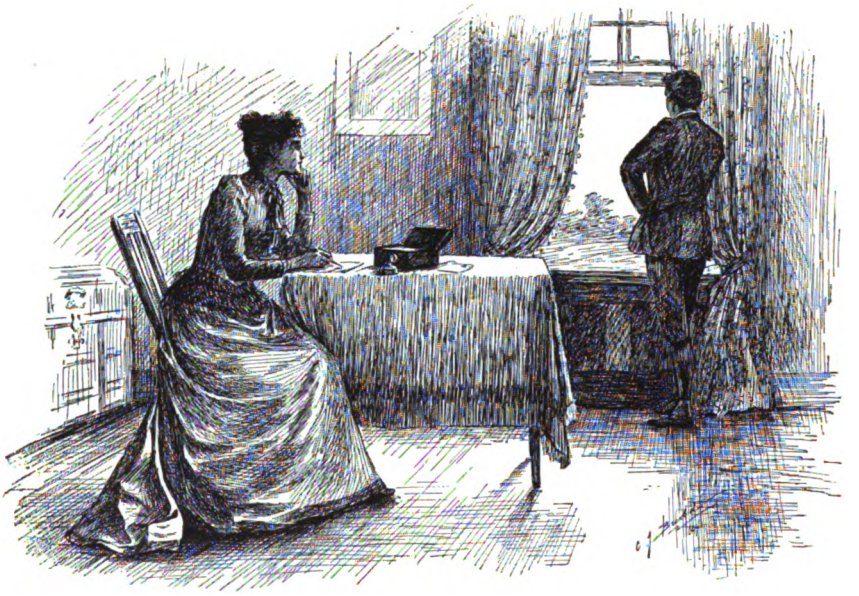
"It is fifteen years since then, Mrs. Manning; long, hard years they was at first. Pastelle was delicate and feeble-like, and I didn't know the least bit how to do for her, but I loved her as I'd never loved Sarah, or Susan, or father, and I prayed every day to God to let me have her to love and live for. She was like her mother from the first, so quiet and patient and mournful-like; but she had father's eyes, large and dark, like deep, purple pansies you see sometimes, only, as she grew older, the startled, hunted look came into them more and more. Susan said they made her think of a wounded fawn; but I knew it was her mother's trouble."



"HARRY DID NOT REPLY, BUT STOOD GAZING OUT OF THE OPEN WINDOW." (*p. 252.*)

The white light of the moon was full on Miss Harriet's face; she lifted the palm-leaf fan as if to shield herself. I saw her lips close tightly, and the lines about her mouth deepened into wrinkles.

"I've often wondered," she continued, after a moment, "why the things that cost the most, that you sacrifice everythin' else for, are never quite what you hoped they'd be; there's always somethin' that takes the joy out o' them soon or late. Did you ever think of it, Mrs. Manning?"

"Ah! dear Miss Harriet, it is a sad experience, and one not confined to the mountains," I whispered. She did not need to tell me of the bitterest drop in her cup. I divined, however, that to-night it would ease her heart to empty it of the whole burden, and I glanced at her questioningly.

"I wouldn't believe it at first," she went on, turning her face from me just a little, "that I should never hear her childish voice. I knew she could hear the birds sing, and she'd sit, solemn as an owl, lookin' up at the clock, listenin' to its tickin'. Why shouldn't she talk? The summer she was three years old there was a famous doctor here with a party of friends. One of the ladies, who took a fancy to Pastelle, asked him what could be done for her, but he didn't say much. He thought as she grew older and stronger she'd try to talk. It was because she was so frail and had been sick a good deal that she was backward, and he asked if she couldn't be taken on a sea-voyage; she needed warmth and sunshine all the year round. He said this mountain air was enough to congeal stouter frames than Pastelle's. He didn't like it up here anyway, and hurried off in a few days. Well, I tried to hope a while longer. As she grew older she seemed stronger. She could climb like a cat; she learned to row and to swim, and was never so happy as when

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she was wanderin' about in the woods across the lake. It used to worry me most to death if she was out of my sight, till she had the dogs. You know Albert Leighton sent her his two hounds, Carver Doone and Kaiser Fritz, when he went abroad, and Annie Leighton gave her a little silver whistle to wear with a silver chain around her neck, and, little by little, I've got used to her bein' away all day, especially in the summer-time, when I'm so busy. I've made up my mind to the worst now, and the cross doesn't bind half so hard when you've settled it down on your shoulders for life, an' you try to suit yourself to it, instead of lookin' every mornin' to see if it ain't gone, and you can straighten up. I can't help thinkin', though, about the future; nobody else can feel towards her as I do, an' we're poor, an' I'm gettin' old. We grow old faster up here in the mountains, where there's nuthin' fur us to think of most of the year but ourselves and our loneliness and our pains. It's been awful selfish for me to try to thrust my care on you, though, and almost a stranger, too. Don't you think you can forget it all? We'll never speak of it again, but I shall always remember how kind and patient you was to listen."

"Miss Harriet," I interrupted, "I am very sure I was sent down here to-night to listen. I do not wish to forget one word of your sad story. Do you know the boy whose coming I anticipate to-morrow is not my son, but the child of one who was once very dear to me? We have the same name, and he has been mine from his boyhood. I love him as you love Pastelle. If I can comfort or help you, let me do it for the sake of this tender affection that makes heart answer to heart."

For a moment we sat with hand clasping hand in the darkness; the sky was gray with gathering clouds; little gusts of wind, laden with fine, warm rain, swept over our faces. Carver and Kaiser, who were crouching beside the house-door, whined piteously as Miss Harriet held it open and I went in.

Chapter II.

THE next day the heavy, jolting stage, with its weary, lagging horses, which should have reached "Buxton's" at eleven in the morning, was two hours behind time, and the Leightons, of whose party I was a member, were sitting on the hot piazza, after a hurried dinner, in a fever of expectation and needless anxiety. Annie Leighton, sweet and fair as the creamy roses she wore in drooping profusion at her slender waist, raised her opera-glass

"I HAVE SOMETHING TO SAY TO YOU CONCERNING PASTELLE." (*p. 254.*)

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for the fiftieth time to search the dusty road stretching out over the meadows and down to the little wood, where it passed out of sight. Her delicate face flushed softly as I joined the group. She looked at me mockingly, saying, "How can you be so calm, Mrs. Manning, when you haven't seen Harry for three years? And there's mamma, too, fanning herself as placidly as if Albert Leighton were not almost in sight!"

We smiled indulgently at the impatient girl, while her mother answered lovingly, "It is a lesson Mrs. Manning and I have learned, dear. There is so much waiting to be done, it is easier to do it without fretfulness."

Ten minutes later the glass fell with a crash, and Annie went flying down the steps with outstretched arms to be clasped to the heart of her brother, who sprang lightly from the coach, lifting his eyes as he did so to the eager, tearful face that watched him from the piazza. With a quickly beating heart I waited for the tall, manly figure of my own dear one. His greeting lacked nothing of warmth or spontaneousness, and I knew his old-time boyish affection for me had not suffered loss in these years of separation. The rich color mounted to his fine, dark face just as it had done when as a boy he was very much pleased, and he held my hands in both his own, exclaiming, "Just the same blessed Cousin Dorothy as ever, aren't you, dear?"

Without waiting for reply, he led me over to Mrs. Leighton, who, in her quiet, cordial manner, was welcoming the young Englishman whom Albert had brought with him quite unexpectedly. The other guests of the house had found the heat and light of the August afternoon so oppressive that the daily diversion of watching for the stage had not tempted them to linger, and we were alone in our happiness.

Later, when the dazzling sunset had faded into a soft, gray twilight, we went boating and were drifting slowly about on the motionless waters of the large lake. Albert, with his arm around his mother, was softly whispering of hopes and anticipations that she alone could truly share. Young Horace Hendon sat beside me in the small cushioned seat in the stern of the boat in an ecstasy of delight over the mountains and the water, while Harry, with his hands resting slightly on the oars, watched the shy, love-lighted face of Annie Leighton, who sat opposite him. Through her fingers, hanging idly over the edge of the boat, the water rippled softly. Over the tops of the trees a crescent moon lighted the sullen lake with a trail of glittering splendor. It was, indeed, a pretty picture and a happy party. "Will you sing for us, Harry?" broke in Annie, suddenly. "Something sad and sweet, please; let us drift to the land of the 'lotus-eaters' to-night, guided by the moonlight and lulled by dreamy music."

"How recently has my little sister developed this fondness for lotus-eating, and moonlight, and music?" asked Albert with a laugh that brought wave after wave of color to the girl's face.

Harry's fine, well modulated voice rang sweetly out on the quiet night, now tenderly, almost sadly, then with the gay and joyous abandon of a French serenade, closing with an impassioned "Adieu! Adieu!"

Harry brought the boat to its moorings at the little wooden pier that ran from the boat-house to the water. One by one we followed each other in the narrow dewy path through the grass, in silence to the house.

A promenade concert and dancing at the "Stannard House," on the hill, had attracted the remaining guests at "Buxton's," and we found the broad piazza lonely and deserted, save for the small, white figure of a girl who was leaning languidly against one of the rough, supporting pillars in a shadowy corner.

The dark-green leaves of the woodbine threw her exquisitely chiseled oval face into soft relief. The ivory tint of her complexion; the clear scarlet of her sensitive mouth, the dark, almost purple hue of her eyes, half-veiled by long, fine lashes, and the masses of light, golden hair, that curled in large, soft rings about her forehead and slender throat, formed an harmonious study in color that must have appealed to a less keen and cultured artistic taste than Harry's. Two magnificent hounds stood beside her; on the head of each the girl placed a small, restraining hand as we approached, but her calm, immobile face expressed neither interest nor curiosity.

"Ah, Pastelle! little will-o'-the-wisp, who would have dreamed of finding

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you here to-night, playing with the moonlight, when there's music and dancing on the hill?" asked Annie Leighton, carelessly slipping her fingers under the shimmering curls on the girl's neck, and resting her hand upon her small shoulder. With a quick, graceful motion Pastelle drew herself away from the encircling arm, and

"OUT ON THE SLOPING, NARROW PIER STOOD THE LONELY, ANXIOUS WOMAN." (*p. 255.*)

bounded lightly down the steps, followed by Carver and Kaiser.

"Why did you frighten her away, Annie?" I remonstrated. "I believe you never quite understand the child."

"I am very sure I do not, Mrs. Manning. Her face is as lovely and mystical as the light we once saw, falling through an opal-tinted cathedral window, upon the snow and ice, and quite as cold. I cannot appreciate the weird fascination this elfish little creature has for one like yourself, who professes never to worship at the shrine of *soulless* beauty," Miss Leighton answered, with a frown on her animated face.

"Have I permission to ask who, or what, this lovely apparition may be?" interrupted Harry. "Whether child or wraith, she is as beautiful as one of Fra Angelico's angels."

Annie's response was a little burst of mocking laughter, while I explained that the child was the youngest of the four Buxton sisters, and, as Annie had intimated, a shy, wild creature, thoughtless as the butterflies, easily startled as

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a young deer, caring for nothing but the mountains and the lakes, living in a sad, mute world of her own, in which affection, or tenderness, or speech had no part. We drew our chairs into the moonlight, Harry choosing one close beside me and at some distance from Annie, who had very suddenly become aware of Horace Hendon's claim upon her attention and courtesy. We sat for some time in that restful silence which follows intense and long-anticipated pleasure. The gay music from the large house on the hill came floating down to us at intervals on the warm, sweet air. In moments of stillness we heard the dreary monotone of the crickets, and the cry of a night bird, shrill and clamorous, or Annie's merry laugh and young Hendon's eager replies to her careless interrogations as they walked up and down the piazza.

Harry, with a quiet, far-away look on his handsome face, hummed softly an old Bedouin love song. Mrs. Leighton laid her gentle hand upon his arm as she caught the melody, saying: "Ah, Harry, that carries me back to your boyhood days. Sing the dear, sad song for me again," and she pushed the heavy hair from my boy's forehead and gazed fondly into his upturned face, as if to reassure herself of "a love that shall not die."

The very night seemed to hush itself as the tender, pleading voice uttered the beseeching words of the song:

——"the midnight hears my cry,
I love thee, I love but thee,
With a love that shall not die
Till the sun grows cold
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the judgment-book unfold."

Through an open window I watched a small white figure creep slowly and stealthily over the uncarpeted floor of the old sitting-room. Unnoticed, save by myself, she came through the window and up to my side, her great violet eyes fixed on Harry's face. I could feel her small hands tremble as they touched, unconsciously, my arm. Over and over, the wild Arabian melody, thrilling and plaintive, reiterated its plea. As the last words sighed themselves away, Harry turned and once more caught a glimpse of Pastelle's exquisite face. I saw the light, born of delight, illumine every feature of his countenance. I put out my hand to bring the girl a little nearer, but it fell unheeded. She had vanished as she had come.

There is little to tell of the glorious, golden summer days that followed. They were filled with quiet, happy recreation. Hunting and fishing in the cool morning hours for the young men, while Mrs. Leighton, Annie or I worked or read in a retired corner of the ample piazza that was tacitly recognized as our own. Our evenings were passed, for the most part, on the placid, but to me always dark and solemn waters of the lake, upon which Whiteface and Mount Marcy frowned. Not much to tell of these days, and yet much to remember.

Pastelle was with us almost constantly, but so were the birds and the sunshine, and the butterflies, and we gave her scarcely more heed. A week had slipped away. I was writing one afternoon in my own room when Harry entered.

"Do not let me disturb you, Cousin Dorothy," he said, "I came for a little visit by ourselves, but any other time will do as well."

"My time is always at your disposal, Harry, dear," I replied, "and I have really seen almost nothing of you."

"You are sure to see a great deal of me if you consent to assist me in the work I have in mind," Harry laughingly returned. "To be honest, Cousin Dorothy, I believe I have found my ideal face up here in the mountains, after having searched the world over and been disappointed again and again. I shall have no rest or peace, at any rate, until I get to work and watch the face on my canvas reproduce the one that haunts me continually."

"How many, many times before have you entertained this thought, my boy?" I queried with a smile.

"Do not be unkind," he begged. "It is just because I am not sure, that Pastelle's face so fascinates me; there is something in it I cannot grasp, it is forever eluding me."

"Are you convinced that this subtle, elusive something is really there?" I suggested, wondering silently that such well trained eyes should see so dimly. Harry did not reply, but stood gazing out of the open window with a dissatisfied, perplexed knitting of his brows.

"I would like very much to make a few studies of the girl's face, Cousin Dorothy," he exclaimed at last. "She is

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at her best in the woods or upon the water. Will you go with us for a row after tea to-night?"

"With great pleasure, Harry," I hastened to reply. "I assure you I did not intend to be cold or critical; forgive me, if my words implied as much."

And so began the end. At morning and at evening, in the pure, untainted hours of early day, in the mellow, tender calm of softly-stealing night, we drifted in the sunshine or the shadow or the moonlight over the waveless water. Sometimes we rested, our tiny, shell-like bark moored safely under overhanging trees, while Harry silently sketched, glancing quickly now and then at the weird, delicate face that was always turned to him.

One night Pastelle seemed unusually listless and weary. Her hands were crossed in her lap, the creamy lids drooped low over her purple eyes, and the first look of human sadness I had ever seen upon her face, touched it with a shadow. I whispered softly to Harry, "Sing!" It was of little moment that the words of the song had no meaning for her ears. She listened only to the voice, to the dreamy, delicious music that thrilled her dormant, unconscious soul to an almost painful ecstasy. Into the great, quiet eyes there crept a tender, mournful longing; her scarlet lips were parted and through them came short, quick respirations. She lifted her slender hands and held them out to Harry with a mute, impassioned gesture, and the light upon her face was not of earth or time. I was glad when the little boat-house was reached, and we could restore Pastelle to Miss Harriet's watchful care.

"Harry, remember the trust committed to my care is a sacred one. I shall never help you to find a human heart that you may trifle with it," were my parting words that night.

* * * * * *

Annie Leighton was not quite herself at this time—her gay, thoughtless, careless self. When she was no longer the central wheel about which all the others revolved, it was very hard for her to reconcile herself to the unaccustomed position. To Pastelle she was coolly indifferent; she would have scorned the idea of rivalry with an "innocent barbarian," as she often designated the girl, who, on her part, rarely deigned to notice the imperial beauty, whose self-love she had all unwittingly injured. Neither was Pastelle now the same girl we had once known. There was a subtle charm, a pathetic wistfulness, in her beautiful face, that spoke of some mental or spiritual experience, which the girl herself could not fully comprehend. The vague, unreal expression was gone from her eyes. They were purest crystal windows now, through which a living, loving soul found utterance. Her sensitive mouth smiled intelligent recognition, and more than once I listened eagerly for the faltering word I believed was trembling on her lips. Strangest of all, however, she seemed to care less for human society and increasingly more for the solitude and sympathy of Nature. At the first faint touch of dawn I heard the call upon the silver whistle that summoned "Carver and Kaiser" to her. Often at dinner a handful of rare, pink water lilies or a bunch of feathery maidenhair fern laid at Harry's plate bore silent witness to a long, lonely tramp and the girl's innocent affection. It was unjust, I reasoned, to censure the gentle courtesy that bordered upon tenderness, the lingering look of that pity that is so akin to love, which Harry bestowed in return. Anything less than these mute responses to an affection as pure and as spontaneous as that of a little child, would have wounded a frail soul-life that was hardly aware of its existence. And yet the end must come. The summer would soon be over. The nodding plumes of the golden-rod were evidence, and the crickets chirped it with a sorrowful persistence. I must take counsel with Miss Harriet, I said to myself. The aid and comfort my sympathetic heart has offered must not fail her when she may need both.

Chapter III.

A TELEGRAM summoning Albert Leighton to New York without delay, decided Mrs. Leighton and Annie to take a short trip to the seashore. Harry and I were to remain at "Buxton's" a little longer, joining the Leightons after a round-about journey to New York, in time to go over to England with them early in October.

It chanced that on the day of their departure Harry and I were the only

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guests in the house. One entire family had gone the day before, and the remaining guests had taken advantage of a gray and cloudy morning, the first in many weeks of fierce and burning sunshine, to make several long-talked-of trips to neighboring lakes or ponds.

I had walked down to the pier with Harry, who was going off with his canvas and brushes for a few hours' quiet work in a secluded but delightful spot on one of the small islands of the large lake, where he, Pastelle and I had passed many happy hours. As I returned by way of a narrow, winding path, leading up to the rear of the house, I saw Miss Harriet putting the long, low dining-room in order, hanging branches of red-berried asparagus over the windows, covering the large tables with pink mosquito netting, and finally closing the blinds at the windows not shaded by the broad piazza. She smiled in her quaint, prim way, as I came slowly up the path, and said kindly: "You're lookin' very warm and tired-like, Mrs. Manning. Come in here, where it's cool, and I'll get you some ice-water."

She brought a low rocker, her own soft and broken palm-leaf fan, and a glass of water, into which she had poured some of her delicious, crimson raspberry shrub.

Miss Harriet was a woman of few words, and her little acts of gracious courtesy were quickly and silently performed. She was about to leave the room when I asked, hesitatingly, "Can't you spare me a few of your precious moments this morning, Miss Harriet? I have something to say to you concerning Pastelle."

She seated herself on the edge of a high-backed, wooden chair opposite me, threw one corner of her large, dark calico apron over her hands, and turned her careworn face towards me.

As tenderly, as delicately as I knew how, I asked her to give me the child of her heart for a few short months; at least, for the bleak, cold winter that would erelong bind this mountain home in chains of ice and bands of snowy drift. I promised to take her, as though she were my own, to the sunniest, softest climes; to give her loving watchful care, and more than all else, to seek the counsel of celebrated physicians and specialists in the hope that voice and speech might be Pastelle's.

"Will you trust me, Miss Harriet? I have learned to love your sweet, wild mountain-flower, and all that I can do will be for love's dear sake."

The woman's face before me was white and strained, the worn, scarred hands under the old calico apron were tightly clasped, her lips moved, but no words passed them. If love triumphed at last, I should never forget the measure of her agony.

"I hadn't thought of it in this way, that Pastelle might be taken from *me*," she faltered brokenly. "I'm not unmindful tho' of your kindness," she continued. "You can wait a little, can't you, just a little while before you must know?"

"I shall not consent to anything concerning Pastelle that does not fulfill your tenderest, truest desire for her, dear Miss Harriet. If I have asked too much, forgive me, and do not let the thought distress you for one moment."

She took my hand in hers with a quick, impulsive touch, and walked with her head erect to the door in silence.

* * * * * *

Miss Susan served at our rather late dinner that day, and in reply to my inquiry, "Has not Mr. Manning returned?" she said she had not seen him, but heard him accept an invitation from one of the young men at the Stannard House to drive over to Bloomfield, a tiny village some miles away, and that he offered the use of his boat for the rest of the day and evening to a brother of the same young man.

The morning, that had promised a little relief from the intense and enervating heat of an unusually severe autumn, became almost oppressive as it wore on to afternoon. The air was heavy and filled with vapor. Enormous black clouds hung over the distant mountain peaks, and the stillness that brooded over all nature was almost painful in its premonition.

I had seen nothing of Pastelle, since she waved a silent and careless good-bye to the Leightons in the early morning from the steps of the piazza, where she stood fair, pure and untroubled as the fragile Alpine flower, Edelweiss, which was Harry's favorite name for her. I was in quest of her when I met Miss Harriet, much disturbed, who exclaimed, "There's a storm comin'! Such a storm as we haven't had this summer, nor for many a year before. I can't

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imagine what's become of Pastelle. She's awful nervous and frightened at the least bit of thunder or lightning; has she been with you, Mrs. Manning?" The woman's voice trembled with emotion; a scarlet spot on either cheek convinced me that she was thoroughly alarmed. Passing my arm through hers, I suggested that we go down to the pier; Pastelle, possibly, did not know of Mr. Manning's return, and had gone to warn him of the approaching storm. Miss Harriet, almost unconsciously, slipped away from me and hurried over the hot, slippery, grass-grown path to the boat-house. Miss Susan and Miss Sarah were just behind me. When we reached the lake, the eldest sister turned to us, saying sharply "It's gone! her boat's gone! and Carver and Kaiser are tied to the ring."

Sullen, black and motionless, the dreary, treacherous water stretched before us; tall, grim and green the trees on every shore stood gaunt, like giant sentinels. Occasionally a bird skimmed wearily over the surface of the lake, its fluttering wings just escaping the water; over all the thick, hot air closing above and around us like an invisible, impenetrable cloud.

Out on the sloping, narrow pier stood the lonely, anxious woman, whose piercing eyes searched the sky and the water, while her white lips moved in silent prayer. Suddenly a cry, glad, yet fearful, broke the awful stillness. With arms outstretched, she called "Come, come quickly, darling, I'm a-waitin'! Nuthin' shall harm ye; Harriet's here."

So far away, that to our less keen vision from the shelter of the boat-house, it was hardly more than a speck, was a boat. Moving, was it? Only love could tell.

"He holds the storm in the hollow—in the hollow of His hand," murmured Miss Harriet. "Come quick, dearie; Harriet's a-prayin', but the storm's got to come pretty soon; you must be *quick*, Pastelle."

Yes, we could see it now, the frail bark canoe, the small, white figure of the girl who guided it over the crystal sea. Half—a little more than half the distance that seemed so little and was yet so great.

In one corner of the boat-house, with her face to the wall, Miss Susan knelt with bowed head; close beside me, her hands convulsively grasping my arm, Miss Sarah tottered, her face wet with the tears that rolled unchecked over its wrinkled surface.

A breath, a whisper in the pines, a something that fanned our brows, a ripple on the water, a little heaving of the placid bosom, where the tiny boat was—and once more that sad, shrill cry, "Come quicker, quicker, darling; don't you hear Harriet? Didn't ye see the ripple and feel the wind? Oh! if Harriet could only walk to ye, my baby!" and then those piled-up, broken masses of clouds just for one moment, how or why, God only knew, parted, and through the rift the sun shone, straight and full on the beautiful face. Harry's words, "as beautiful as one of Fra Angelico's angels," flitted through my mind, but I whispered to Miss Sarah, "as beautiful as one of the angels of God." Then the darkness seemed more dense—more real for the momentary brightness. For an instant, stillness, then another shiver through the trees, a faint, dull roar. Carver and Kaiser sniffed the rude board floor with burning, dilating nostrils. Swiftly and silently out of the jaws of death the frail bark skimmed. A few more strokes and it would be safe.

Just then came one white, cruel, blinding flash, one peal that rang from mountain top to mountain top, and out on the lashing, whirling, plunging water Pastelle's little boat tossed its tiny keel turned upward to the sky.

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SAILS AND SAILOR-CRAFT.

(Seen Through a Layman's Glasses.)

BY CHARLES LEDYARD NORTON.

THE art of navigation by means of sails is a deep mystery to a much larger proportion of men and women than is suspected by those who have a smattering of nautical knowledge. For several months the yachting reporters have been talking learnedly in the daily and weekly press about models, rigging, sails, and the hundred niceties of sailor-craft in a fashion that is vastly interesting or amusing, as the case may be, to those who understand them, but which are as intelligible as so much Choctaw to a very large proportion of readers. Yachtsmen, therefore, and others who know all about it are cordially invited to skip the following pages, or, if they insist upon reading and criticising, to remember that this paper is not prepared for them, but for the men, women, and children whose sole knowledge regarding the motive-power of air is that an umbrella can pull with considerable energy when held open in a gale of wind.

This familiar trait of the umbrella, however, underlies the whole science of navigation. Through untold centuries seafaring humanity set up a bush or a mat, or anything that would catch the wind, and sailed merrily away, to come back only when the wind changed. But time was of small account in those days.

The person with the umbrella in the boat is, in technical phrase, "running" or "running free," or he has "a free wind," or is "off the wind," or is "running down" or "before" the wind, all terms in constant use among seamen and aquatic writers.

Let us suppose that the umbrella is lashed securely by its handle in the bow of the boat. (Fig 1.) Obviously, with the wind squarely astern, the pull of the umbrella will be directly forward. If, however, the steersman does not want to go precisely in that direction, and if he has the spirit of adventure and exploration within him, he will soon find that he can, by means of the rudder, vary the boat's course to the right or left until she will point at a considerable angle to the direction of the wind as indicated by the arrow. He can, indeed, steer her quite off her true course as at B and C, Fig 2, until the wind catches the umbrella on its outer or convex side, when the forward pull will cease and the headway of the boat will be checked. In sailor phrase, she has been "taken aback."

Now, suppose that, instead of having its handle lashed firmly lengthwise of the boat at the extreme bow, the umbrella be fixed amidships so that it can be turned at will to one side or the other, as at B and C, Fig. 3. With the wind blowing in a line with the handle and straight into the concavity of the umbrella, the pull will be in the direction of the dotted line *a b*, Fig. 3—diagonally, that is, to the true forward course of the boat. But it is harder to make a boat move sidewise through the water than to make her move straight ahead, so she does her best to go straight ahead, and if she is judiciously helped a little by the steersman she will compromise by making more or less progress in that direction, moving, let us say, about in the direction *c d*. If this be true when the umbrella is on one side of the boat, it will also be true when it is on the

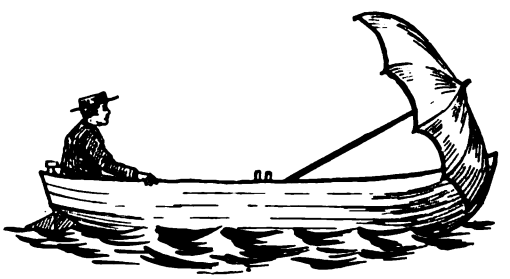

FIG. 1.—FIRST PRINCIPLES.

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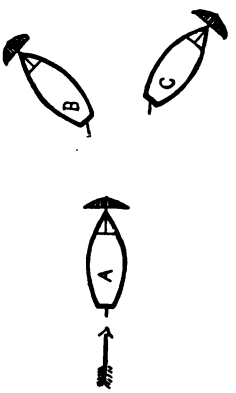

FIG. 2.—FIRST PRINCIPLES.

other side, as at C. Here, then, we have the boat sailing in a direction nearly contrary to its former course, the wind being in the same direction, but with the umbrella on the other side and the steersman, of course, doing his duty in the stern. With an umbrella properly managed a boat can be sailed on a course making a decided angle with that of the wind, almost or quite a right angle in fact, and that is about as well as Columbus could do with the caravels, whose counterparts so many of us have lately seen.

Probably the most accomplished umbrella sailor of modern times is Edward Eggleston, author of the "Hoosier Schoolmaster," and many other delightful books. His summer home is on the shore of Lake George—famous for dangerous squalls—and having witnessed many accidents under the regulation sails, he decided that the family umbrella was good enough for him. With it he sails to the post-office and on marketing expeditions, and with a favorable wind can often "lay his course both ways." He has never had an accident more serious than the turning inside out of his umbrella, and the facility with which it is adapted to the fickle local conditions of sun and rain certainly go far to commend it for the use of inexperienced but ambitious sailors.

Another form of sail that may afford much amusement without any danger is an ordinary kite. Make fast the line to the thwart about amidships, get the kite well aloft with a strong breeze, and you may tack back and forth, or even work to windward by skillful handling of kite and boat. The kite is more difficult to manage effectively than is an umbrella, and is mainly interesting for experiment. It may serve, however, to define a term often used by yachtsmen, namely, "the center of effort." It is very evident that the point where the kite-string is made fast to the boat is the point at which the whole power of the kite is exerted; it is the center of the kite's effort. So with a yacht's sails, there is a theoretical center at which their combined propulsive force is exerted, just as the kite-string represents in itself the pull of the distant kite.

Possibly the first sail that was ever used was a bush set up on a floating log. The chances are that pre-historic man first observed the driving power of wind as demonstrated by a floating log with dead branches instead of fin keels, and some remnants of twigs and foliage in place of masts and spars. A fully-foliaged bush and some sort of a raft probably came next. Bushes are still used as sails for small boats employed for transporting produce along shore. They may often be seen along the St. Lawrence and its tributaries, and, no doubt, on other rivers where it is too much trouble to carry a regular outfit.

Leather was made before canvas, and the first regular sail, no doubt, consisted of a skin, rigged perhaps somewhat as shown on page 260, the head or tail of the skin being mast-headed according to the designer's taste. Here,

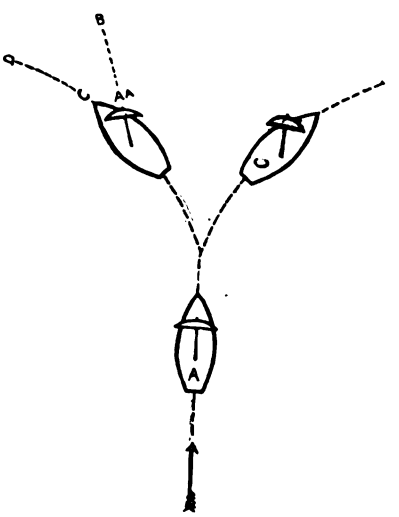

FIG. 3.—OFF THE WIND.

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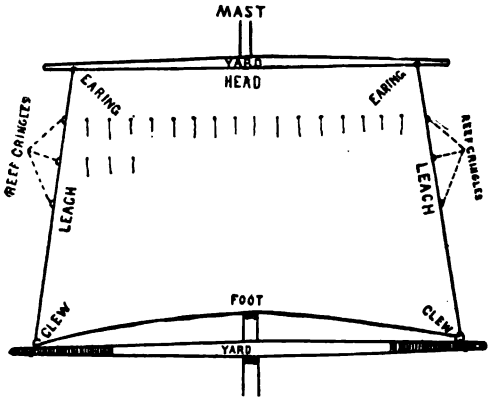

FIG. 4.—MODERN SQUARE SAIL.

clearly enough, we have the germ of the square sail as used to-day in the deep-sea commerce of the world. A detailed drawing of such a sail is given on this page. Canvas rigged in this manner must obviously be far superior to an umbrella, since it can be stretched comparatively flat—can, therefore, be set at an angle more acute to the direct course of the wind, and with less probability of being taken aback.

In diagram 5 the direction of the wind is shown by the arrow, and the angle of the sail is indicated by the black line across the boat. With the wind pressing against the after side of the sail at A the boat must move toward B, since it cannot readily move sidewise, and, in like manner, with the wind pressure at C the boat must move toward D. The boat, that is to say, may move in opposite directions, although driven by the same wind. In sailor lingo, A is on the starboard tack and C is on the port tack; port being left and starboard right. In the first case the wind is blowing against the starboard side of the boat; in the second case it is blowing against the port side; hence the respective terms.

Now, if the boat be steered in the direction of the zigzag dotted lines, it is evident that the wind will continue to press against the after side of the sail and urge the boat forward until a point is reached where the wind strikes the forward side of the sail and it is taken aback as was the umbrella. But there is this difference: Owing to the flat set of the canvas the boat has been able to make a little progress to windward, and if just in the nick of time she is steered round till she points at an angle with her former course, her sail being swung over at the same moment, she will fill away on the new tack and gain yet a little more to windward, as at AA. In like manner she will go about again at D and E.

Thus by zigzagging back and forth the wind may be made to work, as it were, directly against itself, and the seemingly impossible spectacle is presented of a body progressing in opposition to the force that drives it. Of course, the greatest nicety of adjustment is essential in the matter of sails, rigging, and submerged section of boat, to secure the best results, and to this end the best ingenuity of sailormen has been directed since the earliest days.

We have this year a notable revival of the primitive square-rigged sea-going craft in the Scandinavian long-ship built in Norway on the lines of a vessel unearthed a few years ago, and now preserved in the national museum. She was the stately catafalque of some ancient Viking, and was, no doubt, one of those terrible craft that harried the coasts of Great Britain and Europe for centuries, and which, under the captainship of Lief Erickson, no doubt, cruised as far as the coast of North America. The rehabilitated long-ship has crossed the Atlantic safely and will no doubt be at Chicago by the time these pages see the light. These ships were generally fitted with one mast amidships, and on it was hoisted a big square sail, much like that represented above.

Upon the whole, the arrangement was scientific—the center of effort of the sail being not far out of the line prescribed for it by modern designers. Laid by the wind—that is, as nearly as possible in the direction of the wind without being taken aback—and assisted by her sweeps when going about or at other critical moments, such a craft might make very creditable progress

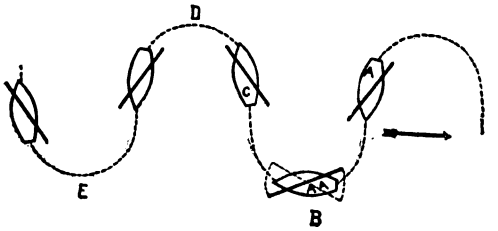

FIG. 5.—WORKING TO WINDWARD.

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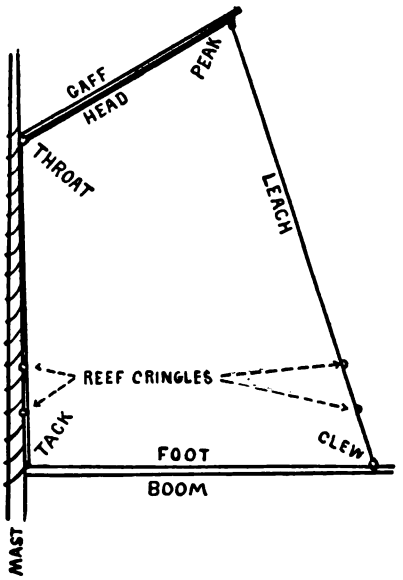

FIG. 6.—BOOM AND GAFF SAIL.

to windward. Or, with the wind abeam, she could reach off at a speed that would not discredit many of our sea-going steamers.

But the time came when some observant fellow noticed that when the weather leach of the square sail was aback, the lee half of the sail was still drawing; so, as an experiment perhaps, he clewed up the inefficient corner of the sail, and may have gained some advantage in being able to point a trifle nearer the wind. Having once made this discovery, we may assume that it was not long before it occurred to our inventive Viking that the lee half of the sail did most of the work anyhow, so he or his descendants began cutting away the useless half till they ended by discovering the principle of "fore-and-aft" seamanship, lacing the sails to the mast, and, in effect, getting rid altogether of the weather half of the sail. The result of this is manifest: there is no possibility of being taken aback so long as the yard and the foot of the sail swing free. The sail can be trimmed-in far more closely than is the case with a square sail, and for the same reason if by any accident the boat be steered too near the wind, no disastrous results can follow, for, like a weathercock, the sail accommodates itself to the direction from which the wind is blowing. In point of fact, the fore-and-aft rig as now used may enable the boat to sail within four points of the wind, whereas the old-fashioned square-rigger could hardly do more in the long run than sail at right angles to its course.

The ordinary fore-and-aft sail is not so very unlike the half of a square sail cut directly in two on the line of the mast. A drawing of one is given opposite, with the nomenclature of its different parts. Such sails as this form the main driving power of almost all the yachts of the present day. The same principles attach to the staysails and jibs which run upon slanting ropes instead of upon masts. These are triangular in shape. A drawing of one is given below which may stand for all of them, since they differ only in minor details of cut and make.

The far greater safety of the fore-and-aft rig must be evident to any one who looks at the picture of a schooner or a sloop and compares it with that of a square-rigged sailing-ship. Fancy a sudden change of wind assailing these craft from a direction opposite to the course on which they are sailing. The sails of the fore-and-after will immediately accommodate themselves to the new direction of the wind without loosing a rope. The square-rigger, on the contrary, finds herself, with all her enormous spread of canvas, directly opposed to the course of the wind, and, if the change comes with sufficient sharpness and violence, the chances are that her masts will all be snapped off like pipe-stems, close to her deck. Under these circumstances the reason is obvious why the modern yachtsman, to whom ease of handling and quickness of adjustment are of the highest importance, should have become, almost without exception, a convert to the fore-and-aft rig.

In long voyages, where a ship can reach off for hundreds or thousands of miles with a free wind, as through the

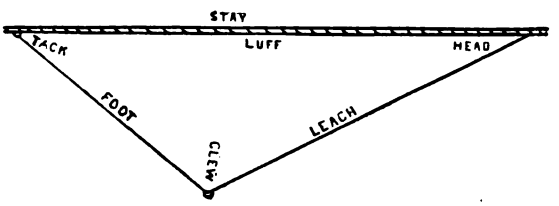

FIG. 7.—STAYSAIL, ETC.

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region of the tropical trades, the square rig has manifest advantages. It is not uncommon, indeed, for yachtsmen, when they go on long voyages, to fit a large square sail on the foremast. This was done by the *America* when she crossed the ocean in 1851, and the same device has been found useful in other ocean races. Many of the large steam yachts of to-day are furnished with square sails, but for this there is good reason, since canvas is rarely used at all except when the wind is distinctly favorable in direction and strong enough to outrun the speed of the engines.

A standard forecastle yarn of time-honored antiquity is that of the old lady who declared her conviction that sailors had a very easy life at sea, with nothing to do but sit still and let the wind blow them along. No doubt many millions of the reading public are still of her mind. A perusal of the foregoing pages may perhaps do something toward removing the impression that the life even of a yachting sailorman is one of comparative idleness.

FIG. 8.—A PREHISTORIC SQUARE SAIL.

THE VIKING

I'LL skim the rim of the wind-rocked wave
(Ho, for a sail!)
Glad as a gull the storm to brave!
For ne'er shall blow so wild a gale
(Winds of the east, winds of the west,
Blow your best!)
However so madly it flirts and flings,
Can cripple your eager, stanch white wings.

My swift sea-sprite,
My beautiful, brave, free bounding boat!
Not even the foam on the sea afloat
Is half so light!

Away, and away, and away!
Till the mountains seem banks of mist,
Till the sun drops down in the west,
Till the world is gone and I'm left alone
With the wind and the sea and the spray.
Away, and away, and away, and away!
Till the gold of the sky turns gray,
While the billows groan and the breezes moan,
Grieving the death of day.

AMY ELIZABETH LEIGH.

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A DAY IN THE GRAND CAÑON.

By Mary Wager Fisher.

TO "descend" from a railway car after an all-night's ride, at five o'clock in the morning, is to begin the day, maybe, wearily, but certainly with a sense of originality. It is like coming blindfold from elsewhere to the particular somewhere, and opening your eyes upon a perfectly fresh scene of which you have had no preliminary glimpses. At least that was the experience of "The Three Fishers" when they alighted recently at a small collection of shanties in Arizona, that goes by the delicious name of Peach Spring—an appellation peculiarly refreshing and tantalizing in that arid region, where nothing is rarer than peaches and water. We had journeyed for nearly twenty-four hours by rail, quite off our main line of travel — crossed the Mojave Desert, lush with flowers—solid acres of Eschscholtzia, recalling Wordsworth's lines:

> "Of flowers that with one scarlet gleam
> Cover a hundred leagues,
> And seem to set the hills on fire,"

past dead volcanoes, with their vast, cavernous craters rising like weird ruins on the endless plain—to visit one of the "seven wonders" of the United States, the Grand Cañon of the Colorado. The youngest member of the roving trio, a lad of such roseate years as to place implicit faith in railway folders and to believe in the full materialization of gorgeous advertisements, bounded, eager-eyed, on to the platform with a Young America shout, "Where's the tallyho that's to take us into the cañon? This place doesn't look at all like the picture of it." While the picture had the gorgeous gayety and "movement" of a fashionable resort, the actual scene itself was absolutely forlorn from the standpoint of modern civilization — no trees, no grass, saloons with the dreadful "palisade" front, a crowd of very filthy Hualapais Indians, the usual frontier station loafers, a low line of foothills not far off, but everywhere, enveloping everything, one heavenly atmosphere, the most delicious, delightful, health-giving air in all the world. However, the wonderful air did not alleviate the pangs of hunger any more than had the "wonderful climate" in California sufficed for all the needs of life, so we proceeded to make inquiries for a breakfasting place, as well as to ask incidentally for the "tallyho." For the latter we were directed to find one Farlee, and for the breakfast, if we wanted a "Christian meal," cooked by a "nice *white* woman," we should go to a certain shanty instead of to the station restaurant. On the way to the shanty we got clue to Farlee, who agreed to take us into the cañon for ten dollars each. It was twenty-three miles there and fifty back—measured by time. We could stay as long as we liked, and he would serve as guide and host, as he had a small but comfortable abiding place in the cañon, with meals at seventy-five cents.

At the shanty we found the "nice white woman," who rather glumly said she could give us some breakfast, but she would have to cook it. From our seat we had a full view of the culinary preparations necessary for our morning meal, and had the satisfaction of seeing that the work was done in a tidy manner. Every article of food was imported, even to the bread, which cost twenty cents for the small loaf, when we bought one for a possibly needed lunch on the road. The breakfast was fairly good — beefsteak fried, fried eggs, hot biscuits, griddle cakes, boiled potatoes, "coffee," bread and butter — a little less free than usual, from the peculiar "tang" that pervades the tin-can overland feeding-houses.

As we sauntered back toward the station, we passed an inclosed lot which had sufficient wire stretched about it to keep two small horses from wandering away. This went by the name of "cor-

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ral," and Farlee was just entering it, as he said, to "catch Pop and Rowdy and hitch up." The lad, whose curiosity anent the tallyho had in nowise abated, made bold to ask about it, when Farlee laughed and said that the coach had not yet arrived, but he hoped some day to have it drawn up at the station just as pictured in the railway folder. The slenderness of the ponies, and the actual vehicle, a rickety-looking buckboard, that a little later appeared to carry us to our destination, were enough to dissuade us from the undertaking, had it not been for Farlee himself, whose frank and honest face and alert self-reliance were so assuring as to inspire confidence in his ability to extricate us from any difficulty into which we might fall by the way. He proved to be an ideal companion for just such a jaunt — chatty, social, offhand and direct. He talked to Pop and Rowdy as if they were intellectual beings; but if they misbehaved and failed to make the right wriggles when worming their way among the rocks and bowlders, he would screech at them equal to the scream of an engine whistle. The buckboard was without cover, the sky was cloudless, the sun blazed down in full splendor, and, after the first few miles of comparatively level, dusty road, it was impossible to hold a sunshade, as both hands were required to keep one's body from being bounced off the "tallyho." Nothing less than the delicious air could have sustained me in that tremendous, never-to-be-forgotten ride.

"Oh, this air, madam!" chimed in Farlee; "I should have been a dead man if it hadn't been for this Arizona air. I came here now three years gone, given up for as good as dead—lungs bleedin' and generally banged up anyway. You see I had been in the war, in Libby prison —a hell, you know—I've a rifle ball now in one leg; the lightning struck my gun once when I was on picket and cut the muscles of them two fingers so I can't lift 'em voluntarily—but you see now that I am as well and hearty a feller as you'll be likely to find anywhere." Then followed his experiences in the cañon — he had climbed the highest cliffs. He told us the names of the flowers, the trees and the stones, and the altitudes of peaks made by Government surveys, and he was full of anecdotes of the famous people whom he had piloted in the cañon. Peach Spring Station itself was 3,960 feet above the sea-level, and the ridge we were on, when a mile from the station, was still two hundred feet higher. From that point to the Colorado River, whither we were going, the descent was 3,960 feet. After crossing the ridge the road lay through Peach Spring Cañon, and, when four miles from the station, we came to Peach Spring, about which were, wonderful to see, a few peach trees in full bloom, kept alive by the moisture from the spring—an oasis in this almost rainless region. Some good soul had planted the trees there years before, and they gave the name to the spring, whose priceless waters were conveyed in iron pipes to the railway station. At this point Pop and Rowdy were told to stop, and Farlee treated us to a most refreshing draught of pure water.

As we proceeded down the cañon the way increased in roughness; my gloves were torn into tatters from efforts to hang on to the buckboard. Farlee declared that he had spent thousands of dollars on that road in order to make it as good as it was. Gradually, the way became hedged in on both sides by gigantic walls of rock, often rising into strange and curious forms, and the plants in bloom were strange and gorgeous. Still, nothing seemed so grand and wonderful as we had expected; and we arrived at noon, after a jolting of three and a half hours, at the Grand Cañon Hotel — a rude little house, roughly boarded, but clean and comfortable, with a "lounge" and rocking-chairs, as Farlee had said. Where the "hotel" stood seemed to be the only building spot in the cañon, which here formed a junction with the "Diamond Creek" and Colorado River cañons, and, in point of location and environment, it is unquestionably the most unique hotel in the country—maybe in the world. But we were too tired and too hungry to more than glance at the extraordinary sights about us.

"That Peach Spring Cañon road we came down," observed Farlee, as he stood unhitching Pop and Rowdy near the door of his hotel, "is a mighty cur'us road. You may not think it, but it's the grandest road in the world! You'll say so when we go back. The cur'us thing about it is that you have to look at it at just the opposite p'int of view as when

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you come down." After taking care of the ponies, he built a fire in his kitchen, and began to prepare a steaming-hot dinner of canned foods for us. He proved a capital cook, and served his viands with a pretty array of decorated dishes and bright silver. The dining-room was cool and breezy, the dinner was very refreshing, and, after resting for an hour or so, we all started out to see the sights, with Farlee as guide. As we were the only persons in the cañon, and the Indians, from some superstition, never enter it, there were no fears of robbery at the hotel, and windows and doors were left open. "No wild beasts nor poisonous snakes here," said Farlee.

At the very outset we were confronted by a wide, sunny, stony open space, possibly a mile long and three-fourths of a mile wide — the width between the hotel and the river — in which there were some water, clumps of grass and flowers, and this space had the effect of being set round with rock exposures of enormous magnitude, great height and of architectural outlines; the theory being that the rocks were eroded while under water, and then, by some convulsion, lifted to their present altitude, where they now measure, in several instances, from base to summit, over a mile in height.

Farlee led the way up the Diamond Creek Cañon, explaining that there were no diamonds in the slender creek, but some fifteen varieties of cacti in the cañon, and that one could ride on horseback up it for a considerable distance, as Mrs. Asa Gray had done. The lad presently came upon a beautiful, gorgeous lizard with a heavenly blue tail, and a horned toad, and making a "corral" for them, passed on. The next important inhabitant encountered had a peculiarly uncanny-looking head; and "What's this, Farlee?" brought the guide with a surprised exclamation of "Christopher Columbus! if that ain't a rattler! It is the first varmint of that kind ever seen in this cañon," and putting the stout heel of his boot on it, crushed it to death. It had but one rattle, but the sight of it poisoned somewhat the pleasure of that afternoon tramp. The creek bed became narrow, shut in by perpendicular cliffs from 2,500 to 3,000 feet high, and to the very top, in cracks and crevices, grew cacti, vines, and various plants. For three miles up this cañon we walked, finding but one waterfall — a wild, weird, uncanny kind of walk, desolate of living creature, save bats and owls — a solitude supreme. Before we retraced our steps, the corraled lizard and toad had escaped from their bondage, greatly to the lad's chagrin. Farlee said that the highest cliffs on the river, several miles further up, reached an altitude of 7,800 feet, and the length of the cañon was 325 miles.

When we returned to the open space whence we started, the sun was low, and we sat down on a bowlder to review the mighty scene at sunset. From time to time the various rock structures had been named. One, a colossal pile of perfect proportions and beautiful workmanship, as complete to the view as the finest temple ever fashioned by human hands, 6,250 feet high and four miles long, was named "Solomon's Temple!" Try to imagine it! "Babel's Tower," with beautifully sculptured buttresses, stood majestically to a height of 5,000 feet, confusing, like its ancient colleague, the tongues of the beholders. Another pile, called "Castle on the Rhine," with a curiously carved façade, on which appeared colossal sculptures in bass-reliefs of elephants and owls, was also 5,000 feet high. The Pyramid, so named from its shape, stood 4,200 feet in height. Another pyramidal structure which rose to the enormous height of 6,000 feet, caught on its very peak the last rays of the sun, which gilded it like a spire, and this point of splendor, way up against the clear, blue evening sky, was a sight for gods to see. On the following morning we climbed to a height of 1,500 feet, to what goes by the name of Prospect Point, and from this elevation we had a "bird's-eye view" of the wonders of the evening before. Some rose up like a succession of steps from the bottom of the topmost peak, each step holding a mass of talus. We could note the foundations of granite or trap-rock, count the horizontal strata, the corners of each great piece sculptured into bastions of great exactitude, the façade diminishing toward the top, where it ended, maybe, in a perfectly shaped, pointed dome in the center. The longer we looked at the cliffs, the walls, the vast rock exposure, the more they grew in magnitude. But the whole scene was one of appalling desolation. It was like

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what one might fancy the place where the foundations of the earth were laid.

On top of the "point" was a cairn, to which each visitor must add a stone, and on the cairn was a bottle, into which each must slip his visiting-card. The lad amused himself in screeching with Farlee, to hear the echoes go banging around against the great rocks, and return again. I found on that elevated spot a clump of superb Marisposa lilies, finer than any I had found in California. The river below lay like a slender stream, and looked innocent enough of ever having wrought the work all around us. But from its sandy shore—in which an exquisite white abronia blooms the whole year round—it has a deep, muddy and treacherous look, and it is wider than it seems, being in fact 320 feet across and in some places fully as deep.

The six hours that it took Pop and Rowdy to pull us up out of the cañon fully confirmed, and far more, what Farlee had said of the Peach Spring cañon road. Owing to the clearness of the atmosphere, things miles away seemed almost within a stone's throw. For ten miles out the walls on either side ranged in height from 2,200 to 4,280 feet. When about four miles from the hotel we were opposite the "Sphinx," which had been in view all the way—an enormous figure in stone, resembling the Sphinx of Egypt—outlining the top of the wall on the left, at a height of 6,000 feet. The walls cut off all sunshine at that hour, and bats and other nightly flitters abounded. The Sphinx crouched aloft like a guardian of the cañon, and the whole place seemed somehow out of the world. We were no novices in cañons and gorges. We had been from the Saguenay River in Canada to Mount Fairweather in Alaska, and were not overcome by molehills or gulches. In the right wall the laddie's sire noted a hole near the top, with the sage observation that it was not common to see caves in red sandstone rock. Farlee said that at one time, with an exploring party, he had been let down from the cliff above, by means of a rope tied about his body, to investigate that hole, and he had us guess how far it was from the top, and how large the entrance. As our "guesses" amused him, he said that the distance down was 320 feet, and the "hole" 62 feet high. But the cliff projected so far in front of the cave, that he was unable to swing himself into it, and it remained unexplored.

At one point a rock stood up like a shaft, sixty feet square; it was called the "Great Chimney." Another with rounded top was the "Beehive." Among the curious shapes in human form was "Moses Striking the Rock," and another, a huge figure, kneeling, and with uplifted hands, was fitly named the "Prophet at Prayer." These figures, standing against the clear evening sky, produced a striking effect. The pile of rocks called Westminster Abbey was curiously like the original, the draping of vines and pendant grasses growing in the crevices giving in the twilight the effect of ivy on the real abbey, while the appearance of doors, windows and exquisite architectural designs had been strangely wrought by the fashioning hand of nature. But, apart from all the wonderful figures and strange effects of rock outline, there was nothing more astounding than the great wall itself.

After nine o'clock we were sensible of a considerable degree of cold, but not a particle of dew fell, and there was no dampness in the air. Pop and Rowdy pulled steadily on, with occasional merciful halts, until at length the long and wonderful ride came to an end.

Some evenings later, as I was sitting in a hotel bed-chamber by the laddie, who was eight years old, and snugly tucked in bed, he said, with great gravity, "Get a pencil and paper and write down, *just as I say it*, a poem I have composed

"ON THE COLORADO RIVER.

"O, mighty torrent, that flowest through the gorge!
The tops and crags of which thou hast worn through ages past,
Now are barren and sublime!
Now and then a bat fluttering through the air,
And cactus growing o'er the sides and hills,
And now and then a clump of shaggy trees,
And dainty silver-fish darting through the water;
And at sunset, some rocky point that sets aloft
Shines out like a crest of gold among the barren peaks.

"Have you written *just as I said?*" he concluded.

"Exactly, dear;" and turning his rosy cheek to the pillow, his mind eased of his Whitmanesque "poem," he fell asleep.

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KINGS AND QUEENS OF THE TURF.*

The Champion Pacers.

THE history of the pacer is at once a romance and a reality. Like the "chosen people," he has been persecuted and oppressed, and like them he has prospered and increased in spite of both. His very memory has been almost obliterated in Europe, yet he has made a permanent home in America, in spite of a bitter hostility which must have eventually triumphed, but for the facts that nature is invincible and that it is almost impossible to destroy a distinct type.

The pacing gait, or the smooth, frictionless lateral gait as distinguished from the showy diagonal gait of the trotter, was common in England centuries ago, but it gradually gave place to the galloper, who was used for racing and hunting, and to the heavy, high knee-actioned carriage-horse, who met the imperative demands of fashion. So rare did the pacer become in England, that when the gait was described to a prominent authority on the horse he declared that it was a physical impossibility, and that if a horse attempted to propel itself laterally it would inevitably fall down.

In America, on the other hand, the pacer existed without favor or encouragement. In the South and West, true, he received but slight recognition as a useful saddler at country meetings and fairs. Even there he had to be content with the crumbs which fell from the lordly trotter's table. The purses were few and the amounts small which were open for his benefit. As for the large meetings, they absolutely ignored him. Toe-weights and all kinds of appliances were used to convert the fast pacer into a trotter, and superficial breeders were surprised that a stallion which, loaded down with weight, had learned to trot and trot fast, should yet produce pacers. The great trotting-breeding interests joined in the crusade by endeavoring to absorb the smaller pacing rill in the great predominant stream of trotting blood.

In spite of this combination of circumstances the pacer has triumphed. The Anglo-Saxon race loves speed, and extreme speed, and the pacer's possession of this quality has been his salvation. His stronghold is still the country meeting, but he is equally at home at the greatest gatherings of the year; and down the line of the Grand Circuit, from Detroit to the sea, he now gets his fair share of the prizes and his full share of popular favor. Lexington, the equine metropolis of the country, which prided itself upon the fact that it offered no prizes to pacers, was the last to capitulate and admit that the pacer as a race-horse could not be obliterated, and that the capacity for extreme speed which he possessed was a royal warrant from nature for his recognition.

Under such disadvantageous circumstances, it is not strange that breeders of the pacer were few and far between, and that a purely bred pacer is an exceedingly scarce article. The decadence of the pacer as a separate family has, however, been compensated of late years by the extraordinary fact that the large majority of great trotting sires produce a considerable percentage of natural pacers. In many cases it can be accounted for by pacing ancestry. In others the "black drop" is not traceable, but the fact remains that the vast majority of the champion pacers of the present day are bred in the best trotting lines, and can claim as lordly a lineage as their more fashionable trotting brethren.

Although the pacers were few in number when compared to the trotters; although they did not have millions spent upon them by wealthy breeders in experiment and development, they persisted, as a rule, in holding the fastest records and leading the attack upon the battlements of time. In the early dawn of harness-racing the bay gelding Drover, a humble plebeian of no known breeding, paced in 2:28. He was driven by the famous Hiram Woodruff in a

* For "Kings" and "Queens" of the Track, see OUTING, May and June, 1893

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race over the Beacon course, N. J., on Oct. third, 1839, and won it in 2:30, 2:31 and 2:28. It was five years later before Lady Suffolk, the pioneer 2:30 trotter, obtained the same record. But in that year, 1844, the pacer again asserted his speed pre-eminence, as on Aug. second, 1844, at the Beacon track, the chestnut gelding Unknown distanced his antagonist, Fairy Queen, in 2:23. As his name implies, he was of unknown breeding. In 1855, while 2:27 was still the best trotting record, the marvelous mare Pocahontas burst like a thunderbolt upon the arena, pacing to wagon in 2:17½. This wonderful performance took place at the Union course, L. I., on June fifth, and the solitary competitor, the gray gelding Hero, was distanced. When the mighty Dexter trotted in 2:17¼ he passed the pacing record by a quarter of a second, but he did not hold the honor long, as, over the same track that Dexter won the trotting crown, the bay gelding Billy Boyce paced under saddle in 2:14¼. This event occurred at Buffalo on Aug. first, 1868. In 1874, that campaigning empress of the trotting turf, Goldsmith Maid, made her record of 2:14, and again the pacer was behind a fraction of a second, where he remained for some years; but at Chicago on July twenty-fifth, 1879, the blind chestnut gelding Sleepy Tom, by Tom Rolfe, won the fifth heat of a winning race in 2:12¼. The despised pacer was again in the lead. In 1880, the peerless Maud S. trotted in 2:10½, and continued to reduce her record till in 1885 she had placed it at 2:08¾; but in 1884 the bay gelding Johnston, at the West Side track, Chicago, on October third, paced in 2:06¼. This record remained in the lead for eight years. It was not passed till the incomparable queen, Nancy Hanks, trotted in 2:05¼, and later in 2:04, during the season of 1892. At the same meeting (Terre Haute) the bay gelding Mascot paced a heat *in a race* in 2:04, and thus tied the trotting record; but as the honors of war are more genuine than the greatest of dress parades, so a race record is worth more than one against time. The best trotting *race* record is 2:08¼.

In all probability no member of the pacing family did more to make pacing contests popular, and to insure them a prominent place in the programmes of the Grand Circuit than the fleet and game gelding, Little Brown Jug. There was a flavor of romance about him which the public dearly loves. He came from the ranks of lowest obscurity. He was not born of a fashionable stock. His birth was not chronicled in the papers of the day. He was a small, ugly colt who was sold for $140, and was used for saddle purposes. Yet he became the fastest pacer of his time, and his sire has since proved to be the greatest sire of extreme pacing speed in the history of the breed. He was born and bred in Tennessee, the original home of the pacing saddler, and was by Tom Hal, Jr., dam Lizzie, by John Netherland. His sire, dam, and her sire were pacers, and he was, therefore, bred in pure pacing lines. He won his first race upon his native heath at Nashville, Tenn., October eighth, 1879, in 2:35, 2:46½ and 2:39½, and finished the season by reducing his time to 2:19½.

He began the season of 1881, the greatest of his career, at Washington, D. C., and on May ninth won a race in 2:24, 2:19¾ and 2:23½. He was victorious at Philadelphia, Fort Wayne, Ind., at Jackson, Saginaw and Iona, Mich. But his competitors were not able to make him go fast. At Chicago, on July tenth, he showed the stuff he was made of by defeating a strong field in 2:12½, 2:14¼ and 2:14½, and at Rochester, N. Y., where he met the four fastest pacers of the season, Mattie Hunter, Bay Billy, Lucy, and Rowdy Boy. He defeated them in 2:15, 2:15 and 2:16 with ease. At Hartford, Conn., August twenty-fourth, he achieved the crowning triumph of his turf career, by winning in 2:11¾, 2:11¾ and 2:12½. This performance gave him the pacing championship. It was also, and so remained for many years, the champion three heats in a race.

The famous Tennessee pacer was not destined to hold his premier championship long, for, nurtured and brought up amidst the cold blasts of Wisconsin, there was already a young pacer who was destined soon to supersede him. The bay gelding Johnston was foaled in 1877. He was by Joe Bassett, dam Cary Mare by Sweeting's Ned Forrest. This was not an exalted pedigree, and, like the fleet Southerner, there were no prophecies of future greatness at his

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birth. But he did not keep the world waiting, as in his first season on the turf he passed all previous records and attained the championship. His first victory was at Saginaw, Mich., July fourth, 1883, when he defeated a field of six in 2:21, 2:21½ and 2:27. The following week, at Kalamazoo, Mich., he was again the victor in 2:18, 2:21 and 2:17¾. On July sixteenth, at Chicago, he met and defeated those three fast pacers, Gurgle, Eddy D., and Billy S., and on October ninth, at the same track, he paced against 2:11¾, the champion record of Little Brown Jug, and defeated it in 2:10. In 1884 he defeated the fastest pacers of the day when the opportunity offered, but the majority of his efforts were against time, as he was barred from participating in the leading *races* of the year. At Chicago, on October third, he eclipsed all previous records, both pacing and trotting, by pacing in 2:06¼. The surpassing greatness of the record can best be judged by the fact that it remained at the head of the list for seven years. Up to the close of the season of 1892 Johnston remained on the turf, and he is to-day one of the fastest of the road brigade.

In 1885 a little black colt was born, on a California stock-farm, destined not only to pass the wonderful record of Johnston, but also destined to win the triple crown of the time, race, and stallion championship. The name of that colt was Direct, and, unlike his predecessors, he was bred in patrician trotting lines. He was by Director (2:17), who was by Dictator, the sire of Jay-Eye-See (2:10), Phallas (2:13¾), and many other fast and game trotters. His dam was the trotting mare Echora (2:23½) by Echo, and Echo was by Hambletonian out of a daughter of Magnolia, a son of American Star. Dictator being a son of Hambletonian, it will be seen that Direct traces to him on both the sire's and the dam's side, and the balance of his lineage is of a strong trotting character. Direct did honor to his ancestry by proving himself to be a fast trotter. He had always been shod with very heavy shoes. The experiment was tried of replacing them with light ones, when he at once changed his gait to the pace and showed such remarkable speed that his future career was decided. As a trotting record does not bar the possessor from entering in any pacing race, Direct was liberally entered in the pacing stakes of 1891. His grand campaign of that season, in which he paced at the leading meetings from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast, constitutes a remarkable and brilliant chapter in pacing annals. He began the season without a pacing record. His opening triumph was at Grand Rapids, Mich., July second, and he made a record of 2:26½. He soon proved this was no measure of his speed, as on July thirty-first he won in the 2:24 class in 2:15¼, 2:18 and 2:19¾. At Chicago, on August seventeenth, he appeared in the 2:19 class, with a good field of competitors, and was again successful in 2:11½, 2:13 and 2:18. At the same meeting he paced against time in 2:10½. On the Independence, Ind., kite track, August twenty-eighth and thirty-first, he paced in 2:09¼, and on September fourth he passed all pacing performances by obtaining a record of 2:06. The great feat was accomplished and the long reign of the mighty Johnston had come to an end.

His next great engagement was at Terre Haute, Ind., on October sixth, when for the first time he met a foeman worthy of his steel in the bay gelding Hal Pointer, the acknowledged champion of the pacing-bred pacers. Hal Pointer was foaled in 1884. His sire was Tom Hal, Jr. (the sire of Little Brown Jug, 2:11¾), and his dam was Sweepstakes, by Knight's Snowheels. He was bred in strictly pacing lines, and his performances prove, judged from all standpoints, that he is the greatest race-horse that the breed has ever produced. Hal Pointer's first victory was at Columbia, Tenn., October fourth, 1888. During the season of 1889 he threw down the gauntlet to the fleetest of his tribe. He won his engagements at Cleveland, Buffalo, Hartford, Springfield, and New York, all in the Grand Circuit, and then carried off the honors at St. Louis and Terre Haute, Ind. He retired for the season with a record of 2:13. His season of 1890 ended at Terre Haute, where he defeated a fast field in 2:09¾, 2:12¾ and 2:13. This performance gave him the race championship and the championship for the fastest three heats. In 1891 a sudden attack of sickness compelled his withdrawal.

The meeting of Direct and Hal

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Pointer was watched with the greatest excitement by the horsemen of the continent. The believers in the invincible gameness of trotting blood ranged themselves under the banner of Direct, while all Tennessee and Indiana, the ancient homes of the pacer, pinned their faith on Hal Pointer. Unfortunately Direct was not at his best, and after winning the first heat in 2:13, Hal Pointer won the next three in 2:11, 2:10¼ and 2:12¾. The echoes of jubilation over this victory were scarcely dead upon the ear when Direct had retrieved his fortunes by inflicting a most decisive defeat upon his former conqueror by winning in straight heats in 2:10, 2:09¼ and 2:11. The event was the more significant as it took place at Nashville, Tenn., and every loyal Tennessean was present. By this performance he deprived Hal Pointer of the race championship. The decisive battle between the two took place over the fast kite track at Columbia, Tenn., and again Direct was victorious in the record-breaking time of 2:09, 2:08 and 2:08¾. The season of 1891 closed with Direct having to his credit the pacing-time championship, the stallion championship, the fastest heat in a race and the race championships. The trotting-bred patrician had carried the war into the camp of the pacers, and had conclusively proved his superiority.

In 1892 these great horses met often with varying success. Direct lowered his record to 2:05½ and Hal Pointer to 2:04½, but before the season was over a new star had mounted to the zenith who eclipsed them both.

The bay gelding Mascot, who was destined to accomplish this remarkable feat, could not claim either of the hereditary advantages possessed by Direct or Hal Pointer. He was not strongly or fashionably bred in either trotting or pacing lines. On the male side he traces to Hambletonian, but his dam, Miss Delmore, was of unknown pedigree, and his sire, Deceive, by Hambletonian, was also out of an unknown dam.

Mascot made his first appearance in a race at Elmira, N. Y., on June eleventh, 1891. He was then five years old, and after losing the first heat of the 2:40 pacing class, he won the next three and the race in 2:30, 2:26¼ and 2:28. On July twenty-fifth, at Detroit, he met for the first time a fast company, but he was equal to the emergency, as, after losing two heats, he won the next three in 2:15½, 2:16¼ and 2:18¼. August nineteenth found him at Chicago, where he met his first defeat, but succeeded in winning one heat in 2:14¼, his best record for the year. He paced six great races after he had made this record, being second five times and third once. It was Direct's champion year, and Grant's Abdallah was in his prime. It was no disgrace that a young pacer in his first season should be second to such phenomenal flyers.

Mascot's first engagement of importance in 1892 was at Detroit on July twentieth in the free-for-all pace. He won the race and wiped out an old score by defeating Grant's Abdallah, who was in the field. Mascot's best time was 2:13. At Rochester, August tenth, he won in straight heats in 2:17½, 2:12¾ and 2:14. At Independence, Ia., he won a most remarkable race at half-mile heats. The results of this race show the nearest official approach to the rate of speed which must be maintained for a mile if either the trotter or pacer is to reach the 2:00 limit. Manager won the first heat in 1:01, and Mascot took the next three in 1:01¼, 1:00½ and 1:01. Here are four half miles at the rate of 2:02, 2:02½, 2:01 and 2:02. On September first, at the same meeting, he stamped himself as one of the horses of the century in a race in which Roy Wilkes set the pace of the race in the first heat by winning in 2:09. The second heat was won by the gray horse Guy in the same time. It was now Mascot's turn, and he won the next three heats in 2:08, 2:09¼ and 2:07½. As the conqueror of the fastest five-heat race on record, it was prophesied that he would soon become the champion, and at Terre Haute, Ind., September twenty-ninth, he left all pacing records far behind by winning the first heat of the free-for-all pace in 2:04, thus winning the pacing championship. In two years Mascot had climbed to the top of the ladder of equine fame. The obscure son of an obscure sire, with the bar sinister on his dam's side and on that of his sire's dam, he had defeated the time made by the patrician-bred pacers of the past, and had placed upon his own head the supreme crown. As Mascot is still a young horse, there is

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Painted for OUTING by Gean Smith. (See p. 267.)

DIRECT.

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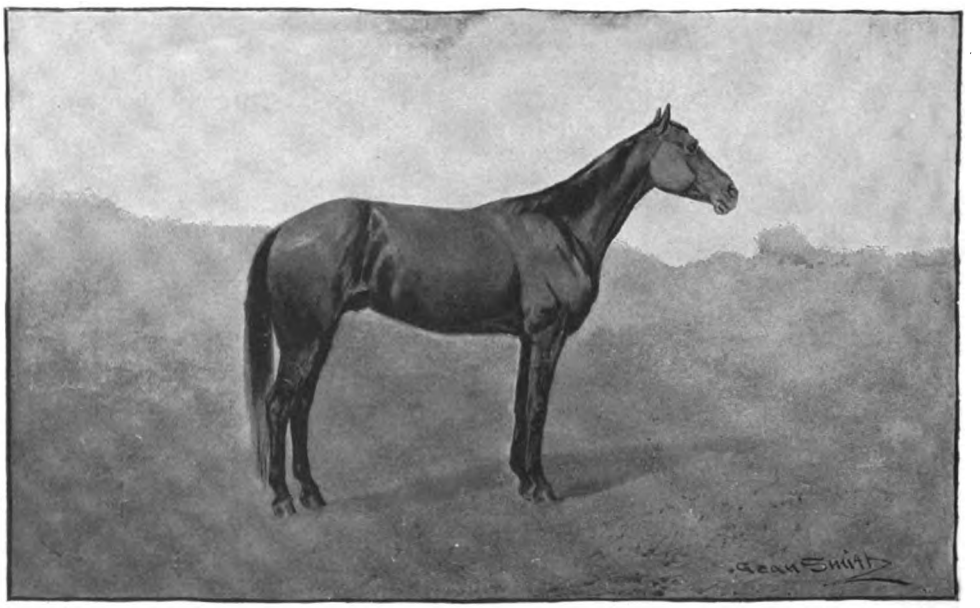
no candidate in the field to-day more likely than he to cut the record close to the 2:00 line.

No article upon the pacer would be complete without a reference to the ease with which the pacer will learn to trot, or the trotter will learn to pace. In the days when pacing was unfashionable it was the rule to turn the fast side-wheeler into a trotter by the aid of toe-weights, and the breeder who found any of his colts or fillies inclined to pace would at once take them in hand and teach them to trot. That a fashionably bred and fast trotter should deliberately become a pacer would at that time have been deemed strong evidence of mental and physical degradation. But the singular fact has been developed that the gaits are practically interchangeable, and that certainly trotters who have arrived at their speed limit will, if they take kindly to the pacing gait, go faster than they previously did at the trot.



Painted for OUTING by Gean Smith. MASCOT. (See p. 208.)

Long before Direct startled the world by leaving the trotting for the pacing arena, the bay mare Minnie R. had trotted in 2:19, and two years later had paced in 2:16½. She has also to her credit a mile with running mate in 2:03¼. But the most remarkable instance of extreme speed at both gaits is that of the black gelding Jay-Eye-See. He was foaled in 1878, and had for his sire Dictator, while his dam was Midnight, by Pilot, Jr., and his grand-dam Twilight, by the celebrated thoroughbred horse Lexington. He made his first appearance on the trotting track when four years old, and secured a record of 2:19 in a race which he won. This was the champion record at that time for that age. His five-year-old career was a series of most brilliant triumphs. He defeated Majolica (2:15), Director (2:17), Clemmie G., Adelaide and Phil Thompson, some of the fastest performers of that day. He trotted a series of matches against time, and retired at the end of the season with the five-year-old champion record of 2:10¾. He had passed all other records except that of Maud S., whose record at that date was 2.10¼. At Providence, R. I., August first, 1884, he defeated the time of Maud S. by trotting in 2:10, but on the following day the great mare resumed her queenship by making a record of 2:09¾. From the close of 1887 to 1892 Jay-Eye-See led a life of retirement at the farm of his owner. He had an ailing leg. He stepped upon a broken bottle and nearly bled to death. The trotting world had almost forgotten him, when he again became the sensation of the time. Mr. Jackson I. Case, the son of

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his owner, and an amateur reinsman of the highest ability, conceived the idea that the ex-champion could be taught to pace, and that the frictionless glide of the side-wheeler would not affect the defective leg. The black gelding took kindly to the idea, and after two lessons showed a fast mile, and at Independence, Ia., on August twenty-sixth, 1892, he paced to a record of 2:06¼. He possesses the bright distinction of being the only horse in the world who has a record at each gait in 2:10 or better.

A glance, in conclusion, at the colt champions and their training will present two important factors: first, that the speed average is higher than that of the trotters; and, secondly, that they are trotting bred. The yearling filly Belle Acton holds the champion record of 2:21½ at that age, which is 3¾ seconds faster than the yearling trotting record. Belle Acton is by Shadeland Onward, dam Lottie P. by Blue Bull, Jr. In this case the pacing habit is obtained honestly from the dam's side. The two-year-old champion is the bay colt Online. He is by Shadeland Onward, dam by Chester Chief, and is intensely trotting bred. His pacing record is 2:11, he being a quarter of a second behind the two-year-old trotting champion's time. The three-year-old champion is the gray stallion Manager, who is bred in the most fashionable of trotting lines, being by Nutwood, dam Carrie, by George Wilkes. His record at that age is 2:11½, one second slower than the trotting record at that age. The four-year-old record is held by the bay gelding William Wood, by Steinway, whose record of 2:07 is three seconds faster than the trotting record at that age.

What is the future of the pacer? He will have a permanent and honorable position with those equine breeds which contribute so materially to the amusement and happiness of mankind. Horse-racing in various forms is the one universal excitement of civilized as well as barbarous humanity. From remote antiquity to the present time it has been the leading amusement, and all classes enjoy the enthusiasm of the contest. The superb thoroughbred will hold his own and the so-called sport of kings will continue to please and delight multitudes in all parts of the world. While the running turf is prosperous, trotting and pacing sport is not only steadily growing in favor in its native home, America, but the trotter especially is rapidly becoming popular in England, France, Germany and Italy. The despised pacer has conquered for himself a permanent place in the great equine family.

Painted for OUTING by Gean Smith. JAY-EYE-SEE. (See p. 270.)

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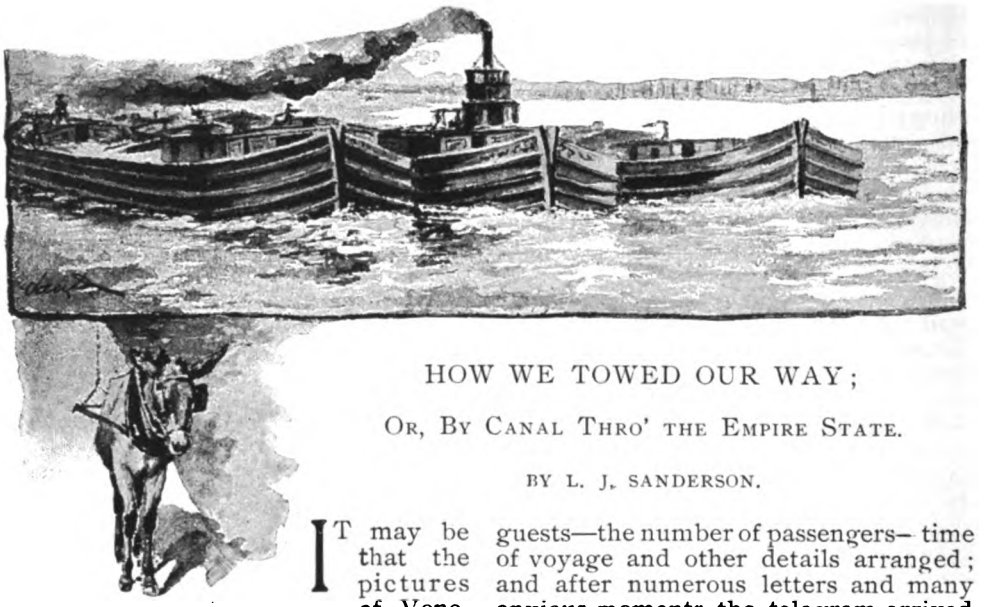

HOW WE TOWED OUR WAY;

Or, By Canal Thro' the Empire State.

BY L. J. SANDERSON.

IT may be that the pictures of Venetian Canals gleaming in the sunlight, which hung above the fire, or perhaps "Rudder Grange," which lay open upon the table, or yet even that charming story "Sans Famille," which we had just been reading, suggested it. Who can tell but that it may have been the Thames etching, resting above "The Strange Adventures of a House-boat" upon the book shelf close by? Or it may have been the combined influence of *all* these which suggested it, and decided us, then and there, to take a canal-boat for an outing.

Letters were sent here and there, wherever canals flourished, to meet with only the response—"Cannot take you. No accommodations for passengers," and, like Euphemia and her husband in "Rudder Grange," we learned that "it was not such an easy thing to find a canal-boat."

However, the friend who had never failed to serve us in all our wayward journeyings had given us the one encouraging word—"I *think* it can be done." Ultimately acquaintance with the "powers that be" on the Erie Canal led to an inspection of several boats and families in East River, New York, and the right captain and wife were found; interviews were held—the family pleased at the novelty of guests—the number of passengers– time of voyage and other details arranged; and after numerous letters and many anxious moments the telegram arrived bearing the triumphant message: "The *Shamrock*, Captain Clover, leaves New York for Buffalo July eighteenth, 6 P. M. Cargo, Apollinaris water, fishing rods and passengers from Boston." The bluish mist had rolled away and all was *couleur de rose* again.

Like Euphemia, "we talked a great deal about our project," and many friends became interested, pouring perfect torrents of objections upon it. "You won't stay on that canal-boat twenty-four hours!" "You will be blistered with the hot sun!" "Those canal-boats are *frightfully* dirty!" "You will never put up with the coarse food!" One optimistic friend said encouragingly: "It is a good canal to experiment on, for if you do not like it you can leave at any point, for it follows the line of the New York Central railroad." Each day brought new objections and fresh determinations. We made one plan only, and that was to board the *Shamrock* and start. When we should leave her, where we should leave her, or how we should leave her were problems which time and circumstances alone could solve.

We four form ourselves into a crew consisting of a captain and first mate, who arrange details and decide what is to be seen and how it is to be seen: the

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active little purser who solves the knotty arithmetical problems with lightning calculation, and the surgeon whose wise head and steady hand regulates the human canal system.

We made our journey to New York by day. On engaging the carriage to take us to Pier No. 7 the driver said, "But, madam, you are mistaken; there is no steamer sails from there;" and on assuring him that Pier No. 7 was our destination he looked as though he doubted whether it was safe to load up with this party of inoffensive women. "Mild insanity" seemed to be the verdict agreed upon between him and the policeman with whom he eventually took counsel. We assured him it was correct, for Captain Clover was to take us on his canal-boat; and a hearty laugh burst forth with "a right good time you'll have of it, too." As the driver collected the checks we overheard the officer relating *his* experience of years ago, when *he* made a canal voyage. No knight of the olden days, however, could have been more gallant in assisting us to our carriage, looking after the luggage, and bidding us *bon voyage* than this brass-buttoned official. It was the first genuine appreciation of our trip that had been shown, and we were duly grateful.

It was with anxious hearts and curious eyes that we watched the motley crowd gathering about Pier No. 7, little dreaming that word had gone forth that the *Shamrock* was to take on board four Boston women, and that the arrival of our party was the innocent cause of the crowd. Our indefatigable friend who had made this outing possible was there to welcome us and make us known to Captain Clover and wife; Norah, the mother's helper; sweet Peggy, the father's right hand, and little Xanny, the pet of the house-boat.

We were greeted warmly and invited to the cabin, where cake and lemonade were awaiting us, and then told that as all the cargo had not arrived, we could not start until the next day.

Seven o'clock of the morrow found us comfortably seated on the deck of the *Shamrock* watching the long, lumbering, ungainly, white canal boats, with which everybody who has ever crossed the Hudson or rounded the Battery is familiar, being pushed and backed and hauled into line and finally formed into a flotilla of fifty boats, four abreast, the *Shamrock* in the front tier, being slowly hauled out into the stream.

Numberless ferryboats danced about in all directions like fireflies; the lights above the graceful span of the Brooklyn Bridge produced a dazzling effect, while high above all the lesser lights shone out the bright, steady gleam from Liberty's torch, as the three steam tugs took us around the point and up into the Hudson.

Forty-eight hours later the novel sight of breaking up the tow at Albany was witnessed, at which point, Lock No. 1, we were "locked" into the Erie Canal, where the three mules were "jumped out" one by one and hooked to the tow-line, two hundred feet long. For the next ten days neither iron horse nor puffing tug will be our motive power, but the slow and solemn tread of the long-eared mules will bear us onward day and night till Buffalo is reached.

Next to the Grand Canal of China, which stretches over a distance of six hundred miles, there is no single canal in the world as long as the Erie, which reaches a distance of three hundred and fifty-three miles. It is seventy feet wide at the surface, fifty-six feet wide at the bottom, and seven feet deep. Under the vigorous and able lead of De Witt Clinton the project of connecting Lake Erie and the Hudson took shape; work was begun in 1817, and under the same active lead was pushed forward to completion and opened for navigation in 1825. The event was celebrated in a fitting manner. A procession of boats reached from Lake Erie to the ocean. Clinton, who had himself dug the first spadeful of earth, was conveyed the whole distance in a barge amid the ringing of bells, the flying of flags and the discharge of cannon, and carried with him a keg of Lake Erie water which he poured into the sea at New York as a symbol of their union.

The enterprise proved more important than Clinton and his co-workers ever dreamed of, for it has caused inland towns and cities to build up along its line, it has added to the growth of New York city, and is still, to-day, an important factor in commerce.

A three hours' stay at Albany gave

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us an opportunity to visit the very fine capitol. We were met and interviewed by a reporter of an Albany daily, although we saw him not, nor knew of the interview until we read of it with the other astounding information that we were "rich and cultured and had exhausted the round of Old World travel," and the "upright piano in the cabin" was visible only to the distorted imagination of that reporter.

A delay at Troy allowed us a chance to stroll about the city, and at West Troy the new experience of "locking up" afforded great interest.

At this point begins the series of sixteen steps, or a chain of locks known as "The Sixteens," by which in a distance of four miles the canal is carried up one hundred and sixty-three feet.

Lock after lock is entered; step by step the boat goes up, up, up; the houses, the factories and the churches are left below us, and the green hills and blue mountains stretch away in the distance, while the canal winds along and reaches out over a nine-mile level which borders the Mohawk on the north side for the entire length.

Generally two boats are coupled together, forming what is termed "a double-header," and separating the boats to lock them through small, single locks takes more time than going through the long locks.

The two locks at the connecting point of two levels are placed side by side, so the two boats can go up or down at the same time, or, in case of single boats, one can go up while another goes down. The double-header locks have been substituted at many points on the canal.

We are beginning to learn that canal-boat life is a very novel sort of living; a little, quiet home on water, shut off from the rush and hurry of the land. The American of to-day can scarcely comprehend it. The boats ply between ocean and lake for five or six months of the year; the boat is still the home in the winter, but life is varied, for the visitings, the amusements and the school days bring the family in contact with shore life. Life along the canal banks is of a distinct type with characteristics of its own, and the most marked feature is that there seems to be plenty of time in it, a commodity rarely found in traveling about our country.

The *Shamrock* is our house-boat; it is a double-header, being coupled to the *Thistle*, upon which the captain's family lives, and in the cabin of which we take our meals. The boats are ninety-six feet long and seventeen feet wide, and can be loaded heavily enough to draw six feet of water. There are more than four thousand of these boats on the Erie Canal. A boat costs from two to three thousand dollars, and the furnishings about five hundred dollars. The double-headers require six mules for each pair of boats; the price of a mule varies from one hundred and twenty-five dollars to three hundred dollars each. Three mules constitute a team, and all three are hitched side by side. The teams are worked alternately and each boat has a stable in the bow where the team rests and is cared for till its turn comes to go on the tow again. A double-header requires a captain, two wheelmen and two drivers. All men employed on the boat receive board in addition to wages. Work is divided into watches of six hours, beginning at one o'clock in the morning. The boats are furnished with bridges to reach from the boat to the shore.

A canvas awning is on our deck, beneath which swing the hammocks. A vegetable box and refrigerator belong among the deck appointments. Pansies, forget-me-nots and mignonette grow luxuriantly in a large box, while the white four-leaved clover thrives under the tender ministrations of our good captain.

In the after part of the boat is our cabin, entered through a hatchway opening on a small stairway. The room is fourteen feet long, twelve feet wide, and eight feet high. The rear six feet can be shut off by folding doors, and by another door this second space is subdivided into two sleeping rooms, along the sides of which are the daintily curtained berths. In one corner of the main cabin stands the cooking stove, which we use for a toilet stand, and this corner may be shut off by sliding doors, making a tiny room by itself. Closets and drawers are found in the most unexpected nooks and corners, and here and there all sorts of conveniences. Above each bed is a window with blinds, and four windows in the main cabin, before which swing the lace curtains, a decorative feature of all canal-boats.

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The cabin is painted and grained, well furnished with shelves, table, and comfortable chairs; the floor is carpeted, and the walls adorned with pictures and flags. Mosquito nettings cover the entrance to the gangway and the windows. Our good captain procured us long wooden boxes from which we improvised our book case. Our surgeon skillfully and deftly converted the little closet, upon the door of which was the label "mule medicine" into a pharmacy. An inward and outward satisfaction takes possession of us amid these cheery surroundings, and we wish that a kind fate would summon all our friends who had prophesied such direful misfortune to witness our happiness as we go locking up the Erie. To us, who have crossed the Atlantic in dense fogs and September gales, meeting with icebergs and suffering from the ocean fiend, it is a blessed relief to walk with head erect and steady tread, assured that *mal-de-mer* is unknown on the Erie. Our hammocks are swung amidships beneath a large awning decorated with French, German and Spanish flags; here we read, chat, sew, or dream the happy hours away, while above us the stars and stripes wave in the sunlight and flutter in the breeze.

Three miles above Cohoes the canal crosses the Mohawk river in a stone aqueduct eleven hundred and thirty-seven feet long, resting on twenty-six piers, and soon we are at Schenectady. All about us is historic ground, and we recall the midnight assault of 1691, when two hundred and fifty Frenchmen and Indians massacred sixty-three persons, led twenty-seven into captivity, and left the town in flames.

At Amsterdam, on the broad Mohawk intervales, are plantations of broom corn which flourish in the deep, alluvial soil, and the hill-country is devoted to pasturage and dairy products. The "coarse food of canallers" proves to be fresh butter and eggs, berries, fruits and vegetables, fresh from the gardens alongside the canal.

At Fonda we find a pleasant town on the Mohawk, occupying the site of the ancient Indian village where the Jesuits were massacred. It was settled by the Dutch and named in honor of Douw Fonda, and was twice destroyed by Sir John Johnson's marauders. Beyond Fonda we pass through the canal village of Yatesville, up among the hills, called The Noses, out toward Fort Plain, where the women of 1780, during an attack upon the village, dressed themselves in male attire, the garrison being absent, and manned the walls so effectually that the enemy withdrew in alarm.

At Little Falls, in a narrow gorge of the Mohawk, which breaks through a ridge six hundred feet high, the houses are built on steep declivities, forming a most picturesque sight. The river falls forty-five feet in half a mile, thus affording a fine water-power. It is the market-town of Herkimer County, famous for its rich cheese.

At Ilion we find a peaceful village, though several remote and warlike nations have drawn their armaments from the Remington rifle factory, located here. Hundreds of thousands of breech-loading rifles have been made here. Egypt, Rome, Japan, Denmark, Sweden and Spain have been supplied from this establishment, and during the Franco-Prussian war the works ran night and day, and made one hundred and fifty-five thousand rifles for France. The well-known sporting-goods house of Hartley & Graham, of New York City, owns this large establishment.

At Utica, which occupies the site of Fort Schuyler, built in 1756, we proceed through the fertile valley which forms the lowest of the passes through the Appalachian chain of mountains, and which was formerly a favorite Indian trail to the lakes, and next Rome, the site of old Fort Stanwix is reached. At this point the Erie Canal was commenced in 1817, and twenty years later, the Black River Canal was made from Rome to Lyons Falls. At an early date, five colonial forts were erected in this vicinity, and this was an important strategic point.

We visit post-offices here and there in hope of letters. At one of them, a genial old man inspects us curiously, and after some deliberation and many glances over the top of his spectacles, greets us with: "Be *you* them four Boston gals makin' a tower of our canal?"

Them four Boston gals! his tone but ill-concealed his disappointment that mature years render a chaperone unnecessary.

Some new feature constantly presents itself to us. Rowboats ply the water-

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way, carrying stocks of vegetables, groceries, and tin-ware in great variety. We are constantly meeting canal-boats loaded with different cargoes. Coal is the least important cargo carried on the canal; grain and lumber form the bulk of the east-bound cargoes. The ice-boats are like the grain boats, only that they are roofed differently. Ice is packed upon them nearly even to the deck, and then leveled off with sawdust.

Occasionally a boat that looks like a small lumber yard passes by; the boat can hardly be seen, for it lies so deep in the water that it is almost awash, and it is piled so high with boards and other lumber that it just escapes collision with the bridges. A great deal of traffic is done by steam packets.

But the great water-way is used for pleasure as well as for business, and we often meet a merry picnic party on the way to a grove on the berme bank; and pleasure launches, decked with flags and bunting, propelled by steam, are no uncommon sights. Everywhere an air of thriftiness and industry pervades the canal.

The purser and little Xanny often fish in the canal for bullheads and bass. Every day we walk at times along the berme bank gathering flowers or on the tow-path, which is eighteen feet wide, interviewing the tow-boy as to his prospects for entering the lists for some future presidential campaign.

Each night at the setting of the sun Mrs. Clover emerges from her cabin in the *Thistle*, match in hand, to light the large lamps that gleam out in the darkness like fiery eyes from the bow of the *Shamrock;* for many years these lamps have been her pride and care. The number of lights indicate the number of boats in tow—a single boat carrying one light, a double-header, two, etc.

One night about eleven o'clock there was a sound of footsteps hurrying to and fro overhead, screams pierced the air, the children were wailing and moaning and great excitement prevailed. Donning our wraps we rushed on deck to find that the team of mules, having become frightened at some large coal-baskets left in the tow-path, had fallen into the canal.

The crew succeeded after great exertions in rescuing two, but Rox, the "chicest of the flock," was drowned. Canal etiquette demands that a mule be buried within twenty-four hours after his death, so we were obliged to "tie up" for the night to attend to the interment in the morning. The grief of the family was really touching; the children make a pet of each mule, and these animals, as well as the birds and the dog, are daily recipients of their affection. Thereafter we are greeted by each passing boat with the salutation, "Well, Cap'n Clover, I hear you drownded a mule," to which Cap'n Clover replies, "Yes, I've drownded a mule," and the story is repeated, each time with a little variation, and we feel that by the time we reach Buffalo we shall be able to repeat every word of the tragedy of the mule—a lesson in canal linguistics that we had not counted upon.

At Syracuse we indulged in a two-hours' ride in the electric cars, but the sudden transition from creeping boat to flying car proved too much for our constitutions; the pharmacy was resorted to for the first time, and further contact with the modern inventions of civilization was prohibited by the surgeon.

From Syracuse we pass by the salt springs and works which have been in use so many, many years. The State took control of them in 1797, since which time a great work has been carried on here. There are twenty-five wells, employing thousands of laborers, and it is said that the product of these springs for the last ninety years would make four pyramids each as large as the great pyramid of Egypt. Onondaga Lake is off to the right, and soon we traverse the Montezuma marshes which cover nineteen hundred acres, producing a long, coarse grass and flags which form an important industry in this part of the State. They are cut and sent to the New York market to be used for chair seats and in similar work.

This is the mosquito region. For hours we fight the fiends, till at last we yield in despair, for there is no spot where their voice is not heard or their bite felt. This is the one spot of stinging memory on the Erie Canal.

Nearing the Great Bend in the Seneca River is one of the largest aqueducts in the country over which the canal extends; then we pass the extensive plantations of peppermint. Thousands of acres in Wayne County are given to this crop,

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and one-third of the mint used in the United States is raised here. As we pass onward we are shown the famous spot where Joe Smith claimed, while under the guidance of angels, to have found the golden plates of the Mormon Bible buried in a hill-side.

The Fairport level is seventeen miles long and the views are very fine. The great waterway lies upon the top of an embankment about a mile in length and at one part nearly one hundred feet high, and in another place the canal describes a horseshoe.

Looking at the winding course of the canal as it is marked upon the map, and seeing that it lies through Lyons, from which point a short run by rail would take us to Geneva, up Seneca Lake to Watkins Glen, we after much difficulty gain the surgeon's consent, don our "shore clothes," leave the *Shamrock*, visit the far-famed Glen, and returning to Newark take the train for Rochester, where we are to overtake our boat. Here we visit the Genesee Falls to see the spot sacred to the memory of Sam Patch, for here he made his famous leap, and devote the rest of the day to Powers' Art Gallery, an admirable collection of paintings by modern artists.

"The best-laid plans of mice an' men gang aft agley." Someone, somehow and somewhere had blundered, and we, unconscious of it, are musing at the Rochester lock. Every passing boat is eagerly scanned by us—The "Industry," The "Mary Ann" and many other canal acquaintances glide slowly by. We watch the captains throw out the snubbing rope to the tow-boys, who slip the noose over a stump, then gradually hand out the rope as it tightens around a cleat, for snubbing is an important feature in canalling; it checks the impetus of boats in entering a lock or rounding a point.

Patiently we watch and wait, and finally learn that the *Shamrock* passed by early in the morning, and Captain Clover is "up-town hunting for a new mule and them four Boston gals." Leaving word at the lock office that we could be found at Powers' Hotel, we turn our steps thither, passing a group of men who were remarking to the effect that "Cap'n Clover's had trouble enough this trip with that drownded mule and them gals," and on the way see our good captain approaching. All the sunshine has left his face. The best Sunday hat, donned for city streets only, rested jauntily above a gloomy countenance, which seemed intent on solving the problem as to what should be done next. On seeing us he was a changed man, the happy smile returned, and he shouted: "I never would have gone back to the boat without ye." Then followed an explanation. In the rush of midsummer travel the telegram at the railroad office had been mislaid; a note had been sent by the railroad conductor, who had entrusted it to a boy, who had taken his own time to deliver it the *next day*. The pleasure of our captain knew no bounds; he took us back to the hotel and treated us lavishly to ice cream, fruits, and milk punch, and on returning to the lock arranged with the captain of a steam supply packet about to leave to take us to the *Shamrock*, and soon we were steaming along the Rochester level, the longest on the canal, sixty two and one-half miles, five hundred and seven feet above tide water. It receives its water from Lake Erie. Here the canal is exceedingly picturesque. It follows the romantic Genesee River in its troubled course, and crosses it at one place on an aqueduct of cut stone which cost six hundred thousand dollars. The rapidity with which we traveled produced dizziness and other aggravating troubles. The surgeon looked serious. We all thought of the pharmacy. Never was a more welcome sight than the *Shamrock* and its mate, the *Thistle*, snubbing in the distance, and when we stepped on board we made a solemn vow not to mingle with the world again until our journey by canal was ended.

The mules hold the tow-line taut and bend to their work, and once again we peacefully glide along, the people on shore still keeping up a kindly interest and curiosity in us. At one lock the store-woman asks us to visit her flower garden, and fills our hands with the choicest of her flowers, among which is the gorgeous-leaved geranium, which she calls "The Field of the Cloth of Gold." At some points along the route whole families gather to see Capt. Clover's Boston cargo. Each day we read in the local morning's paper of the progress of our party, and are visited by reporters along the route. One is particularly

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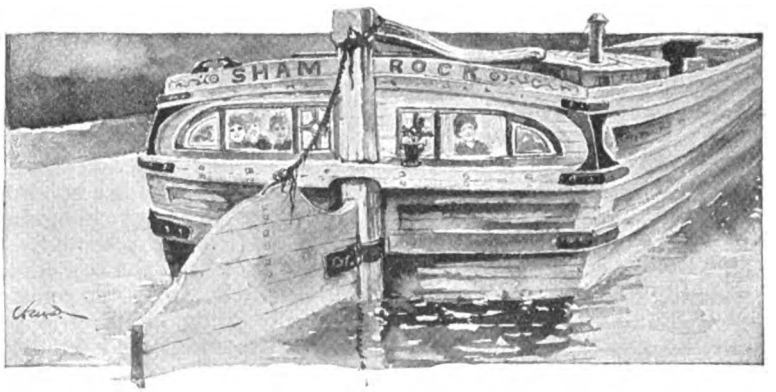
impressed with our book-case, and we read in the next day's paper that the Erie had never borne such a literary cargo over its waters, and in enumerating the books therein particular mention was made of "The Strange Adventures of a Boat House." The country is like a cultivated park in many places. We traverse the fruitful plains of Gates; then across the wheat lands, passing Adams Basin, a canal village, and wind in and out around low, rolling hills, while all along the berme bank nature has been lavish with her most beautiful flowers. The moon's crescent, which started with us from New York, follows us each night along our wanderings, growing fuller and brighter, till it shines in full glory as we near our journey's end. A small boy appears on the berme bank with berries to sell. Sweet Peggy suspends a tin pail from a hook at the end of a pole and reaches out to the boy, who fills it with the fresh blueberries, sending it back with "Half a dollar, please, mum." While Norah runs for the money bag in the amber sugar bowl on a shelf in the cabin of the *Thistle*, sweet Peggy takes a potato, and, cutting it half through, inserts the coin in the cut and throws it ashore to the small boy—the primitive cash carrier of retail trade on the Erie.

At Lockport the canal makes its way around steep mountain slopes, from the top of which passengers on the railroad look down almost perpendicularly upon us. There are ten double locks of heavy masonry, one above the other, resembling a flight of stairs, and these locks give the name to the city. Here the canal passes through a long cut in the limestone ridge and turning southward spreads on toward Tonawanda, into great sheets of water where lumber is loaded upon the boats. Soon it joins its waters with those of Lake Erie, and for miles the canal uses the bank of the lake for its tow-path.

The sight of grain yards, elevators, ice houses and freight docks, just ahead of us, tells us that our trip is ended. We have reached the *finis* in the "Tragedy of the Drownded Mule." The leave-takings with the Clover family are over. We have traveled twelve days and nights (a longer time than is usually allowed, owing to the loss of the mule) over a distance of about five hundred miles, passing through fourteen counties, traversing the garden of New York State, so rich in agricultural and industrial resources as well as natural beauty. And to all who are seeking something novel, restful and interesting, we would say: Look backward to the primitive ways of your ancestors, and try a trip on a canal-boat through the Empire State



LE POINT DU JOUR.

PEACE, peace, in all the twitter of the birds
That lit with fire of song each budding brake,
And through all sounds of nature ran the words
Peace! Peace!

Soft, inseperate melodies seemed to wake,
And zone the earth as violet lightning girds
The whole wild wealth of wood and wold and lake

With flash from heaven of revel; the slow herds
Stood dew-lap deep in fragrance; and the ache
Of life's hot pulses sank beneath the words
Peace! Peace!

L. DOUGHTY.

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PRACTICAL LESSONS IN SWIMMING.

BY WALTER A. VARIAN.

MUCH has been written and many manuals published about swimming. It is surprising how few even among those who can swim are able to teach the art in a rational manner, or even to point out the merits and faults of another swimmer's performance. The defects of all systems of instruction are many, but there is one fault present in all: the effort to teach the full stroke at once. This is as ridiculous as it would be to try and teach a child to run before it can either stand or walk.

In swimming, each step of instruction should be such that the pupils can do it as soon as they have nerve to try, or confidence enough in the teacher to make the effort. Before sending a pupil into the water the first time, show him the proper position of the body floating on the back. The head is thrown back, the poll depressed, the chin raised, the back well hollowed at the waist, and the chest made as full as possible, with the shoulders well back. Also teach him when still standing in position on the bank, with the arms straight down by the sides, the hands paddle-shaped and slightly bent at the wrist, to turn the whole limb in the shoulder-joint so as to face the palms away from the hips, close to which they are resting, and sweep them away from the body about a foot or eighteen inches, then to turn the arm in the socket without moving the wrist or elbow-joint, so that the palms of the hands again face the hip joints and thighs, sweeping them back. Have him repeat the movement until it is smooth and natural. Then take him into the water; placing your hand under the center of the back, bring the body to the surface; make him take position well and execute this sculling movement with the hands. As soon as he does it smoothly and the body begins to move a little through the water without your aid, gradually lessen the support you are giving, and very soon the scholar will float by himself. This method answers just as well when you are teaching from the bank with pole and belt, with the support reaching the body over the pit of the stomach. After fastening on the belt, let the pupil go into the water shoulder-deep or more and stand in position, and commence using the hands; let the body sink gradually backward; help him to rise to the surface with the pole, and proceed as before. As soon as he floats well in this way without support, go in with him and teach him to kick properly and fully. The kick, or leg-stroke, is the most important point in the whole system, and is done by drawing the legs toward the body, the feet hanging loose at the ankle-joints, the knees as wide apart as they will go, being careful that they are drawn up in a straight line with the trunk, and not in front, or the body will rise and fall in the water; the legs are then kicked out wide apart, with the feet held stiff at the ankle, as if they were being stood upon. When the legs are quite straight and eighteen inches or two feet apart, they are closed until they touch their whole length.

It is best to give the pupil support in learning this until he does it well. As soon as he has mastered this full stroke on the back, he is well prepared for learning on the breast, as the leg-stroke in swimming on the breast is similar.

The breast-stroke can be best taught with the pole and belt, as there is more room given for the arms.

Let the pupil bear it in mind that the more the back is hollowed and the chest thrown out in front, the easier it will be to stay on the surface and keep the mouth above water. He must remember that bending the neck a great deal without hollowing the back and throwing the chest forward will not keep him on the surface. Supported on the water, face downward, let the pupil bend the arms and legs at the same time, with the upper arms and elbows close to the body, the forearms and hands in the same position as a child is taught to hold them in saying his prayers. The legs are held as they are in back-swimming; the arms are thrust out straight in front to their full extent, with the shoul-

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PLAIN FLOATING.

ders loose, so as to go with them as far as they can. The legs at the same time are thrust out wide apart as before described; now the legs are closed together like scissors-blades, while the arms are swept backward, with the elbows perfectly straight. The hands should be kept straight, and fingers closed as before, with the outer side or little fingers raised sufficiently to turn the palms of the hands partly outward. Have the pupil make this movement as free and extended as possible, the shoulders being moved with the arms. As soon as the legs are closed together straight behind and the arms swept round just under the surface of the water, as fully as the pupil can manage, the arms are bent at the elbows to throw the hands in front of the chest again; the legs are drawn back at the same time; thus the first position of the stroke is regained and the pupil ready to repeat. The points to be watched in the teaching are to see that an easy position of the body is taken, that the feet are separated smartly the moment the leg-stroke is begun, and that the closing scissors-movement of the legs is not commenced before the knees are straight. See that the pupil does not set his shoulders and swim with the arms alone, and that the arms are as straight as possible when being swept back. In fact, it may be said that the best swimmer looks as if he swam with the straightest limbs. The pressure of the limbs on the mass of water between them, or between them and the body, is what gives most of the propulsion; therefore, bringing the arms well back while straight, and closing the legs as perfectly as possible, has much to do with the speed and ease of the swimmer. When the stroke is mastered in the form I have given, the swimmer will find more distance can be covered with the same exertion if after striking out he holds the hands and arms straight out in front until the legs are closed together; then let the legs hang straight behind until the arms have completed their stroke. When this method of waiting with the arms in the breast-stroke is nicely performed, it enables the same swimmer to go as far in four strokes as he can in six without the pause.

SECOND POSITION OF THE BREAST-STROKE.

FIRST POSITION OF THE BREAST-STROKE.

A number of swimming manuals teach that the arms and legs should be used alternately in the breast-stroke. I have never seen it done well in that way. It would certainly be very hard to teach. I have taught many who can outswim me and strike out simultaneously as I direct, and I have made an unformed swimmer into a finished one in a single lesson. The writer on this subject in the Encyclopedia Britannica gives this stroke as I do. His essay is a good one. The old English standard author, Walker, in his manly sports,

THIRD POSITION OF THE BREAST-STROKE.

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FOURTH POSITION OF THE BREAST-STROKE.

gives it the opposite way. In my judgment the greatest reason for the superior speed of all varieties of the side-stroke is that the under-arm has a strong hold on the water, giving its best propelling power just at the moment the legs are being drawn up, thus preventing the loss of speed between each stroke of the legs.

For ordinary teaching I think I have given sufficient instructions, as any pupil who has become well able to float with the aid of the hands, also being capable of swimming comfortably on the back and breast, knowing when they are well done, is quite competent to copy what he sees others do, and learn all other styles well. I have never found it advisable to give instruction in breathing, as it divides the pupil's attention, concentration of which

SECOND POSITION OF RACING SIDE-STROKE.

is important, and I have found they get the power in nearly all cases before they are able to swim smoothly. There is no doubt in my mind that swimming should always be learned under an instructor, or with a good set of instructions, as when a bad method once becomes habitual it is nearly impossible to change. A large number of those who pick up this art by practice only, learn very badly, while those who learn under good instruction very seldom fail to make fine swimmers. The teacher will find in pupils, besides the usual differences of character, what may be called four different instincts, the clashing of which perhaps has to do with our inability to swim at birth.

The worst is "water scare," or dread, which has to be suppressed; next is natural liking for water; third, instinctive power of swimming dog-fashion; fourth, instinctive power of swimming the breast-stroke. The last is the weakest and most seldom seen.

As soon as the pupil can perform the strokes described fully without having his whole attention centered on it, he

FIRST POSITION OF RACING SIDE-STROKE.

will begin to swim well; but the art is not thoroughly learned until it has become automatic. When that is done it is learned for life.

It is sometimes a very important thing to be able to swim fast for a short distance, and speed is best secured by using the side-stroke.

All side-strokes and overhand methods are advocated because of a supposed advantage in requiring less labor per yard or of giving greater speed. They also, by enabling the swimmer in going a long distance to change the position of the body and the work done by the limbs, prevent muscular overstrain or stiffness.

The most widely known of these strokes is generally called the sailor's

DISTANCE SIDE-STROKE. END OF THE WORK WITH THE RIGHT HAND.

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side-stroke. It is not from being the best of them that it is so common, but that it is only slightly altered from the breast-stroke and is, therefore, easy to learn. When swimming on the breast, turn over on one side (say the left), bring the two hands forward, not in an exactly even manner, but so as to bring them just in front of the left shoulder. In doing this the right arm and wrist is bent sufficiently to thrust the hand close in front of the chest, with the open palm toward it. The left arm has been flexed upon itself, so that both upper and forearm lie close to the side and the points of the fingers are just at the shoulder. By the time the hands are placed thus the legs have been drawn up ready for another kick, and as they do so the right hand, with the palm faced downward, is swept back in front of the body from opposite the left shoulder to the right hip. The left hand has been shot out straight in front and is now swept down under the body, with the palm turned downward, while the right arm and the legs are again brought forward. It will be seen that counting one, two, slowly will cover the stroke. At one the upper arm and legs are doing their work; at two they are being drawn up while the left arm is having its turn.

The next step for the pupil, after acquiring the stroke given, is to learn the method of kicking used in the London or racing side-stroke, as it is certainly more effectual. It is easy to see that if the swimmer, when on his side and kicking, as he does in the breast-swimming, should attempt to lay low and level in the water (as should be done in all side-strokes), the upper leg would be kicked above the surface. To prevent this and make a leg-motion which will work horizontally with the water-surface, and which is the work of the most powerful muscles of the legs, the upper leg is flexed and thrown forward, the under one flexed and thrown back at the same time. Both knees are then straightened, the upper leg kicked back and the under one forward until the legs have crossed each other a foot or more, when the process is repeated.

As soon as the art of swimming, as described in the sailor side-stroke with this way of kicking, has become smooth and easy, lift the elbow of the upper arm just as it has completed a stroke, thus raising the left hand from the water at the hip, carrying the hand and arm forward a little above the surface, the hand to be dipped again, palm downward, about six inches in front of the top of the head, and swept vigorously back in front of the face and body to the hip in concert with a vigorous leg-kick. This overhand side-stroke or half-overhand stroke is the most brilliant of all methods of swimming, as it is very fast and not so fatiguing as the full overhand, and races at all distances are won by those who swim in this fashion.

Another stroke—I think one of the easiest of all for long-distance swimming—is as follows: The arms are brought forward as in the sailor's side-stroke, but the upper one is carried on in front as far as it will reach, care being taken to keep both hands well feathered, so that by moving edgewise through the water they do not retard the swimmer. While the arms are going forward in this manner the legs are kicked, which is not exactly the method used in either the racing stroke or the breast-stroke, but between them, the upper leg thrown forward and the lower one backward. Do not pass one over the other when kicked, but stop when the ankles come together. The legs are then held straight, with feet loose at the ankles, while first the upper arm and then the under one makes its stroke. The legs are bent and kicked again, while the arms are being brought forward.

Thus, while the upper arm is being swept back, the lower one is straight out in front like a cutwater, and the legs stretched straight behind. The under arm is then swept back and picked up so that both hands come in front of the under shoulder at the same moment that the legs are fully bent; then, as these are kicked out and closed, the arms are shot ahead again to take up the propulsion. This stroke has a triple count, instead of double, as in the others. I would put it: legs, 1; upper arm, 2; under arm, 3; legs again. This is the most complicated stroke I know of, and as it is meant for ease, not speed, the great point is accuracy of finish and perfect time. I am not an admirer of overhand swimming, although great speed can be obtained by it in any of its forms, but the exertion is so great that the stroke cannot be fully kept up

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for many yards. In London (the world's metropolis of swimming) I understand it is seldom that overhand swimmers win in any races of over one hundred yards, while they win many shorter. In accomplishing this method, often called thrusting, the swimmer swings round on the side, reaching at the same time to the fullest stretch with the arm and hand, which is carefully dipped so as not to splash; the leg on the same side is simultaneously kicked back hard against the other, which was held straight behind. The limbs of the other side of the body now repeat the process. The method of using the arm in this case is like the stroke of the under arm in side-swimming, only that it is picked out of the water and thrown forward above the surface. I have seen it combined in good style with the breast-stroke kick, also with a variety of the leg-work of the racing side-stroke, as well as with its proper method.

There is another style of overhand stroke; the one already given is said to be the general mode of swimming of both the American Indians and the natives of the Pacific islands. The one I am going to describe was used by an Armenian who worked with me, and I have been told is general among the Greeks. The arm is not in this case fully straightened, both the elbow and wrist remaining a little bent. The bather does not turn more than halfway on the side, and the hand enters the water straight ahead. It is swept down under the face, chest and stomach, to be pulled out at the hip, which the half-turn of the body enables the swimmer to do neatly. In kicking, the Armenian used each leg alternately. He swam very swiftly, but only for short distances.

In propelling the body on the back with the hands only in use, more speed may be made by placing the upper arms tightly to the sides and using only from the elbows down, that joint being fully bent and straightened alternately in such a way, as to throw the forearms out sideways; the hands and forearms being used after the manner of a duck's feet and legs, but outward from the sides. When the elbows are bent the wrists and hands are bent, too; when they are being straightened the hands should be made into as perfect paddles as possible, to be swept back to the tops of the thighs. In full-back swimming the kick is always the same pattern as in the breast-stroke and can be used alone very nicely without any hand and arm-stroke at all. Place the hands on the hips, the elbows out to the sides; but the arms will catch the water less if dropped straight by the sides, the hands slightly clasping the thighs.

The mode of back-swimming I favor most is begun by drawing the hands up the sides; at the same moment the legs are bent, dropping the elbows downward in doing it and flexing the wrists and hands as they come up. When the hands reach the shoulders, shoot them straight out sideways, and sweep the arms back when straightened in unison with the leg-stroke. They should come close to the sides and straight down, just as the legs do; and the swimmer should let his body move in this way for a second or so before the next stroke.

There are also the overhand backstrokes, in which both arms together or each one alternately are swung straight up in the air and over in front, and swept the full half-circle back to the hips in unison with the leg movement.

I do not think it necessary to go into detail about the methods of plunging and diving. Plucky swimmers will learn enough of them. In my opinion jumping from a great height is simply foolhardiness. The dive, feet first, is unusual and neat. It is accomplished by taking a long leap from some support while holding the head and shoulders well back, and at the same instant the leap is made swinging the arms above the head. This throws the feet forward so that the body enters the water at an angle of about forty-five degrees. But do not expect to get the balance of this feat at once, as you are apt to strike flat a few times.

Now I will give a few tricks in the water I have never seen mentioned, and which I discovered for myself. All swimmers will find they can turn much shorter in the water and roll over sideways easiest and faster by crossing the insteps, holding the legs together, and using them like the mythical mermaids used their tails. With very little practice of a sweeping motion of the hands round the waist, and a very slight screw-like motion of the legs and body while in this position, one can turn very fast

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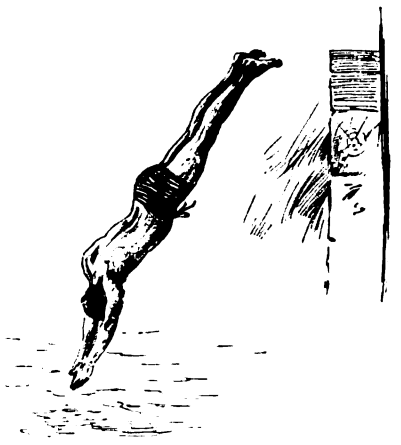
on a center, after the manner of a floating log set rolling.

None but those who are both supple and tolerably tall and slim will be able to do the following: Stand as if going to take an ordinary header, but before doing so pass the hands in front of the body, with the backs forward, until they cross one another; as they do so hook the little fingers into each other and let them hold tight, then force the upper elbow over the lower one and put the loop made out of the forearms over the head. This makes a necktie out of your arms. Now take your header and swim with legs alone. Be careful to give yourself slope enough in the jump, or the water will give you a smart slap in the face. If you find it hard to swim on the breast without the hands, hollow your back more, as a sway-backed swimmer keeps on the surface easily.

Now sit down on the side of the bath and take one ankle and put it on top of the thigh of the other leg, shove it up as



DIVE, HEAD FOREMOST.

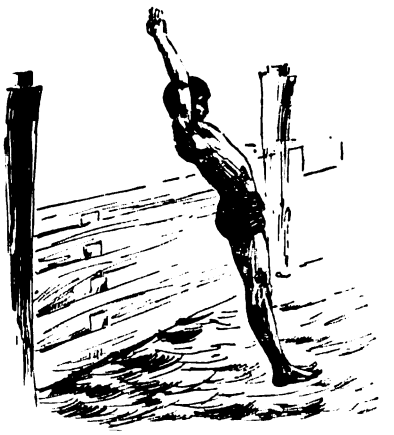
high toward the hip as you can, then lift the other foot and ankle into a similar position on top of the leg first bent. It takes a pretty supple person to accomplish this, but when it is done, just lift yourself between your hands, and with a good swing of your body pitch yourself into the water and swim with the arms alone, which will be found quite easy.

Now go and sit on the side again, fold up your legs (tailor fashion), then cross your arms and put them over your head as for the necktie; then get a couple of your friends or some others to pitch you into the water. Keep your lungs full and hold your breath for a while and you will "bob up serenely." Bend your head back and take short breath with your chest full and you can float as long as you wish, even in fresh water. As soon as you are tired loose your fingers and unhitch your feet and you are free.

I am likely to cause a discussion by claiming that swimming can best be taught by devoting the primary lessons to floating and swimming upon the back. The manuals are divided over the timing of the ordinary method of swimming, some of them claiming that legs and arms are used simultaneously in the breast-stroke, some stating the reverse. I maintain that neither is accurate; the arms and legs are shortened at the same time and extended together, but the legs should be closed together before the arms are started back, and are held still behind while the latter complete the stroke.

Many writers and swimmers claim that the arms cannot, in the breast-stroke, be swept back further, with the elbows straight, than a line across the shoulders without retarding progress more than the advantages gained in sweeping them past this line. I believe if the hands are turned in the proper way to show the least resistance to the water in bringing them forward, they can be swept much further back with advantage.

In conclusion I wish to suggest the possibility, and also the advisability, of instituting summer swimming-schools connected with the public schools of our large cities.



DIVE, FEET FOREMOST.

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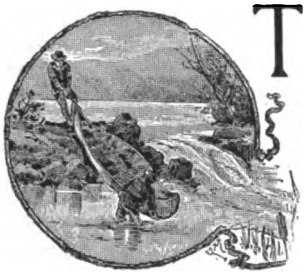
DOWN MILLER'S RIVER.

BY JOSEPH LEE.



THE traveler who approaches Boston from the other side of the Connecticut Valley by the way of the Fitchburg road will notice, if he come by daylight, that the road, in ascending the eastern side of the valley, follows the course of a river which runs a good deal of the way close under the embankment. This is Miller's River. In winter it looks black and threatening as it swirls in under the snow and ice at the foot of a rapid; in March it is a swollen muddy torrent brimming and storming over its banks; in September it is a brown little brook trickling mildly down in a bed so much too large for it that it seems as though it must have belonged to its grandmother, but taken at high summer it is neither black nor fierce nor tame nor insignificant, but just a perfect little river for canoeing.

We started, four of us, with two canvas canoes, from the highest navigable point on the river, Winchendon, running our canoes, rich with the scars and associations of a hundred brooks and rapids, of jack-hunting in Maine and upsetting in Massachusetts, into the river below the little stone wall of the mill yard, shoved her bow out and started with a little rapid, foaming among the rocks under a high, steep bank, covered with the beautiful variety of foliage characteristic of New England. There was every shade of green, from the yellow of the young birch leaves, with the sun behind them, to the deep rich color of the hemlock, and against this darker background stood out the silver of young poplar and the delicate white flower of the "shad blossom," the flower that the spring scatters through our woods as she comes.

An interval of calm, swift water, and we came to a little rocky bar across the stream, a remnant, perhaps, of the dam of some old saw-mill. During the next three miles, in Winchendon and Waterville, there are a great many dams (appropriate and suggestive word), but the carrys are all short and the charms of the river between would make up for twice the number. Below each dam, the river, about ten yards wide, goes hurrying and bustling down past the stones, where quick dodging is necessary, and the bow-man must keep his eyes open, between banks of alders nearly meeting overhead, then round the bend where the black water specked with white foam is overhung by steep banks covered with shady hemlocks. Against the bank, down near the water, grow anemones and Solomon's-seal and a hundred little plants, every crisp leaf and tiny stem showing in delicate fresh green against rich dark mosses and leaf-mold. Or the rapid brings you into a meadow where the river wanders at will, swirling under the alder branches or up against the sod where the bank is undermined; and the sides of your canoe are brushed along in the grass, and a bobolink starts up and flies chippering away.

Below the dams there is a stretch of about five miles where the river (about fifteen yards wide) runs through meadows and pastures, with occasional patches of wood, without rapids, except two sudden steep pitches, where there have probably been dams in former times. At one of these our companions in the other canoe had to get out, nearly up to their waists in water, to save their boat from the ignominy of an entire upsetting, a circumstance from which we in our boat derived solid satisfaction.

In the meadows are willows and alders and tall elm trees, and back of them the upland shows the wiry grass, bluish rocks and clumps of little beehive-shaped pine-trees of a rough pasture, or else there are farms and apple orchards, and the soft country road, where the young man is taking his best girl to drive, and the best girl giggles at some killing remark by the young man concerning the canoeists.

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Coming round the bend we see a little brook of clear water sparkling in a sunny patch, with a tangle of blackberry vines, and a small patch of "innocents" growing beside it, and stop there and drink and wait for the others, and then paddle on with the current, down under the brilliant red pendants of the maples.

Then we see ahead of us an old bridge, with its irregular stone arches, and the soft young blossoms and gnarly stem of the apple-tree growing at one end, and near it is a carriage-load, consisting of a man and his wife and four or five children, and flowers and blossoms are bursting out of both sides of the carriage and sticking out over the back of the sedate old horse, who stands waiting with benignant aspect, while the children scramble out and climb the bank for flowers, and slide down again, and laugh, and see turtles in the brook, and get their clothes dirty, and enjoy themselves generally. Then another bridge, wooden this time, but pretty, as all bridges are the world over. In truth I cannot describe it any more than I could describe to one, who had never smelt it, the scent of pine-woods.

When we came to where the Otter River flows in on the left, we poled up it a mile or two, to get a view of Mount Monadnock, clear cut and delicate blue, through a dip in the woods.

Below Otter River the wind brings us a roaring sound, which gets louder and sounds like a dam or a heavy rapid. The river is smooth as glass, and we look hard at the place where it disappears round the corner, to try to see what is coming, till suddenly one of our friends in the other canoe sings out, and we see the edge of the dam quite close to us. That is the place to look for dams or waterfalls—near to you. If you see funny trees ahead, looking as if the lower half had been cut off and the top set on the ground, do not think they really are very queer trees, but look sharp, hard along the edge of the river, and see whether you are about to go over a forty-foot fall. Another dam, and we are in South Royalston, where we slide the boats down the wooden chute on the left and go up on the dam to examine the rapid below.

In spite of it all we got safely down the rapid, and then we decided that it would be a sin to pass such a night in a hotel, so two of us go up to the town and buy food and four horse blankets, and a second-hand axe, and away we start again. The river flows just here between steep hills and drops forty feet in half a mile; the rapid growing steeper toward the bottom. We start boldly down, the waves grow bigger and bigger, and the rocks come at you faster and faster. Sweeping under the railroad bridge we see the other crew emptying their canoe on the bank, but we speed on. Turning to the right or left, stopping short, backing frantically away from an abyss of white water, yawning ahead of us, putting in every ounce you have and a little more to "get a move on her," to avoid the next rock, then turning close under it, grazing it to avoid the great wave just outside, bumping, balancing, taking in water over the bow and sides, shouting directions with such terms of warning and encouragement as the terse Anglo-Saxon bed-rock of our language affords; general theories and plans of campaign are merged in the joy of battle and in utter devotion to the present duty of dodging the rock that lies nearest you.

At last, in trying to pass a rock we come so far from doing so that it strikes us forward of amidships and our stern swings round, till we are broadside to the stream. Nothing daunted, we each face about, get her off, and paddle stern foremost down the rest of the rapid, till we find ourselves in a big, calm bend, where the river runs smoothly behind some woods to the right, and where we can stop and breathe and look about us.

Across, in front, lay the side of a great hill "wildered o'er" with the many-hued forest of spring, showing every delicate shade of green, melting into the amber color of young oak leaves and the bluish or reddish gray, where the stems and twigs were not yet hidden by leaves, the structure of the nearer trees at the base visible through the thin young foliage. High up on a hill to the left a little farm with its barn and stone-walls and lane for the cows shone in the evening sun, while from the deep pine-grove on the right a wood thrush sang to us that here was solitude and peace. The other canoe came down in good shape.

So we pulled out under the pine-trees

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at the bend on the right, and made a hemlock bed, and cut green maple to last our fire all night, and cooked our eggs, and fed, and were happy.

We started our second day with a rapid along by the railroad track, very steep and full of rocks, and we exchanged salutes with the engineer of an express train, and in consequence ran on a rock and were in great peril, and I thought all was lost, but we got off.

Then we went under the railroad, and after that came a steady downgrade, full of rocks, a drop of 100 feet in a mile and a half, in which my attention grew so tired of looking out for the next rock but one, that I could appreciate the frame of mind of the electric trolley driver watching for the small children that dive across in front of the car. I even became lazy, and it was lucky that the water was not deep and heavy, for we went down that rapid bumping every rock, even as a June bug of a summer's evening bumps every solid body in or out of his way.

Then luncheon at Athol, procured with some difficulty, because it was one o'clock on Sunday, and that means, in a country town in Massachusetts, that everybody is out, and that those who are in have gone one hour over their regular dinner time, and have another hour to look forward before dinner will come, so that their religious scruples about doing things for you on Sunday are naturally in an exaggerated condition. Then after luncheon, calm water for six miles to Orange, a carry on the left through the factory yard at that town, a rapid at the pretty little country town of Wendell, below the dam, another dam at Wendell and a carry.

It looked like rain, so we camped high up by a brook in the woods, just above Erving, stretched one of our blankets for a lean-to, and slept peacefully, and as we dozed off, some sort of bird sung to us up in the trees overhead. He had a long, warbling sort of note, and I am told he must have been a rose-breasted grossbeak, upon which point my mind is still open to conviction.

Our third day, below Erving, was nearly all rapids. The river was bigger, and the rapids swifter, less rocky and more exciting than before. We went down another drop of one hundred feet in a mile and a half at a great pace, racing to avoid rocks and heavy water, and taking in a good deal of the latter in spite of everything. It was the most exhilarating coasting one can imagine. Plenty of steering to make it exciting, and whirling along, mile after mile amid beautiful scenery, whenever it was calm enough to look around. Here we began to see the beautiful Southern dog-wood (*cornus florida*), with its white flowers and level foliage, and the hills rose high and steep and wooded.

Just beyond this we came to the heaviest rapid in the river. Any one following the Fitchburg road can see it close under the bank to the north of the road, just above Miller's Falls, and if he wants to try it he can, but we did not care to. This was the only piece of water on the whole river, except the dams, that we did not run.

Not far below here is a high hill on the left, steep, and with dark cliffs toward the river and dark hemlocks above. First the river runs close to its base, then it sheers off a little, leaving a plateau with stately elms, one of the prettiest bits in the whole river. It is followed by a rapid curve to the left, and then sharp, in a heavy race, to the right under a similar dark hillside with the arms of great trees stretching out over the water from among huge rocks at its base; then a steep incline, where our boat was partly filled, and then, ahead of us, a steep, rocky gorge, through which I saw a broad, swift current flowing to the left across our bows with a dizzying effect, giving the impression that the river had gone crazy, till some one called out, "the Connecticut," and we came out upon the great river, rushing down between its deep, darkly wooded hills, the water still cold as ice from the melting snow far to the north in its native wilderness. Here we baled out our canoes, paddled across the current to a beach where a tall lilac bush grew wild beneath some big pines, and there lunched, sheltered from a heavy shower that had waited till we were under the trees.

The mist lay thick along the Connecticut. It was still and strange and weird out on that great smooth, swift current, alone in the midst of a white cloud, watching and listening for the expected rapid. We never knew we were in it till we were out of it, and found ourselves at Turner's Falls.

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CANADIAN MILITIA IN ACTION.*

BY CAPT. HENRY T. WOODSIDE,
95TH BATTALION, M. G.

(Concluded.)

VERY soon after the steamer *Northcote* started, she drifted down the river and was soon practically out of the fight, having had three men wounded on board.

While the steamer was engaged with the rebels, Middleton's force made a detour and attacked Batoche northeast of where they had been expected. One of the guns of "A" Battery began shelling the village from the brow of the bank. The rebels, who had abandoned their pits to take part in the attack on the steamer, now became aware of the new enemy on the landward side and immediately raced back for their pits, some of which, unknown to the artillerymen, were within fifty yards in front of the gun. Arrived in the brush around the pits, the rebels, without taking time to breathe or to aim, fired a scattering volley on the group of artillerymen, detached officers and teamsters, who were anxiously watching for a sign of the steamer over the tops of the trees in the valley beyond. The volley delivered at such a short range strangely did not wound a single man, but there was a very sudden movement for the rear among the groups behind the gun—a regular race. The gun was limbered up quickly and got back over a little ridge, a couple of hundred yards behind. The Gatling gun in charge of Captain Howard happened to be in a little hollow to one side of the gun when it was in action. It was run forward on a slight rise of the ground and its fire, turned on the thicket containing the enemy, making the limbs and bark fly, silenced the enemy's fire for the time. This was the event of the so-called rout of the right wing at Batoche; the particulars are from the participants in the race and from the half-breeds after the troubles were over.

The troops were extended in skirmishing order and advanced to feel the enemy, while the two half batteries pounded away at whatever they could see worth firing at. Finding the place well defended, General Middleton formed an entrenched camp a mile away and for three days carried on a skirmishing fight around most of the semicircle of pits. During this desultory fighting several cases of the coolest courage were recorded, notably the rescue of wounded men by Captain French and Surgeon Codd.

The skirmishers advanced to the attack each morning and retired to camp each night. There is proof that General Middleton intended to make an assault on the third day, but his orders were misunderstood. After three days of this sort of fighting, the troops were savage enough to rush at anything, and about noon on the fourth day, with or without the general's orders, an advance began on the left by the Midlanders under Colonel Williams, dashing forward along the bank of the river with a ringing cheer, which was quickly taken up all along the line. The Grenadiers in the center of the line required no second invitation, but went at the pits in succession of companies from the left, and taking them in flank drove their occupants into the thicket behind. The Ninetieth, who were in camp at dinner, at the first sound of the cheer poured out of the passageway, under and over wagons, and forming outside the lines went off at the double to do their share of the fighting. Boulton's men also rushed out of the corral, mounted and rode off to prolong the right flank. The Surveyor Corps, French's Scouts, the artillerymen, Gatling gun corps, and some of the teamsters went in wherever the fighting was good, and joining in the general rush, pushed for the village.

The prisoners which Riel held were confined in a cellar during the siege, and it was feared that when the enemy saw their lines being forced, they would massacre them. One of them, Mr.

* For previous articles on Canadian Militia see OUTING, Jan. and Feb., 1891, and Jan., 1892.

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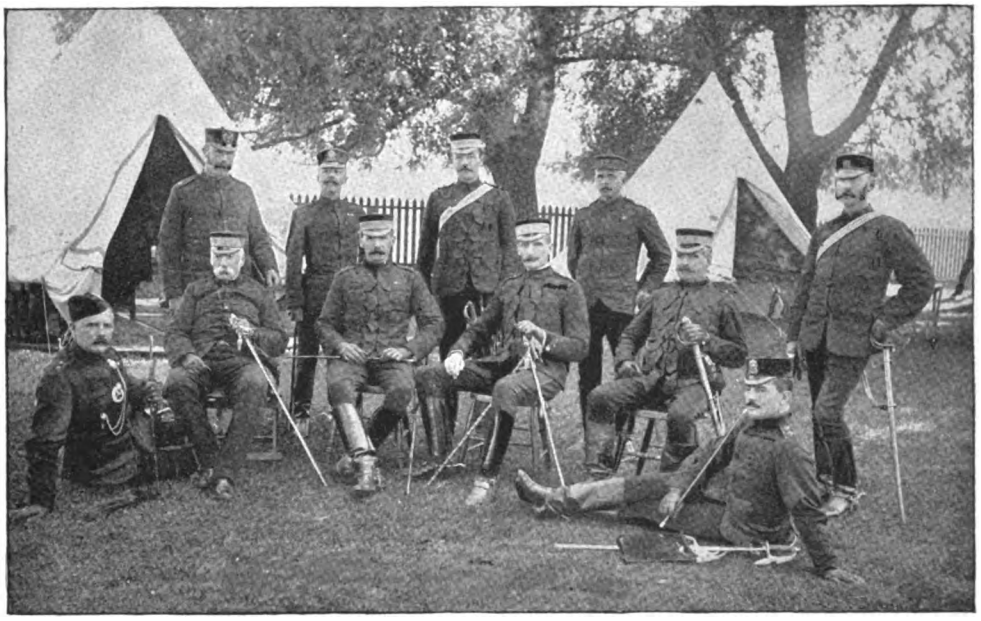
Astley, was sent forward through the fighting by Riel to ask for terms, but he was too late. A number of officers and men made a swift rush to the cluster of houses in which the prisoners were confined, and released them. The fighting was soon over; the rebels fled at every point. Most of them escaped down the river bank.

The loyalists suffered heavily, principally in officers, who exposed themselves almost recklessly in leading on their men. Gallant Captain French was killed at the window of one of the houses; Captain Brown (brave, splendid "Ted"), of Boulton's men, was shot through the heart while leading on a

ported by the priest, 51 killed and 173 wounded; nearly all these casualties were on the last day. This is probably an overestimate. Over 20 of the enemy's dead were found on the field after the capture of Batoche.* This victory virtually broke the back of the rebellion. Riel and several of his councilors were captured within a week.

When Middleton's column marched north from Quapelle the general gave orders that a column under General Strange should penetrate north from Calgary, 516 miles west from Quapelle, and another column under Lieutenant-Colonel Otter should march from Medicine Hat to the relief of Battleford, which



CAPT. STREATFIELD, A.D.C., (of Gren. G'd's, London.)
MAJ. McLAREN (13th), Supply Officer.
MAJOR VIDAD, I.S.C.
LT.-COL. WAYLING (12th), Musketry Instructor.
SUR. MAJ. McLEAN (31st), Prin. Med. Officer.
LT.-COL. ALGER, Brig. Paymaster.
LT.-COL. OTTER, I.S.C., Commandant.
MAJ.-GEN. HERBERT, Gren. G'd's, Comd'g Can. Militia.
LT.-COL. GRAY, Brigade Major.
CAPT. MUTTON, Q.O.R., Camp Quartermaster.
CAPT. McDOUGALL, I.S.C., Orderly Officer.
STAFF AT NIAGARA, ONT., 1891.

detachment of his men. Lieutenant Fitch, of the Tenth R. G., and Lieutenant Kippen, of the Surveyors Corps, were killed in the skirmish line. During the four days' fighting the Ninetieth lost 2 killed, the Tenth 2, the Surveyors Corps 1, French's Scouts 1, Boulton's Mounted Infantry 1, and "C" Company 1. The total killed was 8, and the wounded 46. Of the 800 soldiers present, 500 were in action. The rebels, with a force of about 500, lost, as re-

was in danger from Poundmaker's big tribe of Indians, who killed several people and looted part of Battleford. These columns would ultimately unite at or near Battleford. General Strange, an Imperial Army officer, had under him the Ninety-first (then called the Ninety-second) Manitoba Light Infantry under Lieutenant-Colonel Osborne Smith, 300 men; the Sixty-fifth Quebec Rifles,

* An American correspondent gives the rebel loss at 53 killed, 60 wounded.

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350 men, under Lieutenant-Colonel Ouimet; 52 Mounted Police, Major Steele; 42 scouts, Major Hatton; 25 M. P., Captain Oswald; 46 scouts, Major Perry, Edmonton Volunteers and one gun.

He advanced to Edmonton and then floated down the Saskatchewan River in scows, after leaving a few detachments to guard important points on the way. Near Fort Pitt the Indians under Big Bear, had committed an atrocious massacre at a place called Frog Lake, murdering fourteen people, including two priests. They had also attacked Fort Pitt, defended by a small detachment of mounted police under command of Inspector Dickens, who found the place untenable and evacuated it, after two of his men were killed, retiring in scows to Battleford. The Indians had some of the wives of the victims of the Frog Lake massacre, Mr. McLean, a Hudson's Bay factor, his family, and several other men and women prisoners, who were only preserved from massacre by the efforts of the more humane Indians in the band.

General Strange disembarked at Fort Pitt and marched north after Big Bear's band, which had been looting some Hudson's Bay posts. He caught up with him at a place called Frenchman's Butte, where he found the Indians 250 warriors strong, occupying a well-chosen position in the forest, entrenched in rifle pits around a mound and protected by a deep ravine and morass in front. When Strange's force advanced to attack, the Indians sent a party around to the rear of the troops, who opened fire on the rear guard and teamsters. Ignorant of the strength of Big Bear's band, Strange feared that he might be surrounded in the forest in a risky position, and accordingly drew off his troops and the field piece. It was a mutual retirement, for the Indians, demoralized by the shells of the nine-pounder that dropped among their pits, and by the hot fire of the Ninety-first and Sixty-fifth, advancing boldly to the attack, began to evacuate their pits, and when the troops moved off south, most of the Indians were in full retreat northward. General Strange retired with three wounded to Fort Pitt and waited for reinforcements.

Lieutenant-Colonel Otter, who had smelt powder with the Queen's Own at Ridgeway in 1866, was assigned to the command of the center column for the relief of Battleford. It moved north in wagons from Medicine Hat, and advanced swiftly to Battleford, which it relieved. The column was composed of the Queen's Own Rifles, under Lieutenant-Colonel Miller, 270 men; a company of the Governor-General's Body Guard, under Captain Todd, 50 men; "B" Battery, 2 guns and 110 men, under Major Short; half of "C" Company, 46 men, under Lieutenant Wadmore; 50 Mounted Police, Lieut.-Col. Wm. Herchmer, and a Gatling gun.

After remaining at Battleford a few days, Colonel Otter determined to ascertain Poundmaker's position in the Thunder Hills, thirty miles west of Battleford, and the wily chief's intentions, by making a reconnoissance in force in that direction. With detachments of the Q. O. R., 60 men, Captain Brown; 75 Mounted Police, Lieut.-Col. Wm. Herchmer; 80 artillerymen of "B" Battery, Major Short; 45 men of the Battleford Rifles, Captain Nash; 45 of "C" Company, Lieutenant Wadmore, 20 of the Guards' Sharpshooters, Lieutenant Gray—amounting in all to 325 men, 2 guns and 48 wagons, he marched out of his camp in the evening, his men in wagons.

He halted at 7 P. M. until midnight, and early in the morning resumed his march. Just at daylight (about 4 A.M.), as the head of his column was crossing Cut Knife Creek (the site of a former big Indian battle), the teepees of Poundmaker were discerned in the groves in front. It was nearly a complete surprise for the Indians. The first shots were fired as the advance formed on the crest of the hill above the creek, and most of the Indians were awakened by the thunder of Otter's guns and the crash of his shells among their teepees. They swarmed out like hornets and came down yelling and whooping wildly.

Their first attempt was to capture one of the guns which was in action well in front of the main body, and forty or fifty of them swooped down upon it. Major Short saw the peril, and, calling for supports, he made a plucky counter-charge, checked the Indians, and drove them back into the ravines. In a few minutes Otter's main force had crossed the creek and were forming on the crest

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of the little plateau, extending over it in the form of the end of an oval. Foiled in their charge, the Indians scattered to the ravines and began to move around the flanks of the oval to reach the rear, but they had met their match. Colonel Otter's whole life and training was eminently practical, and led up to this moment, when he stood on the field as if he was conducting a parade skirmish. He saw what was necessary to be done, and gave his orders, which were as coolly and energetically carried out as they were formulated. Advances and rushes were made from time to time, which chased the enemy away from troublesome places, and the men soon took cover, perfectly imitating the Indians, who were waving their blankets to draw fire, by raising their caps on little sticks, while comrades fired at the little puffs of smoke that greeted the appearance of a cap.

Otter would have probably advanced and captured the Indian camp but for an event that changed his plans. He had been induced to take a couple of seven-pounders with him instead of his own nine-pounders. The guns were old, their trails both broke after a few discharges, and thereafter they could only be fired with difficulty.

The fight went on until about 2 P.M., when Otter deemed it prudent to retire. He ordered the mounted scouts and Battleford Rifles to clear the rear of Indians, which they did in fine shape. Then sending one of the crippled guns and a detachment of his men over the creek to the crest of the opposite bank, where their fire checked the Indians, he gradually drew off all his force, with all his dead and wounded, except one of the dead, who was left in a ravine by a misunderstanding. The withdrawal was so skillfully performed, and the bulldog showed his teeth so fiercely when pressed, that the Indians found it did not pay to follow in pursuit beyond the creek, so that the column was unmolested on its march back to Battleford, whither it arrived after dark that evening.

The Mounted Police lost 3 killed, the Battleford Rifles 1, the Guards 2, "C" company 1, and the teamsters 1; total, 8 killed and 14 wounded. The loss of the Indians was severe, although it could not be correctly learned. The band was so roughly handled that it fought no more during the rebellion, but surrendered to Middleton when he marched to Battleford after the capture of Batoche. Cut Knife Creek was the neatest fight of the rebellion, and one of the most important.

When news came to Battleford from General Strange, General Middleton immediately set out with most of his command, ordering Colonel Otter to move detachments north to cut off Big Bear's band should they decide to turn south. A general pursuit by portions of the three columns followed, and Big Bear was chased until his motley following of plains and wood Indians went to pieces. His prisoners were rescued, and the old chief himself was subsequently captured south of the Saskatchewan by a party of the Mounted Police. During the chase Major Steele, with a party of Mounted Police, caught up to Big Bear's main band, and after killing several of the enemy, drove the others across the muskeg and over a lake. The pursuit by the different forces was carried on through one of the most difficult and trackless countries on the continent. Over hills, through leafy forests and shaky muskegs or mossy bogs, across rivers and lakes on rafts, the different commands pushed on, dragging their guns and wagons over awful roads, mindful more of rescuing the prisoners than of punishing Big Bear. In this forest and sub-aquatic work the Sixty-fifth Battalion of French Canadians were invaluable and earned the title of "The Alligators" by their successful handling of the guns in muskeg and on bad roads. They also proved to be good men under fire.

By the end of June most of the outstanding tribes had been dealt with, and had surrendered or scattered. The Indians directly responsible for murders were killed or captured, and after a fair trial were hanged. The worst of the others and the half-breeds were sentenced to various terms of imprisonment. Riel was tried and hanged.

There were five main actions and several skirmishes fought. The loyalists lost about sixty, the rebels considerably over that number.

In addition to those corps which formed part of the three columns, a number of other corps were in the field

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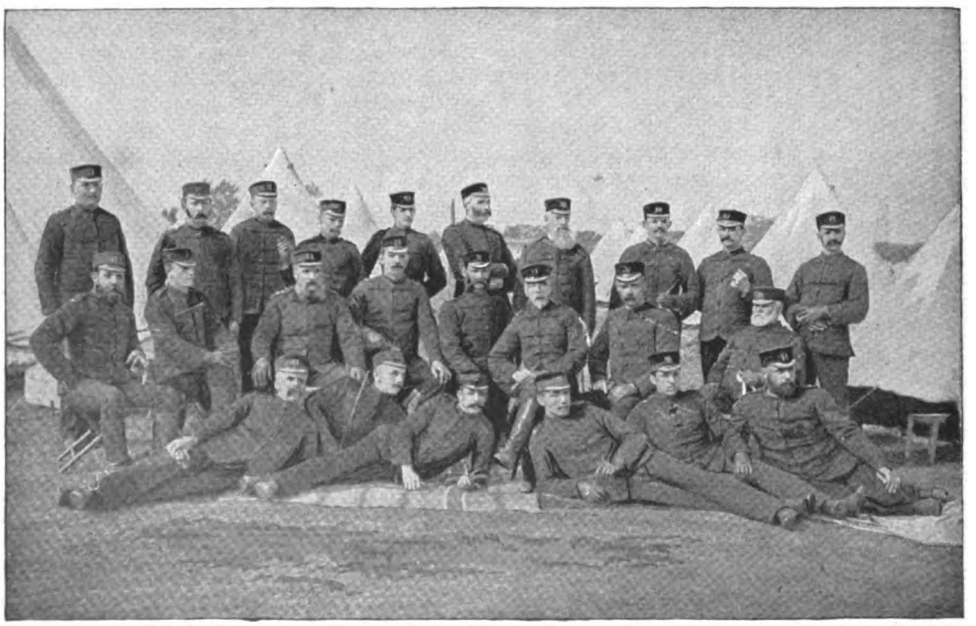
guarding posts or settlements. The Quebec Cavalry School under Lieutenant-Colonel Turnbull, the Governor-General Body Guard of cavalry under Lieut.-Col. G. T. Dennison, the Winnipeg Troop of Cavalry under Captain Knight, was sent north nearly to Clarke's Crossing and did good work in scouting and capturing disaffected Indians. The mixed battalion of Twelfth York Rangers and Thirty-fifth Simcoe Forresters, Lieutenant-Colonel O'Brien, watched the Indians at Quapelle, and later, in conjunction with the cavalry, guarded the line of Middleton's communication. The Ninety-fifth Battalion (then Ninety-first) Manitoba Grenadiers, 435 strong, under Lieutenant-Colonel Scott, guarded the base of supplies at Troy and Fort Quapelle and kept the bands of Piapot, Star Blanket and other chiefs quiet; that being the center of several large Indian reservations. The Seventh Fusileers, Lieut.-Col. A. T. H. Williams, at Clarke's Crossing, and the rest of the Midlanders watched the line of the South Saskatchewan River. The Halifax Provisional Battalion, Lieutenant-Colonel Bremner, the Ninth Voltigeurs of Quebec, Lieutenant-Colonel Amyot, and the Montreal Garrison Artillery, Lieutenant-Colonel Oswald, guarded the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway. The Rocky Mountain Rangers, Major Stewart; the Morse Mountain Scouts, Captain White; the Yorkton Corps, Major Watson, did scouting and garrison work.

That great corporation, the Hudson's Bay Company, with depots and stores all over the country, became the commissary of the forces, and handled nearly the whole of the supplies furnished. There were one thousand five hundred teams and teamsters in their employ during the most acute period of the troubles, which were drawn from Manitoba and the northwest.

Within a fortnight of the outbreak, ten regiments of infantry, eight troops of cavalry and four batteries of artillery, assisted by several corps of scouts and fifteen hundred teamsters, were transported to the base of operations; within two weeks more, three actions had been fought in a remote district; within four months every tribe or rebel force was dispersed, after marches in some cases aggregating one thousand seven hundred miles, and the whole force of five thousand men had returned home and disbanded.



CAPT. CLELAND, LT. CROSS, CAPT. McGIKR, LT. IRVINE, LT. McLEAN, CAPT. McDONALD, CAPT. SPENCER, CAPT. WOODSIDE (93th Batt.), CAPT. McINTOSH, Q.M.; SURG. OLDHAM.
MAJ. CAMPBELL, Adj.; LT. McKENZIE, LT.-COL. TELFORD, Rt. Major; LT. BENNETT, CAPT. McKNIGHT, LT.-COL. BRODIE, Comdg. 31st; CAPT. MASSON, Paymaster; MAJ. RORKE, Lft. Major.
CAPT. RORKE, LT. TELFORD, LT. CHISHOLM, LT. RORKE, LT. HUNTER, LT. GRIGG.

OFFICERS THIRTY-FIRST BATT. NIAGARA CAMP, 1891.

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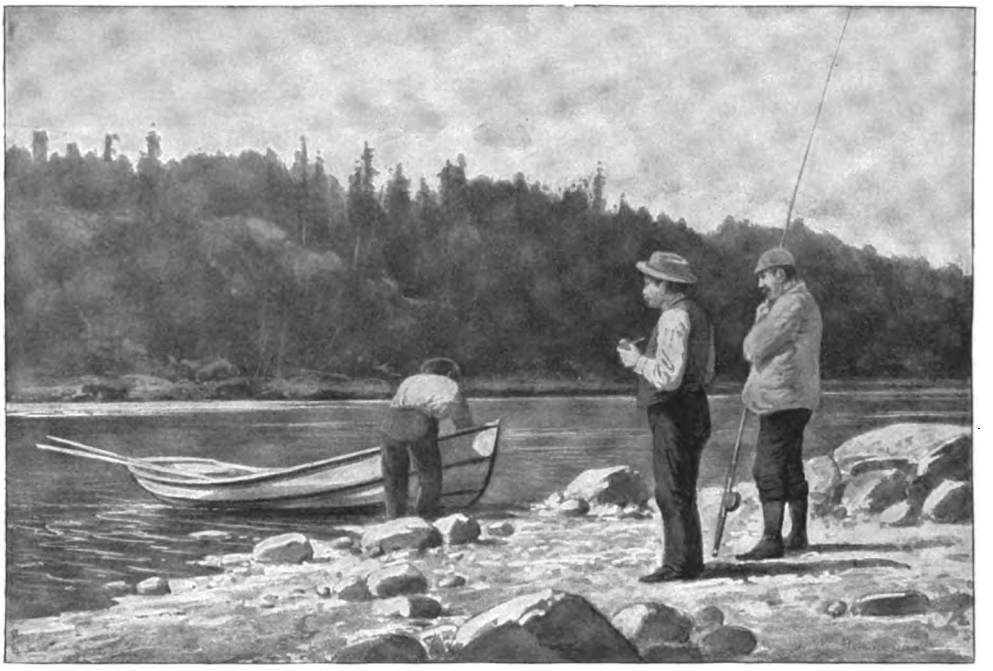

SALMON-FISHING ON THE NEWFOUNDLAND COAST.

BY E. J. MYERS.

"THE salmon are exceedingly large, gamy and full of vigor, going up the Humber in great schools. They have been caught in the Steadys weighing eighty pounds, and forty-five pounds' weight is not uncommon."

When I first heard or where I first read this fable I cannot now recall. How long it has, year in and year out, with the coming of the spring, haunted my brain and robbed me of my peace of mind, I could not venture to say, I should be ashamed to confess. How dissatisfied it has made me, how it has caused me to contemptuously regard old, reliable pools where my flies have fallen upon and swept over every square inch of water time and time again—aye! and tantalizingly swept by—nay! under the very nose of the imperturbable *Salmo Salar* until he rose from sheer exasperation.

Having provided myself with all manner of things necessary and more unnecessary, and conferred with my *fidus Achates* of fishing tackle, Edward vom Hofe, as to whether I had better not buy another hundred or so of irresistible flies, a gross of invincible salmon-leaders, and a mile or two of silk line, early in June I left New York by steamer to Boston and Yarmouth, thence by rail to Halifax to catch the steamer *Harlaw*.

Along the coast of Nova Scotia, around Cape Canso, through the canal at St. Peters, into and through Bras D'Or Lakes, about whose beauty volumes have been written, stopping at Baddeck, Sidney, and every fishing settlement and lobster factory on Cape Breton Island, the *Harlaw* goes—a late landing at St. Paul's Island, and then across to Newfoundland.

Here one gets the fog in all its purity, finds it thicker, denser, more impenetrable than on the Grand Banks, and going around Cape Ray in the lop of the sea, with the fog hiding the lookout from the captain on the bridge, and the "siren" of the *Harlaw* singing, you are not going in a dream, but in a first-class nightmare.

But should you have fair weather, then no skies are bluer and no atmosphere clearer than Newfoundland's; you will then indeed learn the full significance of "what is so perfect, so rare, as a day in June?" The breakers

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on the desolate, rock-bound coast; the jutting headlands, the long-reaching point of the cape; the tall, white shaft of the lighthouse; the blue mountains, with great patches of snow; quaintly curious sentinel rocks; the great flocks of water-fowl; the cool, pleasant wind blowing from ice-fields; whales spouting; a placid sea, and the good ship going steadily on—this is the West Coast in June.

Along the coast the rocks and mountains assume strange, fantastic shapes. At Bonne Bay one of the peaks assumes the figure of a squaw with a pappoose on her back, and as it recedes into the distance the peaks behind resolve themselves into two great plumes surmounting the head of an Indian chief. Before you reach Bay of Islands you will see out in the waters a lady sitting in state in a great chair, with a cavalier kneeling at her feet, and then a half-dozen children sitting on stairs carved in the side of a great beetling cliff by the action of the water. The great mountain summit, forming a shapely head with a high silk hat, standing out clear and distinct, and the friars' figures are familiar to every sailor on the coast. Great falls of water pouring over the precipitous cliffs with a sheer drop of hundreds of feet, falling in spray, from around which, disturbed by the hoarse scream of the "siren," large flocks of sea-fowl rise in the air. Rows of shanties, hundreds of miles from even the settlements, where the fishermen congregate to dry their fish; long, rambling lobster factories, where lobsters are sold for the fabulous price of from forty to seventy cents a hundred, present varying pictures for the curiosity of the traveler.

After one leaves Halifax the reign of the fabulous begins, and whether your northward way trends up the east or the west coast of that *terra incognita*, Newfoundland, it is the embarrassment of riches that confounds you as to whether it be not better to stop and enjoy that which is at hand, and where the salmon-fishing seems so certain, than to journey farther to a glorious uncertainty, which may end in disappointment. It seems like journeying to that "bourne whence no traveler returns," so far as getting reliable and personally experienced information. But that is why these lines are written, and why OUTING publishes them.

Only four hours more from Channel to the Grand Codroy River, and then, and then—

"There is a river in Macedon; and there is also, moreover, a river at Monmouth; and there is salmons in both."

Our guides or pilots, as they are there called, were waiting for us—Denie Ryan, Archie McIsacs, Michael Gillis and Patrick Ryan, each and every of them a character quaint and peculiar in himself. One thing striking they had in common—they knew nothing of salmon-fishing, had not an idea of casting a fly, although said to be (and probably were) the best pilots in that section of the country. Gillis and Archie were "Scot" through and through, speaking English with a quaint, soft accent, and in personal talk using the pure Gaelic.

The Grand Codroy River empties into the gulf about six miles from the village, and getting into the vehicles provided for us, with traps well secured, we started for Miss Sears', six miles away, where we were to sup, and then journey on to Doyle's, nine miles farther up the river, where we were to sleep that night.

We arrived at the house about six o'clock and found tea awaiting us. Of that repast I can quote, acquainted as I am with the mysteries and resources of Delmonico's, old Izaak Walton's saying:

"This dish of meat is too good for anybody but Anglers, or very honest men."

At that table, overlooking the Grand Codroy, three miles wide, and dotted with little spots, betraying the *bête noire* of the salmon fisherman—the salmon net—the commoner and the prince are alike welcomed by the hostess.

Here Prince George of England and Admiral Fane had sat and journeyed on; here Bishop Jagger, the Dean of Albany, and the officers of H. M. S. *Canada* would come and journey on, even as then we sat and should wend our way.

Four hours later we supped at Doyle's, where we packed and prepared for a start at daybreak.

Breakfast at three o'clock in the morning, and then—were you ever ashamed to pay a bill which had been adjusted by your pilots to the satisfaction of your host and hostess? Well, we had four pilots. There were the admiral, that Nestor of salmon fishermen;

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John Y. Paysant, of Halifax, professor of law, gentleman and fisherman (the last shall be first); Bert, his son, and myself. These were the charges: ten cents a meal, and five cents for lodging in the "best rooms" for ourselves, and five cents for meals and no charge for lodgings for the pilots. Michael Gillis ("thrifty Scot") fixed the bill and I left it to the conscience of the chancellor, the admiral, to settle it, to avoid what, considering the entertainment, I deemed rank imposition.

The admiral decided that we should proceed up the river to the Grand Forks, and there pitch a permanent camp during our stay on the river; so, in the raw mist which swept inland from the dense fog of the sea-coast we started up the river with two suits of underwear and wrapped in our old winter ulsters.

At the head of the tide we spliced and fixed our rods for the first cast, while dinner was being prepared. Do you call to mind the fear and trembling in your soul as you rang the front-door bell on the visit when you intended to pop the question? Not much different are the feelings that accompany the moment when, after having traveled days and weeks, you stand on the shingle getting your fly sixty feet away out in the pool.

Are the salmon in the river? Is your tackle sufficient for the fray? Do you look all right? Truly, the admiral would say take off that shining straw hat and glistening canvas coat, or tell you of Nell Blode, the great half-breed guide who left a fisherman because he began casting his fly with his shadow stretching over the pool. "Ugh C'n' pas bon'!"

Well, then and there we settled the first question, for Bert hooked two salmon but lost both, and to my infinite disgust I got two five-pound sea-trout, which we had for dinner. Many and many a time have I exulted over capturing such beauties, and how often have I read of it with thrills running through my blood, hoping and longing for that time to come! Ah, me! those are the pleasures of the novice—that may satisfy one who has never played the *Salmo Salar*.

The admiral coached Bert and myself in our casting and held out glorious prophecies of the sport which awaited us at the Grand Forks. We reached the Grand Forks about four o'clock and pitched camp just on the point where the river divides above into what are called the North and South Forks; and around us the mountains raised lofty summits, upon which yet lingered great patches of snow. Opposite us a trout brook with noisy babble flowed down between heavy growth of underbrush and trees into the river, and in the quiet stillness we could hear the splashing made by the leaping of the trout. Over the gravel the river flowed with a murmur that spoke of the great falls and the mutinous breakers of the seashore, and in the waters of the rocky grooves that form the pools of the Grand Forks we could see the dark, bluish-green forms of the salmon waiting to ascend the stream. Across our faces all day long blew the wind, made fragrant by the perfume of forest flowers and balm o' Gilead. On the river we remained eleven days, averaging four salmon a day.

The admiral, who has fished every first-class river in New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Quebec, says (allowing no contradiction) there are no salmon possessing the game qualities of those killed in the Grand Codroy, and surely ought that veteran to know, for he has fished in Port Medway, Moise Restigouche, Esquimaux, Exploits—what is it the German says, "und so weiter!"

The river deserves some special mention, for anything published in OUTING concerning sport should serve as a reliable guide and source of information. The river is a wide, turbulent torrent of foaming waters in the spring, leaving marks, high up on the trees, of the ice borne down to the sea. In June it has narrowed down in places to an ordinary brook; in other places only a rugged stream running over the shingle a few inches in depth, then widening out nearly a mile, then narrowing down to deep, silent pools in which you can scarcely see the current. There are no portages or carrys made in going up or descending the river, and only at the Over-falls did the pilots unload the boats. In the rocky grooves hollowed and dug out by the waters at the Over-falls, I have seen salmon in scores lying in the waters, their dark forms plainly distinguishable by their color and moving tails, refusing to rise to any fly until it was a positive pain to refrain from "jigging" them.

In the Grand Codroy the salmon are

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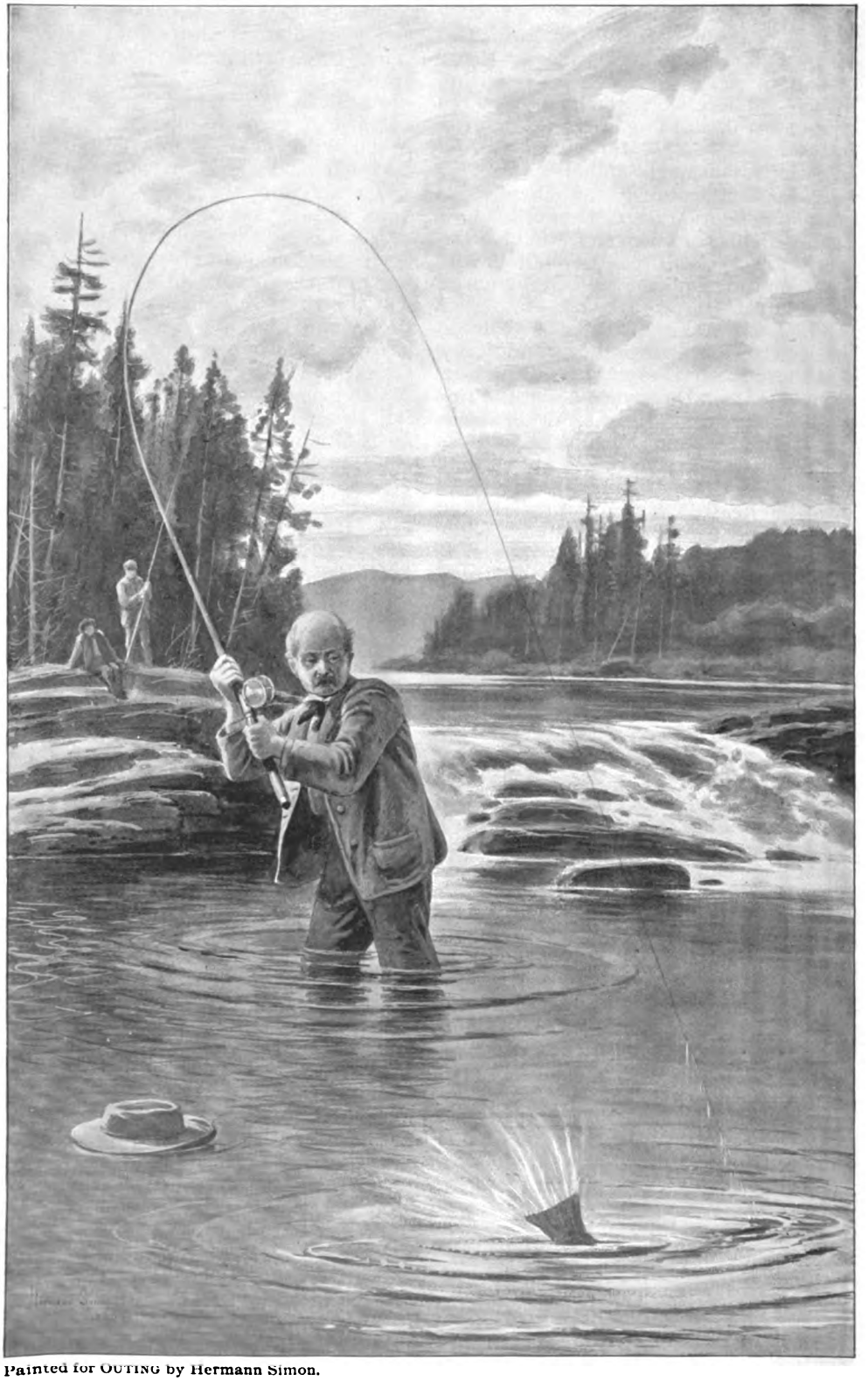

Painted for OUTING by Hermann Simon.

"THE ADMIRAL SEEMED TO HAVE MUSCLES OF STEEL." (*p. 298.*)

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taken in the comparatively still waters of the pool and never in the turbulent or rushing waters. When seen rising in the ripples or rifts, or jumping in the rapids, they never take the fly.

The great pools of the Grand Codroy may be briefly described. The waters rushing down in the spring have scooped out great hollows in the bed of the river, notably the Big Salmon Pool, forming in other places wide stretches of water, or deepening into long, narrow, rocky furrows, viz.: Grand Forks and Limestone Pools; wide basins of water below the rapids running over shingle, viz.: Molly Chigaunay ("Mollie's Chickens" a free rendition, but not translation) and Smoke House Pool, and then a series of stairs or terraces, with trenches at the foot of each stair, viz.: the Over-falls, where I killed a fourteen-pound salmon in thirty-five minutes, although he went down the entire terraces of the Over-falls into the canal, covering nearly half a mile.

And now to consider an episode at Big Salmon Pool. My flies had vainly fallen upon and swam over every inch of the pool. Utterly wearied with my failure to get a rise, I waded out of the pool, and, pulling off my mackintosh stockings, perched myself on a rock, ashamed to face the admiral, who had been watching me.

"Iss no fiss in the riffer," said Archie, with his soft Gaelic accent.

There sat the admiral, smoking his beloved briarwood, and there he would sit for hours, content to watch the flowing river, lost in reverie over his many victories with the only finny antagonist he would admit it was worth while to cast a fly for.

I do not believe the ripple caused by my leaving the pool had died away, when, out in the middle, rose a salmon with the surge of a whale. The admiral softly whistled to himself; but, ah me! it made me feel sick! What failure of mine in cast or swirl lay in this revelation of my utter inability to handle the rod?

How quietly the admiral rose and picked up his rod. Quietly and deliberately, foot by foot—I could count the minutes between each step—he waded out into the pool. Higher and higher rose the water, deeper and deeper he waded in, until it was almost up to his armpits, and then he got upon his favorite rock on the reef, with the river up to his waist, though he stood six feet in his stockings, and yet scarcely a ripple rolled across the pool, so cautiously had he reached his stand. I saw him glance up at the sun, then look at his shadow on the water, and wait full ten minutes for a straying cloud to cast its shadow upon the pool before the Castle Connell sent out the line. Forty, fifty, sixty feet the silken thread ran out with the soft, musical hum of the tip as it described a circle—no, an oval —over the caster's head. Then full seventy feet the line went out, taut as a bowstring, hovering four or five feet above; then lightly fell on the water, without a curve or bend from tip to fly, which, lightly falling, sent out widening circles as if it were alive, and began swimming from side to side under the dip-dip of the rod, until it swept almost around to the caster's side. What a pleasure to watch him cast as he exhausted the pool! What an education in angling to spend a few weeks in his company—the quintessence of salmon-fishing under the tutelage of a post-graduate!

An exclamation from Archie caused me to look up in time to see a salmon rise at the fly. A few minutes later the admiral reeled in his line and waded ashore. As he sat down and filled his pipe, cutting the tobacco with the utmost deliberation, I knew (as every reader will know) that the old veteran meant that the time-honored tradition should be observed—that at least ten, if not twenty, minutes should elapse before another cast was made. He smoked in silence, rose and walked slowly up and down the shingle to temper his ill-concealed impatience, and then, after carefully examining fly, leader and knot with the same caution, went back to the rock.

I heard the singing of the Castle Connell and the sibilant hiss of the impelled line; I watched with more pleasure than if I were casting, and then—

> "Es ist eine alte Geschichte,
> Doch bleibt sie immer neu."

For there was a splurge and swirl of water, a swift backward throw of the tip, a hoarse scream of the reel, a hat floating down the stream, an envious pang of my heart, and then, without a cloud in the sky, a battle-royal began

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and went on from one o'clock until quarter-past five by the watch. Does any salmon fisherman want a pen picture of the struggle.

"To those who know thee not, no words can paint,
And those who know thee, know all words are faint."

The frenzied rushes of the salmon up and down the pool, with a hatless, gray-headed man madly scrambling over the rocks and running to and fro over the shingle to prevent the fish getting too much line or to keep enough line on the reel to answer some wilder rush; the frantic reeling in of the line as it seemed to form a hopeless curve on the water, the salmon shooting straight toward the fisherman like an arrow from the bow, while he wildly wished that his rod were sixty feet long so that he need not madly scramble backwards at the imminent risk of his neck, until the much-tried rod strained in a bow of promise that gave more gladness than a rainbow after storm; sulking at the bottom of the pool until we pelted him with stones up the pool and down the pool until all but the inexhaustible patience of the admiral gave out. With what sagacity that *Salmo Salar* selected the places to sulk, deep in the trench of the reef, hewn out by the floods, or twixt great bowlders where he held the tip of the rod fairly dipped in the water, and we thought that he was grinding the hook out of his mouth against the rock! What trouble to select pebbles of the right size to drop, for the admiral seemed to have an eye for everything that went on; and how we had to paddle in the dory so that we were always between the salmon and the shore! Never have I labored as I did that afternoon to keep that fish moving, for the admiral seemed to have muscles of steel, and the command was inexorable to keep the salmon going. Finally the end came. I looked up at the admiral for permission to handle the gaff, and as he nodded I nerved myself for the strike. Slowly yielding to the strain, the salmon came nearer and nearer, and then, as for an instant he rolled on his side, I struck.

"Really, Rowdy," said the admiral, "I have never seen the gaff used better than that," for the fly had dropped from the dead gladiator's jaw, and—thirty-eight pounds was his weight Through my mind floated the sweet incense of praise from a master:

"Laetus sum laudari me, absque pater laudato viro."

"Hoot mon!" said Archie to the admiral, "ye've lost the hat," and we had forgotten all about it.

"Home—I am almost famished," said the admiral, for we had not tasted a morsel since breakfast, and dinner should have been cooked just as the salmon was struck.

Let us now shift the scene to the Humber. The *Harlaw* winds her way in and out of the innumerable islands which stud the Bay of Islands, and the smell of cod drying on the countless flakes, mingling with the brine of the sea, comes strongly down the breeze. At the village of Bay of Islands a good hotel awaits the sportsman during his short stay while preparing for his trip up the Humber.

At the mouth of the Humber three brothers by the name of Brakers last year caught in their nets 287 barrels of salmon, which were shipped to Halifax and St. Johns, Newfoundland, but we met no person who had even seen a fly cast for salmon up the Humber.

Well, Jordie and John Nichols, of Willow Steady and Humber fame, were at the Bay of Islands to meet us, and Monday we started up the river, camping that night at Fisher's old log-house.

The water is very dark, and the river, according to the United States hydrographic chart, from 60 to 100 feet deep, pours down in a resistless torrent that is said never to freeze. In April and May it pours down the rocky gorges and mountainous passes with such a volume, carrying trees in a whirl of foam, that it is wholly impassable for any sort of a boat, up or down. Going up in July, we were compelled to warp our way up the rapids and around the points.

The scenery on the river up to Deer Pond is truly magnificent. The flood has hollowed out caves, which extend unknown distances under the cliffs and mountains which form the shores. Seams and veins of marble of every conceivable color run up the cliffs or rise out of the waters, dazzling the eye with unrivaled beauty of tint and hue, and possessing quaint forms, which set the imagination afire. Falls, one of them of sheer descent of two hundred

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feet, and rapids vying with any the tourist has met, meet the eye at every bend of the river, and the admiral's eyes and tongue were constantly occupied pointing out likely spots for rising the salmon.

We reached Deer Pond, an irregular enlargement of the river, about eighteen miles long and two miles wide, and deep enough to float a ship of war, on Tuesday morning, and after dallying to shoot some seals in Seal Cove, went on and rested for the night at an old lumberman's camp at the foot of Willow Steady. We drew lots, and I got the "deacon's rest," the longest bed, with the feet nearest the fire.

If ever a name was selected to mislead the innocent and entrap the unsuspecting, to kindle false hopes and lead even an old sportsman astray, it is the appellation "Steady." As you are being warped up the main river, an irresistible flow of water rushes down in a mad torrent, filled with eddies that toss the boat like the tail of a kite, as the pilot with steel-shod pole forces now the bow and then the stern off the shore, and then snatching the long eighteen-foot sweep, sculls the boat ashore till she fairly groans under strain of warping ropes and the screw of the oar.

The shores of the Steady (both the Willow and Ned's) down to the water's edge are filled with dense undergrowth and chocked with storm-broken trees, forming windfalls of the most impassable character. The edge of the river is full of large bowlders and deep holes, making it impossible to wade, and out of the Steady rise reefs and huge rocks, forming eddies, rapids and shoals up or down, which it is equally full of hardship and danger to pole or paddle the dory. You wonder how long would a canoe last as you see Jordie poise the boat on some rock that makes her creak and groan in every joint, and swinging her around, shout out for the pilot on shore to pull and pull with a vengeance as he, with water up to his chin, sends her around into momentarily still water. So mile after mile the dories are slowly forced upward, and thus one can appreciate how necessary it is that every pound of outfit or provision that can be spared should be left behind.

Up to the Little Falls, only the supreme skill of the admiral had succeeded in stabbing, in an ideal pool at Harriman's Reef, one salmon, which escaped by getting into the heavy water, where it was impossible to save the fish.

On Friday we reached the Grand Falls, a fall of water with pools and fishways which is fairly entitled, considering the nature of the river, to be called ideal, and then and there we saw a sight so "Munchausen-like" that I hesitate to put it in print. What I do recall is Jordie's quaint expression, "You don't need to stretch your garters now."

The salmon were leaping in the foam of the falls like glass balls in a fountain, in steady and unbroken succession all across the river. At one time I counted, on one side of the falls, eight salmon in the air, visible at almost the same instant, while Bert and Jordie affirmed the same spectacle at other points. Up the shallows of the falls, forming the fishways, we could see the salmon propelling themselves up the river, and our voices grew hoarse with exclamations of delight at this fabulous sight. But over it all came an utter disappointment, for the salmon would not take the fly. In the pools below the falls, at the heads of rapids rushing around points, at the head of great rocks and out of swirling eddies, the salmon rose again and again, but never once at the fly. It was a place where all combinations of variegated feather tied to hook ignominiously failed.

Under the falls, amid spray and foam, where the salmon seemed thick as herring, went Bert at the risk of his life, and I saw Pat Ryan try to gaff a salmon which had fallen at Bert's feet in its efforts to leap up the falls. I, equally foolhardy, with Jordie, after being swept down the current again and again, succeeded at last in getting on a great rock at the head of which great salmon were rising, with the same fruitless result. But we could have filled a ship full of trout.

And so Sunday came without bringing to us the peace of the Sabbath although the admiral read the service, for our hearts, sore with defeat, refused to be comforted. How different it was from the Grand Codroy, where, while the barrel was being filled, we tired of eating salmon! In the afternoon the reels were oiled and new lines and leaders rigged, and flies of inconceivable size and hue substituted for Jock Scott, silver doctor and Durham Ranger,

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which were cast aside as worthless. Who would have dared suggest that we were breaking the Sabbath? Monday found us with fresh resolution and minds firmly determined not to go back without salmon; but man proposes and salmon disposes — we were hopelessly defeated.

Trout—but I was afraid to suggest to the admiral that trout was a good substitute when one could not get salmon.

The admiral gave the order to pack, and back we went without song or chant, but silently and sorrowfully returned to the Bay of Islands for the good ship *Harlaw* to take us home again.

I believe (and I mean to try) that if one goes to the headwaters of the river, where Johnnie and Jordie said they spear the salmon as they lie in large, quiet pools, the great runs of salmon we saw going up the Grand Falls could be taken on the fly.

"We are no fishermen, but hunters, Rowdy," said Jordie; "if you will come here in September or October, we will guarantee the sport, or no pay."

I believe him, for surely saw we geese and ducks and caribou, bear and fox skins in abundance, that promise great sport; and, think of it, we were offered handsome sets of antlers for two dollars!

And I—I mean to try again.

A GREETING.

I.

HOW beautiful thou art, oh love of mine!
The sparkle of thine eye shines in the streams;
The fragrance of thy breath wafts from the pine;
The beauty of thy smile is in the beams
Of morning sunlight, as it glints and gleams.
Thy vesture is the verdancy that thrills
In new life in the leaf, the spray, the blade,
And lies like emerald velvet on the hills,
And on the boscage of the bush-grown glade—
Brilliant in sunlight—splendrous in the shade.

II.

Once more I seek thee in thy bowers, my sweet!—
A tired toiler from the city's mart.
Once more I seek thee! by the brooklet fleet,
To still with touch of thine the fret and smart,
And slow the throbbing of the fevered heart.
And, lo! I find thy welcome is as free
To-day as in the old time, long ago,
When, as a child, I wandered forth to thee;
Thy smile is only deeper, and I know
My own responsive love doth warmer glow.

III.

Oh, as of old, first love of mine! infuse
The vigor of thy youth in nerve and vein;
Cast out the sordid thought; the soul enthuse
With nobler instincts, and in heart and brain
Breed high desires that bring no after-pain.
Point with thy luminous finger to the sod,
Where blossoms grow that toil not, neither spin,
But rest their being-beautious in their God;
Content *to be*—far from the city's din,
In woodland depths, devoid of care or sin!

J. HARRINGTON KEENE.

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THE FROG FOR PAN AND PASTIME.

BY
JENNIE TAYLOR
WANDLE.

TO give the frog his full due, according to the reasonings of a sportsman, requires a brave pen. No doubt sportsmen in the flesh, and the shades of those departed, will rise up and call me a name by which I was not christened, for daring to assert that the frog should be classed as game! Though all the combined and mighty Nimrods who bring down the massive monarchs of forest and plain, or bag the tiny birds of the rice fields, array themselves against the claim, they must admit this truth, even if silently. One king of earthly hunting-grounds has already laughed in derision at the suggestion, but without very ably contending it; and it may be that more than one autocrat of his ilk will halt in his argument in the face of facts.

Support of the theory is certainly found in the orthodox definition of game —"Animals pursued or taken in the sports of the field." What firmer basis is needed for the affirmative side of the argument, and especially when, like the writer, one has, in the interests of pleasure, and, incidentally, those of the table, unearthed invisible but noisy frogs, captured meditative frogs, waded for and—and—anathematized elusive frogs; in fact, chased and taken them "in the chase?" The sport of the quest certainly entitled each frog captured to rank as game with the buffalo, even though he could not swell himself to a similar size. Read, wizards of rifle and rod, and concede the point.

* * * * * *

Long years ago, ranged in a row against an old brown building, once a cooper's shop, were seen during a portion of each day—generally at dawn or in the gloaming—four fishing-poles. They did not belong to the aristocratic family of bamboos, with shining reels and silken lines, but were cut from the hedge of willows along the brook near by, or from the sapling copse not far away. Their rectitude was warped in places, and now and then the angle of a dismembered sprout further marred their symmetry. Two—one of willow, one of birch—had parted with their natural coverings, and shone white and smooth beside the other two, whose bark had not been wrecked.

There was a long, slender pole, with a fine linen line and a small hook to be used when deep pools and rushing streams were to be trailed for darting trout, another equipped for struggling chub and voracious dace, and wound about this pole was also a strong line, attached now and then in the evening twilight to a large eel-hook kept in a convenient spot, and the butt of this pole showed marks of mud and heavy stones, both of which anchored it to shore when set for eel on the bank of the old mill pond just up the stream. To the top of the third pole was attached a loop of fine brass wire—sometimes it was coarse copper wire—with which to snare the erratic mullet and plunging sucker. The last one, a shorter, stubbed sort of a pole—had a heavy line and a strong hook permanently baited with a bit of bright red flannel, the pet delectation or special aversion, I never discovered which, of the gentle, mild-mannered frog.

When any one, or two, of these poles were missing, it was safe to infer that the only daughter of the household had gone in quest of fish or frog, or both. And it was seldom that the four poles all stood in a row long at a time. If two long poles were absent from their accustomed places, the anglers' return was waited for with serenity, for fish was a favorite of the family table. If the short pole, with its flaming bait was one of the missing, there were indications of a domestic storm, which developed precipitately if frogs were assembled together with the fish upon the forked twig bearing the home-com-

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ing maiden's catch. Time never subdued the maternal antipathy to frogs as food —more's the pity—and 'twas well there was an indulgent grandmother close at hand, else I might never have known what a joy to palate frog may be. Two cousins from the serious city that shelters Yale initiated me into the fascinations of "frogging"—a pastime learned by them in a locality less remote from Delmonico's than the one we were then in. I took to the sport as naturally as our ultimate victims did to water. There were pools and ponds, and inlets and "spring-holes" without number within easy reach, and in them dwelt many a croaker, all unaccustomed to the ways of the world, and the vagaries of city folk in particular; but as the days wore on and each one marked a raid on their preserves, staid and old-fashioned frogs awoke to the fact that they were being made game of, and became as shy and wary as we were bold and skillful, and great excitement reigned among the frogs and the invaders.

A great bronze-tinted log, half imbedded in the water and overhung by a waving clump of willows, was one of the favorite haunts of the frogs, and seldom was it occupied by less than two or three sedate and solemn specimens of their kind. Stealthily stealing within reach we would silently swing out the line with the flaming bait and dangle the latter tantalizingly before a froggie's mouth. Don't tell me a frog's face is expressionless! First he would eye the brilliant bait indifferently, then curiously, then make a lazy snap at it, the move we learned to know was merely a feint; then we would swing it just over his head and dropping it down, tickle his nose. By this time his throat would begin to swell, his eyes brighten and bulge, and his pose express alertness. Presently, like a flash he would spring at the bait in evident anger, and, lo! he was ours. It was some time before I could coldly dispatch him after extricating the hook. But after grandmother had been persuaded to allow us to cook "a mess of frogs" all softness of heart vanished, and the frog was lucky that refused to be hooked or made his escape.

Sometimes we varied the bait and substituted earthworms, or grasshoppers, for the red flannel, but we soon observed that the catch was always smaller, and as the flannel held out better and was less troublesome to obtain — from grandmother, of course — we finally made it the standard bait, and many a frog fell victim to its fascinations and torments.

Occasionally, with an angry croak and fire in his eye, a frog would leap into the pool and swim for the opposite shore, when another fate would overtake him; for the snare-tipped pole would prove his doom; or the general of our party would find him a green and shining mark for his rifle, and the fated frog would soon join his deceased comrades on the forked twig.

Nor were we above braving the depths of the water and capturing the croaking fugitives with our hands, when all our weapons of this particular kind of warfare had been left at home and there was no other way of securing the plumpest prize of all—ever seen on such destitute occasions.

Sport! such as fishing juveniles never had before, we indulged in many times in the days and years that followed. But the fun of frogging is by no means confined to those of tender years, as was proved a summer or two since at Lake Saranac up in the great north woods. A party of sportswomen were stopping at one of the hotels along its borders in the latter part of June, enjoying themselves as ambitious and independent sportswomen will, and all the better because very few of the orthodox summer guests had arrived, the season being as yet very early. We were like a large, congenial family and did as we pleased, killing time, and such small game as we could find, with equal pleasure.

The nights were not those mysterious, silent nights supposed to belong to mountain fastnesses, but brought vividly to mind a portion of the schoolboy's composition on necks: "And frogs has neks, too, which they don't use much except at night when folks want to sleep and don't want them to." The mornings were gloriously begun on frogs whose legs came forth from the frying-pan crisp and brown; midday marked delicious feasts of frogs' legs *à la fricassée;* and day after day we watched the return of the guides with plethoric strings of *rana pipiens*, until I was vigorously attacked with reminiscent musings—such as are recorded here—which broke into tales of appar-

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ent interest to the daily group upon the piazza. One by one the listeners caught the fever from me, and at last with one voice they all exclaimed: "Let's go frogging, just for fun."

It must not be supposed we were a manless party. One, the son of his mother, had appeared soon after our party was settled, and very shortly, with his mother's approval, had been admitted to our circle. He was of goodly appearance, and the fact that he smoked cigars and thus rendered the atmosphere suggestive of the presence of man, reconciled us to his otherwise perfectly ladylike manners.

Knowing the ways of frogs it seemed to me it would be a good thing to have some man along besides the guide, who was muscular, alert and willing to exercise himself generally in the interests of the anticipated sport, and so Abbie was asked to join the party. Another young lady—I beg the young man's pardon—an innocent who doted on frog's legs *à la* anyway, but had never seen them in their natural garb, attached to their owners, begged to accompany us, and after one of those embarrassing silences where every one guardedly looks at every one else, we consented to her appeal. The final plans were laid while the moon shone down upon the wavy surface of the lake at our feet, and many a croaker was using his "nek" in sounding his own death dirge.

Next morning, after a pet Newfoundland and a fine pointer belonging to the guide had been locked in the boat house, we — six of us counting the guide—embarked. Abbie was given a pair of oars, as he could row very well, and he and the guide were soon pulling a good stroke up the lake to the best frog colony of the locality. The distance was short and we were not long in reaching the mouth of a sluggish inlet stream—the territory of the frogs. The broad, smooth leaves of the water-lily spread out upon its surface and crowded along its banks, marked here and there with a jutting rock, a fallen tree-trunk, a half submerged root or a bit of gravel. The guide called a halt, the oars were pulled in and a paddle placed within his reach.

"Here's yer frogs!" said our paddling philosopher and friend.

"Where? where?" anxiously exclaimed our innocent, half rising and thus nearly upsetting our hybrid craft—a cross between a canoe and a row-boat.

"Sit down and stay sot!" shouted our paddler. "Do you want to upset the boat?"

The innocent subsided and was comforted, I think, by the sympathetic glances Abbie cast in her direction. These two fair young folk, for the last few days, as we all observed, had a great deal to say to each other within sight of, but just out of hearing of, our party.

The bank of the stream, owing to the tangle of shrubbery, was difficult to follow, so we devoted ourselves to the immediate locality, making as little noise as possible. Soon we saw two fine frogs, not far apart, one on a sloping root, one on a sharp point of stone jutting out from the bank. Softly dropping my line above the head of the second frog I swung it back and forth, each time a little nearer his nose. The instincts of the lowly valley frog I tormented oft before were inherent in this frog of the forest, and after a feint or two he made a wicked lunge at the flaunting, flaming bait, and with a twist of the wrist was landed high and dry. Contrary to olden habit, I made "his mother's son" do the dispatching. He didn't like it either, and looked at me as if he wondered what the girls wanted such a crank as I around for, anyway. In the meantime a Diana had popped over the frog on the root, but as he was not anchored in any way, his carcass was floating idly about just out of her reach, just within that of our ladylike athlete. Diana was pretty, and young, and "his mother's son" quickly offered his services as retriever. Just at that particular spot the bank was steep, the shrubs lightly imbedded, and the root of the frog's doom and forthcoming evil looked as if encased in bronze velvet as it hung over the cold, deep water. Our athlete swung gracefully down the bank, grasped some shrubbery with his left hand, put a cautious foot on the velvet-covered root, reached out for the floating frog, made a grab at it, and then did the famous double-somersault in a new way. That treacherous root was as slippery as glass. Into the water he went with a voiceless plunge. From all around came lesser plunges with accompanying croaks. Would I had the

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pen of an Aristophanes that I might record that ludicrous gamut of sounds!

The guide heard the grand splash and our exclamations and paddled rapidly up, and grasping our athlete by the collar of his coat dragged him into the boat, where he sat dripping and shivering, shamefaced and miserable; but I will give him the credit of being pluckier than I thought him, for he made never a murmur, nor would he return to the hotel until we were ready to go. After a time the excitement subsided and the frogs reappeared, as frogs will, in other places, but still near at hand. Then Diana of the rifle tried her skill again, and with a resounding *ping!* brought to grief a fine specimen. The sound of the rifle had hardly died away when a crashing of the bushes back of us and a heavy panting was heard. So were feminine shrieks. "The bear! the bear!" and we made for the boat, now close to shore, while the hairy, black, panting thing dashed into the stream and made for the dead frog.

The guide had been quietly dispatching sundry frogs in divers ways, but on hearing the shrieks of "bear! bear!" and the dashing and splashing, quickly turned around. "Well, gol darn that dog!" was what he said. "I'll bet t'other ain't fur off! I'd like to know how they got loose."

Sure enough, the pointer was close at hand, and if I were to tell you of some of the queer things he, as a well-trained orthodox pointer, did that day, you'd own up, if you believed me, that he better understood Webster's definition of game than many masters of his kind; but as I prefer to have my veracity unquestioned, I will leave his exploits to be set forth by the artist of the party.

After these two scares the guide said he'd "kinder stay round," so as to retrieve our game, and for an hour we had fun with those frogs. That is, all of us except the innocent, who got into the boat soon after the rescue of the athlete, and tried to console him. Things had gone along finely in this direction for a few minutes, until Rover came alongside and insisted on getting in and shaking himself after he got in. Then her enthusiasm dampened, too.

After an hour or two of successful and accidentless sport, we counted up and found we had between twenty and thirty frogs, and decided to go back to the hotel. We arrived there in due time, every *voyageuse* glad she'd been frogging; and even the bedraggled couple in the stern of the boat looked happy. And it's odd, but I saw her a short time after, and she said she'd never eaten frogs since that day; but she wore on the third finger of her hand a curious looking ring. The design was a limpid, water-white diamond held by the front feet of two tiny green enameled frogs, with eyes as lustrous and black as Rover's coat.

As the guide helped the last frog-hunter out of the boat that day he breathed a long sigh of relief, and said: "Wimmin's funny critters, but they can have a heap more fun 'n a feller thinks fur. But, lord! can't they screech!"

Try a day of this humble fun, perverse and unconvinced sportsman! When acknowledged game is not in season, and time hangs heavily on your hands in the golden summer days, go forth in quest of frogs. Steal silently up to hidden pools, prowl quietly along river-side, or bank of pond or lake, and take the croakers, large and small, "in the chase." Exult as the excitement grows, and when you capture a prize, and learn how quickly you will want to say things you shouldn't when a giant of his species spies you first, and with a throaty note of alarm and a noisy "plunk!" disappears—you know not where—sit patiently in ambuscade and wait for his reappearance, just as though he had antlers, hoofs and a hairy hide, and give him credit for wisdom far beyond his looks. When, after many minutes, you discover him solemnly gazing at you from some remote and unsuspected spot, approach and find him gone again; gnash your teeth over the insignificant quarry, vow to have him, *get him*, and then say he is not game, if you dare!

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TA-RA RA.

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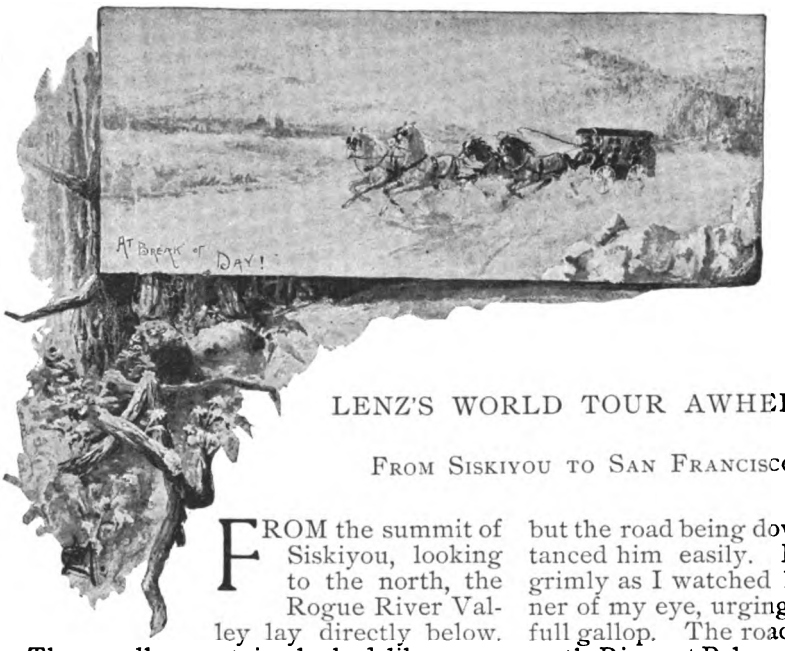

LENZ'S WORLD TOUR AWHEEL

From Siskiyou to San Francisco.

FROM the summit of Siskiyou, looking to the north, the Rogue River Valley lay directly below. The small mountains looked like mere mounds of earth. To the south, in California, was ridge after ridge of mountains, while the old stage road could be seen winding its way down the south side of Siskiyou. I was at an elevation of about 4,300 feet, and it was getting uncomfortably cold, so, mounting, I started down the descent. The first two miles I shall never forget. It was more of a hurdle ride than anything else. The soil was wet, and the leather I usually kept cemented on to the break-spoon wore off, and it was hard to check the machine. The road in some places seems like an angle of forty-five degrees; the wheel slid from one side to another, over washouts and rocks. Then it would strike an old corduroy stretch (poles laid crosswise), and it was impossible to stop unless I threw myself from the machine. At last the grade became more gentle, and, with a sigh of relief, I reached Coles Station, in California.

The top of the Siskiyou Mountains was covered with fresh-fallen snow in the morning. I continued on down-grade in the cool morning air. The road was rather rough in places, but some stretches I would ride on the ballast of the Southern Pacific's tracks. I wheeled down through the mountains rather merrily, until I reached Henley's. Here a cowboy started in pursuit of me, but the road being down-grade, I outdistanced him easily. I could but smile grimly as I watched him from the corner of my eye, urging his poor beast at full gallop. The road crosses the Klamath River at Pokegama, and winds up-grade to Ager. From this point I obtained my first glimpse of majestic Mount Shasta, fifty miles away, its top covered with snow and ice, and surrounded by fleecy clouds. Reaching Montague, it seemed to be quite near, not more than a few miles away. The road was now over a level flat, wedged between two ranges of the Shasta Mountains. The riding was excellent, and as I went bowling along at a ten-mile clip, Mount Shasta was on the left, racing with me, it seemed. At Gazelle it was ahead yet, and when I stopped at Edgewood for the night I was still twelve miles from the base. Pilot Knob and the Siskiyou Mountains were plainly visible back north.

The night spent at Edgewood, at the foot of Mount Shasta, was very cold. It was nine o'clock the next morning when the sun shone enough to make it comfortable. The road was mostly up-grade to Black Butte on the Shasta range. Mount Shasta glistened in all its glory on this clear morning, and I yielded humble homage, feeling that of all the peaks seen, Mount Shasta was king. Wheeling briskly along a good road around Black Butte, I reached Sissons at the foot of Mount Shasta at last. Sissons is six miles from the base, and eighteen from the crest. A day and a half is required to climb to the top,

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14,400 feet high, being about 11,000 feet higher than Sissons. It is not an easy task to climb Mount Shasta. At many places it is necessary to cut holes in the ice, and the air is so rarefied at 10,000 feet elevation that a strong person can barely travel thirty feet without a rest. Few climb it in October, as it is already then uncomfortably cold. It is wonderful to see the many streams flow off Mount Shasta, all from melted snow. Some flow north and finally reach the Pacific Ocean by the Klamath River. Many flow south and form the Sacramento River, which here starts on a mad race to reach the Sacramento Valley, ninety miles south. After dinner I left Sissons and started down the longest hill I ever descended on a wheel. The old stage road was clay and somewhat rough and rutty in places. Down I went, sometimes coasting, other times picking my way through the loose rocks, winding through the forest, now and then up a slight rise, but always down again. It was over an hour when at last I reached Dunsmuir, fifteen miles, having descended nearly 2,000 feet in this distance. Here the mountains form a narrow channel or cañon, leaving barely room for the Sacramento River Railroad and old stage road. The stage road is even crowded upon the side of the mountain in many places, making it very hilly. At the Castle Craig Rocks I got off the road, the first time since leaving Portland. It continued getting stonier and more hilly, and when I reached Sims at sunset, I was glad indeed to find a good hotel for the night.

Continuing down the old stage road next morning, within sight of the turbulent Sacramento stream, I found the route even more mountainous and rougher than it had been the day before. Wheeling over rocks and through small streams, or down a steep mountain-side with a precipice close at hand, is enough to make even a veteran cautious. Many times I would swing around a bend on the mountain-side with a momentum that carried me close to the edge of the cliff and caused a creeping chill for just an instant. After three exciting hours of this kind of riding I reached the old town of Delta, once the terminus of the Southern Pacific Railroad. From here the traveler, in early days, started on a rough, overland mountain trip of 132 miles in a stage coach to Ashland, Oregon. The varied experiences of such a trip lived long in the memory of every man who took it.

In the afternoon the road improved a little to Smithson settlement, as far as rocks were concerned. I was still in a network of mountain. After crossing the Sacramento River, the road leads more into the heart of the ranges, where it runs up and down continuously and is stony and rough. Such going would break the heart of even a fairly good rider, but I was in fine condition and took matters philosophically. It was a strange experience for an Easterner to play the rôle of a solitary wheelman climbing up a mountain in the wildest part of California, seeing no sign of civilization except the old wagon road or an occasional glimpse of the railroad.

In Oregon, and as far south in California as Sissons, I often met old prospectors with pack-horses or on foot, or families traveling to and from California overland, in wagons.

From the top of one of the many mountains superb views are revealed, among which a peak of solid lime-rock, devoid of timber, is strikingly noticeable. Just as the sun was getting drowsy I came rattling down a steep mountain-side, onto the banks of the McCloud River, at Baird, where the United States Government has a salmon hatchery,

The system of hatching is very simple. Several rows of long water-troughs, lined with galvanized iron, are kept filled with running water inside the building. Into these are placed the eggs taken from the salmon. The average number of eggs taken from a twelve-pound fish is about 4,000. In forty days the fry hatch. They are then placed in the pool in the river, from which shelter, when grown enough, they start down-stream to salt water. This hatchery produces only about 500,000 fry a year. The rest of the eggs are shipped in flannel layers to the State hatcheries in different parts of the State. Many have also been shipped to foreign countries, but these require to be packed carefully in wet moss, always on ice. The method of procuring the eggs is also very simple. The Government has a rack built across the McCloud River, so when the large salmon go up the small streams to spawn, they, of course, cannot go through this rack. With a seine they

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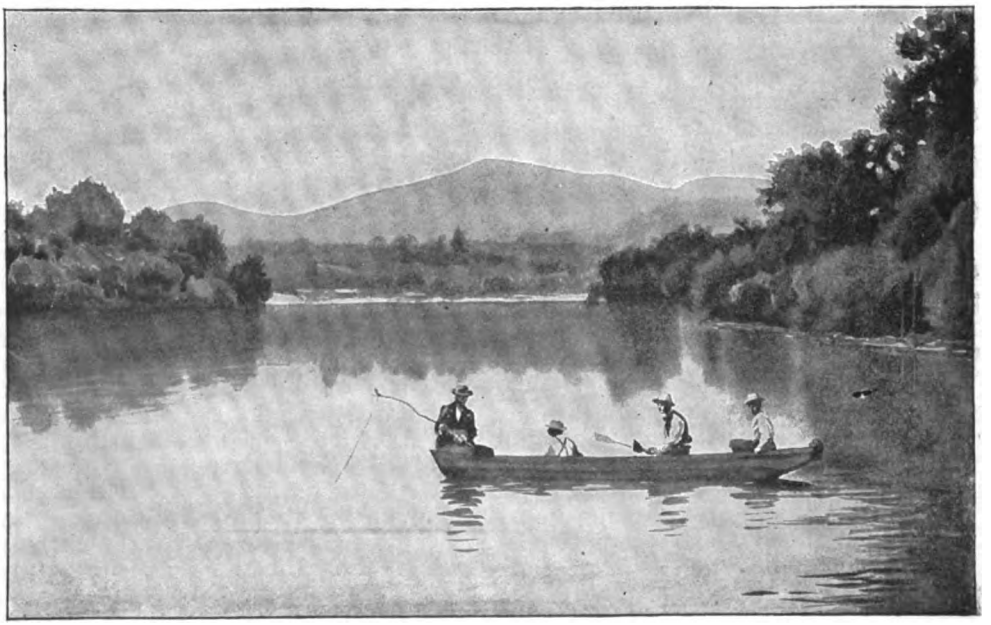
are easily caught; then the female fish are carefully squeezed by hand, till all the eggs are secured. The fish are then thrown back into the river. A few Digger Indians live here, helping the men sometimes.

There being only six miles more of mountain road, I walked the mountain with a quick step and soon reached the Pit River, the principal feeder to the Sacramento, and also the outlet of Goose Lake in northern California. After ferrying across the Pit, I toiled up for two miles and a half to the summit of the last range. Another terrific steep and stony road led down, and I was over the worst mountain road I ever wheeled. The Alleghanies, in Pennsylvania, come next, but the wheelman in crossing the Alleghanies has the advantage of a road about fifty feet wide, which affords enough margin for recovering one's balance when striking an obstruction. In the Rockies and Coast Mountains, in the most dangerous places the road is sometimes only ten feet wide, requiring a cool head and quick action at times.

After covering fifteen miles of an excellent rolling road, Redding was visible on the west side, on the Sacramento River. Here was another wire cable ferry across, and I was at last in the renowned Sacramento Valley, the great farming and fruit-raising country. I started promptly after lunch, over splendid granite soil roads, as hard and smooth as asphalt, through Anderson to Cottonwood. Here is a small rise, but so gradual that it is easy to surmount, then comes excellent coasting most of the way to the town of Red Bluff.

The next day's ride in the Sacramento Valley was not quite so pleasant. The roads from Red Bluff to Tehama were quite dusty. The wind blew strongly from the south, making it hard indeed to propel the wheel. Crossing the Sacramento River at Tehama, over the railroad bridge which is also used for wagon traffic, I skirted along the foothills over an excellent stretch of road to within two miles of Vina. Here ex-Governor Leland Stanford has one of the largest ranches in the West. Part of the range is spaced off for horses, another for cattle and sheep. Around the village of Vina are immense vineyards and wheat fields. The Governor must be an advocate of good roads.

Following the country road south of Vina, there was no town or settlement until the beautiful town of Chico was reached. Nearing Chico, the road is



THE VALLEY OF THE COLUMBIA.

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graveled, and on either side are planted trees. The main road is in the center, while on both sides are beautiful shaded drives. Chico has some wheelmen, but I only stopped for lunch, then continued on by the Oroville Road to the first right fork which led to the small town of Durham. The wind showed no sign of abating, and when I reached the small village of Nelson I was content to stop for the day, having pedaled hard to cover but fifty-nine miles over fine wheeling.

While dressing hurriedly to make an early start next morning, the old landlord popped his head in the door with the remark, "Don't hurry, young man; it's raining, and you can't ride your horse in the doby." It rained a cold, disagreeable rain all the morning; the soil here is mostly adobe, commonly called "doby." When wet, it adheres to the wheels of vehicles with the tenacity of putty. It ceased raining in the afternoon, and I immediately started down the railroad track for Biggs, twelve miles south, but found that only two short stretches were ridable.

Although the adobe soil had dried but little during the night, I determined to push on. Crossing the country over a partly graveled road, I passed over the Feather River by the Gridley Bridge. The road here was of a sandy nature, and was excellent for a few miles; then came a miserable stretch of "doby" into the town of Marysville, on the Yuba River. I tried a small path near the fence for a stretch; it was also cut up owing to horsemen using it. Marysville seemed to be a thriving little town in the heart of the farming and hydraulic mining district, yet but little is done toward improvement of its roads. Two feet of gravel put on top of this adobe soil would make it passable.

After crossing the Yuba River, over a long wooden bridge, I found the road had dried considerably, but the hard lumps of "doby" were scattered all over the surface. The pneumatic would grind and crunch over these with the sound of a coffee-mill. Continuing on, however, I passed farm after farm, and the going gradually improved. Finally I succeeded in reaching Pleasant Grove, having covered fifty-four miles of rather rough riding.

Mr. W. A. Dexter, of the Capitol City Wheelmen of Sacramento, had been here early in the afternoon waiting for me, but, unfortunately, returned to Sacramento two hours and a half before I came along.

Sacramento was now only twenty miles away, and I rolled along rather briskly in the cool morning air next day. Thousands of wild geese were awing, making the welkin ring with their cries through the broad valley. The Sierra Nevada Mountains, seventy-five miles east, crested with snow glistening in the sunlight, looked like mere foothills in the distance. The road had dried hard; the layer of sand was packed as firm as rock along the old telephone road. After crossing a network of low wooden bridges, and lastly over a substantial iron bridge across the American River, the church spires and dome of the Capitol building hove in sight, and at last I was in the busy cobblestone streets of Sacramento, one of the oldest cities in California. The population is about twenty-seven thousand. The city was founded by one John A. Sutter, who built (in the forties) a fort, which is still in a good state of preservation. The hydraulic mining process is gradually filling up the river-bottoms. The Feather, Yuba and American rivers I crossed are mere shallow streams. Both banks of all the rivers and streams are now compelled to have high levees to keep from overflowing the country and towns in the spring.

Wheeling interests are well supported in this city. Fifty wheelmen constitute the Capitol City Wheelmen. L. U. Upson is captain and local L. A. W. consul, and a fast racing man of Sacramento. The Ladies' Annex of the Capitol City Wheelmen contains some twenty lady riders.

I spent the afternoon with Mr. W. A. Dexter, and we visited the beautiful grounds of the Capitol and the building itself. It has something of the appearance of the Capitol at Washington.

Four of the Sacramento wheelmen escorted me next morning to Elk Grove, a hamlet fifteen miles south of the city. The railroad was almost a straightaway, level stretch, mostly clay, to Gault and Woodbridge. From here to Lodi was a hard sand road, smooth as asphalt, over which the wheel glided without even a tremor. Here the two Lilly brothers, Frank Viebrook and a splendid lady rider, wife of one of the

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brothers, were awaiting me. Together we continued on toward Stockton, when we met four more of the Oak Leaf Wheelmen, and, on arriving in the city, created quite a stir going through the streets.

This city resembles Sacramento somewhat in appearance, although much smaller; but the streets are paved better, with stone blocks and considerable asphalt. The surrounding country abounds in orchards of apples, peaches, apricots, olives, almonds and many vineyards. In shipping wheat in the Sacramento Valley the grain is put up in sacks instead of per grain elevators and cars, as is the custom in Minnesota and Dakota. A combined harvester such as is used here will cut, thresh and sack wheat all at once in the fields.

At Oak Leaf Mr. Horace Vincent kindly guided me to the places of interest, including the gas well and hot spring baths.

The Oak Leaf Wheelmen are a live club, consisting of some eighty members, who kindly entertained me in the evening to a capital dinner.

San Francisco was now but eighty-one miles away. October twentieth was destined to be my last stretch on American soil. I had made no daylight start since July fourth, the day I arrived in Chicago. To make sure of reaching San Francisco this day, five of the Oak Leaf Wheelmen and myself started promptly at 5:30 A. M. and glided through the yet sleeping streets of Stockton in the cool morning air to the hamlet of French Camp. Near San Joaquin River my merry comrades bade me farewell. Passing Lathrop on the left, I crossed the river to Banta and Tracy. The broad road all along was clay and sand. Some stretches were very sandy, but the farmers here put on a layer of fine chopped straw, which makes the road at least ridable. Next came a low range of foothills of the Coast range. Changing my gear to forty-five inches, I steadily climbed up and up six miles to Altamont, occasionally looking back to where the pastures of horses, cattle, hogs and sheep below were fast receding. The Sacramento Valley, 316 miles from Redding to here, was left behind. The road improved down the cañon, and near Livermore was well graveled. Here George P. Wetmore, president of the Bay City Wheelmen, and three others met me, having come out thirty-seven miles from San Francisco to escort me in.

Once in the company of wheelmen who lived so near the Golden Gate, put me in the best of spirits, as now I was about to make the last stretch to the Bay City, the destination looked forward to for weeks. After a hearty dinner at Livermore, and changing my gear to fifty-four inches, we rolled briskly along over splendid gravel roads to Dublin. Here is a short hill, easily surmounted. Upon reaching the top, I saw the welcome expanse of San Francisco Bay glimmering in the bright sunlight far below and only fifteen miles distant. We coasted down the long hill, merrily wheeled along through Haywards to Fruitvale, the suburb of Oakland, and continuing down the beautiful shaded street, graced with its fine residences, we at last reached Oakland. But Oakland was by no means a small city. Mile after mile was rolled off until the crowded business portion was reached. My escort turned corners on the left and right, continuing on until I wondered would the end never come. I almost became impatient, but at last we reached the ferry-boat pier, extending out into the bay. It was just 5:15 o'clock when we stepped from our wheels in the ferry station. My wheel, loaded with baggage, canteen, revolver, the Indian bow and arrows, and an old buffalo horn from the plains, was a curiosity to the mass of business men, clerks and workmen, and soon the crowd swarmed about me, trying to hear me answering a newspaper reporter who was on hand to do the usual interviewing.

After getting safely on board the ferry-boat, we soon crossed the bay, passing Goat Island en route. The city now became clearly visible. All along the wharf was a thick forest of masts of ships, back of which were buildings extending up the hillside. It was precisely 5:45 P. M. when the ferry-boat touched the San Francisco wharf. With a rush and a mount we rode through the building out on the busy streets, followed a short distance by some people from the boat. Turning into Market street, we wended our way up on the cable-car slot among the din of bells, rumbling wagons, and noise and confusion from the

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throng of people returning home from work. At last we reached the clubhouse of the Bay City Wheelmen. My long trip across the American continent was at an end. The distance from New York was 4,857 miles, every mile of which had been made with the wheel, consuming 107 riding days.

My utmost faith to wheel through foreign countries with a pneumatic tire like the Victor, which admits of quick repair by use of an inner tube, removable through a hole in the rim, was now fully established. I had traveled thus far 5,412 miles, and, as yet, the front tire of my wheel showed but little wear. The rear tire, of course, did not do so well, as mostly all the weight of the baggage and myself was borne by it, making in all 255 pounds (wheel and baggage, 110 pounds; my weight 145). Altogether, I am convinced that I acted wisely in choosing a Pneumatic for my world tour, and I shall start across the Pacific with no misgivings as to the strength and durability of my Victor.

The Occidental and Oriental Steamship Co.'s steamer *Oceanic* sailed for Japan, via Honolulu, on the twenty-fifth, affording me five days' time to see the city of San Francisco, and I decided to make the most of my opportunity.

To be continued.

THROUGH ERIN AWHEEL.

BY GRACE E. DENISON.

IV.

DURING my stay under the hospitable roof of the Bishop of Ferns and Ossary, the walls of which were hoary beyond description to my *fin de siècle* eyes, the age and the associations that crowded down upon me were positively overpowering. It seemed such a glaring incongruity, the American and her bicycle, and these hoards of Irish lore and this pile of old world masonry, hallowed with all the charm of antiquity and romance. The bishop is no antique, however, being well up in every new departure, and his humor and irresistible way of acquainting me with the lore of his palace and cathedral were beyond description. "This was a smart old lady," he would say, passing his slim fingers approvingly over the features of a recumbent dame done in black marble, with a Norman bonnet and no nose. "She may have been better looking before Cromwell knocked off her nose." (Cromwell, the iconoclast—one meets his mark everywhere!) "But she was a smart old lady, nose or no nose! When her husband, that old knight alongside, died, the bishop told her she should give largely to the Church to have him helped out of purgatory, as he was in a very bad way there, having robbed monasteries and generally illustrated his belief that might was right, to the large benefit of his own pocket and the undoing of his neighbors. 'Well, you say he was so wicked, and deserved great punishment, so it will be for his good to get it. And the Lord knows what's best for him; so if he leaves him in purgatory, I won't interfere,' said the smart old lady. But her own time came to die, and full of years, with her young son a bonnie man, she made up her mind she must leave this world. Again the priests came, and set her duty before her: 'You must restore that ill-gotten gold before you die, and we will absolve you, but if you don't, you'll run a great risk; in fact, it will be most likely you'll lose your soul.' The smart old lady did not parley with danger. She only said, with true Butler *sang-froid*, 'Well, it were better one old woman should be lost than that the Butlers should be impoverished!' and thus saying, she died." I laughed; I couldn't help it; and the bishop lightly touching Lady Ormond-Butler's stiff Norman frills, said slowly and appreciatively, "She was a smart old lady."

Close to Kilkenny Palace is St. Canice's Cathedral, a queer, oblong, peak-roofed stone building, with what Tim called a dandy round tower built on one side, quite separate from the main build-

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ing, but an object utterly Irish, and, as some people would say, *therefore* incomprehensible. One first derides round towers, standing like Brobdignagian cartridges, with the point up, at Glen-da-lough, at Kilkenny, at Cashel, and here and there through the country; one grows slightly curious after a bit, and wonders about them, and ends by accepting them cordially as something no Irish landscape should be without. At least such was the effect they worked in my open and impressionable mind. I am not so firm in my belief since I have left Ireland, but I know that whenever I go back I shall demand the round tower, and not be satisfied until I see it. One gets knowing and critical in time, and disposed to flout round towers that have lost their conical caps through stress of time or fortune of war, and one looks up, if one can get inside, and counts the various loopholes and landings jealously, lest some fraudulent or defective round tower should evoke admiration under false pretences.

"DOWN INTO A DARK, COLD, BOTTOMLESS ABYSS." (*p. 314.*

The lovely chancel floor of St. Canice's is formed of all the known species of Irish marbles. How lovely is the green Connemara, and the red Cork, and the white Donegal and the onyx-black Kilkenny! and half a dozen mottled, veined and many-tinted from out of the hearts of other counties, whose names and colors have gotten mixed in the kaleidoscope of my memory.

On one side of the chancel is a curious little recess, which was once an opening, outside of which, every Passion Week, a little lean-to was built, under which a very haughty old Ormond knight used to sit every day and hear mass, he having sworn a great oath never to enter the cathedral, and taking all his year's supply of religion in one week's dose, so to speak. A better and more docile Christian, in later days, and a man whose wonderful triumph over fate preaches loud sermons the world over, sat, until a few years ago, in a choir-stall facing this recess. He was armless, legless, brainy and brave, a good shot, a fine rider, an eloquent pleader, endowed with a glorious intellect and indomitable will, humorous and witty—the man Arthur Kavanagh. They tell how he was carried down to dinner on his butler's back, how he wooed and won his lady wife, how on one occasion at a dinner party, some hesitation being shown by his guests at leaving him in the drawing-room, he said, "I shall get to dinner all safe," and of their amazement at finding him in his seat when they reached the table, he having invented or had constructed an ingenious sort of dumb-waiter on which he and his chair were lowered. All these tales they tell, and show you his photo — broad-shouldered and noble-headed — and the ever-willing bishop cut off his signature from a letter for me, and should you ask me how he wrote, I cannot tell you, only that he did, and not amiss, either. From childhood I had heard of Arthur Kavanagh, and I cannot say how interested I was to come across his lately lost personality in this way.

But the wheel was at last reported ready for the road. The lady was more than ready. Tim grudgingly left tennis and lounging, and our duet became a trio by the addition of a second dear Irish boy, whom we addressed disrespectfully as "Taddy," an abbreviation of his school nickname of "Tadpole," which had been bestowed by unerring college genius on account of his resemblance to that interesting embryo. "Big head and thin legs, you know!" remarked Tim, with a lack of consideration which made me blush, but Taddy calmly pedaled ahead with legs whose substantial outlines gave him strength to look at past defects good-naturedly. We knew his blessed temper, for we had afternoon-tea'd in his rooms in Trinity College, Dublin, and had kept him singing imitations of Grossmith's latest until he was hoarse and breathless. As we circled in and out of those high-walled

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lanes, and down the main street of far-famed Kilkenny, we came across green posters and white posters, with the rallying cry of the Parnellites and the Unionists to the scrimmage of an election.

We saw, while in Kilkenny, a very funny fight between the bill-stickers of the opposing parties. From scornful sarcasms they came to a war of paste-brushes and paste, slathering each other with hearty good-will in the most comical fashion. The old story of the Kilkenny cats was told anew by Taddy and Tim with a recklessness that stopped at nothing.

The Parnellite bills, with their fiery exhortations, reminded me of the gentle regret with which the bishop spoke of the dead "uncrowned king," whom he had baptized "Charles Stewart," in all ignorance of the future of power and pathos that should unfold before the baby boy in his arms. I thought of the dead patriot, who had held these impulsive, unreasonable Irish in leash, and of the stricken woman who had wrought him so much ill, and Tim and Taddy did the talking, while for once "the lady" was not in it.

"I want to show you an old fort—Eagle's Fort," Tim announced, dismounting. "Just leave your wheels and we'll walk across this field." We left them, as one always leaves them in Shamrock-land, utterly safe and unmolested, and Taddy and Tim plodded across the damp grass, while I gingerly picked my way after them, wondering whether old forts were worth wet feet. The view down the valley from the cliff whereon we stood *was* worth it, though the fort was rather left to the imagination. We picked some elder-flowers and poppies and wild roses to bedeck ourselves, and traveled back to our wheels. It was here, while riding on the foot-path, that I first made the acquaintance of a nettle, thousands of which sly torments brushed my unglov-ed hand as I rode, until the pain was quite considerable. I accepted the punishment as a just reward for playing tender-foot and riding on the foot-path; but bad example was too much for me, and the road was slightly muddy after a shower. Presently, up high and dry on the mountain, we sat on the road-side and lunched, drinking from the ever-ready mountain rill, and telling yarns with true Hibernian *abandon*.

The episcopal sandwiches were something delicious, and the accompanying laughter and chat were the daintiest garnish one could desire. Taddy told us shocking tarradiddles of flood and field in his own placid manner. Tim contradicted, jeered, and went him one better, while the lady alternately nursed her smarting hand and joined with whichever of the boys was getting the worst of it. At the next cross-road Taddy bade us farewell, and we watched him skimming home to Kilkenny with one long-stemmed scarlet poppy nodding a drunken adieu from his cap brim, and I, for one, was sorry to see the last of him.

Then came miles on miles of the usual rock road, varied by a fiendish short cut, which made us slither and squeak through sticky mud and puddles of water until I was in a bath of terrified perspiration as I went from side to side of the filthy, wet road, now skimming the grassy edge of a deep ditch, now "clicking" through a rut full of gummy, greasy mire. Let me record it in full, this one and only bad piece in nearly three hundred miles. It was the dirtiest, meanest, most horrible hour's ride I ever took. I have been reading with great amusement the account of a woman's ride from Berlin to Budapest, which tells of mud, tumbles, storms, darkness, and sundry other frightful experiences. How came these fates? We had rain, but it did not make us cross. We had mud—just that once—gales of wind sweeping down the Bog of Allen, when I rode in an involuntary costume, which I am glad none of my old maid friends were there to criticise. Tim said it was fine, but then—Tim is so Irish.

But through rain and filthy mud and boisterous wind we traveled placidly on to Thurles, where we came upon the railroad to Dublin, and where Tim, so Taddy had privately informed me, intended to take to the cars! We had rather a good tea at the inn, which was one of three to choose from, for Thurles is what Down-Easters call "quite a taown." It rained a little, and then cleared up so gloriously that even Tim was glad to ride away on the fleet steed into such a golden evening. Nothing was said about railroads, and we headed for Holy Cross Abbey, that beautiful and famous ruin, some five miles along

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the road to Cashel, where we hoped to stop for that night and the next day, which was going to be Sunday, according to my convictions. We met peasants, and jaunting-cars, and cattle and "gossoons" (boys, these latter), and in due time we feasted our eyes on Holy Cross Abbey. We strayed about the green yard, peered into nooks and corners of the exquisite old place, which looks on such an evening like a beautiful dream of bygone days; the dainty windows, the slim pillars, the cool stone, carved and fretted in a score of graceful shapes—ah! it was the sweetest sight I looked on, after all. We turned back many a time for another look as it smiled in the afterglow of the sunset, and then we set to in earnest to make Cashel before dark, that is, in those twilight latitudes, some time before eleven o'clock. The roads were once more their old cleanly selves, and we sped along at a fairly smart pace, until, looming high before us in the fading twilight, we sighted that noble and stately ruin which meetly crowns the grand Rock of Cashel. Did you ever grin at the idea of kings in Ireland? Well, go to Cashel, roam through the immense fortress, creep in between the walls, up and down slimy steps, pausing, horrified, one minute before you step down into a dark, cold, bottomless abyss, with water gleaming away far below you; stand on the great tower and look out over the plain where Hore Abbey lies in ruins, and six castles of six centuries' dead chiefs show gray and dim through the land; go into King Cormac's Chapel, where the kings of Ireland were crowned, that small, sacred, indescribably impressive nook where you dare no longer doubt, or jeer, or grin; and while your heart and mind accept the kings of Ireland, your modern pine-shaving democracy will curl and wither up within you—just see if it doesn't!

We did not go near the rock that Saturday night, but scuttled along in the growing gloom to secure our beds and rest our tired limbs. I don't know about Tim, but I felt rather done up, and knew with painful exactness the locality and size of each and every bruise which I owed to that heap of broken stones t'other side of Kilkenny. Very early on Sunday morning a steady tramp of feet wakened me from dreams, and Tim's voice outside the door, in anxious parley with the boots on some question of route, breakfast or other important subject, make me jump up and look out of the window. It was only early sunrise, but the cobblestone street was full of pious townsfolk on the way to prayers, the men silent and decorous,

"WE WATCHED HIM SKIMMING HOME." (*p. 313.*)

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the women bulky and short-skirted, with their heads peeping from very voluminous-gathered peasant cloaks or loosely woven Irish wool shawls. They seldom spoke, but walked in groups down the footpath and street. I scrambled back into bed for another sleep. After breakfast we prowled out to explore the Rock of Cashel, and on inquiring for the guide, were told that "Misther Fogarty was at the Mass, but a gyurl could be had." A plain lump of a lass was presently directed to our whereabouts by a tiny Irishman in tatters, who ran at my side and begged for a penny for "bringin' of her out, me lady." He was a funny wee child, bright and observant, but either purposely or hideously ignorant. Tim told him dreadful tales of our adventures, and I noticed that the youngster gave me a very wide berth; so that I fancy Tim's time-worn horror of a Canadian who "would as soon ate you as look at you, mind that now!" had been worked upon his childish mind. The gyurl was obtuse and unsympathetic, and after asking her a great many questions and getting a placid "I do' know; sure, if Misther Fogarty was here he would tell ye," to every one of them, we left her swinging her bare feet as she sat on a tombstone, crooning a truly Irish ballad about a "bould boy" and a fair maid, while we started on our own explorations.

It is a queer feeling to walk inside a hollow wall and peer from loop-holes into rooms or out over the country. One realizes some of the power such a means of overlooking gave to the monks of old, and one sees how easy it would be to invite a friend who was *de trop* to take such a walk, and when he came to the head of one of those short, slimy stairways to give him a push, and then listen until he soused into that black pool away down in the depths. The passages just admitted Tim's broad shoulders, and we roamed and shuddered and whispered, and finally emerged into the light and brightness of some solid old tower-top.

The requisite round tower was on hand also, and without doubt the Rock of Cashel holds one of the grandest ruins I have ever looked at. German castles, however handsome and picturesque, are not to be named in the same day as Cashel. Its rugged, immense walls, so stern, so strong, and so hoary, will ever stand above all in my memory of ruins. The Holy Cross in the castle yard, with its base of a Druidical altar, reversed, consecrated, and so received as a fitting support for the massive stone emblem of Christianity; the chapel of King Cormac, with its wonderful allegorical carvings and wide baptismal font—all the impressive and weird associations that crowd around early Irish history came over me as I lingered loath to leave the storied spot. Our next ride, too, was to end in such a different, though, to me, a very interesting spot, the scene of many an "illigant ruction," the battleground of the Land League and the landlord, whom they utterly failed to subdue—the town of Tipperary. The very name has a flavor of wildness to me, and the freaks of fate which played hob with Old Tipperary and New Tipperary, and the stories over which I had laughed till I cried in Dublin, made me curious to see the rival towns. About noon we left Cashel and took a quiet Sunday ride west into the heart of County Tipperary.

No one was shocked at us. Mass was over, and the rest of the day was to be holiday, not holy day, as we soon found out while we whirled past groups of ball-players, snug picnic parties tucked into inside cars in appalling crowds, sweethearts hovering along the footpath or sitting demurely on some wayside bank, men in grave discussions or heated argument over the present excitement, "th' elections." Some sneaking Sabbatarian qualms kept me from making of my all-consuming and convenient thirst the usual excuse for getting a sight of the infrequent cabins' Sunday interiors. Flying pictures haunt me, as I write, of the bright-eyed children who laughed and ran out to see us; of the many yapping dogs, and the quiet, subdued-looking women. Now I recall the glimpse of a pair of lovers, seated with wreathed arms and radiant faces; now a merry group of jolly little chaps, a prim party of gentry on their way to service, a long line of men propped against some low sunshiny wall, houses overflowing with children, who scuttled out to give us a silvery good wish—"God bless the lady." Presently we came to signs of a town, and ere long were speeding swiftly along the main street of Tipperary the Elder.

To be concluded in August.

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BLACK-BASS FISHING IN MAINE.

BY ARTHUR PIERRE.

I AM going to tell of black-bass fishing in Maine, where the bass do not grow much over six pounds, except in newspaper accounts, and where the fly-fisher is not sufficiently numerous to teach the natives to look down on the humble troller. Yes, I confess it with shame, in trolling for black-bass I have passed many delightful hours and procured many a string of fish that have been a source of secret envy to less fortunate companions.

Early one morning in July I walked rapidly along a country road on my way to fulfill an appointment to "go a-fishin'" with no less a personage than Jack Pike, the blacksmith and general factotum of a little Maine village. I had long been a secret admirer of this worthy, for I had heard prodigious tales of "Jack's luck" and had gazed with unconcealed admiration at the trim lancewood rod and dainty tackle that ornamented a chosen corner of the dingy smithy.

Decidedly a blacksmith who so far defied the traditions of the place as to fish for bass with a seven-ounce lancewood instead of yanking out pickerel with a fifteen-foot pole, was a *rara avis* whom it was well worth while to cultivate. Since then, in numberless tramps through the backwoods, and in expeditions over secluded lakes and along unknown streams, I have often proved the value of the wit and wisdom that came from one of the kindest hearts that man was ever blessed with. He was not without learning also, and his occasional discussions of the topics of the day showed a keen insight into public affairs and human nature.

As I approached the shop the rhythmic blows of the hammer told me that Jack was evidently improving his time while waiting for me. As I came up to the open door, however, he stopped and threw the hammer away with a sigh of relief.

"I'd 'bout given you up," he said "an' started in to fix Mose Harper's mowin' machine, but I guess it's just as well I didn't." Then, on my half-hearted request that he keep right on working and we wait until another day, he continued:

"No; I sot out to go a-fishin' to-day, and I'm a-goin.' Besides, I'll be doin' that durn fool a real kindness not to fix his ol' machine. If he gits that done to-day, he won't know any better 'n to go an' mow down a lot o' hay, an' we're goin' to hev rain 'fore night just as sure as my name's Jack Pike. But, I reckon, we better be a-movin', fer it won't be long 'fore every durn fool in the village will be here with a hoss to shoe. They allus come when I want to go a-fishin'."

With this naïve bit of philosophy, he started through the fields to the lake, and I obediently followed. We soon reached the lake, but just as we were pushing off, a hoarse voice from the direction of the village came floating over the trees.

"J-a-a-ck! Oh, Ja-a-a-a-a-ck!" Jack looked at me with a dry smile.

"There, that fool jest knowed I wanted to go a-fishin' to-day, and he came 'round early so I'd have to fix his blamed ol' mowin'-machine, but I ruther guess we fooled him."

Just then a pensive bull-calf in the next pasture answered the persistent seeker after "J-a-a-a-ck!" with a plaintive "Pa-a-a-a!" ending in that divine guttural trill that only a healthy bull-calf can successfully accomplish.

The situation was not without humor, and as Jack rowed silently but rapidly away, he murmured partly to himself:

"Two of a kind. Two of a kind, an', I reckon, the young un has got the most sense."

As the last, lingering echoes of the bull-calf died away, I got out my line and began to troll for black-bass. Now, don't think you know all about trolling, my friend learned in piscatorial sport, for perhaps you don't. Trolling for black-bass is a science. I thought I knew it all, but when I had rigged my tackle, under Jack's direction, I felt like

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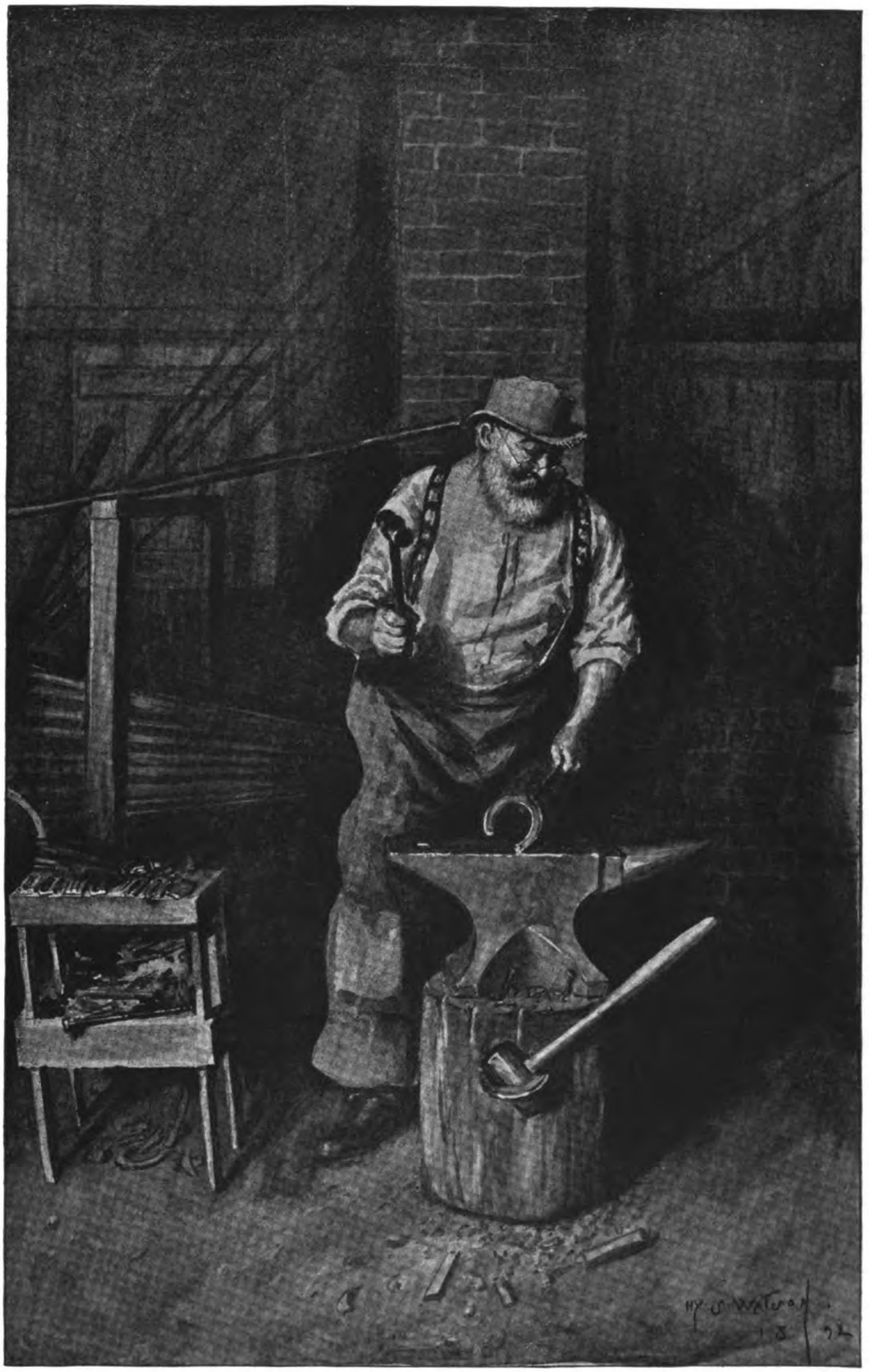

"THEY ALLUS COME WHEN I WANT TO GO A-FISHIN'." (*p. 316.*)

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a novice. In the first place, I took a three-yard double leader and fastened to it four flies, selected by Jack from my fairly well-filled book. If I remember rightly, he chose a "Furguson," two "polkas" and a "grizzly king." At any rate, subsequent experience has taught me that these are among the best for trolling in that region. Fastening the leader to a light oiled-silk line (size F), which ran smoothly from a multiplying Hendryx click reel, fastened firmly on a seven-ounce lance-wood, which Jack had pronounced a "purty good pole," I was ready for business. I dropped the cast overboard, and let it run out behind the boat until fifteen or twenty yards were missing from the reel. I wanted to stop then, but Jack wouldn't hear of it, until over a hundred feet were trailing along behind us.

I had caught bass before, but I must say that I felt a little scared when I thought of the "gleaming eight-pound warrior" of the newspapers at the end of that delicate contrivance. However, I will warn every one that, in spite of the veracity of a truthful and unprejudiced press, eight-pounders were never quite in my line, or rather on my line.

Jack was now rowing very slowly along the shore, keeping the boat out far enough for my flies to just escape the occasional lily-pads that frequently grow along rocky and sandy shores. Pretty soon a series of little twitches told me that something was fooling with the cast. Then the twitches became sharper, and every now and then they were strong enough to run a foot or so of line off the reel. A look of disgust had gradually spread over Jack's face.

"We've run through a herd of them good fer nothin' perch, and you've got one on every hook."

Upon reeling in I found he was indeed a true prophet, for on the first three hooks were three perch gasping with astonishment at their sudden introduction into polite society. The fourth hook, however, held a small bass not more than four inches long. As he seemed thoroughly ashamed of himself, and looked duly penitent at being caught in such company, I tossed him overboard, but the perch were consigned to an old starch-box with the following rather enigmatical remark from Jack:

"'Round here folks think them's good enough fer hogs. Shouldn't wonder if you caught some more." I fancied there was a slight emphasis on the "you," but as Jack seemed as solemn as the occasion demanded, I concluded I was mistaken.

I let out my line and we went on near the shore in perfect silence, excepting the faint cawing of crows in a distant pine, and the shrill peep of an occasional snipe that was picking up his breakfast along the sand flats we passed. The water was still, and the trees and rocks on the shore were caught and held in perfect reflection. The morning sun, just rising over the tops of the pines that stood along the shore in dark array, cheered me and robbed the air of its chill. The subdued ripple of the oars as Jack silently and slowly forced the boat through the pictured woods, lulled me into a dreamy reverie in which every thought was of peace and pleasure. The magic charm of the woods was upon me, and everything seemed to happen with the delightful irrationality of a dream. I realized then as never before that all the charm of a day's fishing is not in the sport itself.

But my dreaming came to an abrupt end as I suddenly felt a sharp tug, and then my reel began to shriek its sharp warning. The change from repose to action was instantaneous. There was no need of Jack's quick "Look out!" I was looking out, and, standing up in that little boat, was engaged in a battle royal with that glittering flash of silver that now and again showed itself so very far away.

Well, yes, I suppose, Mister Cynic, that any fool *can* catch a fish, and that it is a little thing to make a fuss about; but let me put you into a combination with a light rod, a long line, and a three-pound chunk of perversity called a black bass, and if there are not times when you are willing to back the bass for all you are worth, call me no fisherman. And if you do not feel every nerve in your body tingle with excitement as the fish plunges in every direction and never seems to be coming nearer the boat, then you are indeed a cynic, and really very much to be pitied.

Slowly I reeled the bass in, but not without considerable reluctance on his part, and with no little firm persuasion on mine. Jack had meantime set the boat with steady, easy strokes, away

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from the shore, and soon I had the fish in deep water and away from all obstructions. For the next fifteen minutes I think I experienced nearly every feeling that the human soul can know, from the ecstasy of delight when the excited fish flashed into the air before my very eyes, to the dull anguish of utter despair as the line slackened and I thought I had lost him.

Of course I didn't lose him. If I had, he would have weighed more than three pounds. No man ever loses a fish as small as that. It is against the unwritten rules of the brotherhood, and it is worthy of note that we all observe those unwritten rules, even if the decalogue suffers a little. I presume that Jonah exaggerated the size of his *companion du voyage* when he was safe on dry land. But then Jonah had good reason to speak well of that fish. It would take a mighty mean man to undervalue a fish under such circumstances.

Finally the rushes grew less frequent and shorter, and then as the bass passed slowly by, too much exhausted to make more than a feeble protest, Jack slipped the landing net under him and soon he lay on the bottom of the boat. I sank back into the seat with a sigh of delight, and then with an attempt to look as though I was in the habit of catching three-pound bass every day in the Frog-pond, I observed, as carelessly as possible, "Hum! Not quite as big as I thought he was. Weigh about two pounds, or two and a half, perhaps?"

"Oh, he'll weigh more'n that," said Jack; "good deal nearer three an' a half. But I'll weigh him as soon's you git your line out agin."

"How are you going to weigh him?" said I, as indifferently as possible.

Now right there Jack gave additional proof that he was not an angler, but simply a fisherman, by taking a pair of balances from his pocket and weighing my bass. "Jest a shade under three an' a half," he announced, with a magisterial air, and I received the verdict with much the same air as a sweet girl graduate receives her blue ribboned diploma.

My line had soon run out again, but it hardly reached the limit when another vicious tug and whirr of the reel brought me to my feet again. This time it was two smaller ones, and they made a very pretty fight, at times leaving the line almost slack when they were pulling against each other, and then making the rod bend as they started off together.

I continued to troll, with more or less success, until eleven bass had been transferred from the lake to the box in the bow of the boat.

After a while I took the oars and Jack trolled. His first capture was a gigantic chub, that came in with all the grace of an amateur hippopotamus, and looked pretty nearly all mouth as he lay on the bottom of the boat.

"That 'ere fish reminds me a good deal of Mose Harper," said Jack. "If he'd only keep his mouth shet he'd look a blame sight purtier an' git into less trouble. Mose Harper allus has his mouth open and it often gits him inter trouble. Why, one day las' summer Mose came in to Deacon Jim Lawrence's store where the boys was all tergether a-waitin' fer the noon mail to be in. Wall, Mose has got the biggest mouth in town, an' jest as he come in the Deacon's boy, Bill, took up a molasses cookie an' took a thunderin' big bite. Wall, the boys all laughed and Mose thought he'd go the young feller one better, so he up an' opens his mouth till he looked a good deal like that chub down there. Wall, the boys all laughed agin and Mose strained his mouth wider still. Pritty soon he began to look scart and put both han's up ter his mouth as if ter push it to. But he couldn't do it. The pesky idjut had slipped his jaw back an' it had stuck, an' he stood there jest like that bull-calf we heard with his mouth wide open. Then he started on the dead run down to the Corners to ol' Dr. Child's bare-headed an' with his mouth wide open. Wall, the boys all started after him an' pritty soon half the village was going down the road tight as they could git, so that ol' Aunt Sallie Butterworth went over into Pelham an' tol' all the folks over there that Mose Harper had gone crazy and run into the woods an' all the men in town was out a chasin' him with pitchforks. Mose was mad as blazes when he heard of it.

"Wall, Mose come to the Doctor's an' flung the door open an' run right in where the doctor was eatin' dinner. The crowd came right in an' stood there behind Mose and those that couldn't git in tramped down all Mis' Child's flower

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beds tryin' ter peak in the winder. The ol' doctor is a pritty putchiky old chap, an he was riled, but he tried not to show it an' said as calm as he could:

"'Mornin', Mose. Can I do anythin' for you?'

"Mose stood there an' pointed to his mouth and sort of gurgled a good deal like that chub is doin' now. Then the doctor spoke up again rather short-like, 'What's the matter, Mose? Can I help you any?' Mose never said a word but stood there a pointin' to his mouth an' rolling his eyes, an' some of the fellers began to laugh. The ol' doctor thought they was laughin' at him, an' he flared right up and roared to Mose:

"'Shet yer mouth, you d— fool,' and with that he hit Mose a slap side the jaw and Mose's mouth snapped to like a snuff-box. Then the fellers stepped in an' explained matters an' it all ended up in a laugh, but I don't think the doctor ever quite forgive Mose. At any rate he sent him a bill of two dollars fer performin' an operation."

By this time Jack was fishing again and was soon rewarded with a lively bass that weighed just two pounds.

We fished by turns all day except when we landed and boiled our coffee and broiled a couple of fresh bass over the coals. Talk about epicures. The man who hasn't eaten a bass fresh from the water and broiled over the coals doesn't know the meaning of good living. Of course the sun is hot and the smoke gets into your eyes when you are near the fire, and the wood-flies when you are not, but after all a smoking black bass spread out on a flat rock is a temptation worth enduring.

Night came all too soon and we rowed slowly down the lake in the gathering dusk, tired, hungry and happy. We climbed wearily up the hill to the shop and divided the spoils in the twilight and as I turned away down the road I heard Jack murmur to himself:

"I might a-fixed that mowin' machine fer Mose Harper, an' it didn't rain after all; but then, I guess it's jest as well."

Yes, it was just as well. We had brought home two dozen bass, weighing from half a pound to three and a half. Not a big catch, surely, my brothers from the South and West, where bass grow so big that they cannot turn around in the rivers. No, not a big catch nor very big fish, but they were caught up amidst the gray New England hills where the mountain-tops are photographed on the water, and the silent pines look on with majestic approval. They were caught in the land where the surroundings, rugged and hard, make men that are in keeping with themselves, and it seems to me that even the fish partook of the grim New England character and came up to the boat with that obstinacy and resistance characteristic of New England.

"JACK WAS SOON REWARDED WITH A LIVELY BASS." (*p. 320.*)

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AMATEUR SPORTS AND PASTIMES

Outing MONTHLY RECORD

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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OUTING will in this department record all important events within the domain of pastimes and of strictly amateur sport; therefore these pages are open to members of organized clubs engaged in the reputable sports of the period. The editors of OUTING RECORD cordially invite full reports of contests and events of interest to officers and members of amateur clubs and associations.

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BASEBALL.

NOTHING could have been more unpromising to all who desire concord and good feeling in college sports than the opening of the present season in baseball; and, though there is yet much to be desired in the way of frankness and chivalry, few seasons have ever closed more satisfactorily than the present bids fair to close. At the outset Princeton was set upon playing against strict undergraduate teams only; but yielded to the intercessions of graduates and arranged games with both the University of Pennsylvania and Harvard. Similarly Yale refused at first to play a deciding game with Harvard, except on terms manifestly unfair; but likewise giving in to the advice of graduates has arranged to play off the possible tie. Accordingly every result of the most harmonious organization has come out of the most thorough disorganization possible. All this has not happened, of course, without traces of bad blood; but the fact remains that in the end all colleges have adopted the most sportsmanlike course; and that this augurs well for future manliness and generosity in sport.

MAY 8TH.—The Southern College baseball championship series was won by the University of Virginia. Owing to the very large area embraced by the Association, the colleges are devided into two sections, northern and southern. The colleges of each section play a sub-series, and then the two winning colleges meet. In the northern section, Johns Hopkins defeated St. John; and the University of North Carolina defeated Wake Forest College. Both Johns Hopkins and the University of North Carolina were beaten by the University of Virginia. In the southern section, the Universities of Georgia and Alabama soon dropped out, leaving the two Tennessee Universities, Vanderbilt, and the University of the South. A dispute arose as to which of these should play Virginia, and both appeared at the grounds at Lynchburg for the final match. The decision of the Association was in favor of the University of the South, who played Virginia and were defeated.

YALE, 5; PRINCETON, 1—NEW HAVEN, MAY 20.

Princeton played in hard luck. In the first inning Brooks the short stop, collided with Beal, and was carried off the field in a faint. Guild was placed at short stop, and Otto at first base, and neither covered his position creditably. Trenchard's catching, however, was perfect, and his throwing to second extremly accurate. The feature of the game was Carter's pitching, which was so excellent that the game proved extremely dull from the spectators' point of view.

YALE.	R	1B	P	O	A	E	PRINCETON.	R	1B	P	O	A	E
Rustin, 3d b.	0	0	3	0	0		King, 2 b.	0	0	5	2	0	
Arbuthnot, 3b.	0	0	1	3	0		Woodcock, c. f.	1	0	0	0		
Beal, c. f.	2	2	1	1	1		McKenzie, l. f.	0	0	2	0	0	
Case, l. f.	1	0	0	0	0		Paine, r. f.	0	2	1	0	0	
Steph'son, 1 b.	0	2	7	0	0		Guild, lb., s. s.	0	1	1	2	1	
Spear r. f.	1	1	0	0	0		Trenchard, c.	0	1	6	3	0	
Bliss, s. s.	1	0	0	2	1		Gunster, 3 b.	0	0	2	1	0	
Hedges, 2d b.	0	0	1	1	0		Brooks, s. s.	0	0	0	0	1	
Kedzie, c.	0	0	14	4	1		Otto, 1 b.	0	0	6	1	1	
Carter, p.	0	1	0	0	0		Drake, p.	0	0	0	1	0	
Totals	5	6	27	11	3		Totals	1	5*23	19	13		

*Hedges hit by batted ball.

Yale	2	0	1	2	0	0	0	0	..	— 5
Princeton	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	— 1

Earned runs—Yale, 2. Stolen bases—Yale, 4; Princeton, 3. Base on balls—Beall, Bliss, Case, Otto. Hit by pitched ball—Kedzie. Struck out—Carter, Rustin (2), King, Woodcock (2), McKenzie, Payne, (2), Guild (2), Gunster (3), Drake (3), Otto (2). Time—2h. 5m. Umpires—Curry and Mullen.

PRINCETON, 20; U. OF P., 8—PRINCETON, MAY 24.

A combination of good hitting and wretched fielding enabled Princeton to make the largest score of the season. Drake succeded in keeping Pennsylvania down to a single home run.

PENNSYLVANIA.	R	1B	P	O	A	E	PRINCETON.	R	1B	P	O	A	E
Thomas, c. f.	2	1	1	0	1		Payne, r. f.	3	3	1	1	0	
Hollister, r. f.	1	2	2	0	0		Wood'k, c.f., p	3	1	2	0	1	
Bayne, l. f.	2	2	1	3	0		King, 2d b.	2	4	2	0	1	
Reese, p.	1	0	0	1	0		McKenzie, l. f.	1	1	3	0	2	
Goeckel, 1st b.	1	1	8	0	1		Trenchard, c.	2	0	7	1	1	
Thomson, s. s.	0	1	1	1	5		Guild, s. s.	2	2	0	2	1	
Contrell, 3d. b.	0	0	1	0	1		Gunster, 3d b.	2	3	1	3	1	
Coogan, c.	1	0	8	1	2		Otto, 1st b.	2	0	10	0	0	
McGrillis, 2d b.	0	0	2	2	1		Drake, p.	3	1	0	5	0	
Boswell, p.	0	0	0	0	0		Blair, c. f.	0	0	1	0	0	
Totals	8	7	24	8	11		Totals	20	15	27	12	7	

University of Pa.	1	0	2	0	1	1	0	1	2	— 8
Princeton	0	0	0	5	0	12	0	3	..	— 20

Earned runs—Pennsylvania, 1; Princeton, 7. Home runs, Bayne, Payne. Three-base hits—Guild, King. Two-base hits—Guild, Mackenzie. Stolen bases—Hollister (5), Bayne (2), Reese, Goeckel, Coogan, Mackenzie. Double plays—Gunster and Otto. First base on balls—off Drake, 5; off Reese, 3; off Boswell, 3; off Woodcock, 1. Hit by pitched ball—Payne. Struck out—By Drake, 5; by Reese, 3; by Boswell, 4. Passed balls—Trenchard, 2; Coogan, 3. Wild pitch—Drake. Left on bases—Pennsylvania, 2; Princeton, 8. Time—2h. 45m. Umpires—Muller and Hopkins.

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U. OF P., 4; PRINCETON, 5—PHILADELPHIA, MAY 27.

This game was in strong contrast with the previous one. The batting of both teams was strong, and the errors few. King's home run in the tenth inning won the game for Princeton.

PENNSYLVANIA.	R	1B	PO	A	E
Thomas, c. f.	1	1	3	0	0
Hollister, 2 b.	1	1	0	4	0
Bayne, p.	0	0	0	0	0
Goeckel, 1st b.	1	3	12	0	1
Thomson, s. s.	0	0	0	5	1
Reese, r. f.	0	1	0	0	2
Blair, l. f.	0	0	2	0	0
Coogan, c.	1	2	9	1	0
McGrillis, 3 b.	0	0	2	4	0
Totals	4	8*	28	14	0

PRINCETON.	R	1B	PO	A	E
Payne, r. f.	1	1	1	0	0
Woodcock, c. f.	1	0	0	1	0
King, 2d b.	1	3	3	4	0
McKenzie, l. f.	1	0	4	0	0
Trenchard, c.	1	1	7	1	0
Guild, 1st b.	0	1	14	0	1
Gunster, 3d b.	0	0	0	3	0
Otto, s. s.	0	0	0	5	0
Drake, p.	0	0	1	2	0
Totals	5	6	30	16	1

*Only one man out when winning run was scored.

Pennsylvania	2	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—4
Princeton	3	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	1—5

Earned runs—Pennsylvania, 3; Princeton, 2. Home run—Goeckle. Three-base hits—Reese, King. Two-base hits—King, Hollister. Sacrifice hits—McGrillis, Woodcock, Bayne. Bases stolen—Goeckle, Coogan (3), McKenzie. Double play—Coogan and McGrillis. Left on bases—Pennsylvania, 4; Princeton, 4. Struck out—Reese, McGrillis (2), Blair, Payne, Woodcock, King, McKenzie, Trenchard, Gunster, Otto (2), Drake. First base on errors—Princeton, 2. First base on called balls—Thomas, Payne, Gunster, Woodcock. Hit by pitched ball—Coogan, McKenzie. Wild pitches—Drake, 2. Passed balls—Coogan (2), Trenchard (1). Time—2h. 30m. Umpires—Mullen and Hopkins.

HARVARD, 9; PRINCETON, 8—CAMBRIDGE, MAY 30.

The beginning of the game was delayed a long time by Captain King's refusal to play under the umpires previously agreed upon. Captain Frothingham acceded at last to what appeared beyond reasonable doubt an unfair and unwarrantable claim, in order not to postpone the game or sacrifice it entirely. Three times in the course of the game the Harvard side tied and passed the Princeton score, and each time the cheering was of a kind to express very forcibly the ill will of the Harvard crowd. Errors were applauded repeatedly, and the winning run was clearly the result of rattling the Princeton pitcher. Captain King's position with regard to the umpire was obviously absurd, but the Harvard crowd acted in a thoroughly unsportsmanlike way.

HARVARD.	R	1B	PO	A	E
Hallowell, c. f.	3	3	4	0	0
Abbott, 3d b.	0	1	2	3	1
Mason, r. f.	1	1	0	0	0
Upton, c	1	1	6	0	0
Hovey, 2d b.	1	1	0	1	0
Cook, l. f.	1	2	4	0	0
Sullivan, s. s.	1	2	1	4	1
Trafford, 1st b.	1	1	10	0	0
Wiggin, p.	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	9	12	27	8	2

PRINCETON.	R	1B	PO	A	E
Payne, r. f.	1	3	2	2	0
Woodcock, c. f.	1	0	2	1	1
King, 2d b.	1	1	2	6	0
Trenchard, c.	2	1	4	1	1
Guild, 1st b.	1	3	12	1	3
McKenzie, l. f.	1	1	0	0	0
Gunster, 3d b.	0	0	4	1	0
Otto, s. s.	0	1	0	4	1
Drake, p.	1	1	0	2	1
Totals	8	11*	26	18	7

Two out when winning run was made.

Harvard	4	0	1	0	0	1	0	1	2	—9
Princeton	3	0	0	0	0	0	4	1	0	8

Earned runs—Harvard, 3; Princeton, 3. First base by errors—Harvard, 5. Left on bases—Harvard, 9; Princeton, 6. First base on balls—Off Wiggin, 4; off Drake, 8. Struck out—By Wiggin, 6; by Drake, 2. Home runs—Payne, Guild, Mackenzie. Three-base hits—Drake, Payne. Two-base hit—Hovey. Sacrifice hits—Cook, Frothingham. Stolen bases—Trenchard (2), Hallowell, Mason (3), Sullivan, King, Upton. Wild pitch—Wiggin. Passed balls—Trenchard, 2. Time—3h. 15m. Umpire—Hopkins.

ATHLETICS.

May 13th, Harvard, 67; Yale, 45. At Cambridge.—The size of Harvard's score was far beyond the most liberal estimates even of the Harvard team. That the games were held on Holmes Field may, in a measure, account for this; but a stronger reason lies in the fact that upward of three hundred men had been trained regularly for the team under the care of Mr. J. G. Lathrop, the instructor in athletics at Harvard. Not only is this number of candidates unprecedented even at Harvard, but Mr. Lathrop's skill and experience are unsurpassed. Moreover the general opinion of Yale's strength was exaggerated by falsifications in the official reports of the Yale 'varsity scratch meeting. It was widely circulated that Bennett, a freshman, won the short dash in 10½s, and the quarter in 51s. This forced Merrill, of Harvard, to run the quarter before his two heats in the long dash. When it turned out that all three of the Harvard men finished ahead of the renowned Bennett, the Yale runners informed Merrill that the reports of Bennett's time were false, and had been given out to drive Merrill out of the long dash. After this Yale felt certain that Richards would win the long dash, and in fact even the Harvard men were a bit surprised when Merrill shot by his man at the finish securing the second first prize that day. The time in his two events, 51s. and 22 3-5s., was little less than marvellous, considering the heaviness of the track and the cold rain in which the races were run; and Merrill has earned a place in the front rank of runners. The result of the Yale tactics of falsification was a positive loss of points to the blue. This will perhaps be a stronger eye-opener than any remarks about sportsmanship in athletics. Following is a table of results:

		H.	*Y.*	
100 yards	Lefurgey, H. Richards, Y. Sayer, H.	6	2	10 2-5s.
220 yards	Merrill, H. Richards, Y. Whittren, H.	6	2	22 3-5s.
440 yards	Merrill, H Bingham, H. Pinkham, H.	8	0	51s.
Half mile	Corbin, H. Hubbell, H. Lakin, H.	8	0	2m. 3 35s.
Mile run	Morgan, Y. Fenton, H. Blake, H.	3	5	4m. 36 2-5s.
Mile walk	Endicott, H. Wright, Y. Bardeen, H.	6	2	7m. 5s.
2-mile bicycle	Glenney, Y. Parmelee, Y. Holmes, H.	1	7	5m. 48 2-5s.
High hurdles	Lyman, Y. Shead, H. Hart, Y.	2	6	16 4-5s.
Low hurdles	Garcelon, H. Van Ingen, Y. Fearing, H.	6	2	26 2-5s.
High jump	Fearing, H. Chaney, H Putnam, H.	8	0	5ft. 7⅛in.
Broad jump	Bloss, H. Sheldon, Y. Shead, H.	6	2	22ft. 4in.
Shot	Shea, H. Hickok, Y. Lyman, Y.	5	3	40ft. 8in.
Hammer	Hickok, Y. Stillman, Y. Bross, Y.	0	8	110ft. 8in.
Pole vault	Cartwright, Y Wheelwright, H Hart, Y. Rice, Y.	2	6	10ft. 6¼in.
Total		67	45	

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MAY 13TH.—The first annual open championship games of the University of Pennsylvania, mark the beginning of fresh vigor in the athletic life of the university. The most remarkable performance was Osgood's bicycle race, in which he beat the collegiate record, 5m. 31 1-5s., made by R. H. Davis of Harvard's, by 3 1-5s. Osgood is the phenomenal half-back who played in the Cornell Eleven last fall, and as the rules of the Inter-collegiate Athletic Association require a full year's residence at the college from which an athlete enters, Osgood is not eligible to ride in the inter-collegiate championships. A lack of space excludes all but the most important events.

Special inter-collegiate championship one mile relay race, won by Princeton (Chapman, McCampbell, Brokaw, and Turner). The Pennsylvania team (Newton, Bauer, Freeman, and Thomson) finished eight yards behind. Time, 3m. 34 1-5s.

Hundred-yard dash—F. W. Allen, Princeton (5 yds.), first; H. A. McNulty, Princeton (5 yds.), second; N. S. Hines, U. of P. (5 yds.), third. Time, 9 4-5s.

Half-mile run—T. B. Turner, Princeton (scratch), first; C. G. Wintringer, Princeton (12 yds.), second; H. E. Schaff, Princeton (20 yds.), third. Time, 1m. 59 2-5s.

One-mile walk—C. W. Ottley, Princeton (12s.), first; L. M. Ford, U. of P., (6s.), second; E. C. McVitty, A. D., Y. M. C. A. (50s.), third. Actual time, 6m. 58s.

Two-mile bicycle race—W. D. Osgood, U. of P. (scratch), first; George M. Coates (scratch), U. of P., second; J. W. Dreyfogle, U. of P. (80 yds.), third. Time, 5m. 28s.

Pole-vault—W. A. Stewart, A. D., Y. M.C.A., (18 in.), first; actual vault, 10 ft. C. T. Buchholz, Univ. of Penn. (6 in.), second; actual vault, 10 ft. 7½ in. J. Clegg, A. D., Y. M. C. A. (18 in.). third; actual vault, 9 ft. 6 in.

MAY 20TH.—The Princeton-Columbia games were held on Columbia Field, Williamsbridge, under perfect conditions of track and weather. The hundred-yards dash and the quarter-mile run were the noteworthy events. The score was Princeton, 69; Columbia, 43.

Hundred-yards dash—F. W. Allen, P., first; J. B. Small, C., second; H. A. McNulty, P., third. 10 1-5s. P 6. C 2.

Two hundred and twenty yards dash—J. B. Small, C., first; F. W. Allen, P., second; I. I. Brokaw, P., third. 23s. C 5. P 3.

Quarter-mile run—I. I. Brokaw, P., first; G. M. McCampbell, P., second; W. Beekman, C., third. 51 3-5s. P 7. C 1.

Half-mile run—T. B. Turner, P., first; W. C. Wintringer, P., second; A. E. Schaff, P., third 2m. 5 1-5s. P 8. C o

Mile run—C. V. Black, P., first; H. R. Kingsley, C., second; J. C. Caton, P,, third. 4m. 46 3-5s P 6. C 2.

One hundred and twenty yards hurdle—J. Byrnes, C., first; R. F. Williams, P., second; T. E. Jessups, C., third. 17 1-5s. P 2. C 6.

Two hundred and twenty yards hurdle—W. Desalzer, C. first; D. James, P., second; J. Hammond, C., third. 27 3-5s. P 2. C 6.

One-mile walk—C. W. Ottley, P., first; F. A. Borcherling. P., second; D. S. Iglehard. C., third. 7m. 1-5s. P 7. C 1.

Two-mile bicycle — Carnochan, P., first; Grandin, P., second; H. K. Bird, C., third. 6m. 1s. P 7. C 1.

Running broad jump—J. Hammond, C., first, 20 ft. 8 in.; R. Shipman, C., second, 20 ft. 6 in.; H. R. Sill, P., third, 20 ft. 4 3-4 in. P 7. C 1.

Running high jump—W. Harrison, C., first, 5 ft. 8 in.; W. K. Sill, P., second, 5 ft. 7 in.; E. Burke, C., third, 5 ft. 7 in. P 2. C 6.

Putting 16 lb. shot—J. Beveridge, P., first, 38 ft, 2 3-4 in.; J. Byrnes, C., second, 35 ft. 3 3-4 in.; K. Taylor, P., third, 32 ft. 7 3-4 in. P 6. C 2.

Throwing hammer—K. Taylor, P., first, 100 ft. 6 1-2 in.; B. W. Morris, C., second, 93 ft. 9 in.; D. M. Balliett, P., third, 83 ft. P 6. C 2.

Pole-vault—H. Fish, C., first; J. H. Bowman, C., second; J. C. Oakes, C., third; height not reported. P o. C 8.

Worcester, May 24. New England Inter-collegiate Championships.—The grounds were in fine condition, and the weather perfect. The records were broken in six of the fifteen events, the hundred-yard dash, the high hurdles, the mile run, the two-mile run, the two-mile bicycle race, and the hammer. Jarvis of Weslyan gave the finest exhibition of distance-running ever seen in American college athletics. Following is the summary of events:

100-yard dash—H. S. Patterson, Williams; C. W. McKay, Dartmouth, second; A. B. H. Straight, Brown, third. 10 1-4s.

220-yard dash—H. C. Ide, Dartmouth; E. B. Eldred, Dartmouth, second; E. H. Weeks, Brown, third. 23 2-5s.

Quarter-mile run—F. P. Claggett, Dartmouth; G. B. Brooks, Amherst, second; J. A Anderson, Wesleyan, third. 52s.

Half-mile run—R. W. Dunbar, Amherst; J. M. Gallagher, Worcester, second; D. Hall, Dartmouth, third. 2m. 5 4-5s.

Mile run—J. O. Jarvis, Wesleyan; A. G. Bugbee, Dartmouth, second; H. L. Pratt, Amherst, third. Time, 4m. 32 1-5s.

Two-mile run—J. O. Jarvis; D. L. Sharp, Brown, second; W. H. Parker, Worcester, third. Time, 10m. 8 2-5s.

Mile walk—H. F. Houghton, Amherst; L, H. Strong, Worcester, second; J. F. Chase, Wesleyan, third. Time, 7m. 9 4-5s.

Two-mile safety bicycle race—E. M. Bliss, Amherst; G. D. Pratt, Amherst, second; M. Hoyne, Williams, third. Time, 5m. 50 3-5.

High hurdle race—S. Chase, Dartmouth; B. R. Briggs, Wesleyan, second; C. C. Russell, Amberst, third. 16 3-5s.

Low hurdle race—A. M. Lyon, Dartmonth; H. H. Cushing, Brown, second; H. C. Ide, Dartmouth, third. 27s.

Running high jump — S. A. McComber, Brown, 5 ft. 4 1-4 in.; A. I. Lewis, Dartmouth, second, 5 ft. 3 1-4 in.; H. W. B. Arnold, Brown, third, 5 ft. 2 1-2 in.

Running broad jump—B. F. Welton, Dartmouth, 21 ft. 1 in.; S. A. McComber, Brown, second, 19 ft. 11 3-4 in.; S. Chase, Dartmouth, third, 19 ft. 5 in.

Pole vault—Won by H. L. Towne, Ws., 10 ft. 6 in.; J. A. Derby, Wo., M. D. Dunning, A., and E. O. Smith, Wes., tied at 10 ft. 4 in. Derby and Dunning won the toss for second and third places, each scoring a point and a third for his college.

Throwing Hammer—G. S. Ellis, Brown, 98

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ft. 3 1-2 in.; S. Carter, Trinity, second, 92 ft. 4 in.; F. Cotts, Wesleyan, third, 91 ft. 5 ins.

Putting the shot—S. Carter, Trinity, 37 ft. 6 in.; F. H. Brigham, Worcester, second, 36 ft. 5 ins.; F. E. Smith, Brown, third, 35 ft. 4 1-4 in.

First prizes counted five points; seconds, three; and thirds, one. The total score was, Dartmouth, 40; Amherst, 24 1-3; Brown, 23; Wesleyan, 17 1-3; Worcester, 11 1-3; Williams, 11; Trinity, 8, Bowdoin and the University of Vermont failed to score a point.

MAY 27th.—The inter-collegiate championships were held in Manhattan Field, New York. The track was wet and heavy, and the day was cold. The inter-collegiate records were broken in the bicycle race, the shot, the hammer, and the pole-vault. My comments on the games will be held over until next month for lack of space. Following is the summary of events:

100-yard dash—First heat, E. H. Weeks, Brown; J. P. Whittren, Harvard, '95, second. 10 3-5s. Second heat, C. T. Bucholtz, U. of P., '95; L. H. Mettler, Rutgers, second. 10 4-5s. Third heat, W. T. Baker, Harvard, '93; L. Sayer, Harvard, '96, second. 10 3-5s. Fourth heat, F. W. Allen, Princeton, '94; W. L. Thompson, Harvard, '93, second. 10 3-5s. Fifth heat, A. A. Lefurgey, Harvard L. S.; J. B. Smull, jr., Columbia M., '96, second. 10 3-5s. Sixth heat, W. Richards, Yale; H. S. Patterson, Williams, second. 10 2-5s.

Second trials—First heat, C. T. Bucholtz; W. F. Baker, second; J. P. Whittren, third. 10 3-5s. Second heat, W. Richards; F. W Allen, second; J B. Small, Jr., third. 10 2-5s.

Final heat—Richards, Yale; Bucholtz, U. of P., second; Baker, Harvard, third; Allen, Princeton, fourth. 10 1-5.

220-yard dash—First heat, J. P. Whittren, Harvard. 23 3-5s. Second heat, J. B. Smull, Jr., Columbia. 23 1-5s. Third heat, R. C. Anderson, Yale. 23 1-5s. Fourth heat, W. Richards, Yale. 22 2-5s.

Final heat—Richards, Yale; Anderson, Yale, second; Smull, Columbia, third. 22 3-5s.

Quarter-mile run — First heat, L Sayer, Harvard; N. W. Bingham, Harvard, second; C. G. Shaw, Cornell, third. 51 2-5s. Second heat, P R Freeman, U. of P.; C. E. Hutchison, Harvard, second; J. W. Ehrich, C. C. N. Y., third. 52 4-5s. Third heat, I. Brokaw, Princeton; G. S. Frank, Yale, second; E. W. Pinkham, Harvard, third. 52 2-5.

Final heat—Sayer, Harvard; Brokaw, Princeton, second; Bingham, Harvard, and Shaw, Cornell, tied for third place. 50 4-5s.

Half-mile run—J. Corbin, Harvard; C. H. Hubbell, Harvard, second; T. B. Turner, Princeton, third. 1m. 59 4-5s.

Mile run—G. O. Jarvis, Wesleyan; J. E. Morgan, Yale, second; C. Collamore, Harvard, third. 4m. 34 3-5s.

High hurdles—First heat, M. L. Van Ingen, Yale; J. Byrnes, Columbia, second. 18 2-5s. Second heat, D. B. Lyman, Yale; O. W. Shead, Harvard, second. 18s. Third heat, K. Brown, Harvard; C. C. Russell, Amherst, second. 18 1-5s. In these heats the course was, by mistake, ten yards too long.

Round for second men—C. C. Russell, Amherst; O. W. Shead, Harvard, and W. S. Hart, Yale, dead heat for second place. 17 2-5s. Shead won the run-off in 17 3-5s.

Final heat—Van Ingen, Yale; Lyman, Yale, second; Shead, Harvard, third. 16 2-5s.

Low hurdles—First heat, H. W. Jameson, Harvard, 27 2-5s. Second heat, W. F. Garcelon, Harvard. 29 1-5s. Third heat, D. H. Lesperance, Princeton. 28 3-5s. Fourth heat, M. L. Van Ingen, Yale. 26 4-5.

Final heat—Van Ingen, Yale; Garcelon, Harvard, second; Jameson, Harvard, third. 25 4-5s.

Mile walk—C. A. Ottley, Princeton; F. A. Borcherling, Princeton, second; F. S. Bunnell, Yale, third. 6m. 57 2-5s.

Two mile bicycle race—First heat, W. H. Glenny, Jr., Yale; P. H. Davis, Harvard, second. 5m. 41 4-5s. Second heat, E. P. Hinds, Cornell; G. Wiborn, U. of P., second. 5m. 45 3-5s. Third heat, G. M. Coates, U. of P.; G. R. Brewster, Yale, second. 5m. 45 2-5s.

Final heat, Glenny, Yale; Coates, U. of P., second; P. H. Davis, Harvard, third. 7m. 4 3-5. The previous inter-collegiate record was 5m. 47 2-5s., made last year—also in a trial heat—by G. R. Brewster, of Yale.

Broad jump—E. B. Bloss, Harvard, 22 ft. 9 5-8 in.; L. P. Sheldon, Yale, second, 22 ft. 2 1-4 in.; C. T. Bucholtz, U. of P., third, 21 ft. 9 in.

High jump—G. R. Fearing, Jr., Harvard, 5 ft. 10 3-4 in.; W. E. Putnam, Harvard, second, 5 ft. 9 3-4 in.; T. Sherwin, Harvard, third, 5 ft. 7 3-4 in.

Putting the shot—Won by W. O. Hickok, Yale, 41 ft. 1-8 in.; W. H. Shea, Harvard, second, 40 ft. 8 1-4 in.; A Brown, Yale, third, 40 ft. The previous inter-collegiate record was 40 ft. 9 1-2 in, made by A. B Coxe, of Yale, in 1887.

Throwing hammer—Won by W. O. Hickok, Yale, 110 ft. 4 1-2 in.; G. S. Ellis, Brown, second, 99 ft. 2 3-4 in., A. Knipe, University of Pennsylvania, third, 97 ft. 3 7-8 in. The previous intercollegiate record was 107 ft. 7 1-2 in., made by J. R. Finlay, Harvard, in 1891.

Pole Vault—C. T. Bucholtz, University of Pennsylvania, 10 ft. 10 1-8 in.; O. G, Cartwright, Yale, second, 10 ft. 7 1-8 in.; F. Bowman, Columbia; C. B. Rice, Yale, and H. M. Wheelwright, Harvard, tied for the third point at 10 ft. 3 in. Rice drew the medal.

The points, computed on a basis of five for first, two for second, and one for third, were distributed among the colleges as follows:

EVENTS.	Yale.	Harvard	U. of P.	Princeton	Wesleyan	Brown.	Columbia	Cornell.
100-yard dash	5	1	*2	..	..	..	..	..
220-yard dash	7	..	..	..	..	..	1	..
Quarter-mile run	..	5 1-2	..	2	..	..	..	0 1-2
Half-mile run	..	7	..	1	..	..	..	..
Mile-run	2	1	..	..	5	..	..	..
120-yard hurdle	7	1	..	..	..	..	..	..
220-yard hurdle	5	3	..	..	..	..	..	..
Mile walk	1	..	..	7	..	..	..	..
Two-mile bicycle	5	1	2	..	..	..	..	..
High jump	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..
Broad jump	2	5	*1	..	..	..	..	..
Pole vault	2 1-3	0 1-3	*5	..	..	..	0 1-3	..
Putting shot	6	2	..	..	..	..	..	..
Throwing hammer	5	..	1	..	..	2	..	..
Total	47 1-3	34 5-6	11	10	5	2	1 1-3	0 1-2

*These points are conditional on Bucholtz's evidence of qualification proving satisfactory to the Executive Committee of the Association.

JOHN CORBIN.

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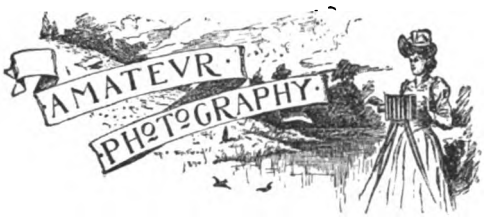

THE sensation of the month, if such it can be called, is the solution of the mystery of the "Photo-corrector."

Some three or four months ago Mr. H. Vander Weyde, one of England's most brilliant photographers, astonished his brethren by the announcement that he had discovered a means whereby short folk could be made tall, tall short; stout people made thin, and thin stout; big feet made little, and little feet big; a method, in short, by which any part of the human figure could be reduced or enlarged at will, and that, by a single exposure of the ordinary length, and, apparently, in the ordinary way — whereby, in fact, the most unshapen of Eve's daughters might be represented as perfectly formed as the Venus de Milo; and proved the truth of his assertion by a series of illustrations taken with and without the intervention of what he called his "photo-corrector."

Mr. Vander Weyde had learned wisdom by experience. He was not originally a photographer, but an artist, who having invented and patented an ingenious system for the electric lighting of the photographer's studio, which he could get no one to take up, turned photographer and employed it himself. His experience taught him what most of us had learned long before, that photographers are a conservative race, and that there is, with anything designed to benefit them, a long interval between seed-time and harvest. He seems also to have known that mystery is a potent advertising medium, and while telling wonderful stories of what the photo-corrector could be made to do, and showing enough to substantiate his claims, wisely kept his thumb on the secret and left his auditors to guess, knowing that the more they guessed, the more anxious they would be to know.

Nor was he mistaken. The journals discussed the matter, and their readers guessed, and while some of them got, as we were wont in the days of our childhood to say, "pretty warm," not one was able to suggest a really practical method. But now the cat is out of the bag, and, as usual, most of us are wondering why it was not thought of before. At the recent Camera Club Conference, and more recently at a meeting of the Society of Arts, Mr. Vander Weyde exploited the whole business, reserving only some minor details for the more convenient practical application of the corrector that are as yet capable of improvement.

Briefly stated, the reduction or amplification of any particular part of the figure or of a landscape is brought about by the intervention of a positive or negative lens, say a plano-convex or plano-concave, placed close to the plate or sensitive surface, so as to intercept and converge or disperse the rays coming from the part of the object requiring correction or, more properly, alteration.

The simplest conception of the photo-corrector would be a plano-convex lens, about the diameter of the portion of the image to be corrected, cemented on a sheet of plate glass in such a position as to intercept the rays from the object just in front of the plate. But it will be evident that with such an arrangement there would be in the negative a line of demarkation round the edge of the lens, at the point of junction between the spherical and plane surfaces. This Mr. Vander Weyde overcomes by changing the curve, causing it to merge into the plane, assuming almost a concave form, just, in fact, as the hill merges into the level plain.

The correctors shown at the meeting referred to seemed to have been made from sheets of thick plate glass, the whole surface of which had been ground away, except, of course, the portion forming the lenses. Some of those were round, some oblong, oval, cylindrical, etc., depending, of course, on the forms of the parts to be corrected. According to the inventor, about a dozen lenses or correctors will be sufficient for all purposes likely to face the average photographer; and arrangements are already in progress whereby he will be able to make and supply them to the fraternity at a reasonable price, a price probably so small as to be justly considered "trifling," as he indicated a probability of their being successfully made of a mouldable refractory medium, whereby the cost would be reduced to a minimum.

While Mr. Vander Weyde, in his application of the photo-corrector, confines himself to the production of what he calls the 'beautiful and true" of visual perspective, it will be evident that it will readily lend itself to the production of the caricature and the grotesque, and that in those directions it has unlimited possibilities. But on those I do not care to dwell, having more sympathy with his closing remarks which are in the spirit of a true artist. "Hereafter we shall be able to make pictures which will not only tell us the visual truth, the real truth, to our minds and hearts, but also tell us something of the individuality of the photographer, thus raising one branch of photography another step toward becoming a fine art."

Curiously enough, so long as the corrector was enveloped in mystery there was nothing but praise for its results, but as soon as the *modus operandi* was divulged the doubting Thomas made his appearance. The legitimacy or illegitimacy of the system brings on the question, whether or not, photographic perspective and visual perspective are the same, and on this, as on most questions, doctors differ.

In the discussion that followed the reading of the paper, Mr. Debenham, for whose opinions, generally, I have the greatest respect, said, "the two expressions, optical truth and visual truth, were, in fact, interchangeable"; while Mr. T. R. Dallmeyer, who is no mean authority, says, "it is a mere truism that photographic (optical) perspective and visual perspective are not the same." With sufficient space at my disposal it would not be difficult to reconcile those apparently diverse opinions, but as it is I must look at them in their popular light, and having "kodaked" a recumbent figure with its feet toward the camera, cast my lot with Dallmeyer.

JAY SEE.

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YACHTING.

THE yachting season of 1893, now in full swing, is destined to be the most illustrious in the annals of the sport. The fact that five big racing cutters have been built to compete against British cracks is sufficient to arouse popular enthusiasm. Indeed, it is certain that there is far more interest taken in international yachting this year than was ever before known.

Farmers from the West, who have never even seen the ocean, and would not know a pleasure craft from a street-cleaning scow, have been reading up the literature of the subject and talk learnedly of "fin-keels" and centerboards. If the Earl of Dunraven should happen to win the America's Cup they will feel "sicker than a yaller dorg."

It is really marvelous what intense excitement pervades the American people when any great international contest is about to come off. On the occasion of the *Volunteer-Thistle* contest thousands of people from the interior of the country, the majority of whom had never had a "whiff of the briny," came to New York at all hazards, bent on seeing the race.

The American yachtsman has been a keen and close observer of the *Valkyrie*, and as pretty full accounts of her early races have been cabled over, he is quite competent to form an opinion of the merits of that redoubtable craft. That she is fast there can be little doubt. In her maiden race over the course of the Royal Thames Yacht Club she was defeated by the *Britannia*, the new cutter built for the Prince of Wales. This result is claimed to have been due to the carrying away of her topmast and bowsprit on her way back, when two-thirds of the distance between the Mouse lightship and Gravesend had been made. The race up to that point had been close and exciting. The *Britannia* on the run out to the lightship beat the *Valkyrie* only by seven seconds, and on the lively thresh to windward both yachts were quite evenly matched. The wreckage on the *Valkyrie* was cleared away in remarkably short time, and although she could not carry either her gaff-topsail or her jib she worked quite handily under her foresail and mainsail. The smartness of Capt. Cranfield was universally commended, and he handled his disabled yacht in such a superb manner that she was only defeated by 7m. 34s.

Many experts, judging from the behavior of the two racers in their maiden contest, conclnded that the Prince's craft is the better all-round boat. That Designer Watson should have exerted himself is not unreasonable, but that he should bestow more pains on the design of the *Britannia* than on that of the *Valkyrie* is not believed by those who know him intimately. The great ambition of his life is that the *America's* Cup shall go back to Great Britain in a cutter of his own design. When he failed to accomplish this with the *Thistle*, he was probably the most disappointed man in the country, though, to do him justice, he concealed his chagrin beneath an imperturbable exterior.

Another interesting feature of this race was the maiden appearance of the Scotch cutter, *Calluna*, designed by William Fife, jr., of Fairlie, for a syndicate that intends to sail her against the American yacht *Navahoe*. The behavior of the *Calluna* (which is Latin for white heather) was not what was expected. She at no time seemed to be "in it" with her rivals. She got ashore at Lower Hope Point, and the *Iverna* beat her quite handily.

The dimensions of the *Britannia* have been authoritatively declared to be as follows: Length over all, 125 ft.; length on the load water line, 85 ft.; extreme beam, 22 ft. 6 in.; extreme draught, 15 feet. The length of the main boom is 90 feet. She is commanded by Capt. John Carter, who sailed the *Genesta* against the *Puritan*.

The dimensions of the *Valkyrie* were given in these columns last month. The general opinion is that she will prove about 20 minutes faster over a fifty-mile course than the *Iverna*, owned by Mr. Jameson.

On June 3d, in a race from Southend to Harwich, the *Valkyrie* in a light wind and smooth sea beat *Britannia* nearly 13 minutes and the *Calluna* 16 m. 50s. The *Iverna* came in more than half an hour after the *Valkyrie*. Mr. A. D. Clark's *Satanita* which is larger than the *Britannia* won the second prize. She finished 10m. 5s. after *Valkyrie*. From this performance it will be inferred that the challenger for the *America's* cup is quite formidable in light winds and smooth seas. In the races of the Royal Thames Yacht Club which were sailed in a good breeze the *Britannia* was easily victorious. So far, therefore, we may arrive at the conclusion that *Valkyrie* is a capital light-weather craft.

Accidents marred what should have been close struggles between the British yachts *Valkyrie* and *Britannia*. On June 10th the Prince's flyer beat *Valkyrie* 16 seconds. On June 14th both yachts were remeasured at Dover, and an error was found in their rating. Corrected rating makes the *Britannia* lead in the race of the 10th only 3 seconds instead of 16 seconds, as originally figured. *Britannia's* rating is now 151, and *Valkyrie's* 149.67. In the first race of the series off Dover, June 12th, *Valkyrie* broke the jaws of her gaff, and did not finish. *Britannia* won. In the second race, June 13th, *Britannia*, *Valkyrie* and *Vendetta* collided, throwing the Prince's yacht and *Vendetta* out of the race entirely. *Valkyrie* started a long distance behind the other competitors, but managed to finish second.

Some absurd nonsense has been printed in the New York and London newspapers suggesting that as the *Britannia* is likely to turn out a faster yacht than the *Valkyrie*, the Prince's craft should sail for the *America's* Cup instead of Lord Dunraven's boat. Of course, this is out of the question.

Mr. Royal Phelps Carroll, ever since the *Navahoe* was launched, has worked most actively to get her into racing "fettle." She is far stiffer now that the twenty tons of inside lead have

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been added to her keel. She carries her big rig quite well, and on her arrival in England should be fit to race for a man's life.

I am in receipt of a private letter from a member of the Royal Yacht Squadron who tells me that British yachtsmen are a trifle scared of the *Navahoe*. The way in which the imported Herreshoff 2½-raters romped away from everything in their class last season has made them feel a certain amount of respect for the Rhode Island yacht-builders. They have not forgotten *Gloriana* and *Wasp*, those two aquatic surprises. The *Navahoe* sailed on June 11th from Newport for England and was towed into Boston on the 15th for repairs, having had her starboard bow stove in above the water line, her topmast carried away and bowsprit sprung, in a collision on the southern edge of George's banks with a New York pilot boat.

The Cup defender *Colonia*, designed and built by the Herreshoffs for what is known as the Rogers' syndicate, was successfully launched at Bristol, R. I., on May 15. Mr. Archibald Rogers thus spoke of her characteristics on the day when she glided into the water: "She is as light as it was deemed best to build her; yet she is a powerful craft—in fact a good, wholesome, sensible specimen of a keel vessel, without attempting to introduce anything of the freak order in her construction."

There is much rivalry between the two New York syndicates, and no money has been spared in the construction and equipment of their respective vessels. In fact, the Herreshoffs have had *carte blanche* so far as price is concerned. The Morgan-Iselin yacht may be described as similar in shape to the *Colonia*, except that she has two feet more beam. Her dimensions are: Length over all, 128 feet; on the load waterline, 85 feet; extreme beam, 26 feet; draft of water, 12 feet 6 inches.

Her sail area will be much larger than the *Navahoe* or the *Colonia*, and her designer thinks she will have no difficulty in carrying her heavy rig. He refuses to say how much outside lead will be bolted to her keel, but I fancy she will carry a good deal more than either the *Colonia* or the *Navahoe*. The Tobin bronze, of which the yacht below the water-line is constructed, was burnished with steam emery wheels until its surface is smooth as a mirror. I don't suppose that any yacht ever started in a race with a bottom so free from roughness as will the Morgan-Iselin craft. Hollow spars and mighty big ones, too, will be used, and all her sails will be made of Sea Island cotton duck.

Below, her accommodations will not be very ornamental, everything being sacrificed to speed.

There are many yachtsmen of high standing who regard both the Boston Syndicate cup defender and General Paine's vessel in the light of marine "freaks" scarcely worthy the name of yachts. And should either of these purely racing machines be chosen to sail against the *Valkyrie*, the America's Cup Committee will come in for a more than fair share of hostile criticism at the hands of conservative yachtsmen.

Their point of view is that it will be positively unfair to enter a "fin-keel" craft against a yacht like the *Valkyrie* that has no pretensions at all toward "freakdom "of any kind. This argument seems to me to be unsound. The America's Cup Committee can be depended upon at all times to do its duty and act with the best interests of yachting in view. If one of the "freak fins" should appear to be the best all-round boat, no foolish sentimentality will stand in the way of her being picked out to defend the cup. The committee is thoroughly representative and thoroughly competent.

Some yachtsmen are quite sore on this point. One of them, in discussing the matter, said: "It will be a low-down, mean trick if we oppose the *Valkyrie* with a 'contraption' that is no more like a boat than a bladder with lead ballast to steady it. I wonder how General Paine or George Stewart—both of whom are good sailors—would like to cross the ocean in such marine abortions as those they have designed. Now, the *Volunteer* was an able craft that one could cross the ocean in with perfect safety; but 'ballast fin freaks,' when caught in an Atlantic gale, could only survive by a miracle. The *Valkyrie* is an honest boat, capable of riding out a hurricane. So is the *Navahoe*, and so are the other two Herreshoff boats; and I hope that we Americans shall not disgrace ourselves to such an extent as to choose a 'freak' craft to defend the old cup with."

My only excuse for reproducing this argument is that it has never been printed before, and I know that many yachtsmen feel strongly about it.

Ex-Commodore James D. Smith, chairman of the committee, has invited Lord Dunraven to meet himself and his associates at a dinner, to be given soon after Lord Dunraven's arrival in this country. The owner of the *Valkyrie*, in a courteous letter of acceptance, made the characteristic remark that "the racing will be so interesting over here that I do not think I shall be able to tear myself away early."

There is no fear of any friction between the earl and the committee. The correspondence between them shows that fair play is what each is after.

The first Eastern yacht to arrive at Chicago was the auxiliary steamer *Wild Duck*, John M. Forbes owner. This craft is remarkable in that she is the only steam vessel afloat that is fitted with a centerboard. She was designed by Mr. Burgess for the shallow waters of Florida and is thoroughly well adapted for that purpose. Talking about Chicago, it is a cause of much regret that the contemplated breakwater for the protection of the fleet of pleasure craft has not been constructed. Experts say that sailing yachts that visit the Fair are always exposed to danger in the open roadstead, and they advise steam yachts to keep their fires in such a condition that they may be able to get under way at any moment.

Memorial Day is always an anniversary that yachtsmen make much of. It is generally looked upon as the formal opening of the season, and festivity reigns supreme at every club that has its habitation on the water front. The opening sail of the Atlantic Yacht Club was rendered especially interesting by the maiden spurt of J. Rogers Maxwell's new schooner *Emerald*. The schooner yacht *Iroquois*, Mr. Ralph N. Ellis, which is being used as the drill-ship of the crew of the Morgan-Iselin cup defender, came down from New Rochelle for the express purpose of having a

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brush with the *Emerald*. And the tussle was quite exciting. The *Emerald* with unstretched sails, gear all out of sorts, and a green crew did capitally against the *Iroquois* with everything in splendid order and a well trained racing crew that almost made her talk. In the beat down to the Southwest Spit the *Emerald* almost held her own with the *Iroquois*, but on the homeward run was handicapped by having no spinnaker aboard, and was consequently defeated by a trifle over two minutes. This maiden performance of the *Emerald* augurs well for her in the future, when she shall have been fully prepared for racing.

About fifty yachts took part in the opening sail, and festivities were kept up in the clubhouse until nearly midnight.

On the same day occurred the annual regatta of the Harlem Yacht Club, a spirited affair, inasmuch as the puffy southeaster that prevailed transformed some of the trim little craft that are raced with such zeal and vigor into lame ducks. Many spars were carried away.

Mr. Archibald Rogers is the owner of the *Wasp*, the crack yacht of last year. With the stout old cutter *Bedouin*, designed for him by John Harvey, he won the Goelet cup for sloops. He is one of our best amateur yachtsmen. The *Colonia* possesses many of the remarkable characteristics of the *Wasp*, and experts prophecy unusual speed. Mr. Rogers and the gentlemen associated with him are popular in yachting circles, and should the *Colonia* be chosen as the cup defender it would meet with the seal of public approval. The veteran Captain Haff, late of the *Volunteer*, has charge of the *Colonia*.

The famous English forty-rater, *Queen Mab*, has been bought by Mr. Percy Chubb, of the New York Yacht Club. The *Queen Mab* is a centerboard cutter, designed last year by George L. Watson for Mr. T. B. C. West, of Glasgow. She was singularly successful last season, having started forty-six times, out of which she won twenty-four first prizes, eleven seconds and one third, winning in cash £1,187. She is 59 feet on the load water-line, with a beam of 16 feet. Her registered tonnage is 41 tons, and she spreads 4,035 square feet of canvas. The *Queen Mab* came near challenging for the *America's* Cup. Her owner had asked the Royal Alfred Yacht Club to take the initiative in the matter, and the secretary had already drawn up the challenge when Lord Dunraven's letter to the New York Yacht Club was made public. This, of course, put a stop to the negotiations. The *Queen Mab* is fast and pretty, but there is no real racing craft of her approximate dimensions in this country for her to sail against. It is not at all unlikely that the *Wasp* could get away with her in spite of her being a bigger boat. It is rumored that an American boat will be built for the special purpose of trying conclusions with her. I hear that although she has a centerboard, it is of doubtful utility and is rarely used. It will be remembered that when the *Iverna* first came out she had a centerboard, but it was rather a detriment than a benefit to her.

There was launched from the yard of C. & R. Poillon on May 18, the smart schooner *Loyal*, designed by Mr. Henry J. Gielow for Commodore B. F. Sutton, of the Brooklyn Yacht Club. She is 82 feet over all, and 60 feet on the load water-line, with a beam of 19 feet and a draught of 7 feet 6 inches. The yacht is constructed of wood. Her keel is of white oak, and to it are bolted twenty-two tons of lead cast in one piece. Her lines are graceful, and she is expected to sail well when "tuned up" to racing pitch. Commodore Sutton is the President of the New York Yacht Racing Association and a thorough enthusiast.

J. Rogers Maxwell's new steel schooner yacht, *Emerald*, was launched on May 9th at Elizabethport, N. J. She was designed by Mr. H. C. Wintringham. She is 112 feet over all, 82 feet on the load water-line, with an extreme beam of 21 ft. 10 in. and a draught of 10 feet. She is fitted with a centerboard. The *Emerald* is intended for racing and will try conclusions with old craft like *Sachem*, *Marguerite*, *Iroquois*, *Grayling* and the new flying "two-stickers" like *Lasca*, *Ariel* and *Alcœa*. Mr. Maxwell has been yachting since he was a little boy. He has owned many smart racing vessels —most of them of his own design. His schooner *Shamrock*, altered from a sloop, was one of the unexpected surprises of last year, winning nearly everything she started for. She is now the property of Mr. Willard P. Ward, and is a boat with a history, her sturdy tussles against *Titania*, *Katrina* and *Bedouin* in the 70-foot class being part of the exciting yachting history of this country.

The Morgan-Iselin syndicate craft, *Vigilant*, launched on June 14 by the Herreshoffs, will have her trial trip in a day or so. This is the yacht that is built of Tobin bronze below the water-line. She is fitted with a centerboard, and every exertion will be made to try and beat the *Colonia* with her.

The steel centerboard schooner yacht *Ariel*, built by Harlan & Hollingsworth from designs by A. Carey Smith, of New York, was launched on June 5th. She represents the modern idea of a cruising yacht fit to go to the West Indies and at the same time to be fast enough to win a club prize once in a while.

The dimensions of the *Ariel* are as follows: Length on water line, 79 ft. 6 in.; beam, 21 ft. 9 in.; draught, 10 ft. and length over all 109 ft.

The *Ariel* has been designed for Mr. Geo. H. B. Hill, ex-Commodore of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Club, and will also be enrolled in the other prominent clubs. The interior will consist of one quarter room, a chart room and main cabin. Forward of this will be two state rooms on the starboard side and one state room on the port side. Forward of these will be the officers' quarters, galley and then the forecastle.

The workmanship of the hull and fittings is the result of twelve years' building of yachts by the company for Mr. Smith.

As there are some who will ask of what commercial use are these yachts, we can point to the steamboat *Richard Peck* built by the same company from Mr. Smith's designs. This vessel is built on yacht principles, and will carry as much as any steamboat of her length and at the same time go fast on a small coal consumption. The *Richard Peck* has attained a great reputation both for beauty and speed, and her powers are summed up by quoting from one not a friend of the boat during the late severe winter: "That boat can go better through the ice than she can through the water."

A. J. KENEALY.

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THE COLUMBIAN REGATTA.

For several months past many inquiries have been made, and a considerable amount of discussion has taken place about an international regatta, which it is proposed to hold in connection with the World's Fair, this summer. I am now able to put before the readers of OUTING the plans of the committee in charge of the affair so far as they have been matured.

The organization having especial charge of the regatta is the Chicago Navy, of Chicago. Illinois. Its officers are Messrs. De Witt C. Cregier, Jr., commodore; William Weinand, vice-commodore; John H. Hardin, and George M. Jemison, ensigns, and B. V. Johnson, secretary and treasurer. It is composed of all the boat clubs of Chicago and vicinity—is a boat-club "trust," as it were—and its members number about one thousand. It was organized in 1882, and holds regattas every year.

It proposes to hold an international regatta—which would properly be called "The Columbian Regatta"—some time in August next. The course decided upon is one laid out on Lake Geneva, Wisconsin. The water will be "still"—similar to that of Lake George. Races will be arranged for all classes of amateur boat clubs. There will be at least one special race for college crews, and it is greatly hoped that entries from the leading universities of the world will be received. Gold medals and cups will be the prizes to be competed for, in addition to a large amount of glory. All transportation from Chicago to the scene of the regatta, of oarsmen and boats, will be at the expense of the managing committee. The money needed to meet the legitimate expenses of the affair has been raised by subscription. Every endeavor will be made to insure perfect management and to make the regatta the greatest one ever held in the history of the world. Upon the latter point, Chicago's success thus far in carrying through the colossal undertaking of the World's Fair is somewhat of a guaranty that great things may be expected from her "Navy." The regatta will be confined strictly to amateur oarsmen.

So much for the plans of the organization. I wish now to point out to the "Navy" a few things which alone will secure attendance of college crews and genuine amateurs.

The line between professional and amateur oarsmen and organizations must be drawn with the utmost distinctness. College men in this country always fight shy of "regattas." I would suggest adding to the committee of management several well-known college oarsmen, whose presence on the committee would, in a large measure, guarantee that the affair would be a genuine amateur international regatta.

An effort should be made to induce English clubs, such as the Thames and London Rowing Clubs, the Leander Boat Club, and others of equal reputation, to enter crews. There are several rowing clubs at Melbourne and Sydney in Australia that would doubtless be glad to participate if they could be sure of the class of their opponents. Invitations should be sent to French rowing organizations, such as the Union des Sociétés Française des Sports Athletiques, of Paris.

While the committee has had favorable replies from some of the American colleges, all have not replied favorably. Harvard and Yale, doubtless, do not feel sure of the amateur character of the regatta. The committee is undoubtedly able to reassure them upon this point. I trust that the course has been selected with some reference to climatic conditions. People are in the habit of regarding Chicago as rather a warm place in summer. It would not be a bad idea to make known the average temperature of the place selected.

A set of rules governing the regatta should be adopted and published at the earliest practicable moment, in order that all may see the conditions under which the affair is to be conducted.

And now a word to the rowing public. There has been but one regatta of at all similar character in the history of amateur oarsmanship. That one was the regatta at the Centennial of 1876, at Philadelphia. The Chicago Navy is an organization of excellent standing; its officers are capable and energetic, and are doing all in their power to provide a tempting rowing treat. What is at present lacking in order that the Columbian Regatta may be a success, is the co-operation of all amateur oarsmen and boat clubs. With this secured, and a large entry from the leading universities and colleges of the world, from leading amateur boat clubs of all countries, and the actual participation of those who enter, there would take place, at or near Chicago, next August, an unprecedented feast of rowing which would be of the greatest possible benefit to the art itself in every quarter of the globe. It would tend to uniformity of style, to the adoption of the *best* style, and would settle long-standing doubts as to the merits of various methods of rowing.

As there is not to be a race between the winners of the two inter-university contests at Old and New London this year, why should not Oxford or Cambridge send over a crew? If the Leander or Old Etonian clubs would enter, a crew of either, in the absence of a light or dark blue representative, would afford an opportunity of testing English 'varsity oarsmen's ability to conquer all comers, as their membership is chiefly composed of old Blues. If Harvard, Yale, and Cornell would enter, Cornell's standing here would soon be determined. No good reason why these various clubs should not enter has yet been advanced. If the amateur character of contestants is assured, it would seem rather small for the colleges to hold back. They would have over a month after New London in which to recover and get into shape, and would be uncommonly well treated during training and the regatta.

CHASE MELLEN.

ROWING.

The very generous offer of Mr. Joseph Pulitzer, editor of the New York *World*, to defray the expenses of a boat-race between Oxford and Harvard or Yale, has, as I anticipated last month, been declined by all three universities. Any other course would have been inconsistent with dignified college athletics. Support for all manner of legitimate inter-collegiate contests must, in the first instance, come from the "inside." The following clipping from the *Harvard Crimson* well expresses what seems to me the right idea:

"We feel that an international boat-race of

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the kind proposed should be distinctly the result of a graduate and undergraduate movement, and not of the offer of the editor of an enterprising newspaper, whose motives are so likely to be interpreted in but one way. Should his plan be adopted we think the college would suffer in public estimtion, whether with justice or not."

Harvard's crew of 1893 is an improvement over her 1892 crew. In Fennessy, Harvard has a man capable of being turned into an excellent stroke, while behind him there are oarsmen of undoubted individual merit. The old fault of a lack of uniformity seems to have cropped up again, and the men do not pull together as they should. Mr. Perkins has developed into an excellent coach, and if the men do not get "together" by the day of the race, it will not be for lack of splendid coaching. The positions seem to have been finally settled as follows: Bow, Burgess; 2, Richardson; 3, Newell; 4, Davis; 5, Fearing; 6, Vail; 7, Cummings; stroke, Fennessy. Average weight, 171 1-2. Putting Vail and Cummings at 6 and 7 was, in my opinion, a wise move. These are the places where experience tells in a race, and where the stroke needs assistance in keeping his men together. Being backed up by old oarsmen in these places should give him great confidence, especially when he is inexperienced. Fearing also should work to better advantage at No. 5. That is, in my mind, the only place for an extra long or heavy man. He can be rigged to the best advantage there. Newell being put at 3 is also a good move, for the new men, if lumped together, would be much more apt to go to pieces than if separated by a veteran such as he. If the crew can be got "together" and the blade work improved, as now seems likely, there is good reason to hope for victory.

The class races, held May 6th, resulted in a victory for '95, due more to bad luck that befell the '93 crew, than to '95's superiority. The freshmen came in last, being the first freshman crew in fourteen years to do so. This does not augur well for their chances at New London. They are now rowing in the following order: Bow, F. M. Forbes; 2, K. H. Lewis; 3, J. Shea; 4, H. S. Russell; 5, F. Duffield; 6, L. D. Shepard; 7, — Rice; stroke, R. M. Townsend. Average weight, 167. The present order is very different from what it was in the class races. But little improvement has been made in the pace and work since then, however.

The Weld Boat Club of Cambridge has arranged regattas with neighboring boat clubs. It is hoped that this may tend to increase interest in rowing at Harvard. I shall watch the experiment with interest. There is no reason why such regattas should not become a school for future 'varsity oarsmen. But a competent coach must take each man in hand from the very beginning if any real benefit is to be secured.

The Yale crews have been selected as follows:

UNIVERSITY CREW.

	AGE. YS. MS.	WGT.	HGT.
Bow, F. A. Johnson, '94 S.	21-11	170	5-9.5
2. E. L. Messler, '94 S.	19-1	175	5-9.5
3. A. L. Van Huyck, '93 S.	22-10	171	5-6.8
4. J. M. Longacre, '95	19-6	173	5-11.0
5. J. M. Goetchius, '94 S.	20	162	6-0.0
6. R. D. Paine, '94	21-9	191	6-0 5
7. S. B. Ives, '93	22-5	181	5-11.5
Stroke, E. F. Gallaudet, '93	22	160½	5-11.5
Average	21-2.2	171.7	5-10.5

Coxswain, F. E. Olmstead, '94 S.

FRESHMAN CREW.

	YS. MS.	WGT.	HGT.
Bow, R. Armstrong, '95 S.	19-10	160	5-9.0
2. H. C. Holcomb, '95 S.	20-6	175	5-8.1
3. W. M. Beard, '96	17-4	162.5	5-8.0
4. F. Coonley, '96	19-1	174.5	5-11.7
5. J. H. Knapp, '96	20-6	180	6-1.0
6. W. R. Cross, '96	18-11	190	6-1.0
7. R. B. Treadway, '96	19-1	172	6-0.5
Stroke, W. D. Smith, '96	18-8	155	5-9.5
Average	19-4	171.1	5-10.5

Coxswain, undecided.

The points that strike me most forcibly with regard to the present order of the 'varsity, is that Paine is now at No. 6 instead of at No. 4. The boat should surely travel better with his extra weight taken out of the bows. I hardly like to see the second lightest man in the boat at No. 5—the place of all others for heavy men—yet it may be unavoidable in this case. Again, the average weights of Harvard and Yale 'varsity crews this year are almost exactly the same. And it is singular that Oxford's average should have also been between 171 and 172. So far as the New London race is concerned, it will take place between crews composed of men of nearly similar physique and weight—a thing that does not often occur.

Up to about the middle of May it looked as though Yale's 'varsity crew this year would be an exceptionally fine one. But in the last three weeks a great change has taken place. The boat now rolls, the blade work is poor, and there seems to be a remarkable lack of uniformity of work. The boat travels slowly. On the other hand, Harvard's crew seems to be repeating the "brace" taken by the crew of '91. While I nevertheless expect to see Yale win, yet the overtraining of several of her men at present, may, with the remarkable improvement Harvard is making, result in bringing about a victory for the crimson.

The excellent plan adopted last year, namely, that of giving the freshmen the advantage of the best coaching, not only has been of advantage to this year's 'varsity—witness the presence there of four men of '95's victorious crew—but also, by being kept up, makes the freshman race almost a gift for Yale, until other colleges follow suit.

On May 13th there took place on Lake Whitney the annual spring regatta. The freshmen won the class races, rowing in very good form. The single scull race was won by H. S. Bacon, '93. The freshmen also defeated the New York Athletic Club Junior crew by two lengths. The 'varsity crew then gave the New Yorks a handicap and won easily by two lengths. The New York crew was made up as follows: Bow, J. S. Cushman; 2, A. R. Pope; 3, C. H. Sherrill; 4, G. D. Morgan; 5, W. W. Woodruff; 6, C. O. Jenkins; 7, A. M. Pope; stroke, J. Howland; coxswain, P. Cassidy.

The University of Pennsylvania crew of this year will be distinctly better than last year's. The order of rowing is as follows:

	WGT.	HGT.
Bow, J. W. Hollingshead	158	5-9
2. Horace Beck	162	6-2
3. J. H. Wagenhurst	158	5-9
4. Clarence J. Marshall (Captain)	165	5-9
5. O. F. Wagenhurst	170	5-11
6. A. J. P. Wilson	173	5-10
7. T. F. Waters	176½	6-0
Stroke, R. N. Barnes	165	5-10½
Average weight	167.7	

Coxswain, G. H. Perkins, 104.

CHASE MELLEN.

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AN IDEAL WHEELING TOUR TO THE WORLD'S FAIR.

Part II.—Niagara Falls to Chicago.

What the cyclist will see of Niagara and its manifold wonders is limited only by the time at his disposal. He may have to be satisfied by a cursory examination or be able to view it from the many points of vantage on either side of the river. One word of advice only need be given here to cyclists especially, and that is, in entering the Dominion of Canada only for the purpose of seeing the Falls at their best, do not take your wheel with you, and thereby you will avoid the circumlocution of the Custom-house and the payment and recoupment of duty.

A few general hints may help the cyclist with limited time at his disposal.

See the Falls from both sides of the river, and the rapids either from the Suspension Bridge or, if a nearer view is desired, take the elevator which lands you near the rush of waters. Above all, if you are in search of a sensation, visit the Cave of the Winds, beneath the Falls, and you will fancy you have found a dozen out-west cyclones with the greatest water-spout on earth included. The initiation fee is one dollar with "an allowance" for the guide who saved your life by not hurling you head foremost into the mighty rush.

It will be best for the tourist to spend the night in Buffalo, starting out early in the morning on the journey along the Lake Shore.

There are several ways to get out of Buffalo, but the most popular among Buffalonians is that which is almost entirely of asphalt for miles, as follows:

Take Broadway at Main street, wheel out about half a mile and turn to the right; pass through Lutheran alley (asphalt to William street) turning to the left on William. Wheel out about a mile until Fillmore avenue is reached. Take this avenue to Seneca street, turn to the left and follow Seneca to the first asphalted street after crossing the creek bridge. This asphalted street, *White's Cors*, runs east and west, and is to be followed until Hamburg, a little village about 14 1-2 miles from the starting point in Buffalo, is reached. At Hamburg curve to the right around the village and take what is called "The Ridge Road" to Lake View, 4 1-2 miles farther. The villager will tell of a short cut through Angolia, but whoever takes that route will "make haste slowly" and be sorry for it.

As its name implies, Lake View is the spot where the road runs within a very few feet of Lake Erie. From this point until Toledo is reached, Lake Erie's shores will be near by, sometimes in sight, at other times a mile or two distant. Seventeen miles beyond Lake View is Silver Creek, where two hills of quite liberal dimensions are to be climbed. We are now on the famous Lake Shore Road, which in the dry season is smooth and in excellent condition, but a portion of the road being clay insures some rough surface after a series of rains. From Silver Creek on for ten miles is the finest stretch to be found on the whole tour from New York to Chicago, and the temptation will be great to do it in forty minutes, but that wheelman will be best satisfied who makes it last two or three hours. Just before reaching Fredonia, and where the telegraph line branches to the right, is the road to Dunkirk, a city three miles away, well worth a visit and an excellent city in which to spend the night. It has a splendid harbor and was mapped out for a great seaport years ago. Looking at the pavements in the principal streets it would be difficult to imagine that only recently that city was rescued from as despotic a mud-king as ever reigned in an American city, and enjoyed the nom-de-plume, "Mudkirk," for many years.

Leaving Dunkirk, the last three miles must be retraced until we are on the main road again. Speeding ahead along an excellent side-path through the small but beautiful village of Fredonia to Westfield, 21 miles from Dunkirk. This a good morning ride and is through a rich grape country where vines are seen on both sides for many miles. Brockton, an intermediate village is but 15 miles from Chautauqua Lake, a small body of water famous for its altitude of atmosphere, both geographical and intellectual.

After dinner at Westfield the run of 32 miles to Erie over good roads is about four hours recreation if the roads are dry and about eight hours walking if otherwise.

From Buffalo to Erie is the famous century course on which Buffalo's long-distance cracks, Foell and Kleipfel have each made several double-century runs—Buffalo to Erie and return—in one day of twenty-four hours.

Girard, Pa.. is sixteen miles from Erie, a pleasant village reached by following 26th street, Erie, westward. Wheeling straight through Girard over sandy roads, with good sidepath the greater part of the distance, Conneat, Ohio, is the first town of any size to be reached. This is 29 miles from Erie and is a good stopping place for dinner. Continuing westward by the main street of Conneat there is a good sidepath most of the distance to North Kingsville. At this small village I was caught in a tremendous rain-storm which made it absolutely impossible to reach Ashtabula that night, so halting at the door of the building which was store and hotel combined, I spent a very pleasant evening with Mr. William Lockwood, farmer, dry goods merchant, hotel-keeper, real-estate agent and monarch of all he surveyed; and if any wheelman traveler is caught as I was, he will be surprised at the hospitality of that hostelry, and the music which will be provided for the occasion.

Seven miles more of sand and Ashtabula is reached, the greatest oar market in the world, and without doubt the muddiest town between New York and San Francisco. There is mud enough in Ashtabula to fill up lake Erie. When the mysteries of life have been solved we shall perhaps know how many wheelmen, horses and wagons tried to pass through Ashtabula and

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its suburb, Harbor, Ohio, and were never heard of again.

Leaving with much pleasure the city of Ashtabula, by Main and Prospect streets, the latter is to be followed for 54 miles and leads into Euclid avenue, Cleveland. Painesville is 26 miles west of Ashtabula and the road follows through the small villages of Geneva (10 miles) and Madison. The sandy soil makes fast riding difficult, but a sidepath extends along many miles of the distance and breaks the monotony of ploughing through sand.

Painesville is the best stopping place for dinner and leaves only 28 miles to Cleveland. The best way to leave Painesville is through the Park and along Mentor avenue which leads to Mentor, 6 miles distant, where the home of James A. Garfield, Ohio's favorite son, is located. Four miles farther is Willoughby, where the road is divided by a park. The right branch is to be followed and affords much good wheeling in sidepaths. About six miles beyond Willoughby, the plank road is reached which leads through Cleveland's suburb, Euclid, and into Cleveland by way of Euclid avenue. The wheeling over this old plank road is only fair during the best of weather.

Cleveland enjoys the name of "The Forest City," and that the title is well deserved is very evident, for not only is famous Euclid Avenue well shaded by two rows of large and stately trees, but a great portion of the other streets and avenues as well. If the great number of mansions on Euclid Avenue is an index to the wealth of Clevelanders, that class must be very large indeed, for that avenue for several miles is but a succession of palaces.

In Lakeview cemetery stands Ohio's monument to her favorite son, Ex-President Garfield, whose life was a sacrifice upon the altar of his country. Wade Park and Gordon Park should be visited by those who can spare the time.

The Cleveland Wheel Club and the Lakeside Cycling Club lead the sport in this city, the former numbering among its members, W. A. Skinkle, President of the Century Road Club of America; Geo. Collister, of Racing Board fame; John Leavitt, the double century rider, and many other names prominent in the world of wheels. The club doors are always ajar.

"Put-in-Bay" on Lake Erie, about 50 miles from Cleveland and reached by boat, is a favorite outing spot for Ohioans, and is the place where Perry hid his fleet from the British navy.

Leaving Cleveland for Elyria, the best starting place is the Public Square, upon which is the unfinished soldiers' monument, and around which are placed the cannon captured by Commodore Perry from the British fleet. Follow Superior street to the stone viaduct, then Pearl street to Franklin avenue to Gordon avenue, Detroit street, mostly paved with fire brick and well shaded, through West Cleveland to Rocky River, seven miles from the starting point. After crossing the Rocky River bridge near Lake Erie, turn to the left, and keep the River road for about a mile until Finney's Corners are reached. Turning here to the right we are on the road which leads into Elyria, seventeen miles farther and twenty-five miles from Cleveland. There is a good sidepath most of the distance between Dover and Elyria, but beware, thou who ridest on air, for the farmers are wont to trim their hedges and throw the thorns upon the sidepath. I pulled out twenty-six thorns from my air-holder (two bona fide witnesses); and if the tourist will beware of the same, this article will not have been written in vain.

From Elyria the road is nearly parallel with the track of the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern R. R., and in wet weather the tracks are preferred as the roads are of clay and terribly rough after rain.

It is approximately thirty miles from Elyria to Norwalk over clay roads with some sand. The route leads south of Oberlin and Wakeman, two intermediate stations on the L. S. & M. S. Railway, and you enter Norwalk by Townsend avenue and East Main street.

Norwalk is a hot bed of cycling and a good stopping place for the first night out of Cleveland, fifty-five miles. The Hotel St. Charles is the best hostlery.

Monroeville is five miles west of Norwalk, and is best reached by following Main street to the city limits and turning to the right, and passing through a covered bridge. Just before reaching Monroeville, there is a good sidepath nearly all the five miles. Bellevue is eight miles further over clay roads. Here the pike begins which is to be followed to Perrysburg through Clyde, eight miles, and Tremont eight miles further. Every school-boy has read of the heroic defense of Fort Stephenson in 1812, when Colonal Crogan with a single cannon, "The Betsy Crogan," and true Yankee grit achieved a decisive victory over British and Indian forces.

The historic war-weapon still stands in Crogan Park, a silent memento of the great struggle in which it took so active a part. Near Tremont is Spiegel Grove, where Ex-President Hayes lived for many years, and died in January of the present year.

Tremont is twenty-nine miles from Norwalk and thirty from Perrysburg. Take the stone pike out of Tremont and pass through Woodville, fifteen miles from Tremont, Stony Ridge, seven miles further, and reach Perrysburg eight miles after leaving Stony Ridge. On this pike the Ohio road-hog lives and flourishes. He is a creature different from the species found in New York and Pennsylvania, in that he is meaner, wants more and does all in his power to injure the wheelman traveler. I was wheeling along merrily with a young cyclist when a drunken teamster deliberately turned his horses toward us and catching my front wheel threw it into a ditch and disabled it so that a road repair was impossible. Therefore I know every foot of ground between that point and Toledo.

But his triumph was of short duration, for my companion caught his horse's head and threatened the driver with a free pass to a warmer climate if he tried to move his load. Then, taking my wrench, I unscrewed each of the four bolts which held his wheels on and placed them in my pocket. One I have now and shall ever keep, one is kept by my companion, and the other two lie in a deep ditch along the roadside. We challenged him to a race and left him a sadder but wiser man. How he ever finished his journey I care not, and would recommend this treatment to all who are obliged to deal with the genuine Ohio road hog.

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In our journey from Fremont to Toledo several narrow natural gas belts are crossed, and wells are dug on nearly every farm along the roadside for several miles near Woodville.

The stone pike does not go to Toledo, but passes through Perrysburg eight miles south. The tourist, however, who can spare the time for a run up to that city, which is the metropolis of northwestern Ohio, will be well repaid for his trouble, for the road leads by the side of the Maumee River, which flows into Lake Erie at Toledo. The clay roads are fairly good in the summer, and the distance can be made in an hour unless the wheelman is inclined to tarry amid the rural scenes along the route.

The best way to leave Toledo is to cross the Cherry Street bridge and follow the street car track, turning to the right a few blocks after crossing the bridge to the "River Road," which runs along the eastern bank of the Maumee for the whole distance to Perrysburg—eight miles. This eight miles is a river scene of such quiet grandeur that the tourist will bear it in mind for many a year.

Perrysburg, named after Commodore Perry, whose memory is yet green in the hearts of Ohioans, is the spot where, in the war of 1812, a half mile above the village, the American troops faced the land forces of the British and Indian allies in as heroic a defense as was ever recorded. In the conflict the Americans were in the fort on the east side of the river, while the British and Indian forces were on the opposite bank. The immense elm on the western bank opposite the fort is the famous tree from whose branches Indian sharpshooters picked so many gallant Americans from the ramparts of Fort Meigs. Every foot of ground is historic. The headquarters of William Henry Harrison, the conquerer of Tecumseh, are still preserved in the village, and any one will point them out.

Old residents say that fifty years ago deer along the banks of this river were as numerous as sheep on the cleared land to-day, and that game of almost every variety inhabited the thick forests which covered this region in the days of the pioneers.

At Perrysburg we cross the river to the village of Maumee, and at the top of the hill turn to the left and follow the road which runs along the western bank to Waterville, seven miles. The roads along the Maumee are of clay with patches of broken stone and sand. In order to avoid the sands along the western bank of the river, cross again at Waterville, taking the eastern shore eight miles farther to the little village with a big name, "Grand Rapids." For this eight miles and fifteen more from Grand Rapids to Napoleon, the roads are along the eastern bank of the Maumee, often winding with the river and passing through patches of woodland, affording for the whole distance a changing panorama of river and forest. Five miles west of Grand Rapids the river widens and the elements extend an invitation to stop a moment. What a spot for sport with canoe and rod! Many years ago the Indian and his silent canoe gave life to the scene, but now all is as silent as though no son of Adam had seen its shores for centuries.

The fifteen miles of clay road between Grand Rapids and Napoleon is good riding during the dry season, and worse than miserable after a series of rains.

At Napoleon cross the Maumee for the last time. From the bridge there is a magnificent view in every direction, and the river bank which has been followed for thirty-eight miles will be left with regret.

It is twenty-five miles farther to Bryan, over gravel and clay roads, which make only fair wheeling for about half of the distance and excellent riding for the other half. If the tourist does not care to push through to Bryan, he had better stay at Napoleon over night, for there is no place en route with hotel accommodations. This twenty-five miles is a good three hours' pull, unless the traveler has better roads than those I encountered.

A shorter route between Perrysburg and Bryan (fifty-four miles) is via Swanton and Wauseon, and thence along the tracks of the L. S. & M. S. R. R., but the scenery cannot compare with the route along the Maumee, and sand makes riding often difficult and sometimes impossible.

Edgerton is ten miles from Bryan, over roads of gravel, clay, and sand, and the distance is made in about an hour. From here to Butler the clay road is parallel with the railroad tracks, and if the weather is rainy the tracks will be the better riding, for the gravel ballast is hard packed for most of the distance. Butler is seven miles from Edgerton and twenty from Kendallville. The State line between Ohio and Indiana is passed shortly after leaving Edgerton.

Seven miles beyond Kendallville is Brimfield, a small Indiana township. As I was nearing the latter city, weary, of course, I was not a little startled to be called by name. An item concerning my trip in the Chicago *Herald* had preceded me, and it is with pleasure that I remember the night spent with Mr. Thos. L. Imes—well-to-do farmer and friend of wheelmen. That his barns may overflow with plenty will be the wish of any wheelman traveler who meets him.

From Kendallville to Goshen, thirty-six miles, leads through Brimfield, Wawaka (where we turn to the left and take the road running parallel with and south of the L. S. & M. S. R. R.), Ligioner, midway between Kendallville and Goshen and eighteen miles from each. Nearing Goshen, the roads become much better than any ridden for the last one hundred miles.

Through Northern Indiana, on every hand are still to be seen log cabins of all sizes, which have been left to us as mementos of the hardy pioneers who made a garden out of the pathless wilderness which covered this section one hundred years ago. In the memory of living men this was the Far West—the frontier—and many are the tales told by old settlers of the struggle for life in early days, and of the Indiana farmer lad, Abe Lincoln.

From Goshen to Elkhart (ten miles) sand is encountered in abundance, especially just after leaving Goshen. To leave Goshen, wheel west to the railroad track, turn to the left, cross the bridge over the creek, and follow that road ten miles to Elkhart. If the traveler cares to spend the evening in Elkhart, he will find best accommodations at Hotel Bucklin.

Leaving Elkhart by Pigeon and Franklin streets, we cross the St. Joseph's River and wheel on to South Bend, sixteen miles from Elkhart. This run is made along the banks of the St. Joseph's River.

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South Bend is the metropolis of Northern Indiana and a great manufacturing city, containing the wagon works of Studebaker, the greatest in the world. This city is also quite famous as a wheeling centre, the principal club being the South Bend Cycle Club, on South Main street. The Hotel Oliver should be the tourists' stopping place in this city.

Fairly good roads extend from South Bend to New Carlisle, a distance of fourteen miles. From New Carlisle to La Porte, fourteen miles, sand predominates and the riding is often difficult. Sixteen miles farther, Chesterton, a very small village on the L. S. and M. S. is reached. The road between La Porte and Chesterton is fairly good wheeling but the road makes many turns. The telegraph poles can sometimes be followed as a guide but not always. The only sure guide in wheeling over this district is the advice of the people along the route. Often times the cyclist will come to four corners and cannot tell for certain which way to go. I would suggest to the officers of the L. A. W. in Indiana that some provision be made for indicating directions and distances in this forlorn part of Hoosierdom.

From Chesterton to Chicago is 43 miles, and the only way to be sure of getting through is to take the tracks of the Michigan Central R. R., otherwise the traveler who has come from New York awheel may get lost forever in the endless labyrinth of sand which abounds between this point and the World's Fair City. The space between the Michigan Central Railway tracks is of gravel, hard-packed, and makes excellent wheeling. In this manner we pass through Porter, Hammond to Kensington, and a half-mile farther to Pullman, the great palace car suburb of Chicago, and it is to this place that the Pullman Road Race is run from the Leland Hotel, Chicago.

Seven miles farther Grand Crossing is reached. Here we cross a great number of railroad tracks and can get some idea of Chicago's importance as a railroad centre. At Grand Crossing the great White City as the World's Fair Grounds are called is in plain sight. We have reached our Mecca. The wheelman pilgrim of 1,000 miles has reached his goal, and has seen every foot of ground which separates Chicago from the Atlantic seaboard.

When in Chicago, the traveler will often be worried as to the best place to stay. The answer is simple: According to thy purse. If preferable, you may take rooms in any portion of the city on the European plan. The most convenient hostelry at the Fair Grounds is the Hotel Ingram (European), managed by the famous hotel family, Leland, and is first-class in every respect. It is here that wheelmen will convene this summer from all points of the compass. The regular League of American Wheelmen hotel in Chicago is the Leland, and is on Michigan avenue, overlooking the lake front.

To the cyclist visiting Chicago, many are the points of interest. Lincoln Park, Washington Park, and many other parks and boulevards without number.

Chicago is the greatest wheeling city in the world, and Wabash avenue for many blocks on both sides of the street is composed of cycle dealers. It is commonly called "Cycle Row," and here congregate wheelmen without number, who visit Chicago on business or pleasure.

In case the tourist does not have time to make the whole tour from New York to Chicago a-wheel, he will be better satisfied if he will wheel from New York to Delaware Water Gap, Pa.; from Scranton to Elmira, N. Y.; from Buffalo to Niagara Falls and return; from Buffalo to Cleveland; and from Cleveland to Toledo, making the rest of the journey by rail.

It is possible to go from New York to Chicago in twenty hours. Better take a "Tourist" and twenty days and wheel, is the advice of

ROBERT BRUCE.

P.S.—Expenses will range from $2.00 to $2.50 per day, including incidentals. Whoever figures below this estimate will go wrong.

CYCLING NOTES.

CRITICISM has been made and not without foundation that a great deal of slackness has been shown in the measurement of road race-courses through a lack of care in surveying and measuring. The papers are filled with claims for records over courses which have never been carefully surveyed, and I think it is high time that some action was taken whereby no records should be accepted until a certificate from a competent surveyor had been received vouching for the correctness of the distance. Cyclometer measurement is not sufficiently accurate, and it is only in a few localities where mile stones placed in position by the authorities of the town or county are to be found. Another point in this matter of road records which I would like to see changed or regulated is that of making a certain number of circuits in a given distance. For instance, in one or two of the leading road races five miles circuit is used. This is notably the fact in the case of Milburn-Irvington road course. Of course, the race over such courses is one which is better for the spectators, but for actual record I am in favor of establishing a rule which would compel a twenty-five mile course to be either entirely straight away or twelve and one-half miles out and back. At any rate I think it is about time that periodicals which treat of the subject of cycling and cycling records should insist that sworn statements from competent surveyors should be furnished them before records over any course be accepted. I have been astonished that the "cycling authorities" so-called have not insisted upon this thing before, and I take pleasure in seeing OUTING, through its contributor, the very first publication which treats of this matter seriously.

The recent uproar raised in the New York papers over the reckless riding of certain "scorching" riders is one which is timely. The custom is one which is reprehensible in the extreme, and damaging to the best interests of the sport. I, myself, have seen riders on the streets of this city (New York) tear along the crowded thoroughfares regardless of the rights or safety of the passing pedestrian. A recent fatal accident which occurred in this city (New York) has called the attention of the authorities in such a way that prompt and vigorous action will be taken by them hereafter to prevent a repetition. In days gone by the popular cry which was raised by cyclists was against the "road hogs." At the present time it is not out

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of place for the citizens to raise a popular cry against the "cycle hogs."

If every decent wheelman only knows what is good for the sport he will assist the authorities in crushing out this growing evil. I do not like to pose as a chronic kicker, but in these days of cheap second-hand wheels and the introduction to cycling of irresponsible boys and reckless hoodlums, it is entirely in place and perfectly proper to call attention to these pests who threaten the good name of our sport.

Evidently the trade is fighting shy of one of the principal improvements which I have always insisted was one of the most important attachments of cycle construction. Need I say I once more allude to a proper gear and chain cover. Can it be possible that the inventive genius of the trade is inadequate to practically solve this problem? I wot not. I am convinced that a light serviceable protective cover could be devised, and the maker who first realizes this fact and acts in accordance by producing this attachment, will score heavily in the selling market. It has got to come, and the safety will not be perfect until we have a chain and sprocket cover which is practically dust-proof, easy to detach and light in construction. The difficulties to be overcome in thus devising a simple chain and sprocket cover are not one-tenth as difficult as those encountered and overcome by the makers of pneumatic tires, and it should be done. It is nonsense to say that such a contrivance is not necessary, for I contend that the chain and sprocket should be as carefully protected against the dust and mud as any part of the running-gear of the safety. A clean, well-oiled, well-protected chain and sprocket means just as much to the easy running qualities of a safety as clean, well-protected bearings.

Experience has taught makers of the pneumatic tire to what extent they can produce the greatest elasticity combined with the greatest durability. We are pretty near the point of perfection (or as near it as is practical) of the pneumatic principle as applied to tires. With reasonable care and intelligence the pneumatic can now be pronounced a practical invention. There are bound to be improvements, but they cannot but be slight hereafter as compared with the wonderful strides made during the past two years in perfecting the air tire. Compare the original Dunlop with the '93 patterns of the leading pneumatics, and one will appreciate the tremendous improvements made in this line.

Boston has always been looked on as a bad center for racing, and I have observed that until this spring all attempts to run a bicycle race meet which could be called truthfully a success, have failed. I notice with pleasure, therefore, that the opening day's racing at the new Waltham track was attended by over 13,000 paying spectators. There has been a larger attendance at our own Manhattan Field on the occasion of cycle races, but I understand that in the event mentioned it was largely "paper" admission. Speaking of the Waltham meet, an eye witness said it "was a regular Springfield crowd." It is claimed that this Waltham track will be one of the fastest tracks in the country when completed.

I noticed in an English paper the account of a monster church parade held last month, in which 4,000 wheelmen participated, and almost to a man the entire company attended the outdoor services. In my intercourse with wheelmen abroad I have noticed a tendency to respect, outwardly at any rate, religious matters, which I think is "peculiarly English." With the utmost respect and consideration for American wheelmen I doubt whether such a parade as that of the Tynesiders could be successfully carried out in this country. The education of the English and their conservatism make such a parade possible there, and while they may not be one whit more religious at heart than the American they do pay more attention to the observance of Sunday than we do in this country. I understand that one of the features of the August meet is to be a church parade, and I hear that Mr. Marrett, of the Coventry Machinist Company, will have charge of the affair. Will it be a success?

The racing season opened in full swing in this country on Decoration Day, and among the events were some surprises, notably the defeat of such men as Taylor and Tyler by new men like Nelson and Gary. Windle among the veterans seems to hold his old speed, although he was beaten in one of his races at Worcester by Nelson. Johnson, the Western wonder, didn't seem to show up to any great extent, certainly not to the extent one would expect from his record-breaking reputation. It does not always follow because a man is a good record-breaker, he is also a good man in competition. In races it requires good generalship as well as speed, and in these days of slow races between crack men, the fellow who has a burst of speed for a finish, can with good judgment to back him generally get a place near the front. Johnson must lack judgment; for certainly he has had experience enough during the past twelve months to make him a winner if it was in him.

Zimmerman and Sanger got first blood in their '93 European trip. Belgium was the scene of the victories of the Americans. It seems from reports to hand that Sanger and Zimmerman did not compete in the same events, and from indications it seems quite improbable that they will meet at all in Europe. They will probably agree to "divide the spoils" and not enter the same races while abroad; not very sportsmanlike, perhaps, but certainly very shrewd. Personally, I doubt whether Sanger is Zimmerman's peer, but be that as it may, the chance to prove it may be deferred until the Chicago meet in August.

Efforts are being made in certain sections of the country to tax bicycles, but a determined effort is also being made by the friends of cycling to head this movement off. I am earnest and honest in my belief that cycles should not be taxed, and I am progressive enough to even suggest that they be paid a bounty. Instead of being an injury to roads they are a positive benefit to the surfaces, and, furthermore, the wheel now is so largely used by the working population of the country that it would be a burning injustice to tax them for using a cheap and quick method of transportation. It must not be, and every wheelman's duty lays in the direction of defeating the movement if it should ever be formulated in the form of practical legislation, which, after all, is probably a very remote contingency. The powers that be in the cycling world will do well, however, to keep their eye on the movement.

THE PROWLER.

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No need to dwell upon the gun this month, for it has no business out of its case, save for inspection to prove the last cleaning was thorough, or for an afternoon's use at the traps. Those who cannot let a gun altogether alone during the close season, may find pleasure and useful practice in smashing a few strings of "inanimates." A match now and then with a friend at artificial birds can be made very pleasant, and will also keep one's hand in and keep the gun coming smoothly to one's shoulder, but only artificial targets should be used during the heated term. Live birds, excellent in season, should be suffered to breed in peace during every month without an "r" in it. Pigeons are in poor condition and feather during warm weather, and there is no glory in grassing even straight strings when the conditions are all against the birds and in favor of the man at score. Stopping clipping cold weather birds, and potting listless summer flyers, are vastly different performances, and the true sportsman will hardly care to face the traps when birds are not fit.

This, like June, is a fishing month, many of the northern waters affording rattling good sport, in defiance of Old Sol. Some time last month most of the famous trout and bass waters were at their best, and many of them show little falling off before the middle of July. Some of the fortunate holders of privileges on salmon rivers of Quebec, New Brunswick, and Labrador, killed good fish less than twenty days ago. Many rods have been busy on the Cascapedia, St. John, York, Restigouche, Romaine, Godbout, and Natashquan. The latter, a Labrador water, has a dangerous whirlpool, where three keen anglers have lost their lives. In 1873, Mr. Macfarlane, of Montreal, and a nephew who had left Scotland to try Canadian salmon fishing, were drowned in this pool; and in 1880 Captain Astley, of the Life Guards, met his death at the same place. Ned Sothern and Billy Florence, of ever-green memory, killed many a fine fish on this water, ere they were forced to lay aside the dearly-loved rods forever.

Many trout waters in Pennsylvania, northern New York, Maine, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Quebec, and northern Ontario, will well repay a trial during July, and there is grand sport awaiting those who can spare time for a jaunt across the continent to the haunts of the mountain trout. In Maine, the once world-famous Rangeley and adjacent waters still offer out-of-the-way spots where plenty of fish may be taken. Lying close about fair Moosehead are uncounted "ponds" and small streams, a number of which are well worth a visit. I have an idea that some wisely-directed "poking about" in a canoe on the little Moose river and its tributary "ponds," would prove gratifying to a mortal fond of paddle and rod. Just beyond the international line, in the Province of Quebec, are Spider and Megantic lakes, and some of their tributaries contain plenty of medium-sized trout, though no really large fish are apt to be taken, The north shore of the St. Lawrence, between Montreal and Quebec, is fretted with many trout streams, and he who follows these waters to their birthplaces among the lone Laurentian hills, will find that his rod has a sag in it when he returns. North of Quebec City extends a picturesque region of rapid streams and beautiful lakes, some of them well known, others seldom fished. Lac Edouard and Lake Kiskissink are the chief waters of the district, but many lakelets and streams also furnish their trout at the demand of the practiced angler. Farther north still, big Lake St. John, with its many curiously-named tributary rivers, form favorite resorts for high-kicking, hard-fighting ouananiche and lusty trout. The regions of the north and south shores of Lake Superior also have a plentiful supply of trout waters, which yield sport in July.

That black bravo, the bass, and that fierce freebooter, the muscallonge, will test many a tackle before July ends. Bass are found at their best, in a great number of the most attractive waters of the Eastern and Northern states, and of the province of Ontario and parts of the province of Quebec. The picturesque wilds of northern Wisconsin furnish, perhaps, the best sport available to-day with these game fish. Both muscallonge and bass are plentiful enough to furnish sport at points among the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence; muscallonge also take the bait freely in several waters not far from the St. Lawrence, on the Canada side. Bass abound in most pure lakes and streams on both sides of Lake Ontario. The Niagara river has yielded many a goodly basket this season. Huge muscallonge are sometimes killed at St. Clair Flats, Mitchell's Bay, and about the mouth of the Thames River, Lake St. Clair; also at Rondeau Harbor, on Lake Erie, and on the Trent River and the curious chain of inland lakes lying north of that water. These are also crack black bass waters. Sharbot Lake, and Nipissing, and portions of the beautiful Ottawa and its tributary the Mattawa, deservedly rank high among the black bass waters of Ontario. Good bass fishing and a charming canoe route reward those who visit what are termed the "Rideau Lakes"—partly natural, and partly caused by the back-water from the Rideau Canal which affords a water route a hundred and twenty-five miles long, between the city of Kingston, on the St. Lawrence, and the city of Ottawa, on the river of that name. Two men can do this route by canoe in about two weeks, and a man posted in the ways of bass should be able to eat fish three times a day while the cruise lasted. Near Sault Ste. Marie, especially "The Snows;" in the North Channel, between Grand Manitoulin and sister isles, and among the close-clustering islet gems of Georgian Bay, are many places where swart bass, strong with the vigor of fish bred in coldest water, are lurking ready to lay hold of tempting bait and to fight to the last kick against the hand of every man. ED. W. SANDYS.

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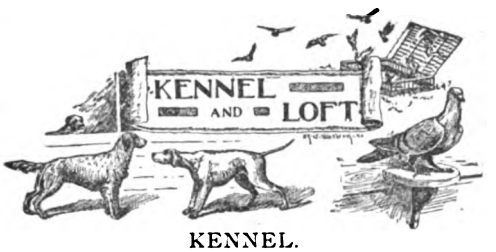

KENNEL.

THE movement now on foot to aid in perfecting the American fox hound is a good one and deserving of a full measure of success. The hound has his enthusiastic admirers in plenty in this vast country, and anything tending to perfect the breed in beauty, pace, and trailing powers, should be encouraged. The proposed National Fox-hunters' Association and National Meet, promised for the coming autumn, should do much for the hound. Field trials for fox hounds should, in time, become powerful factors in developing the highest type of the breed, and should attract as much attention as trials for setters and pointers do at present. The fox hound has a distinct and important position to fill in American sport, and is well worthy of the enthusiastic support of every keen sportsman loving a fast thing and far, be his home North, South, East or West.

In spite of a bit of crossfiring and apparently blundering methods, the directorate of the Columbian Exposition's Dog Show, has finally managed to do at least one sensible thing—*i. e.*, postponing till September 19th and three following days. Originally, it was intended to make a six-day show of it, but two days have been wisely lopped off. The wear and tear of travel, and the excitement of spending four days and nights on strange benches amid yelping comrades and strange people, is about enough for any ordinary canine to stand. There is a prospect now that the much-talked of Columbian Show, which, not so long ago, promised to end unsatisfactorily, will score a gratifying success. DAMON.

LOFT.

IT was the first week in June before the last birds sent from home in May were liberated, owing to a long period of heavy, unsatisfactory atmosphere. To those not weatherwise the conditions were to all appearances favorable. But flyers are fast coming to understand that the best weather for speed is in the clearing after a storm. The cloudless sky is a hard road to travel. The speedy track is when the clear blue shows between the great white clouds, moving rapidly to the west, the sky known as "curds and whey." Another condition is when the clouds are gray and hang high and the wind is from the west.

The lesson of the month is that when the wind is with the birds they come from the direction opposite to the point of liberation, and lofts at the greatest distance from the place of start have the first returns. Opinions differ as to the reason for this. Some hold that the wind carries the bird past its home and it loses time in returning. Others say that the birds tack and thus cover a greater distance than they get credit for. Both are agreed, however, that other conditions being equal it is with wind off the quarter that speed is made.

The month from first to last was full of interest, and the more so as the speed was not to New England lofts, but with the sleepy Philadelphia flyers, and, what was very gratifying to those interested for the messenger service, it was by birds that had made a break from record flying to do messenger's work, thus proving that a good bird could be depended upon for any service, and that the bird's capabilities were most times limited by the unwillingness of the owners to test them.

The story of the month holds two breaks in the world's record for speed. The figures of the 200 miles distance held at 1,439 yards by Little Jim, of Brooklyn, for several years, giving place to 1,524 yards by Moorestown, of the Senderling loft, Philadelphia; the same bird in the next fly raising the speed from less than 1,200 yards made last year for 400 miles to 1,399 yards.

The experiment of messenger service begun in the Naval Review was continued in the trial of the *U. S. S. New York*, and with most gratifying results. The birds used were few in number and were sent out more as a pastime for those on board than with the expectation that their services would be of value. The birds used were all taken from training flights for record journeys, two, Komekul Kus and Miss Herbert, having only three days previous to sending returned from 387 miles southwest.

The birds were liberated as the vessel sailed down the Delaware and when it came to anchor at night, and in spite of the rain that was falling over at least part of their course, they made good time. Others let go next morning as the vessel passed the Capes and when well out at sea, also made good speed, bringing messages to Mr. George W. Childs and to the Secretary of the Navy.

The last test was from Boston harbor by the two birds named above. Neither returned in the day, but there was bad weather at the East to account for the delay, but both were very welcome when they did get in next morning. Miss Herbert bore a double message, one pair of feathers being given to a word for his home in Washington by Lieut. T. B. M. Mason, another pair carrying the greetings of Mr. E. C. Benedict to his friend Mr. L. Clarke Davis, of the *Public Ledger*. This last message read:

To L. CLARKE DAVIS, *Public Ledger*,
Philadelphia, Pa.:

By courtesy of the Messrs. Cramp & Sons I am a guest on board of this magnificent specimen of their skill. I predict that to-day's trial trip will prove the *New York* is the fastest cruiser afloat. From this warlike ark a dove takes this message of peace and good will to you and yours. (Signed). E. C. BENEDICT.

The outcome of these tests was the desire to extend the usefulness of the birds by further tests, and an association was formed of those willing to set apart five or more birds for messenger work. These birds to be trained for the purpose, in being liberated regardless of previous flying, that is, with a disregard of direction and landmarks, and always to carry from the basket a message paper. This to be removed when the bird arrives at home and never to be worn about the loft, as experience has taught that the placing of the message on the tail feathers is equivalent to telling the bird to "hurry," that some specially loved food awaits it at home. E. S. STARR.

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If any girl is in search of novelty, health and recreation, I recommend to her that most enjoyable of all outings—a long cruise in skiff or canoe on some of the up-country rivers and lakes. The latter craft, the much-slandered canoe, is by far the more graceful and serviceable of the two, and in spite of all things said to the contrary, I hold it true, whatever befalls, that if a canoe is given half a chance, treated with respect and managed with anything approaching judgment, it is as safe a craft for ladies to patronize as any boat afloat. Canoeing has got a bad name among our elders because it was comparatively an unknown sport in their day, and because disasters have happened, owing mostly to the melancholy fact that many idiots are not incarcerated in the institutions for those unfortunates. I know of nothing more foolhardy, more utterly devoid of sense, than the too common practice of risking the life of a girl on a toboggan or in a canoe, in charge of a man lacking knowledge and experience in the sport. It is this sort of man who is responsible for the fear many people have of a canoe, which otherwise would be welcomed as one of the greatest auxiliaries to girlish enjoyment and physical development.

It is pleasing, however, to see how naturally our girls take to paddles and light little basswoods, how rapidly they acquire the deft twist of the ashen blade that steers with that singular blending of power and silence the buoyant craft so implicitly obedient to the delicate yet firm muscles of our outdoor maiden. It is also particularly gratifying to see by the present issue of "The American Canoe Association Year Book" that only ladies who are practical canoeists are qualified for membership. This should be a great incentive to work and cruising, for in all the continent there is no more royal association of sportsmen than this organization.

The General Meet of the American Canoe Association is this season in Canadian waters, the camp ground on Brophey's Point, in the ever lovely Thousand Islands; and to those of my readers who are club members in any portion of the United States or Canada, or who are even interested in an apathetic fashion in this most popular sport of the day, I most earnestly appeal to do all they can to be present, as much for their own interests as for the general upholding of outdoor sports and pastimes for women. Yes, the long cruise is the ideal holiday. Your outlay is so trifling, your profits so stupendous, that, no matter what your circumstances, it is a judicious investment.

Your requirements could be summed up in a very brief list, always supposing, of course, that you have already your canoe and sail. The essentials begin with a *young* bonnie chaperon, who has a young bonnie husband, these must be supplemented by your jolliest girl friend, and two of the nicest boys you know. Then get you together a six by eight tent that is warranted waterproof, a rubber sheet, two gray blankets, a goodly sized basket packed with sea biscuit, marmalade, pressed meats, potted cheese, caviare and a side of bacon, two granite plates, cups, and a pair of knives, forks and spoons, and above all a tin teapot and some good black tea, add to this the smallest traveling valise you have, well stocked with toilet soaps, etc., a single change of clothing, an extra pair of canoeing shoes, and a small flask of cognac. Then array yourself in light, but warm underclothing, a plain dark serge skirt, as short as your daring spirit will permit your wearing it, a gay flannel blouse, a woolen tam o'shanter, rubber-soled shoes and serviceable hose, and I'll guarantee you a week's outing that your wildest dreams never mirrored. It is wonderful with how few things a girl can live when she is "roughing it," or how pretty and catching she is in her gypsy get-up. What matter if she does not dress for dinner? If her hair grows wild, and her shoes lack French heels, and her hands, gloves? Ah! my little lady, just try it for once, afterward, go to your fashion thronged sea-side hotel, go to the pretty Swiss cottages in the mountains, go to the overcrowded springs and take your fill of summer gaiety, you are young and gladsome, and have need of those things, but first, I beg of you purchase your railway ticket for that little backwood's station in the lumbering district, where lakes lie unfretted by fashion, unfurrowed by steamers, where rivers rollicking among their stones laugh into rapids, then dream in broad lagoons. Get your camping crowd together and express your canoes and kit ahead of you. Then launch the elfin craft that is to be your only home for days to come, and if when that cruise is over, you do not return to town with a home-sick regret that it is ended, with the appetite of a young hyena, the sun tan of a desert ranger, and a soul and brain blown free of cobwebs and cantankerousness—well! you are simply the only one of your kind I know of.

I have tried these gypsy holidays, tested them, nor found them in a single instance wanting. Many a brain out-worn with study, over-work, or over-pleasure, has been rescued from morbidness; many a cheek, pale from late hours or business anxiety, has ripened and freshened pretty and pink once more; many a heart has brightened and pulsed anew, because of such a simple outing, shorn of care and depressing formalities. We all have a scrap of the savage, a dash of the primitive man concealed about us somewhere—give it play, girls, at least once a year. Be the roving, nature-loving, simple-living being that the soul of your ancestors burning yet within you clamors out so loudly for at times; just try the old heathen etiquetteless life in a canoe for one summer week, you will be a more womanly woman for the quaffing of nature's wines in the wilderness.

E. Pauline Johnson.

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LAWN TENNIS.

INTERSCHOLASTIC tennis has received special encouragement this season by the institution of a contest for the national interscholastic championship, to be held at Newport between the winners of the several interscholastic tournaments. Not only will these contests be in themselves interesting, but they will elevate the standard of play among the younger college men by bringing the members of preparatory schools into more lively competition.

There were seventy-five entries for the Harvard interscholastic championship, and the final match took place between C. R. Budlong, representing the Providence High School, and L. E. Ware, of the Roxbury Latin School. Budlong won in three sets. Score, 10–8, 6–0, 6–4. The school gaining the highest number of points was the Roxbury Latin, whose seven representatives won nineteen matches.

In the first tournament of the Yale Interscholastic L. T. A. played on the grounds of the New Haven Lawn Club, Howard and Sage, both of the Hartford High School, met in the final. The result was in favor of Howard by the score 6–3, 7–5, 6–3. This entitles him to compete in August at the Newport Casino.

The contests for the Columbia interscholastic championship culminated in a very interesting match between W. G. Parker, of the Harvard school, and A. Kent, of the Berkeley. The tournament was held on the Oval at Williamsbridge. Parker won by the score 6—3, 7—5, 4—6, 6—0.

The seventh annual tournament of the Southern Lawn Tennis Association was held May 29th and following days at the grounds of the Baltimore Cricket Club, Mount Washington. Among the Northern men entered were M. G. Chace and C. Hobart, who met in the final on Friday, June 2d. The result of this match was a surprise, for Chace took three straight sets, the first being a love set. In the championship round, however, he received similar treatment at the hands of E. L. Hall, the holder of the Southern States championship. Scores:

Preliminary round—Shields beat J. Hinkley 6—2, 6—1; W. G. Parker beat A. Browne 6—1, 6—1; J. C. Davidson beat J. M. Neely 9—11, 6—0, 6—3; Metcalf beat W. Boag 6—3, 6—0; H. B. Smith beat Y. Pennington 6—4, 6—2.

First round—M. G. Chace beat W. L. McPherson 6—3, 6—0; W. Nelson beat E. Fisher 6—2, 6—4; Geoghegan beat Shields 6—3, 6—3; Davidson beat Parker 4—6, 6—2, 9—7; Smith beat Metcalf 6—2, 9—11, 6—0; D. Miller beat O. Woodward 6—2, 6—3; C. Hobart beat R. Stevens 8—6, 6—2; A. H. S. Post beat R. M. McLane, Jr., by default.

Second round—Chace beat Nelson 6—0, 6—0; Davidson beat Geoghegan 6—3, 6—2, Miller beat Smith 6—2, 6—3; Hobart beat Post 6—2, 6—3.

Third round—Chace beat Davidson 6—3, 6—1; Hobart beat Miller 6—3, 6—2.

Final—Chace beat Hobart 6—0, 9—7, 6—3.

Championship round—E. L. Hall beat M. G. Chace 6—4, 6—3, 6—2.

Doubles: Final—Hobart and Hall beat Davidson and Woodward 6—3, 6—2, 8—6. Consolation singles won by A. H. S. Post.

The annual contest for the New England championship took place on the courts of the New Haven Lawn Club, beginning Tuesday, June 6th. An interesting feature of the tournament was the excellent playing of two young players of the New Haven Club, Arthur Foote and J. W. Nichols, Jr. After defeating three men Foote played in the final against Hobart, making a creditable contest although not quite gaining a set. The great match of the tournament was that between E. L. Hall, the former holder of the cup, and C. Hobart, the challenger. From the result of the Southern tournament the chances of Hall's winning seemed very bright, but the improvement in Hobart's game manifested itself as soon as they met upon the court. The courts were in excellent shape and Hobart seemed to have the lines well-sized and his strokes came off with unusual accuracy. Hall too, was in good form, and after losing a set, took two by clever and steady work. The fourth set was hotly contested. Hobart persistently returned the ball, driving his opponent well back in the court. The set finally went to Hobart as did also the last set. Thus Hobart becomes the fifth holder of the New England cup. The others that have won it are: Slocum, R. P. Huntington, C. T. Lee and Hall. The scores were: Preliminary round—T. C. Neely beat M. Bruce, 7—5, 6—3.

First Round—Deane Miller beat J. Terry, 6 2, 6—2; G. P. Dodge beat R. V. Beach, 6—2, 1—6, 6—4; S. D. Reed beat W. G. Parker, 6—4, 0—6, 6—4; J. W. Nichols, Jr. beat J. F. Talmadge, Jr., 6—4, 6—4; F. G. Beach beat A. E. Wright, 6—2, 6—1; W. E. Milne beat R. F. Rand, 6—4, 6—4; C. Hobart beat A. J. Shaw, 7—5, 6—1. Arthur Foote beat Neely, 6—2, 6—1.

Second Round—C. Hobart beat Milne, 6—2, 6—0; Nichols beat F. G. Beach, 7—5, 6—4; Foote beat Reed, 6—4, 6—2; Miller beat Dodge, 6—2, 6—4.

Third Round—Hobart beat Nichols, 6—2, 6—1; Foote beat Miller, 6—2, 3—6, 6—2.

Final Round—Hobart beat Foote, 6—1, 6—3, 8—6.

Championship round: C. Hobart (challenger) beat E. L. Hall (holder) 6—3, 5—7, 3—6, 8—6, 6—4.

Doubles: Final round—Hobart and Talmadge beat Dodge and Terry, 6—1, 6—2, 6—3.

The Irish championship for 1893 has been won by J. Pim, who, after defeating W. Renshaw in the all-comer's, wrested the championship from E. Renshaw in a four-set match. Score, 6—1, 6—2, 4—6, 6—4. It is a curious fact that this performance has an exact parallel in the victory of W. J. Hamilton in 1889. He defeated both the Renshaws at this meeting.

Complete records of Lawn Tennis and other lawn games will be found in OUTING WEEKLY RECORD, which begins its fourth season on July 1, with the purpose so characteristic of OUTING, viz.: the fostering of refined sport.

F. A. KELLOGG.

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CRICKET.

Cricket closed in 1892 with eclat, and opens this year with every appearance of increased popular favor. On all sides new clubs have cropped up, and the players who have long pulled the laboring oar in the game must feel great pleasure in these signs.

The quality of the play, too, has improved with the popularity of the game.

The following are the statistics of the various associations and leagues in existence last season. For some of the far distant ones I am indebted to officers of the clubs who have kindly assisted me in getting together these particulars:

METROPOLITAN DISTRICT CRICKET LEAGUE.

NEW YORK CHAMPIONSHIP GAMES.

FIRST SECTION.

	Played.	*Won.*	*Lost.*	*Drawn.*
Berkeley	10	7	2	1
New Jersey A. C.	10	5	3	2
Staten Island	10	4	3	3
Manhattan	10	4	6	0
Brooklyn	10	3	5	2
Paterson	10	3	7	0

SECOND SECTION.

Newark	12	11	1	0
New York	12	7	5	0
Harlem	12	7	5	0
Sons of St. George.	12	6	5	1
Kings County	12	4	6	2
South Brooklyn	12	2	8	2
St. George A. C.	12	2	9	1

HALIFAX CUP.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Summary of matches:

Germantown	8	7	0	1
Tioga	8	5	3	0
Belmont	8	3	4	1
Merion	8	2	6	0
Philadelphia	8	2	6	0

CLUB RECORD CUP.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Summary of matches played:

Germantown	7	7	0	0
Belmont	6	4	2	0
Tioga	7	2	4	1
Merion	7	2	5	0
Philadelphia	7	1	5	1

MASSACHUSETTS CENTRAL CRICKET ASSOCIATION.

BOSTON, MASS.

Summary of championship matches:

Brockton	12	12	0	0
Chelsea	12	9	3	0
Lynn	12	9	3	0
Somerville	12	6	6	0
Cambridge	12	3	9	0
Hyde Park	12	3	9	0
East Boston	12	0	12	0

CHICAGO CRICKET ASSOCIATION.

CHICAGO, ILL.

SPALDING CUP (1st elevens).

Summary of matches played:

Pullman	8	7	0	1
Phenix	9	5	3	1
Wanderer	9	4	4	1
St. George	8	3	5	0
Cicero	8	0	7	1

Cicero forfeited one game to Pullman and one to Phenix.

PRESIDENT'S CUP (2d elevens).

Pullman	9	7	0	2
Albion	9	5	2	2
Wanderer	8	3	4	1
St. George	7	2	5	0
Cicero	7	0	6	1

Cicero forfeited a game to Pullman.

DETROIT CRICKET ASSOCIATION.

DETROIT, MICH.

Summary of championship matches:

Chatham	7	4	0	3
Michigan A. C.	8	2	4	2
Detroit A. C.	7	1	3	3

PITTSBURGH CRICKET LEAGUE.

PITTSBURGH, PA

Summary of championship matches:

Homewood	2	2	0	0
Wilkinsburgh	3	2	1	0
East Liverpool	5	2	3	0
Glenshaw	4	1	3	0

CALIFORNIA CRICKET ASSOCIATION.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

W. GREER HARRISON CUP.

Summary of matches played:

Alameda	18	15	2	1
California	18	12	4	2
Pacific	18	6	10	1
Oakland	18	1	17	0

INTER-COLLEGIATE CRICKET ASSOCIATION.

Last season all the clubs were tied for the championship, which was given to the University of Pennsylvania, they having won it in the previous year.

A VERY excellent schedule has been arranged for the championship games in the Metropolis. The first section consists of New Jersey, Newark, Staten Island C. C., Brooklyn, Patterson, Manhattan and Morris Park C. C. The second section of King's County, St. George, Albion, Staten Island A. C., Victoria, St. George A. C., Harlem, New York and South Brooklyn. A third section has this year been formed, consisting of second elevens only, and the following clubs have entered teams: New Jersey A. C., King's County, St. George, Morris Park, St. George A. C., Patterson, Brooklyn.

The cricketers in St. Louis are to have a much more active season than in previous years and have arranged for the Pastime C. C. of that city to make a trip to Chicago, where they have matches fixed with the Pullman, Albion, Ciceros, Chicagos, Wanderers, St. George, and a team from Minnesota.

College cricket, it is pleasant to note, is increasing in interest. At Harvard alone there were thirty candidates for positions on the team, some of them men who had played on Philadelphian and Canadian teams.

Chicago cricketers are naturally expecting a busy season, with the probability of the coming of the "Corinthian" team of London, a team of Cambridge University men, past and present, and the visit of the Australians on their way home. The "Spalding" and "President" Cup competitions are in progress.

The "Harrison" Cup competition in San Francisco has been taken up with even greater interest than heretofore. Players there are also anxiously looking forward to the arrival of the Australian team, who are to play at San Francisco before sailing for home.

Complete records of Cricket will be found in OUTING WEEKLY RECORD, which begins its fourth season on July 1, with the purpose so characteristic of OUTING, viz.: the fostering of refined sport.

T. C. TURNER.

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ANSWERS TO "OUTING" CORRESPONDENTS.

C. H. S., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.—For toning blue prints brown, print rather deep and prepare three solutions :

BATH A.

Muriatic (hydrochloric acid),	3 to 4 drops.
Water,	16oz. (1 pint).

BATH B.

Aqua ammonia,	5 to 10 drops.
Water,	16 oz. (1 pint).

BATH C.

Alum,	(Apoth. Weight) 2 oz.
Tannic acid,	1 drachm.
Water,	16 oz. (1 pint).

Put prints in A face downward till soluble salts are dissolved or removed. Then dip into bath B till prints turn decided violet blue and whites are clear. Lastly, put in bath C from B until desired color is obtained. By prolonged soaking it will become a gray or neutral tint. It may be varied by putting into B and C a second time.

I. C., Marshall, Mich.—A male nineteen years old, and 5 ft. 9 in. high, has in all probability attained the average maturity of college athletes. The collegiate record for the two-twenty dash is 21 4-5s., for the half-mile run 1 m. 54 1-2s., for the mile run 4m. 29 4-5s. The first of these records is the world's record, and the second is 1-20s. shy of the world's record. A good performance in each event for a college runner would be 22 3-5s, 2m. 3s., and 4m. 36s. Anything under 23s., 2m. 10s., or 5m. would rank as fair performances. To exercise before breakfast is positively injurious. Light daily exercise, plenty of wholesome food, and above all plenty of sleep are the requisites. Trials of speed should come not more than twice a week for sprinters, and not more than once a week for middle distance and distance runners.

P. L. C, Brookline, Mass.—The record for a 12lb. hammer, handle included, one hand, handle 4 ft., circle 7 ft., is 164 ft. 2 in. Thrown with a run. W. L. Condon, Ellston, Md., Nov. 5, 1892. *Amateur.*—12lb. hammer thrown from a stand, 124 ft. 11 in. W. L. Condon, Wilmington, Del., 1888. *Amateur.*—12lb. hammer, handle 3. ft. 6 in., 116 ft. 4 in. C. A. J. Queckberner, Staten Island, 1888. No follow allowed in any of the above performances. At the intercollegiate games, and at all college games a 16lb. hammer is used. The intercollegiate record is 110 ft. 4 1-2 in., made last May, by Hickok of Yale.

In 1892 the Yale crew finished at New London, in 20m. 48s. The fastest 4-mile college race occurred in 1888, when Yale finished in 20m. 10s.

C. B., Duluth, Minn.—The best time for the 100 yds. dash 9 4-5s. *Amateur*—John Owen, Jr., American championship, Washington, D. C., 1890 ; W. T. Macpherson, Auckland, New Zealand, 1891. *Professional*—H. M. Johnson, Cleveland, O., 1886 ; Harry Bethune, Oakland, Cal., 1888.

The champion running hop step and jump. *Amateur*, 47 ft. 1 in., E. W. Goff, New York City, 1892 ; 48 ft. 3 in., John Purcell, Limerick, Ireland. *Professional*, 48 ft. 8 in., Thomas Burrows, Worcester, Mass., 1884.

Intrepid.—She is 163 feet 6 inches over all; 132 feet on the load water line with 27 feet beam and 13 feet six inches draught. Her gross tonnage is 340.99 tons. She is rigged as a three-masted fore and aft schooner and her sail area is 12,000 square feet. She is fitted with inverted triple expansion engines.

Cycling Tramp.—The agitation in relation to the cash prize question has about died out. Occasionally a few feeble notes are sounded in favor of such a scheme, but a general canvass of opinion, as reflected in the majority of the cycling press, show a decided opposition to the idea.

A. J.—The race of 1846 was the first in which out-riggers were used. That of 1857 was the first race in which either university rowed in the present style of boats without keel ; also the first time either rowed with round oars. Both used the same kind of oars and boats. In 1873 both crews used sliding seats for the first time. The dead heat of 1877 would probably have been a victory for Oxford had not the bowman damaged his oar. In 1887, No. 7, in the Oxford boat, broke an oar.

Aquatic.—The tendency in canoeing is paddling. The owners of the single-hand cruisers, who have sold their racing canoes, as a rule have retained or purchased paddling canoes, and women are going in for paddling canoes much more than formerly. Many of the clubs encourage the members in bringing ladies to the club-house and interesting them in the healthful exercise of paddling a canoe.

A. C. L., Monroe, Minn.—A mixture, as efficient as many of the specifics against the attacks of fly and mosquito, is prepared as follows :—Shake together two ozs. castor oil, two ozs. oil of tar, and one oz. of oil of pennyroyal. Smear on face, hands, and wrists while fishing. Useful flies for the month are, for trout: professor, black midge, grizzly and brown palmers, wren tail, red ant, July dun, pale evening and little yellow May duns, and silver horn. For bass : Parmachense belle, queen and king of the water, oriole, chubb, cheney, Lord Baltimore, silver doctor, Ruhe wood, Montreal, polka, silk green, Henshall, Furgerson, mated ibis, grizzly king, magpie, green glade, soldier, and brown Durham.

O. O.—The two imported dogs which made their début at Philadelphia were the beagle Lonely, of the Rockland Beagle Kennels, Nanuet, N. Y., and the collie Ormskirk Golddust, winner of the Liverpool special and many firsts.

Lieutenant.—To send wheels about an indoor track is little less than foolhardy. Setting aside the inevitable brutality of such a race, sufficient ground for abolishing it exists in the inevitable unfairness of a race in which a half a dozen of the contestants may be thrown, not always by their own lack of skill, but by the careless riding of others.

A Perplexed One.—As both light and shade are essential constituents of a picture, exposure with the sun directly behind should never be attempted, the shadows under such conditions being beyond the reach of the lens. When, however, the sun is high enough to be out of the field of view, or out of the range of the lens, there is no position in which bolder, more vigorous, or more highly artistic work can be done.

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AMONG THE BOOKS.

THE Badminton series of sporting manuals has been rounded out by a volume treating of the two oldest of the sports of the field, "Coursing" and "Falconry." The coursing by Harding Cox will be especially welcome to Western sportsmen for its treatise on breeding and the treatment of saplings. Falconry by the Hon. Gerald Lascelles will appeal rather to the student than to the practical sportsman, for, unfortunately, this grand pastime has fallen into disuse in America where on the authority of Isaac Walton it flourished nigh two hundred years ago. [Little, Brown & Co., Boston.]

"TO LEEWARD," the title of F. Marion Crawford's latest novel, is not only significant of the transgressions of certain characters in the book but also of a drifting on the part of this clever novelist from his usual felicitous lines. The story is light and, in its main incidents, exciting; but how little is accomplished by diffuse dialogue and discussion is realized when the reader lays down the book with a sense of having been unprofitably entertained, unenlightened, and unrefreshed. [Macmillan & Co., N. Y.]

"ISLAND NIGHT'S ENTERTAINMENTS" is a collection of charming stories of the South Sea Islands by Robert Louis Stevenson, with handsome illustrations. The author has employed well his powers of observation, and with a pen fertile in fiction has made the narratives interesting in incident and picturesque in their sable settings. [Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.]

"THE LONDON DAILY PRESS," by H. W. Massingham, is an admirable review of journalism and journalists in London, containing many interesting details of the practical side of daily news-writing. From the halfpenny paper to the dignified *Times* the author treats of each newspaper separately, with comments on the mighty influence of the press over politics, religion and morals. [Fleming H. Revell Co., N.Y.]

"ORIOLE'S DAUGHTER," by Jessie Fothergill, presents a vivid and fascinating picture of European life, in which are set two strong female characters—Minna, a sculptor, and Oriole's daughter, a victim of unfortunate marriage. In the stern realities of life misery is often linked with wealth and luxury, and in demonstration of this the author leads the reader to many picturesque scenes in imperial Rome. The story is told in refreshing and vigorous style. [Tait, Sons & Co., New York.]

"THROUGH COLONIAL DOORWAYS" is a neat and attractive volume of social and domestic history during the colonial times. The author, Anne Hollingsworth Wharton, has admirably carried out the purpose of her work, which is thus explained in the preface: "To read of councils, congresses and battles is not enough. Men and women wish to know something more intimate and personal of the past; of how their ancestors lived and loved, as well as how they wrought, suffered and died. [J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.]

"AN IMPERATIVE DUTY," by William Dean Howells, presents many interesting characters whose temperament and mental training form quite as important factors as do the incidents of the story in the making of this excellent specimen of modern fiction. The influence of Puritanism begetting almost mental malady is constantly struggling in a woman's life against the sturdy logic of masculine character and the demonstrations of actual circumstance. The story is constructed with considerable dramatic force. [Harper & Brothers, New York.]

"I FORBID THE BANNS," by Frank Frankfort Moore, is a study of a peculiar social experiment which demonstrates the falsity of the theory of Free Love, and the practical utility as well as the moral force of the sacred rites of matrimony. The plot is a bold one, and is handled with delicacy and skill. [Cassell Publishing Co., New York.]

"THE DRAMA," a series of addresses by Henry Irving, is likely to interest the general reader as well as the profession. The author treats of the stage as it is, of the art of acting and of actors, in a practical and scholarly manner. [Tait, Sons & Co., New York.]

IN the "FROEBEL LETTERS" edited by A. H. Heineman we see how that ardent enthusiast toiled painfully along the road pointed out by reasoning and experience before (in his simple phrase) he "found" the Kindergarten. This book with its explanatory notes becomes at once a memoir and a history of the system. [Lee & Shepard, Boston.]

"VAL MARIA," a romance of the time of Napoleon I., by Mrs. Lawrence Turnbull, is an artistic narrative, the central figure of which is a child sculptor, sublime in character and a genius in his art. His short life under the influence of a mother's love, the adoration of the First Consul and an æsthetic worship of beauty creates a single monument of his handiwork, a symbol only of the influence that such a divine character can exert over great minds actively turned to wars, statecraft or religion. [J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia.]

"YACHTING UNDER AMERICAN STATUTE, AND HAND BOOK TO THE U. S. LOCAL MARINE BOARD EXAMINATION," by Captain Howard Patterson, are handy and authoritative reference books for the guidance of owners and officers of American yachts, and contain much useful legal and general information relating to navigation by steam and sail. [John Bliss & Co., New York.]

BOOKS received—"Prince Hermann Regent," by Jules Lemaitre. [Cassell Pub. Co., New York.] "The Highland Nurse," by the Duke of Argyle. "A Deplorable Affair" by W. E. Norris. "Kitty's Father," by Frank Barrett. [Tait, Sons & Co., New York.] "The Mosaic Record of the Creation Explained," by A. G. Jennings. [Fleming H. Revell Co., New York.]

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Painted for OUTING by Hermann Simon. (See "The Madam's Chicken Shoot," p. 371.)

"THE MADAM AND BOB."

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OUTING.

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UNDER FALSE PRETENSES.

BY LOUISE D. MITCHELL.

"WHY, ROBERT BURNS!" (*p. 324.*)

"WHAT do you think of her, David?"

"I don't know."

"'Don't know?' Why, what nonsense! Of course you know; you must have formed some sort of an opinion of her in the three weeks that she has been with us—men always do where a pretty woman is concerned. Do you think that she is beautiful?"

"Yes, very."

The girl frowned. "I don't know whether I do or not," she said, reflectively. "She is too tall and too thin; her hair is too light, and her eyes are actually green. If she were shorter and more vivacious I should be tempted to compare her with Becky Sharp."

"I think that you are inclined to judge Mrs. Leigh rather harshly, my dear Becky," the young man said, pursuing the subject with well-feigned indifference. "Does it not seem to you a little unjust to compare her with such a type of woman as Becky Sharp? Beyond a fancied similarity of coloring the resemblance is not very striking,—to me, at least."

"There!" said the little school-mistress, triumphantly, "you have betrayed yourself nicely, Mr. David Adams, for now I know, beyond a doubt, that you have formed an opinion of her, and that it is a favorable one. You see now, don't you, what comes of trying to deceive a woman? Oh! you walked into my trap in the sweetest possible way, David. It was so obliging of you, for I expected to have a great deal of trouble in getting at the truth of the matter. It always sharpens my wits to spend an hour or two in your society."

"You are a precocious infant," said he, accepting his defeat in great good humor, though he could have shaken the little witch for penetrating his reserve on the subject. "However, it is better to be executed at one blow, I presume, than to expire under the consuming fire of a guilty conscience. To be more explicit, my dear child, let me explain in words suited to your tender years. Now, in the first place, you say that you set a trap for me—perhaps you did, perhaps not; but supposing, for the sake of argument, that you did. Well, note how readily I, in full possession of my faculties, and well acquainted with the frailties of your sex from a knowledge obtained in the bitter past, walk into said trap. Is not that in itself a circumstance worthy of suspicion?"

"Oh," said Becky, feeling that the wind was being taken out of her sails, "you're trying to wriggle out, but you sha'n't do it. You never meant me to know that you were at all interested in

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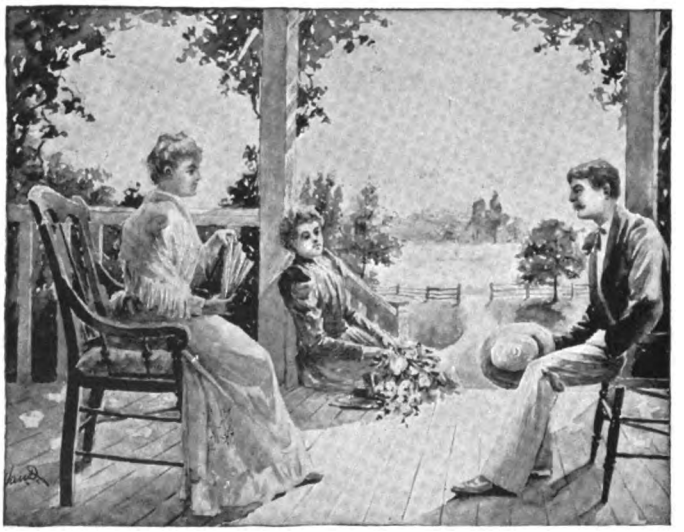
Mrs. Leigh, but I suspected it long ago, and have only been waiting to bring you to a confession of the truth."

"I repeat," said her companion with a calm disregard of this digression, "is not that a fact in itself worthy of suspicion? Does it not lead you to suspect that I had an object in view in—ahem!

his usually fertile wits for something soothing as well as truthful to say, but the guardian of that small inclosure waved him aside and he fell back on the weak effort to parry the question.

"Is this a death-bed confession?" he asked finally.

But Becky was pouting and would



"YOU LOOK SO COOL AND INVITING HERE." (*p. 323.*)

—*walking* into the trap? Well, not to tax your patience too far, let me say candidly that I have had a wild desire burning in my breast for some time to express my opinion of my mother's new boarder. What use do you intend to make of the advantage you seem to think you have gained?"

"'Seem to *think* I have gained?'" Becky's merry laugh was pleasant to hear. "Why, I'm going to have that opinion which you *accidentally* admitted having formed. What do you believe the character of Mrs. Leigh to be?"

"One of the noblest. Next?"

"And you like her?" jealously.

"Yes. Next?"

"Better than you do me?"

"Ahem! I move that that question be ruled out as damaging to the case."

"Oh, no, David, that's mean. I do believe that you like her better than you do me, after all, and you've known me all your life." The foolish tears were already welling up in the bright dark eyes and David began to feel uncomfortable. He skirmished around in not answer, and he stroked his mustache in further meditation. At last he said, in a tone that was always effective with her through its persuasive flattery:

"My sweet little Becky, why do you force me into a premature avowal of my feelings toward you? Is it not unjust—unkind of you? We have seen Mrs. Leigh for three weeks and as yet know nothing about her; for that very reason I have been bold enough to express my opinion of her, but to attempt to put into the cold form of words the palpitations of my heart when I contemplate the small brown person at my side would be——" an expressive gesture completed the sentence.

Whether "the small brown person at his side" really swallowed the generously-coated sweetness of his words or not it would be difficult to say, for she hid its effect under the truly feminine mask of her clear, bright laughter, and peace was restored.

* * * * *

The music of Becky's voice caught and held the attention of the solitary figure

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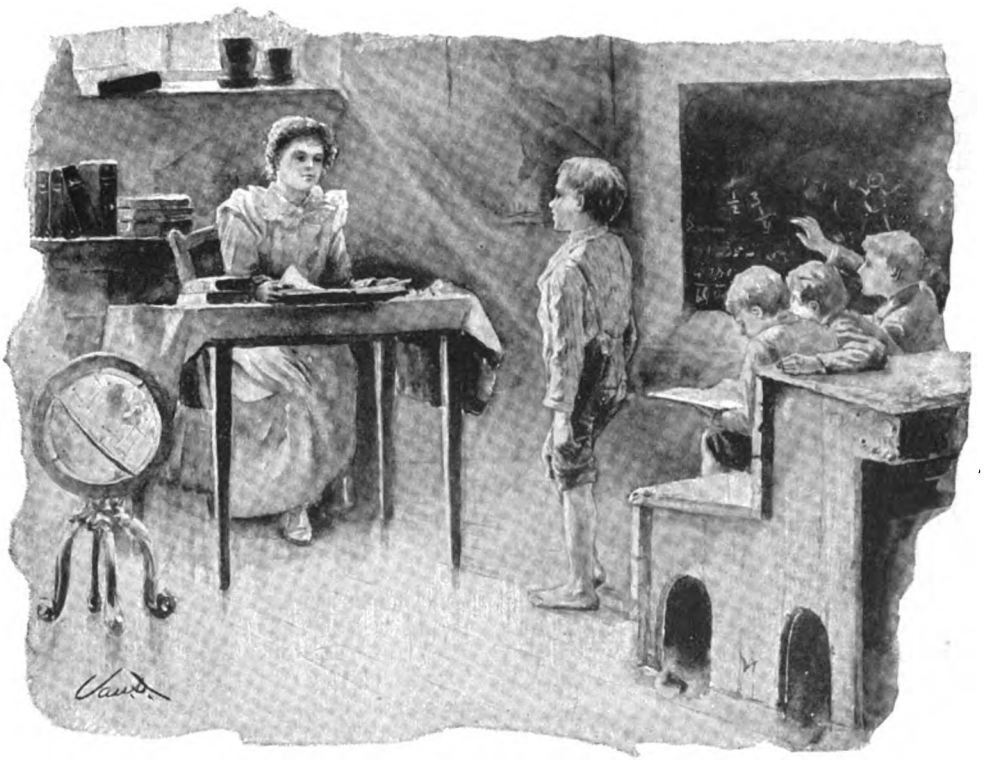
seated on the porch of the farm-house which they were approaching, but it brought no answering smile to the listener's face; it rather deepened the wistful expression in the quiet eyes that had been watching the west, where the infant Evening lay cradled in the arms of fair, departing Day. She arose and, drawing the fleecy white shawl closer about her shoulders, paced slowly back and forth across the porch.

Despite the hollows noticeable in the cheeks, the face turned toward the west was a beautiful one — a curious beauty, too. Of that colorless type which seems to bear the impress of coldness in its smooth, pale outlines; devoid of even a suggestion of warmth in the clear, creamy pallor of the skin. The hair was light, of that peculiar tint which resembles nothing so much as moonlight on the water; the eyes a decided green—like the ocean at eventide, when the delicate tints from the west are thrown back on its white-crested breast — the lashes, shading those eyes, a trifle darker than the silky hair, and long and thick enough to hide their owner's expression at her will. The nose was long and straight, and indicative of the refinement of her nature; the mouth classical, but lacking sweetness of expression. Who she was and whence she came, beyond the few necessary facts supplied by a mutual friend—a physician, who had spent the previous summer with his wife at the farm-house, and who had written to his hostess introducing this Mrs. Leigh as a patient of his and one greatly in need of the rest and refreshment to be found in the air of the "Lake," nothing definite was known.

The little schoolmistress walked every day down the hill to where the stone school-house stood at the cross-roads, and there set her bright wits at work to interest and improve the correspondingly dull wits of the boys and girls of assorted shapes, sizes, and intellects who assembled there from the country round and about. She had adopted an adroit method with which to trip the unwary who had depended wholly for the



"I CAL'LATE IT DO, MUSS BECKY, BUT DURNED IF I KNOW HOW." (p. 322.)

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success of their lesson on the friendly promptings emitted from behind the raised lid of a neighboring desk, where the geography reposed in open defiance of the rules, by asking some such startling question as the following: "William, does the Gulf of Mexico flow through the Behring Strait?" This piece of cleverness on the part of the teacher brought forth equally startling results; the victim blushed scarlet, stood first on one foot, then on the other, and after one helpless glance toward the source which had never before failed him, wet his dry lips and said chokingly: "I cal'late it do, Muss Becky, but durned if I know how."

It was a commendable freak of nature that the young girl's naturally sweet and sunny temper remained unfretted by this daily tax; possibly the excellent care she received at the hands of motherly Mrs. Adams had much to do with it, but however that may appear, Becky in herself was charming. She was plump, pretty, and refined, and having spent more than one winter in the city of New York, had acquired a grace of manner not usually found in the blooming country girls of our northern lakes. Boarding in the farm-house had been decided upon as being more convenient than crossing the lake each day after her school was dismissed, so she had become an inmate of the Adams family from the outset. She and David were firm friends—the friendship a little warmer on her side perhaps, but nevertheless genuine on his, and the invasion of the fair stranger into the household had been regarded by Becky with very unfriendly feelings.

David, home from college for his summer vacation, had been spending his time idling about the farm until Mrs. Leigh had become of special interest to him.

Becky's acute instinct had divined the impression made upon the mind of her old playfellow, David, by this woman who was so beautiful to look upon, and a girlish jealousy had sprung up in her heart. She had met but few men in her simple life, and David, with his college education and manners, was her ideal of all that was manly and noble. It would necessitate a very sudden shock to open those innocent eyes, but the young girl's heart was passing swiftly into his keeping, and had he been an unprincipled fellow the wreck of one life must have been inevitable; as it was, whether through the impetus of his share of vanity, or the too open display she had made of her feelings in the matter, he had apprehended the danger in time, and had skillfully directed their friendship into the cool waters of a frank affection too apparent to be misunderstood.

Becky had had a brother, although so long ago that she could scarcely remember him, for he had gone from home to make his fortune when she was yet a little girl. They had heard from him in various places. First in New York; then in California, and then in the far South. After a while his letters came from England, then from Australia and Africa, and finally he had drifted back to England again. He wrote that he had made a fortune, and, later, that he had married a beautiful American girl whom he had met in Paris, and to whom he was passionately attached. His letters, at first full of happiness, soon betrayed symptoms of a decided change in the domestic atmosphere. Little things crept out between the lines that were read with anxious astonishment by those living across the water, to whom he was the sum of existence; further disclosures made, as the months passed, revealed things in a very bad condition. At last, after a long interval of silence, came the crushing news of his sudden death, conveyed in a few quiet lines from the pen of his wife. This final stroke broke the father's heart.

He was a stern and silent man, and had centered all his ambitions for worldly success on the enterprise of this one son, whom he had sent away into wider fields in the search for that which his own fate had withheld from him, and which he was determined should never be repeated in the life of his boy. He went abroad, when the sad revelation reached him, determined to investigate matters. He was gone a long while—months in fact, and when he returned was strangely reticent in regard to the discoveries he had made, and the family dared not question him. So the mystery deepened, and the circumstances of Roland's death were never made known to them, but of course the worst conjectures were drawn, from the reserve maintained by the father. The name of the young wife whom they had

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never seen, but whom they all hated for Roland's sake, was never afterward mentioned, even among themselves. Becky was a child when all this transpired, and so the shadow that had fallen across their path had had but little influence on her life. She only knew that somewhere in the great world lying out beyond the range of her vision there was some one whom she must hate because this "some one" had broken mother's heart and had made father the harsh, stern man he had become.

"Why so grave, my dear Becky?" David asked next day, awaking from a reverie to note her unusual silence. "It can't be possible that you are indulging in the luxury of a thought!"

A faint smile trembled through the wistfulness of her face. "I was thinking of Roland," she said simply. "I can't understand father's strange silence in regard to his death, when a few words from him would, even now, make poor mother feel so much happier. You know that—there were some suspicious circumstances surrounding his wife and his sudden death!"

"Yes, but one should try to look more into her side of the case, I think. It is no more than just, Becky."

"There can be nothing to look for," she said in astonishment, this view of the question being presented to her for the first time. "Her extravagance, her deliberate encouragement of other men, her neglect of her home, are witnesses strong enough to condemn her without a trial. I just hate her for her wicked, cruel treatment of one of the best men that ever lived! He was so good to mother, David; *so* good." And the angry little face was melted in tears.

"Yes, dear, I know." Manlike his sympathies were readily enlisted at the sight of a woman's tears—even Becky's April showers; he pressed her hand a moment warmly in his and then let it go. The bright color stole into her cheeks at his touch, effectually drying her tears, and a smile, so tremulous and fleeting that it could hardly be called a smile at all, curved the sweet lips into their own sunny lines for a second.

Glancing at her askance, in time to catch it in its dawning suggestiveness, David was mean and conceited enough to wonder whether those tears had not been another of her "traps" laid for him in which she had gained his sympathy under false pretenses. However, he said nothing, and they approached the house in silence. But in an instant David was animated when he espied the white shawl gleaming through the dusk under the roof of the porch, where Mrs. Leigh was standing supporting herself against the post behind her. It gave the young fellow an odd sense of pleasure to behold her standing thus; almost as much as though she had been in reality waiting for him.

"You look so cool and inviting here," he said, fanning himself with his hat, for the night was warm and the long climb up the hill had overheated him. He took a seat against the post after Mrs. Leigh had returned to her chair, and then continued. "Miss Dunn and I found the air delightful while walking, but we are paying the penalty of our exertion now, aren't we, Becky?"

"Yes, indeed," replied the girl from her place at the opposite post; "but we saw the light on the lake, Mrs. Leigh. I'm sorry that you did not care to go with us; it was so pretty! The *Lake George* passed while we were there, and she was just like a palace of light. Her cabins were brilliantly illuminated and threw a golden reflection on the water as she moved along, so that she seemed to float in a sea of fire. Then, you know, there were the red and green lights, and they seemed to lie out across the water like crimson and green ribbons, quivering in beautiful hues."

"Well done, Becky!" said David with approval. "I will take you to the shore again. You have seen it with the eye of an artist."

The face of Mrs. Leigh softened in the darkness; there was something pathetically sweet to her about the young girl—perhaps it was the fair, unwritten pages of the history but just begun.

"You were very kind to think of me," she said with more warmth than usual. "I should like to have seen the painting you so prettily describe. I have paid the penalty of my laziness, however, for I have been sitting here watching these shadows closing in about me and enveloping me as silently and as relentlessly as an oncoming fate. They actually made me feel nervous," and she laughed. "Mrs. Adams was good enough to rescue me from utter annihilation by sitting with me for a few minutes, but a neighbor, a Mrs. Woodhouse, rushed

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in to say that her Sammy had stepped upon a fish-hook in his bare feet, and that they could do nothing with him. He was reported as lying upon his back, kicking his heels in the air and making use of a very naughty word as an accompaniment to the pain he was enduring. Your mother, Mr. Adams, darted out of the gate with a murderous-looking knife in one hand and a short riding-whip in the other. I have spent some of my leisure moments since her departure speculating as to which dose, when administered, will prove most effective."

"Probably a case of homœopathy," said David, laughing. "Sammy's ailments are too well known not to induce mother to use them alternately. I can vouch for the efficacy of one at least. I am a living monument of the truth of my words, Mrs. Leigh. My mother's home-made remedy has evolved from a once hopeless case of untamable childhood the lamb-like specimen of man you have the honor of beholding."

They laughed merrily at his tone, and the merriment broke the ice between them, banishing forever the restraint that had marked their intercourse thus far. Mrs. Leigh proved to be charmingly entertaining; she recalled anecdotes of her childhood and told them so delightfully that the night rang with their laughter. David's college yarns were apparently swallowed with becoming grace, and his spirits rose accordingly. He would not have confessed it for the world, not even to himself, but a slight and unmistakable feeling of dullness had begun to dog his footsteps in the oppressive quiet of his rural home, which bore so sharp a contrast to his rather exciting life at college. Becky left the conversation to her companions, seemingly content to listen in silence. It was not until Mrs. Leigh noticed her quiet demeanor that she realized how she and her host were gliding off into topics that were incomprehensible to the country-bred girl, and she at once brought the conversation back to neutral ground.

"AND MY ANSWER, SWEETHEART, YOU HAVE FORGOTTEN THAT." (*p. 330.*)

When Mrs. Adams returned from the scene of conflict, with her unsheathed knife in one hand and the lash of the whip trailing meekly on the ground behind her, she found them chatting amicably together, her awesome guest not the least animated of the three. Upon her approach she was greeted with such a volley of questions that she was persuaded to sit down in David's place and pour forth a recital of her adventures.

"And to think," she wound up in a plaintive tone, "to think that two such exciting things should have happened in one day!"

"What was the other, mother?" David asked in an interested voice.

"Why, Robert Burns *et* the whole end off my best tablecloth."

"'Robert Burns?'" echoed Mrs. Leigh in surprise.

"Yes," explained Becky. "He's the calf; he's blind. He was chewing some grass near the clothes-line this morning when the wind blew a corner of the table-cloth into his mouth. Of course he kept on chewing, poor little thing, for his mouth was full of grass, don't you see, and he didn't know the difference. He was quite a way up on

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the table-cloth before we discovered him."

Mrs. Adams went in after that with a pleasant "Good-night" to all; and Becky ran in after her.

David resumed his seat on the porch, where he could obtain a better view of his companion's face; its rare beauty fascinated him. Glancing at him once she surprised him in a stare of admiration. To his astonishment she smiled back into his eyes—a slow, gracious smile, that brought all the needed warmth into her coldly chiseled features. David's glance wavered and then fell in confusion.

"I *beg* your pardon," he said unsteadily. "I was brutally rude, but—I could not help it. You are the most beautiful woman I have ever seen."

The smiling graciousness had not yet left her face. Evidently his boyish apology had not displeased her. "Thank you," she said with an arch glance into his perturbed face, "I receive so few compliments that the novelty is not unpleasing; but are you in a position to judge—have you met many women, Mr. Adams?"

"I have seen many *girls*," he said, eagerly desirous of taking advantage of the opening her words had given him, "and many who were beautiful, but never such a woman as you. I admire them; I worship you," he added in a husky voice.

Too late he realized the foolish mistake he had made, for one swift glance at her showed him that the softness had faded from her face. She rose and walked out to the edge of the porch into the full light of the moon. He, too, arose and stood beside her, searching his brain desperately for some word with which to secure his pardon and thereby regain the ground of which his folly had deprived him. He received no encouragement from her, for she did not so much as turn her head to acknowledge his presence beside her; instead, she gazed with quiet eyes across the sloping fields and over the tops of the trees to where the lake lay like a sheet of silver against the black mountains beyond. The calm, gracious atmosphere of her womanhood seemed to wrap him in its ennobling influence; it quieted the heat of his emotions and filled him with humility.

I've offended you," he said in a contrite voice, looking into her face with eyes that were full of pleading; "can you pardon me again?"

"I'm afraid that my pardon seems too easily won," she said, coldly. "I shall be more cautious in bestowing it. Good-night."

"Good-night, Mrs. Leigh," he said, in a tone that had changed into one as cold and formal as her own; but he did not turn to gaze after her—he waited in that same attitude until he could no longer hear the soft trail of her long gray gown over the uncarpeted floors behind him; then he went down the steps and wandered off through the fields, knee deep in the grass that was ready for haying.

They did not meet at the breakfast-table the following morning, for Mrs. Leigh did not come down until late, and then she found that David had gone off for a day's fishing with a neighbor, and would not return until evening; Becky was already at her post down the hill, where her school was

> "Humming with its wonted noise,
> Of three-score mingled girls and boys;
> Some few upon their tasks intent,
> But more on furtive mischief bent."

The lady did not know whether she was glad or sorry not to have had the opportunity of seeing David that day. She had been conscious of a slight pang of remorse in recalling her words of the previous evening, for she began to think that she had been more severe than the occasion warranted. However, she determined to await further developments, wondering how he would act when they met again. She was not destined to have that opportunity for her study until the second day following. They were already at the breakfast-table that morning when she appeared, and in answer to her general good-morning, David arose and courteously placed her chair for her. His manner had regained the formal politeness that had marked the first days of her advent among them, and much to her surprise and *fear* it sent a sharp pain thrilling through her heart. She realized then that she had missed him in those two days' absence. He made no effort to avoid her glance throughout the meal, but there was a touch of haughty resentment in his eyes when they encountered hers that wounded her deeply. However, she was too thoroughly a

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woman of the world to betray the slightest feeling in the matter, and sustained the conversation with the smoothness of her graceful tact, though it must be acknowledged that its sprightliness was wholly due to Becky's unfailing gayety. The child looked as fresh and as lovely as a breath of autumn with her brown face glowing with its tints and the flash of her white teeth revealed in the brightness of her smile. In direct contrast to her was Mrs. Leigh's calm, self-contained beauty, as colorless as a daughter of the North.

David watched her covertly but could not detect a change in the polished grace of her demeanor. She ate little to be sure, but that was nothing unusual. David went out on the farm immediately after breakfast. He was hurt and angry with her, with himself, and with all the world. He was piqued by her cool acceptance of his changed attitude toward her, and as the day passed and she made no effort to recall him to her side, he grew downright dejected and miserable. He strove to conceal his wretchedness under the mask of the bantering tone he adopted with Becky while in her presence; but this did not appear to affect Mrs. Leigh in any way, as she was always absorbed in some feminine occupation.

Beckey probed his secret and discovered the truth, but with the latent womanliness existing in the depths of every unspoiled girlish nature, the knowledge of this truth was loyally kept to herself. David was grateful for her reticence—it drew him to her through its unspoken sympathy.

This state of affairs continued for several days, endured by one at least with all the restrained impatience of a fiery, undisciplined nature.

One day toward the close of the week Mrs. Leigh burdened herself with work-basket, shawl, cushions and parasol, and sauntered off after dinner into the orchard in search of her favorite retreat, a gnarled old apple tree, whose trunk furnished a very comfortable support to her back with the aid of one or two cushions judiciously arranged. She spread the shawl out on the grass in the shade of the tree, and seating herself upon it, threw her wide-brimmed hat aside, to permit the freedom of a chance breeze in its play with her hair.

If she had only known what a pretty picture she made as she sat there in that attitude. Perhaps she did; women possessing any artistic instinct invariably know when there is nothing inharmonious in their surroundings. On this occasion, however, she was unconscious of the effectiveness of her pose, for her shapely head with its mass of light hair drawn back into a loose knot on her neck was bent in thoughtful absorption over her work.

A stray bar of sunlight had penetrated the leaves above her head, and lay across the lace on the bosom of her dress, throwing a faint reflective light up into the face above it. Her eyes wandered away to where the mountains lay between the dazzling, sun-swept waters of the lake and the clear blue sky above, and the distance, the vastness of space of this great world into which she had drifted out of a stormy past produced a strangely solemn effect upon her. For the time being she forgot that she had suffered and that her heart was scarred by many wounds; it seemed impossible that she had ever known any other life than the one to which she was now keenly alive. She was drinking into her very soul the sermon of silence the time and place were preaching to her. How little she had ever before realized the fact that beyond the shadow under which she was resting, the world could lie in the sunlight giving back smile for smile to the Creator who had fashioned it, and could bear as yet the imprint of no other hand in the virgin freshness of its solitudes.

The thought was an inspiration to her; it drew her into such close sympathy with nature that her identity was lost in the witcheries of her surroundings. Her soul seemed to expand within her and rise like some winged spirit beating against the walls of its earthly prison in its endeavor to break through all restraint. Gradually, a veil formed between her and this world, shutting it away from her vision. Some faint, indefinable feeling that she had become all consciousness and was being absorbed into a luminous atmosphere, was wafted over her like a passing breath. It was indescribably sweet. There was no power for regret at leaving all that had once been dear to her on the fair and smiling earth, for the hopes—the fears—the strivings and ambitions of that other life were falling from her

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like a discarded garment, and the atmosphere into which she was being lifted, was clothing her spirit in an essence that was supernal. It was a moment of exquisite, psychic enjoyment, which passed all too soon. With a sensation of aversion at the intrusion, she felt herself being drawn back into a smaller compass by the proximity of some one who had dropped down on the grass beside her. Her spirit was fretted and troubled by the sudden transition from one world to the other, and it was some moments before she could speak at all.

"David!" she exclaimed, making involuntary use of his name in her effort to regain her hold upon the facts of this world again, "you startled me," she said; and flushing as she became aware of the slip which she had made, she added, "I did not see you coming."

"I'm very sorry," he said. "I walked very deliberately across the grass toward you, and thought that you were asleep until I got near enough to see that your eyes were open. Your face bore such a rapt expression that I concluded it must have been a daydream and—a beautiful one," he added, looking at her diffidently and wondering whether it could be possible that he had figured in any part of that dream to cause that involuntary use of his name in the awaking. "I—I had to come back to you," he said finally.

"Yes?"

"I could not stay away from you any longer. I have been trying to deceive myself into the belief that your displeasure could have no effect upon me, but I have learned that a man cannot lie to himself. I have spent the most miserable week of my life."

"Yes?"

"It means so little to *you*," he exclaimed passionately, stung by her indifference; "but it is life or death to me! Why do you treat me so?"

"Treat you so, Mr. Adams? Pardon me, but what do you mean—what have I done?" She had taken up her embroidery and kept her glance fastened upon it to avoid the gaze which she felt was fixed upon her face. He took the hand that held the needle and imprisoned it in his own, forcing her to meet his eyes at last. Their black depths were alive with the eloquence of his love and she could no longer feign ignorance of its existence. She trembled and the creamy pallor of her skin grew whiter.

"Do you know now?" he asked sternly, "or shall I put it into words? Do you know that I am half mad with the horror of your coldness? Can you imagine what it has been to me and what I have suffered in this past week and all for a trifling mistake I made in giving vent to my admiration of your beauty? Barbara, Barbara, you grand, fair woman, how could you stoop to punish me so! Oh, *how* I love you!" He had lifted the hand which he held and was covering it with passionate kisses.

"My poor boy," she said gently, drawing her hand away, "this must go no further—it must be stopped. If I have been cold to you it has been because I feared your—your generosity might lead you into some such rash, impulsive act as this. I did not intend to be unkind, I thought that I was acting for the best."

"And you?" he questioned, eagerly searching her calm face for some trace of passion. He was not disappointed—her lips trembled and a faint rose-flush was shadowed on her cheeks.

"You shall not question me," she said in a low vehement tone, "I refuse to submit to it."

"No? But you *shall*, though," he said with a fierce impatience that would have been unpardonable had it not been that he was beside himself with all that he had suffered. "I *will* have an answer to my question whether you are willing or not. Are you as indifferent to me as you pretend? Answer me, before God! Is there no trace of love for me throughout your cold quiet nature, or are you made of stone that you can sit there and see me suffer, and not give me a ray of hope?"

"You are beside yourself, sir," she said with a flash of haughty anger; "How dare you address me in that tone!"

"Then I will be calm," he said, making a tremendous effort to quiet his excitement. "See, I am quiet and gentle at a word from you. Do not send me away, I will not forget myself again. I don't know what has gotten into me unless your cold indifference has driven me mad. If you'd only say something kind to me," he entreated, looking into her face with haggard eyes, "I'd be gentle always. If you could possibly

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care enough for me to make you willing to marry me, why," throwing his head back in proud triumph at the thought, "there is not a thing in this whole God-given world that I could not accomplish single-handed."

She was infinitely touched by the proud humility of his tone, and her anger melted into a womanly sweetness that warmed her whole face into unusual beauty.

"You forget that there is a disparity in our ages of *eight years*," she said in a low tone, as though that expressed all that was necessary. "I am a woman, in experience at least, ten years your senior."

"What do I care for that?" he said, catching hope from the very fact that she would debate the question at all. "It is not your years that I love, but you —the white pure soul that looks at me through your dear eyes; your face—its smile—its every line dearer to me than anything in this world; *you*, my Barbara—my life—my love!"

He had possessed himself of her hands again and was pressing his lips to them, this time gently and reverently. She turned a look of grave tenderness upon him with a yearning he did not see lying behind the long lashes.

"You are so young," she said gently, a trace of sadness in her voice; "you have but just begun your life, and I am far on the road beyond you. Besides that, I have a past. A woman with a *past* is not desirable, David."

Her words did not seem to affect him, however. "Your are trying to frighten me," he said smiling at her. "I would love you and marry you if you had murdered a regiment of soldiers—provided of course that they were my rivals for your love. I will care for you always, as I care for you now, with all the honor and reverence of my soul. Do you—could you not care a little for me in return? Oh, hang it all, there comes Becky!"

"Becky to the rescue!" she said, with an arch glance into his face, though her lips were rather white. "She comes in time to save you from further indiscretion and to give you time to reflect on your future course of action."

"I know what it is without reflection," he said with determined meaning; "but you'll give me a kind answer," he whispered entreatingly. "You'll not keep me long in suspense?"

"I'll give it to you now, if you like?" she said quietly.

"Oh, no," moving back hastily as he read disaster in her tone, "I'll wait—I'd prefer to await your own time."

"You have been very kind to me," she said, speaking rapidly and in a low tone. "I cannot take advantage of your kindness, but—but it has been very sweet to me to hear the words you have uttered this afternoon, sweeter than you can imagine. If God could wipe out the past and permit me to accept all that you offer, I—I should be only too happy; but as it is—in a way, I am here under false pretenses. I am not what I seem." The tears had rushed into her eyes, and she looked wistfully up into his face. He rose, instinctively screening her agitation from Becky's ferret-like eyes.

"Whatever you may be, Barbara, remember this: to me you are the purest, fairest woman on earth; nothing can alter that and the fact that I love you."

A pleased expression came into her face, and her smile swept away the sorrow from her eyes; but there was no time for further words, for Becky was upon them.

"Oh," said she, dropping down on the edge of the shawl in the shade of the tree, "I am just tired to death. I hate everything and everybody, and I'll never teach those hateful, miserable, *contemptible* little imps again as long as I live!"

"Whew!" said David, moving away out of danger; "the playful mountain which giveth forth fire, smoke, and lava in its glee, is as a Minnesota blizzard compared to the schoolmarm just now! What is it, my Becky? Are you not a little overheated?"

"I'm just sick and tired of everything," said the poor child, with a sob. "I wish I were rich, or dead, or married, or something—anything to get out of this life."

"Come here, dear," said Mrs. Leigh, laying aside her work and drawing the black head into her lap. "Let me try to comfort you."

"I'll go after some iced lemonade for her," said David, and vanished.

"Becky, do you care for me at all?"

"'Care for you,' Mrs. Leigh? Oh, yes, more than that: I love you," and the little hot hand touched the face

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above her caressingly. "I have loved you from the first, but I have been afraid of you—you were so cold and beautiful."

"But you are not afraid of me now?"

"Oh, no, indeed! For now that I know you better, I know that you are sweet all through. I love you so well," smiling wistfully into the eyes above her, "that I can give David up to you."

"Ah, but not as I love you," the elder woman said huskily, and then there was a long silence between them.

"There is a man coming back with David," said Mrs. Leigh, presently, looking in the direction of the approaching figures. "It is a stranger, dear. I think that we had better rise."

"Why, it's father!" Becky exclaimed in a delighted tone, jumping up and running off to meet him. "Why, Popsey! Popsey! have you really come to take me home?"

The meeting was pleasant to witness, for the sombre face of the old man was lighted by a ray of exceeding tenderness as he caught the flying figure in his arms. Mrs. Leigh stood under the tree, a silent spectator of the pretty scene. She looked like some beautiful piece of statuary, so motionless was her pose; and those curious green eyes were growing dark with some inward excitement. The stranger advanced, his glance, at first so full of the natural curiosity of the meeting, changing to a keenness of expression that was merciless.

"Father," said Becky, leading him eagerly forward, "this is"——

"I know," he said, between his set teeth, his sunken eyes blazing up into the old repressed hatred. "I have already met this lady, Becky; she is *Mrs. Roland Dunn;* your brother's widow, I believe. So," turning with scathing bitterness to his white victim, "we have met again, Madame? An unexpected pleasure on *my* part, I can assure you. On *your* part—well, if I am forced to judge from the past, the pleasure is mutual. Why, you are here under false pretenses. I, too, can refer to the past; but just why you have chosen so secluded a spot for your operations, as these mountains, is a question I cannot answer. Perhaps your health, and so your cursed beauty to entrap another victim as easily gulled as——"

"*Silence*, sir!" It was David who had sprung forward white with passion and astonishment, his hand clenched and his eyes blazing with his furious wrath. "How dare you utter such foul language in the presence of this lady! Old as you are and long and close as the friendship has been between our two families, I'll knock you down—I'll *kill* you if you don't leave my grounds at once."

Then ensued one of those deathly pauses, in which the two men glared at each other in concentrated fury as though about to make that last fatal spring. Becky was crying softly to herself in fear; but the cause of all this disturbance stood as though carved in stone under the horror of those accusations. At last the old man spoke:

"Another fool," he said, looking at the young man in bitter scorn, "another victim of her so-called charms. Well, when it is too late for you to retract, ask her how my boy died, and get the truth out of her if you can. The courts couldn't, and I defy you to do so. Becky, go at once and pack up your things. God! if I had known that you were living under the same roof with her all these weeks!"

"Its a lie." The words came through the white lips of the woman standing alone under the tree. "Your mad prejudice against me has killed your sense of truth and justice; you know it's a lie—you *know* how your son died. I have stood your persecutions for years, because in my heart I pitied your terrible grief at his loss, but this last stroke I will not submit to—you shall not take that child away, letting her believe that foul insinuation against me—you *shall* not! Becky, little one, listen—believe me—Oh, David, don't let him rob me of that one comfort—stand in his way—keep her for one moment until I have cleared myself in her eyes! Oh, God, it is too late—too late! Could vengeance go further than that!"

She stood looking after her lover as he hastened to obey her entreaty with all her soul in her piteous eyes, but realizing the uselessness of her request even before he returned to her with downcast face.

"She would have come," he said, sorrowfully, "but he threatened to kill her if she left his side. She looked the love she dared not express in words. Now, Barbara, tell me. Is this your 'past?'"

"Yes—more." She turned her stricken face to him; then smiled faintly with

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quivering lips. "I have not kept you long in suspense, have I? Do you believe me guilty, David?"

"I do not," he said in a firm tone. "I will make that insane devil eat his words when I am through here. I want your answer now, Barbara, and before we leave this spot. Will you marry me?"

She started and the first gleam of happiness he had ever seen upon her face shot across it now. She looked back toward the fast darkening mountains and he saw her lips move: "My Father, I thank Thee," she had breathed softly through the dusk. He waited, fearing to intrude upon that sacred moment, but at last said gently:

"I am waiting, Barbara."

"David," she said, in a voice that sounded strained and was scarcely audible, "I will tell you my story, and you shall be my judge; but first, remember this, you are free from me in every way. Your life and these last few hours shall be untrammeled by any thought of me. I will go away and leave you as I found you in your generous manhood—no, do not interrupt me—it must be so. David—turn your eyes away from mine, please, while I tell you this—that man had a right to say what he did. *I was responsible for my husband's death.* No, hush, let me finish!

"This is my story: I was a lonely girl—a forlorn heiress—when I met Roland Dunn in Paris and finally married him. He loved me desperately, but," turning a slow, sweet smile upon her listener, "women really love but once, I think, and—I never loved Roland Dunn. His care and protection were a refuge from a world I did not understand and I accepted them. I was not long married to him when I discovered that he was a slave to the morphine habit, which he had acquired through its use at a time when he was a terrible sufferer from neuralgia. As the years went by my life grew too horrible to relate. He was half-mad when I married him, I think, and was growing rapidly worse. My days were spent in ceaseless efforts to evade his insane attempts to kill me. He was jealous of every man whom I chanced to address, and especially so of my old Doctor, Morgan, who was my only friend. I would not leave my husband as he advised, for I felt that at times my old influence over him returned, and that I kept him from destroying himself. I do not know what he wrote to them at home, for, of course, I never saw the letters, but knowing his condition I imagined it to be of the worst, as later developments have proved.

"At last one day—the awful day," she added, shuddering, "he grew furiously insane, and rushed after me with a knife. I saw my danger and ran out into the hall with the purpose of crossing it into my room and locking the door behind me, where I should have been safe for the time being; but Lisette, my maid, hearing him coming, and thinking only of her own safety, shut the door in my face and I was lost. I turned at bay, trying to quell him with a calm, powerful glance, as I had often done before, but I suppose the very fact of my flight had destroyed its possible influence, for he made a lunge at me with the knife raised. I gathered all my strength, and with a superhuman effort, pushed him back from me, hoping to gain a moment in which to turn the door-handle and escape within. To my horror, he reeled backward and fell headlong down the long flight of stairs behind him. He was dead when they found him—he had not moved once. Of course, I had no witness of the scene but myself. At last his father, already my implacable foe, through those silent, unjust witnesses of the past, sailed for Paris. At his instigation I was arrested and imprisoned on the charge of murdering my husband. There was a trial, at which I repeated my story just as I have told it to you. I was acquitted. That is all, David. How dark it has grown; let us go back to the house."

She stooped, feeling around blindly for her work and parasol, unable to meet the expression of aversion she felt must lie in his eyes. But David stepped forward, lifting her and laying the proud, disgraced head upon his breast, and locking his arms protectingly about her as he touched her forehead tenderly with his cheek.

"And my answer, sweetheart, you have forgotten that?"

She sobbed aloud. "Let me go, David, while I am strong," she said, trying to free herself.

"No," he said, firmly, "I will hold

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you until you are weak. What is your answer, Barbara?"

She lay still, trembling with fear in her weakness. "Dear God," she said at last, praying with the pathos of a child, "I will be so good if Thou wilt let me accept it, if Thou couldst show me that it will not ruin my dear boy's life."

"I'll answer for that, my queen," the young man interposed with reverent tenderness. "I only want to be sure that your heart is mine."

A moment's pause, and then she put her hand up and let it find its way about his neck, and tears filled their eyes.

AFTER THE TROUT.

BY J. NEWMAN.

THE morning was fine, cool and bright, with a little snow yet to be seen on the great Backbone, when Satan and I started from Deer Park for a pilgrimage to old Betsey Ann's place, away over the divide and near the forks of a stream that is the ideal home of the speckled trout. Satan is the dog. I am the Dominie and supposed master, though whether Satan owns me or I own him is sometimes a matter of doubt. He is a faithful fellow, nervous and excitable, an inveterate enemy of all "varmints," and an indispensable companion for a fishing trip. The road led southward, across the upper waters of Little Yough, near by the curves of Block Run, both famous for trout, to the foot of the mountain. The climb to the crest tried the lungs and made the Dominie puff like a diminutive steam-engine. To the left, past the Rattlesnake Den, then right through the Bear Pen Swamp, past old Jehu's farm, and we could see the old house known as Betsey Ann's, or "Granny's." Satan, as usual, was ahead and intrusive. Everybody knows him, and the old lady gave us welcome at the gap. She is a famous character, original and rugged as the region in which she has spent her life, and frank, kind and hospitable as becomes a mountaineer. Her home is a simple affair, built forty or fifty years ago out of hewn logs which she helped to trim, covered with riven clap-boards, and never changed since she, a bride, came with her "old man," and they cleared the little patch of land, called by courtesy, a farm. Inside, it is as clean and comfortable as the old housewife can make it, and everything speaks of cheer and comfort, from the old door to the pine-sapling rafters.

What a magnificent view from the shaky porch! To the right and left away down hundreds of feet below the point upon which the house is built, are the forks of "Lost Land," a beautiful little stream leaping and dashing over the rocks among the pines and laurel thickets. Away in front where the green is dense and the pines are thickest, is the main stream and beyond that the Virginia hills show the valley of the north branch of the Potomac. Though known to but a few, it forms one of the fairest prospects in western Maryland.

After a rest, a smoke, a cup of coffee

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and an examination of line and leaders, Satan and I started for the stream. Down we went through the "crippling," following the sheep-paths through the alder and laurel, and reached the forks with nerves tingling with anticipation and pleasure.

The water was in excellent condition, a little higher than common, but a stream to delight the soul of an honest angler and make a misanthrope forget his trouble.

Where the forks come together is a double cascade, over which the waters dash with wild, foamy freedom, and at the foot is a famous lurking place for the brown-backed fellows who, at times, make frantic rushes for a neatly cast hackle, and at others cannot be lured or coaxed to make a ripple. Coy and capricious, our mountain beauties must be carefully approached, lest the shadow of a split bamboo falling across the water interferes with their solitude and the angler's success.

We enjoyed our usual luck. The bait —gray hackle tipped with a small piece of a common angle-worm—was hardly in the swirl when a fish made a dash for it. A turn of the wrist was followed by a tightening of the line, which proclaimed a good one. After a few moments' play he was carefully landed, and whilst Satan barked frantically at the struggling fish the Dominie congratulated himself upon his skill and luck at the first cast.

Wading into the cold water, I started slowly down-stream, casting right and left over every promising bit, and between the forks and the old dam I killed a score of the fish. The Wash under the dam is a favored spot for "big fellows," and he who can manipulate his bait or fly without breaking hook, leader or rod-tip, is reasonably sure of one or two fine fish.

From the dam to the Big Falls the stream is indescribably beautiful. Rapids and cascades, deep, shaded pools, cliffs and bowlders complete a charming picture. There are many difficult places, and they were naturally the best. The water speeds with a mad rush, foam-flecked and silvery, between high banks lined with laurel and rhododendron thickets, overshadowed by majestic pines. It was charming, and giving the fish a respite, I smoked a pipe and enjoyed the delightful reveries of a lone fisherman. Starting again, I fished the stream carefully to the "reach of the falls."

To an artistic eye this is the most effective picture on the "run." The stream rushes over a series of terraced rocks and falls with a roar to a level over a hundred feet below. Carefully I descended from point to point, now holding to the laurel, now to a friendly root, until with an exclamation of satisfaction I gained the objective point. I cast under the fall and sent the gray dun around with the foam-flecks until it was seized by an eager trout. The sport here was excellent and many additions were made to the creel.

The mortification of occasionally missing a fair strike, or of losing a likely fish, lent additional zest to the pleasure of holding a good one against the current until the light rod bent nearly double. After lunch and a smoke I followed the stream in its windings to the "Deer Hole," from there to the "Divers," thence to the "Clear Sweep," and out to the point where the water leaps and plunges to its confluence with the swiftly rushing torrent of the north branch.

The fish were counted and packed in layers of deep, rich moss. Ninety-four speckled beauties for a few hours' fishing was a most gratifying result. Every fish was as rich in coloring as only a trout can be, and each represented an amount of pleasure and excitement that only a trout-fisher can experience or understand. Two miles' steady climbing brought us again to Betsey Ann's. Supper was just ready, and it was indeed a supper for a tired, wet and ravenous fisherman—prime corn pone, and coffee, potatoes—cooked as only granny can cook them—the freshest of eggs, and the grateful comfort of leaning back after a hearty feast and watching the flickering shadows made by the glow of the huge back-log burning in the old stone fireplace! A glorious day it had been—plenty of fish, a healthy fatigue that left the Dominie next day a clearer brain and a stronger nerve as a result of his pleasant labor.

A little more harmless gossip and tattle with Betsey Ann, a final pull at the pipe, and Satan and his master were both alike ready for their well-earned rest in the loft.

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Painted for OUTING by Hermann Simon.

"THE MOST EFFECTIVE PICTURE ON THE 'RUN.'" (*p. 332.*)

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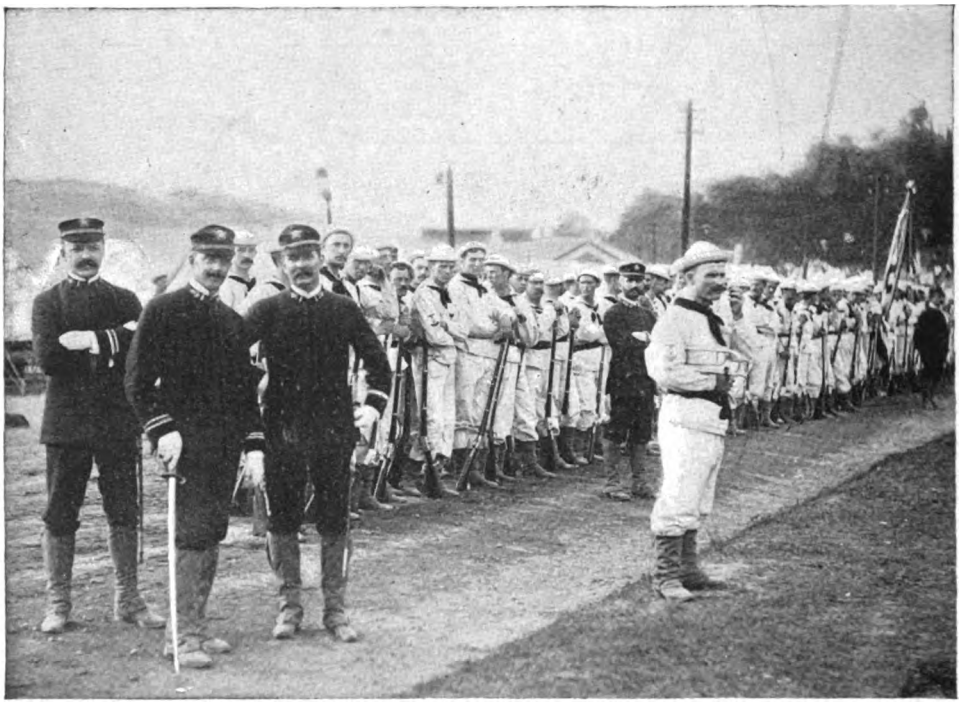

NEW YORK. 1ST BATTALION.*

OUR SAILOR SOLDIERS.

THE NAVAL MILITIA MOVEMENT IN THE UNITED STATES.

BY EVERETT B. MERO.

AS the foundation for a Naval Reserve for Uncle Sam's new navy, the Naval Militia organizations now in existence in several of the seacoast States, are most creditable bodies. The rapid progress already made gives great promise for the future.

Five years ago the United States navy was without a reserve force. The army for years had had the State militia or National guards, but the navy had no trained body of men on which to depend on as reserves in case of war. This serious defect in our system of national defence was recognized as long ago as 1805, when President Jefferson formulated a plan for a National Naval Reserve, similar to like bodies maintained by European countries. Nothing came of this plan except that it aroused public attention for a time. Later several schemes were devised with the same end in view, all on the idea of National control, and all were failures.

It may not occur to the mind of the average outsider that there is any distinction between a naval reserve and naval militia, but there is an important difference. In brief, a naval reserve would be a body of trained men under Government control, not assigned to duty on any vessel, but liable to be ordered on duty at any time by the General Government, when their services are required. The Naval Militia, on the other hand, is composed of bodies of men organized as portions of the militia of various States and subject only to duty within the States wherein they are located. One is an enforced

* Portraits of officers and companies will be given in the concluding article in September.

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service, the other is voluntary. The United States has no Naval Reserve, but several of the States have flourishing Naval Militia organizations.

When the building of new vessels for the navy began a few years ago, a stimulus was given to public interest in naval affairs, and it seemed a proper time to reconsider the reserve question. While the navy was steadily growing, the number of men available to provide the new vessels with officers and crews was stationary and only sufficient for present needs. The present standing force of the navy is 8,000 men and 750 apprentices, which force is now inadequate to properly man the vessels in commission.

In case of sudden trouble or declaration of war, many merchant vessels would be pressed into service. The question was, where would the men come from to man these ships? They must not only be seamen, plenty of that class might be available, but they must be trained to handle the guns.

At this point the remedy, looked for unsuccessfully during so many years, appeared. It was suggested that State naval militia be formed. This plan found favor at once. Congressman Whitthorne, of Tennessee, who had taken enough interest in the reserve question to frame several bills, all of which had failed for one reason and another, took up this new scheme. He prepared a bill on the new lines in 1887. In the words of an authority, this failed of passage through Congress "primarily because it had been saddled with another measure, that of subsidy, which brought it into the domain of politics, during a period of high political excitement."

So it followed that Massachusetts, the leader in so many progressive movements, took the first step, and her Legislature passed a bill in May of 1888 which authorized the formation of a battalion of not more than four companies of fifty-seven officers and men each. Inside of two years, after a full complement of the vexatious delays which usually accompany the starting of any new thing, the battalion had become an established fact, and was a part of the volunteer militia of the State. It was curiously appropriate that the old Bay State should inaugurate this movement, for her Governor has always borne the title of "Captain-General, Commander-in-Chief, and Admiral of the Land and Sea Forces of the State."

Commander Jacob W. Miller.

LEADING THE ATTACK OF A LANDING PARTY. 1ST BATTALION N. Y.

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New York soon followed Massachusetts, and a battalion was mustered into the service of that State in June, 1891.

No special effort was needed to popularize the movement. It appealed at once to those interested in naval affairs and matters connected with the water. Interest began to widen, and the movement spread from the Atlantic Coast to the Pacific Coast. The United States Navy Department gave substantial encouragement in many ways, and Congress appropriated $25,000 for arming and equipping the new organizations.

During 1890–91 a battalion was formed in California, and one and two divisions each in North Carolina, Rhode Island and Texas. During 1892 additions were made by Pennsylvania, Maryland, South Carolina, Michigan and Illinois. By an act of the Legislature passed in June, the Massachusetts body was doubled.

Lieutenant John C. Soley, a retired officer of the United States Navy, a resident of Boston, was a leader in the new movement and it was through his efforts that it was first put into practical operation. He, with the assistance of several others who had become interested, a number of them yachtsmen like Mr. Soley himself, prepared the bill which the Massachusetts legislature passed during the winter session of 1887-8. This was the first law ever placed on the statute books of any State, or the United States, authorizing naval militia or naval reserves of any kind. Congress never passed a bill on the subject. It has been stated that such a bill was passed in 1887, but it was not done. The only thing Congress has done to directly aid the new bodies has been to insert items in the naval appropriation bills, beginning in 1890, appropriating money for arming and equipping the Naval Militia.

Although the Naval Militia has Mr. Soley to thank for its existence, the one who originated the idea as it has so successfully been carried out has never received credit for it, for the sufficient reason that he has not been known. This gentleman is Mr. W. B. McClellan of Boston. He became interested in the subject while Whitthorne's bill was before Congress, and he talked it over with fellow-members of the Dorchester Yacht Club, and, as a result, they became interested also. He formulated a plan and consulted Mr. Soley, who had been thinking over means of accomplishing the result aimed for by Mr. McClellan. Mr. Soley was elected commodore of the club and took hold of the matter in earnest, with personal enthusiasm and the hearty co-operation of his yacht club. Mr. Soley, in speaking of this point a year ago, said: "The decided interest which the club took in the matter was the first encouragement which I had to work on. The club has done more than any other individual or organization to create an interest in all naval matters among the people of Massachusetts. Its endeavors in this direction have attracted attention to itself and now it has grown into the Massachusetts Yacht Club, the most important organization of the kind in New England waters, with a squadron of 130 yachts, and it has furnished at least 50 men to the Naval Battalion." Mr. McClellan is now secretary of the Massachusetts Yacht Club. He has never been connected with the organization he caused to be brought into existence.

There were many delays and discouragements before the provisions of the Massachusetts act could be carried out. Mr. Soley justly says in a paper on the subject, that "it is but fair to say that to the kind assistance of Adjutant-General Dalton a large proportion of our success is due. With the progressive spirit which has always characterized his administration and made the militia force of Massachusetts second to none, he early recognized the value of the new element which this force would infuse in the State militia, and he has given kind and valuable assistance when things looked most hopeless.* So, after two years of alternate hope and discouragement, we met at the State House on the 28th of February, 1890, and in one evening mustered into the service four companies of 43 men each after a very rigid inspection. The fact that 172 men were mustered in on one evening was remarkable in itself as it was the largest number that has been mustered into the service of the State since the Civil War." But as a matter of history the date is more important, for on that day was taken the first step to create the force which must in the future, if it has not already, become a connecting link between the navy and the people.

*For articles on the Mass. Volunteer Militia see OUTING for June, July, August and September, 1891.

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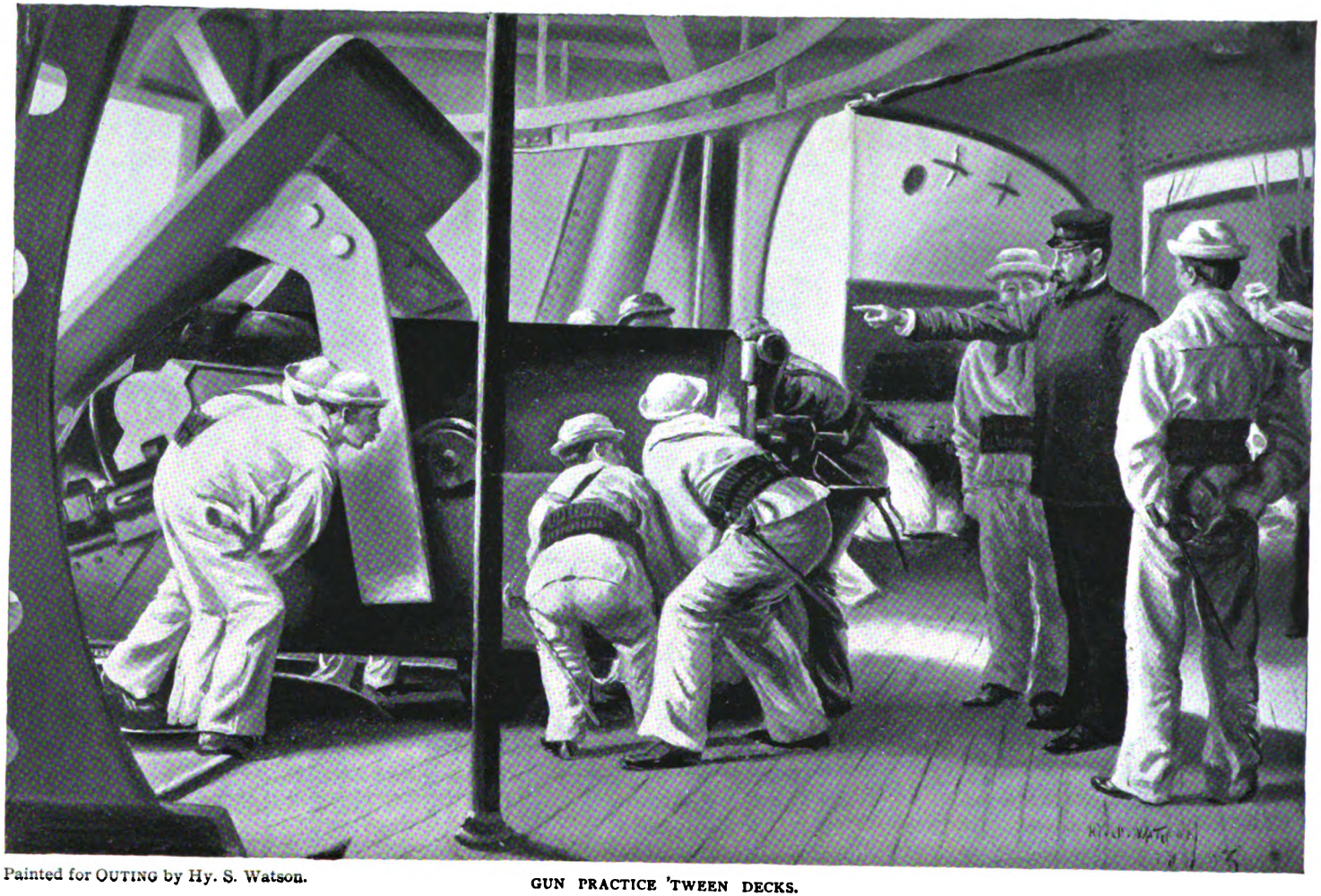

Painted for OUTING by Hy. S. Watson.

GUN PRACTICE 'TWEEN DECKS.

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W. B. MCCLELLAN, SEC. MASS. Y. C.

Mr. Soley was elected Lieutenant-Commander, chief officer of the battalion, and each division elected former navy officers as chief officers.

A second battalion for Massachusetts was authorized by the legislature in February, 1892, the two to form a brigade. The provisions of the act have recently been carried into execution. Lieutenant-Commander Soley was elected captain of the brigade. The brigade is composed of the original four Boston companies and four new divisions located outside that city.

LIEUT. JOHN C. SOLEY.

At the present time the Naval Militia force regularly organized is divided as follows:

	Form of Organization.	Number of Companies.	Officers.	Enlisted Men.	Total.
Massachusetts	1 brigade...	8	57	507	564
New York	1 battalion. 2 divisions.	4 2	27	374	401
Rhode Island	2 divisions.	2	6	110	116
California	1 battalion.	4	19	357	376
Maryland	1 battalion.	3	21	113	134
South Carolina	1 battalion.	4	22	182	204
North Carolina	1 battalion.	4	21	273	294
Pennsylvania	1 battalion.	4	..	..	320
Connecticut	1 division..	1	3	..	60
Michigan	1 division..	1	..	..	..
Illinois (Chicago)	1 battalion.	1	..	..	..
Totals		38	176	1916	2469

The uniform is a picturesque affair. For the men the dress uniform is: Blouse and trousers of blue, trimmed with white braid; blue cap, similar to a yachting-cap. The working suit is of plain white duck, with white canvas hat and black neckerchief. Each man has also a white helmet for summer, white jersey, brown canvas leggings, and a pea jacket, all supplied by the State.

The officers' full dress is of blue trimmed with black braid for cool weather, and a natty uniform of white serge trimmed with white braid for summer wear. Officers also have blue caps decorated with gilt braid, white helmets, blue cape overcoats of mackintosh cloth, and leggings. Officers supply their uniforms and side arms.

One of these Massachusetts divisions furnished a good example of the enthusiasm manifested throughout the naval militia. Although not mustered into the State service until September 30, on October 31 every man of the Fall River division had qualified at the rifle range as a marksman. This remarkable performance was done under great disadvantages. For one thing, the division was without arms. Several rifles had to be borrowed from the Boston battalion, and the practice done with these.

One of the more important branches of naval militia work is seacoast defense. Therefore, the battalion soon felt the need of better facilities for drill afloat than it had. The navy department also recognized the necessity for some additional provision in this line, tho' it was unable to

ADJT.-GEN. DALTON.

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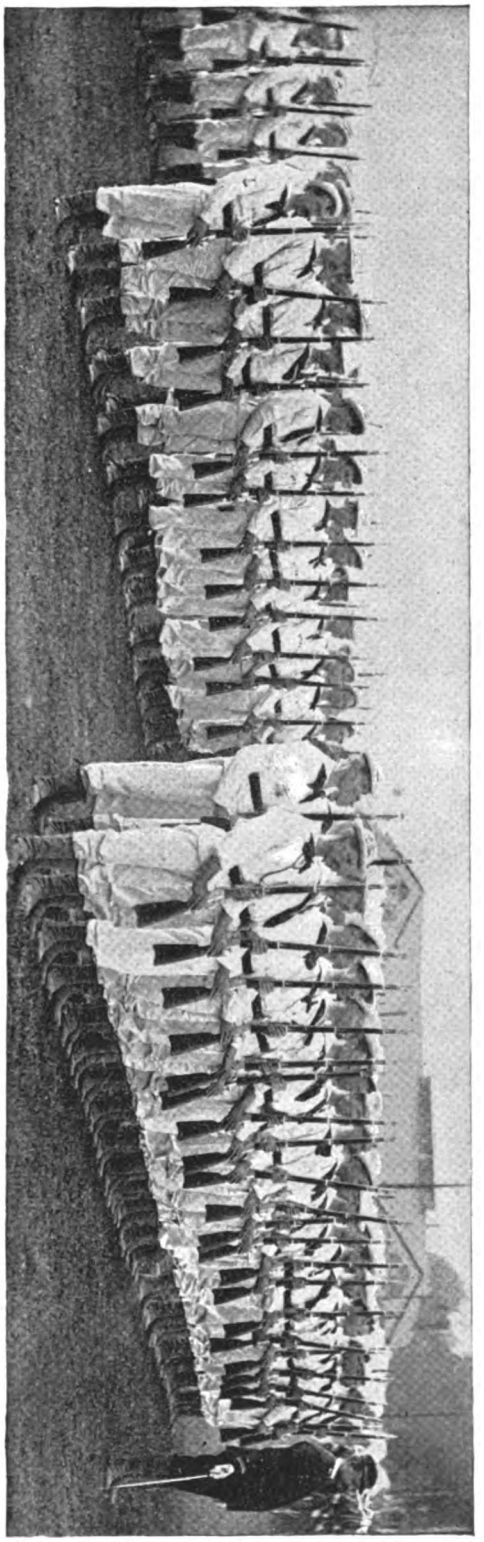
furnish the desired and needed modern war ship. Lieut. Com. Soley succeeded in obtaining the monitor *Passaic*, which was assigned to Boston harbor for the use of the local militiamen. The *Passaic* is one of the battle-scarred, old-style monitors, which did good service during the civil war. The battalion first went on board of the vessel during the last week in June, two guns' crews at a time. At first the men were shown about the monitor, and had explained to them the machinery, the uses of the various engines and parts of the vessel, as well as the principles of manœuvering her at sea. The turret and great 15-inch guns inside; the method of elevating and revolving the turret for action; the mysteries of the steering gear, and of steering the monitor in time of action, with the pilot hidden from view and danger behind a foot of steel—all were carefully explained and illustrated. When the men made their second visit, they were ready to go ahead with drill work. This they did on one or two afternoons a week during September and October. The monitor would steam away to the outer harbor where there was usually some target practice with big guns and small ones, thus giving the men practical instruction.

The movement may now be said to be fairly under way. In every State bordering on the oceans or the great lakes, the matter is either being considered or organization has already begun. In five years, which will be ten years from the passage of the originating act by the legislature of Massachusets, there should be at least one naval battalion attached to the militia of each of the seashore and lakeshore States. And it is not too much to predict that this will be accomplished.

The Naval Militia serves other purposes besides bringing up a trained force of gunners. It has aroused an interest in the new navy in process of construction, among the young men of the country. It forms a connecting link between the people and the navy which has to mutual disadvantage been heretofore entirely lacking. It has caused the people to notice the navy. They have gone to witness the drill and exercises of the militiamen on board the warships at Boston, at New York and elsewhere; they have been shown over the



1ST BATTALION N. Y.

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ships above and below decks; the meaning and uses of the various guns and machinery have been explained to them by courteous and accommodating officers; they have seen the machinery of modern naval warfare in operation. Thousands, to whom, three or four years ago, a man-of-war was as unknown and perhaps less cared about than the inside of Mauna Loa, have had aroused in them a lively interest in the Navy and its affairs. The people have seen what has been done with the millions of dollars appropriated during the last decade for their protection on the sea. If the Naval Militia had accomplished nothing more than this it might have reason to be satisfied with its progress.

OUR BOYS SCRUBBING DECKS.

A word of explanation as to some points wherein the naval branch of the militia differs from the land arm may not be out of place. A man who joins a naval militia is known as a seaman; a seaman *elected* to office is called a commissioned officer, but if *appointed* to office by a superior he is known as a petty officer. The commanding officer of a company (or division as it is officially known in the navy) is called a lieutenant, chief of division; the commander of a battalion or four divisions of naval militia, is a lieutenant-commander; the chief of a brigade (which corresponds to a regiment) is a captain. A full company or division has forty-four seamen, nine petty officers, and five commissioned officers.

Probably of no militia body is there required such hard work and so much

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A WARM WELCOME.

of it as of a naval battalion. In none is the discipline more strict. But the interest the men take in the work and the attractiveness of it, offset any feeling there might be against the work or the discipline. The secret of this lies, undoubtedly, in the fact that drills all lead to a practical result. To be sure, the men do not always know what that result is to be, but they have that intelligence and confidence in their officers to know that there is a tangible result and that they will be led to it by those who do know. Any man who has command of other men, whether they are laborers or military, knows how handicapped he is when his men have not the intelligence and confidence in their leader to co-operate with him. Here lies the key to the success and rapid advancement of the naval militia of Massachusetts and other States. The enlisted men are intelligent—the flower of the youth of the State, in fact—and the officers are men who are in it for a purpose and have the capacity and ability to command understandingly.

The naval militia stands on a higher plane and has a higher purpose than the land militia. A man who is rated as a good infantry officer might not be accepted on any condition as a naval militia officer. Great care is also taken to enlist only a desirable class of young men in the ranks, and most of them have a high social position. The object, or one of the objects, is to train men for officers. The seaman in the ranks to-day may be a lieutenant or chief of a division next year. Therefore intelligence and natural ability are very necessary qualifications.

Captain Soley has worked out his plans with a sole aim for practical results. He wants his command to be a working organization capable of efficient service. It is unnecessary at this point to more than say that that object has long since been attained. The Massachusetts and all the other bodies are practical and efficient, almost without exception. They are capable of doing any duty, in time of peace or time of trouble, that would be required of the infantry or artillery arms of the militia on shore, besides being capable of equally efficient service afloat.

There have been several illustrations recently that the naval militia is something more than a picturesque body of "gentlemen's sons" or "dry land sailors" as they have been called by those who knew no better. It will be remembered that the New York battalion was called out for duty at the time of the cholera scare troubles at Fire Island last fall.

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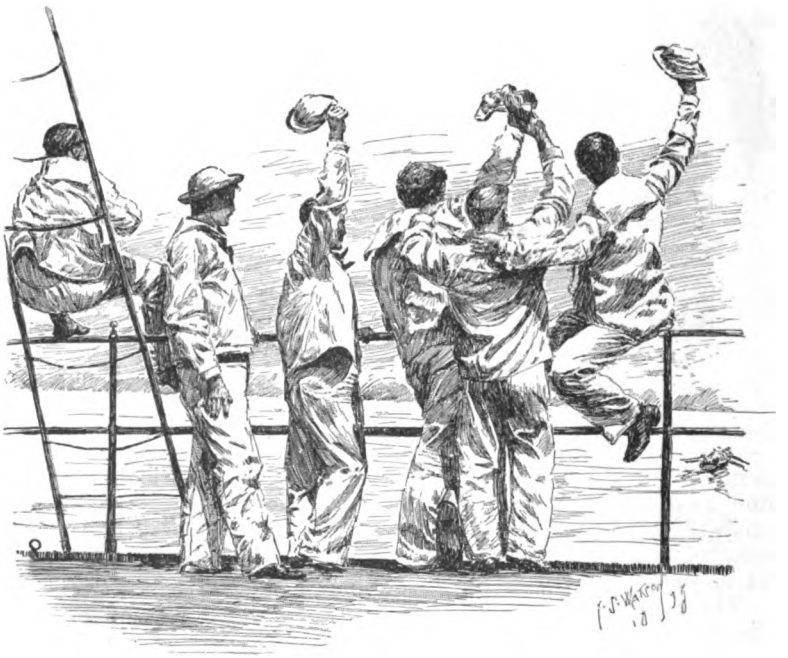
Dangerous as they knew the work before them must be the men did not shirk. They started from New York by boat, and the fact that they never reached the island was no fault of theirs. A storm came up when they were a part way out. It was dangerous to land even if they could have reached the shore, but this could not be done. Out all night in a cold, driving storm, with a heavy sea running, huddled together in a boat that could not properly accommodate half their number, they had an experience that old salts on board set down as an event in their lives.



A FOND FAREWELL.

Another example of the conscientious faithfulness and readiness for duty of these new organizations was given at the time of the extensive conflagration in Boston, March 10, 1893. It was thought at one time that the militia would be needed to help to preserve order and protect property. The commander of the Boston battalion issued orders and within two hours 100 men, or half the strength of the command, were at the armory, armed and equipped ready for duty at the fire. The companies of the two infantry regiments in the city also reported for duty in their respective armories. The naval companies' per cent. of attendance was as high as any and above the average. If it had been called upon for duty the authorities would have found the battalion specially well adapted for such work as would be needed at a great fire. The torpedo company is drilled in the explosion and location of mines, and had ready for use on this occasion a torpedo wagon equipped with all things necessary for the blowing up of buildings in order to stay the spread of the flames.

An instance of its usefulness was furnished by the New York force at the time of the Columbian naval review in New York harbor last summer. On board a fleet of tugs it acted as a patrol, and in many ways the men made themselves useful while at the same time acquiring valuable knowledge.

Again, at the time of the great international naval review in New York harbor last April, the New York and a portion of the Massachusetts brigade did valuable and almost indispensable duty as patrol on a fleet of tugs, at the same time gathering knowledge of naval ways and ceremonies.

In the parade on shore, the like of which was never seen before, it was the naval militiamen of Massachusetts and

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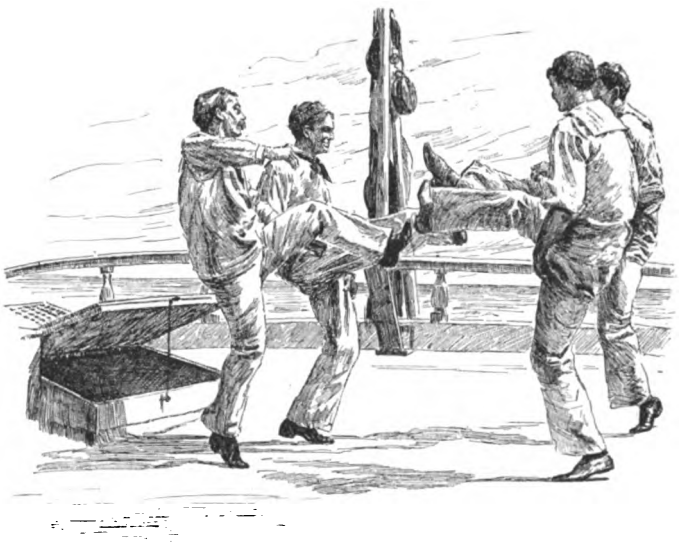
New York who received the lion's share of general praise from naval officers and other spectators as well as from the press. The marching, set up and general appearance of the Bay State's brigade was admitted, practically without dispute from any source, to be fully equal to that of any organization in line; and there were there the representatives of the world's navies and the finely drilled militia of the Empire State.

Although hard work, and a great deal of it, is done by the naval militia, it must not be supposed that there is less pleasure attached to it than to other branches of the service. In fact, there is usually more. The greatest pleasure naturally surrounds and accompanies the out-of-door service. The summer five days' tour of duty on the vessels of the United States Navy is alone ample recompense for many an hour of toil in the armory winter nights. Like all their duties, there is no lack of work for the men on these occasions. From the time the command marches out from the armory, through the city streets, band playing, men in heavy marching order, looking as ready for business as they are over at the Navy Yard, until Saturday afternoon, when they come marching back to the armory, it is a continual round of work from *reveille* at 6 A. M. until supper call at 6 P. M. Great gun drills, small boat exercises, torpedo practice, boat races, dress parade on shore, and many other details of duty, fill their time. But, young and healthy, a night of rest on board ship in real sailor's hammocks, removes all traces of the day's fatigues.

To be concluded in September.



SKYLARKING.

A HINT.

WHEN skies were blue and all was bright
And soft and balmy was the weather,
On shining cycles, swift and light,
Sweet Maud and I rode out, together.

"If we," quoth I, "could side by side
Ride thus along life's path, at random,
She bent her head, then blushed and said,
"I think I should prefer a tandem."

DAVID H. MOREHEAD.

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CYCLING ON MT. WASHINGTON.

BY GILMAN P. SMITH.

"RAT! tat! tat! six o'clock!" floated through my half-awakened brain, but only as a dream until Bob shook me by the shoulders and sang out, "Wake up, old boy! didn't you hear the porter call?"

"How's the weather, Bob?" were my first words. "Elegant—not a cloud in the sky, and the mountain-tops clear as a bell. Come, hustle round and we'll be off by seven."

We were in a chamber of the Crawford House at the gate of the White Mountain Notch, where my chum and I had stopped for the night, after wheeling up through the notch from North Conway the day before, with the purpose of performing a feat never before attempted, namely: dragging our machines up six miles of bridle-path to the top of Mt. Washington and wheeling down the carriage road on the other side to the Glen House. After breakfast we rolled our safeties out to the grove of oaks, where the bridle-path

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begins its tortuous course up the range. We brought up cushion-tired machines for fear the rough, probably sharp, stony paths leading over Mts. Clinton, Pleasant, Franklin and Monroe, would cut our pneumatics; quite an undertaking as we now look back upon it.

To push a safety up a moderate incline on a good road, mile after mile, is in itself no easy task; but when the moderate incline is frequently accentuated by such alarmingly steep pitches that one has literally to *climb*, the work becomes arduous indeed.

Leaving the grove, we gradually began to ascend amid a thick growth of spruce, oak and fir, the deep blue foliage of the latter emitting a delicious fragrance in the early morning air, their thick shadows relieved here and there by the light green of the spruce and the silvery trunk and branches of the birch. On either side the narrow path, the woodbrakes and straggling moss partially concealed the brown-carpeted mounds and mammoth fallen trees lying in confusion, giving evidence of the havoc worked by the fierce winter storms.

For a little way here and there we could roll our wheels over the brown fir spills, then for a space over bare rock, seamed and rugged; again our path lay along a miniature brook fed from the thick masses of moss on either side of the path, which had soaked up the cloud-moisture of wet days until it was like a wet sponge, the outflow from which trickled down into the path worn by horses and pedestrians. We were fain to rest at frequent intervals on some huge log around which the redberries of mountain-vine clustered, noting the curious poses of stray bowlders where they lay piled after a mad rush from some upper region.

Chilly as it was in the woods, we were warm from exercise, and the upward climb soon began to make itself felt in our muscles, but the wonderful mysteries of cloudland above lured us on. After awhile the trees became shorter and more sturdy, and as we neared the limit of tree life, on Mt. Clinton, the fast-thinning growth was succeeded by bushes and occasionally stunted trees, a few feet high, holding fast, here and there, between the rocks, and patches of ground blueberries.

So far the path had been fairly well defined and we had easily followed it, but as we emerged from the forest, soil giving way to bare, wind-swept rock, the difficulties thickened, a keen breeze saluted us, reviving our spirits and putting new strength into our tired muscles, while the top of the mountain loomed up before us in seemingly inaccessible steepness, barren, almost overwhelming.

"What becomes of the path here?" said Bob, halting. At the right was an opening, or rather an inviting outlook, for it was all opening now, while on the left an equally inviting way appeared, and in front it was about the same. "I don't see any; do you?" "Not a sign," said I, but while we stood wondering which way to go, a bit of scarlet flannel upon a bush caught my eye at the left and we concluded that must be the way. Another piece beckoned us on still farther, and in places where there were no bushes, little piles of stone or dashes of red paint served as guides over the barren wilderness of granite.

Once we thought we might save a long detour by a cross-cut, but came plump up against a wall of rock twice as high as our heads. Again we left the path intentionally (we left it frequently quite by accident and were obliged to go on prospecting tours to rediscover it), and after a hard, zig-zag climb, for we found it almost impossible to push our wheels up some of the declivities, we were met by a wide ravine barring our progress. After this we concluded that it was safer and quicker to follow the trail.

Rounding the side of Clinton, a view of the whole range on this side of Mt. Washington, rising in superb gradations to the grand old monarch, opened before us.

"Look here," said Bob, "do you think we can ever climb Mt. Washington, even if we live to get over the others? Seems to me we have undertaken a pretty big job."

And so it did to me, I must confess, but we soon forgot our fears in the magnificent sight that continually unfolded before us. As peak after peak was passed, for we did not go directly over their summits, the indescribable loveliness of the scene filled our very souls, and silence was more expressive than speech.

At length, having reached the shoulder of Mt. Monroe, we stopped for our luncheon — only one sandwich

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apiece — gladly crouching behind a sheltering rock, for it was quite cold in the stiff breeze.

Bob broke silence with "I never imagined anything like this," and truly it was magnificent. Through the blue haze of distance, away off in front, the green valleys and elevations alternated until lost on the Canada border, where faint blue peaks showed against the horizon and fleecy clouds were forming. White spots which one might seemingly cover with one hand marked the villages, and silvery streaks and irregular spots broke the brown-green of the earth; for, as Bob expressed it, "We seemed to be above the world."

Continuing our toilsome march with the sun, as it seemed nearly vertical overhead and apparently very near, we gradually descended the side of this, our last mountain, before beginning the ascent of Mt. Washington.

We struck the tree-line again in the immense ravine between them. The trees, if they may be called such, were little, gnarled dwarfs, not more than two feet high, their branches twisted and bent by the fearful storms that rage around them in winter, and so dense that they formed an impassable hedge, over the tops of which one might walk. The trees gave place to scrub, white, storm-worn and horny, and then to moss, mountain lichen, desolation. As we stumbled and crawled over the fragments thrown in sharp-edged confusion down the incline of the bald-headed king, we looked up and were almost appalled at the overwhelming declivity of the peak; as Bob said, "It was like looking up a ten-story building, above which was a dozen or more, all sloping upward."

The climb up the cone of Mt. Washington was one of the most exciting and arduous we ever had, but we gained the summit at last, in the early afternoon, a pretty thoroughly "pumped out" pair of wheelmen. I really think that I never passed so delightful an afternoon and evening in my life as that spent on the summit. There before us the world lay as on a relief map, its green hills and valleys stretching in a broad circle around us, a circle with a radius of two hundred miles or more. From the front of the hotel we saw, off to the east, the shining blue streak of the Atlantic, and through the blue haze, due to the great height and expanse of vision, the Rangeley Lakes in Maine lay seemingly at our feet, in silvery patches like irregular quarter-dollars. Winnipesaukee with its island polka-dots shone at the right, while the twisting rivers recalled the school maps of boyhood's days.

The cities and towns of southern New Hampshire lay in white, irregular clumps, and the nearer villages and solitary hotels were like dice upon the green. A hotel in North Conway and one in Jefferson were signaling to the summit with mirrors, and we could distinctly see the blazing flash as the sun was reflecting through miles of clear mountain air. All was silent; not a sound came up from the world below; no signs of life, save the mirror flashes, were visible.

Off at the left the range lengthened out in gradually falling peaks, and it looked as if one might throw a stone across to the peak of Mt. Adams, so near did it seem, though in reality thousands of yards away. At the right the stair-like peaks that we had climbed faded into the great gully of the notch, beyond which were grouped the sharp peaks of the Franconia range. The clouds had partially obscured the northern sweep of view, and it was like gazing upon a wide, billowy sea. Every now and then there would occur a rent through which we could mark the green country and white towns where the sun was shining and cloud-shadows drifting. In other directions the vapor-masses were rolling. Great swells of cloud would rush along, then curl under and flatten out in enchanting changes.

The most glorious picture was at sunset and in the moonlit evening. As the sun sank toward the horizon, the shadows of our peak and the ragged range-line began to creep down the eastern side out upon the world beneath, in a great black shadow. On the cloud sea at the north the billows assumed glorious combinations of color as the sun shone through, then sank into wonderful gauzy masses, and faded to gray and black as it dropped out of sight. The stars shone out one by one in the darkness behind us as the surging cloud-colors faded in front. Then the nearly full moon began to cast shadows, the black range shadow stole out upon the clouds and the earth was wrapped in

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silvery light. Flitting shadows of cloud detachments, sailing below us, assumed spectral and grotesque forms, and our imaginations peopled the near peaks with gnomes and fairy forms flitting among the grim and rugged solitudes.

We might have remained all night wrapped in the weird spell, poised in space, among the stars, the moon above us and the stillness of eternity around, but exhausted nature claimed its penalty and we reluctantly but quickly dropped asleep.

After what seemed to our tired senses not more than an hour's sleep, we rose to the call, and muffling ourselves in borrowed coats, went out upon the broad platform in front of the hotel to watch for the sun's coming. Presently there was a faint flush in the northeast, and as it momentarily grew, the sweep of the horizon line was outlined in cloud. Immediately the glow deepened and the sea of cloud began to color; rainbow tints showed on its surface, and we knew the sun was shining underneath. Presently it became agitated, and rolled and trembled in indescribable glory of changing color. While we looked it parted and we saw the world bathed in sunshine; beams of light shot up through the rift and lighted parts of the range, then the rent closed. We were in shadow again. As the moments fled the clouds became turbulent and gradually parted and drifted off in fleecy billows, letting a burst of sunlight fall upon us. We had seen the sunrise on Mt. Washington.

We were pretty stiff after our hard climb of the day before and spent the forenoon around the summit in writing a brief sketch of our experiences for the local paper,* and watching the flitting "fleets of heaven" sail noiselessly past us. Our long anticipated "coast" down the mountain was to follow our early dinner.

Bidding good-by to our friends and descending the flights of steps that led from the hotel to the Glen Road stables, where the carriageway begins, we were soon in the saddle, wheeling around the sweep at the foot of the cone. The road, some ten feet wide, was hard and smooth with powdered granite, and at the start with hardly inclination enough to keep the wheel in motion. As we rolled round the ledge we had a last look at the buildings and puffing engine which had just arrived with a carload of passengers; then we spun along with feet on the rests, and brakes pressing lightly against the cushioned tires.

As we followed the curve of the road around the cone before striking the long incline to the half-way house, we looked over the few rocks piled along the outer edge of the road and saw the great scoop in the mountain side, sloping almost perpendicularly, until our view was lost in hazy dimness. Every moment some new wonder opened before us, and over our left shoulders the steep gray cone seemed ready to hurl down the scattered bowlders from their insecure lodgment.

There were few places where we could release the brakes, and we alternated in braking with pedal and hand. Once or twice we paused to gaze at the scene and pitch stones down over the precipices that fell abruptly from the path, and once a big cloud came right upon us, enveloping us, its thick, chilly mantle blotting out the path, and we were obliged to dismount for fear of running over the edge. The fog filled our lungs and gathered on our faces and hands and dampened our clothing like a sea-mist, but in a few minutes it passed off, drifting down to the southeast like a great white sheet.

Before reaching the half-way house we met the stage with its six horses dragging a mountain wagon with eight passengers and, dismounting, we hugged the wall for them to pass.

We soon came to the tree line, and short, wiry grass and odd leaf plants clung in tufts among the seams, and the scraggy, dwarf growth, gradually growing higher, flanked the road. From the half-way house we rode through a wild, wooded tract, the road frequently bridged with corduroy, and deep-wooded ravines on either side. Occasionally openings in the forest gave us glimpses of the surrounding scenery, and after one of the most delightful rides we ever enjoyed, we emerged at the base of the mountain and wheeled out upon the lovely interval of the glen, an amphitheater of one hundred acres, surrounded by chains of mountains and foot-hills, and with but fifteen miles between us and Jackson, over the "Great Divide" of the White Hills, a trip we deferred until the following day.

*A little sheet loftily entitled *Among the Clouds*, and appropriately published there.

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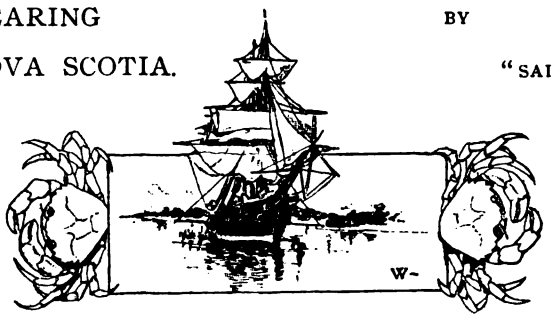
LOVE'S MEETING.

WHEN would I seek thee? In the noon
Of August night, when the round moon,
Cut on the purple of the sky,
Like the warm iris of an eye,
Full of dream shadows, seems to keep
Watch o'er the image of young sleep;
When the fond fingers of the air
Move lax and languid here and there,
And, scintillant with firefly rings,
Unbind the drowsy perfume's wings
Enfolden in the dove-cote of a rose,
Till its invisible presence goes
As passion's gentle messenger;
When all is silent, save the stir
Of willow withes, which drooping green
Seem curtains murmurous that enscreen
A dryad's chamber,—save the sound
Of sibilant cricket from the ground
Upon the eardrum faintly falling,
Plaintive as a lost fairy's calling.

EDWARD A. UFFINGTON VALENTINE.

LOBSTER-SPEARING IN NOVA SCOTIA.

BY "SAINT ASPINQUID."



DID you ever spear a lobster, a live one, all claws and a "cast-iron back with hinges?" No? Then I pity you, though, if novelty be the spice of life, I envy you the new sensation, with its attendant charms, which awaits you.

In my opinion it is a duty one owes to one's self to go lobster-spearing in Nova Scotia.

During the latter part of August, before the golden time of yellow gourds and stubble fields, when the ripened corn is falling before the sickle, business necessitated a visit to the, to me, unknown and distant city of Halifax. I hated the idea of leaving my charming surroundings of farm and forest to dwell in a musty, sleepy old city, without even the prospect of good dinners, as I fancied that salt codfish was the only dainty in which down-easters indulge.

Nothing could have been more picturesque than the bold and rocky shores, crowned with spruce and pine trees; the heights bristling with forts and cannon, and the smiling cottages dotted here and there, quiet dwellings of humble fisher-folk.

The moon, kind friend, as though loath to desert me, shone as brightly as in western New York, and there was no fog. The sea was smooth as a pond, and the pure blue heavens, studded with countless stars, and the many lights on both sides of the bay, formed a fairy scene.

Our progress was slow, as we had to keep clear of small craft, pretty yachts with sails idly flapping, while their amateur crews whistled vainly for a breeze; trim rowboats and gliding canoes, many of them paddled by ladies.

Reaching the wharf, a wooden structure about a hundred years old, we bundled out in the confusion usual on such occasions. I hailed a cabbie, who took off his cap while saying:

"Where to, sir?"

Next morning I delivered my letters, making my presence known to a most polite, courtly old gentleman with the

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fresh color of a girl in his cheeks, who in the kindest manner invited me to his house for that evening, adding that the young people were going lobster-spearing, and he had no doubt that I should enjoy the sport, and they would fit me out with all the requisite paraphernalia.

I cordially thanked him, though in inward terror I said to myself:

"Fit me out! I hope so. I did not bring any swords or spears. I might crush a lobster if I had gloves on and hit very hard."

At eight o'clock my cabbie drove me about a mile and a half through long suburban streets well shaded with pretty trees, dropping me at last in a most bewitching scene of lawn and shrubberies, the door of a large rambling cottage standing wide open and a busy, cheerful, chattering crowd of young men and maidens running in and out like so many bees.

My kind acquaintance of the morning soon saw and welcomed me, introducing me to the ladies and telling his son, a tall, soldierly young fellow, to look well after my comfort and pleasure.

I stood, a silent spectator, mystified and amused by the laughing discussions and clever arrangements of the low-voiced, light-footed, though heavily shod young ladies.

"Have you my spear?" "How many torches are there?" "Run down to Thorndean and borrow another torch." "Allow me to row for you." "Where are the baskets?"

At last we were off, though I saw nothing like weapons, only some long sticks looking like those with which the country-folk prop up their clothes-lines.

Down the steep hillside at the back of the house we proceeded, following a winding path through the poppies and brilliant flowers of a straggling garden, and soon found ourselves on a pebbly shore.

A long salt-water inlet, running up for about four and a half miles and about an eighth of a mile in width, lay like a mirror sleeping in the moonlight, the shore free from any, even the slightest disfigurement of mud or offensive weed, and brightly, darkly blue. It was like a rock-shut valley with hillsides dotted with pretty villas and dense with pine and spruce forests of resinous odors. I drew a long breath of the most exhilarating air and found it difficult to determine where the land left off and the water began.

Hearing myself called, I turned to see a jolly little girl with soft, expressive brown eyes and hair to match, who informed me that she would hold a torch for me and I was to go in her boat. "Jack will come, too," she added, "and Jeanie, my cousin, so you will not be tired."

There were eight or ten boats, and I soon saw that there was some favoritism or magnetic influence which guided the disposal of the men and the ladies in the various craft. Jack soon disentangled us from the flotilla, and we pushed off into the clear, deep water.

"Let us go," said he, "first up the 'Arm' as far as Melville Island," rowing at a good pace as he spoke, while I looked disconsolately at the stick in my hand, not having the least idea as to what I was supposed to do with it.

How shall I describe the glory of the moonlight, the shores with wood and lawn, the balmy air and the pretty girls with such lovely complexions, who chattered on in their low-toned, soft voices, yet all calling out in merry mood and each trying to row past the other?

On Melville Island stands the military prison where unlucky soldiers who have been drunk or disobedient are incarcerated. It is a long, rather low, red building and was once the abode of French and American prisoners of war.

A wooden bridge connects the island with the mainland, and there were a dozen or so of red-coats fishing for perch, and all singing in chorus to the tune of "Charming Judy Callaghan." These, I was told, were not prisoners, but wardens and petty officers.

Under the piers of the bridge and in the shadows of the rocky shore we began our hunt for lobsters. Jack rowed the boat very slowly, the pretty brown-eyed girl held the torch, while the fair cousin condescended to teach me.

The other boats had scattered in all directions, and we could hear from a distance the sound of the merry laughter of their occupants. Meanwhile Jack slowly rowed along, and the torch-bearer evidently expected me to do something with the spear which I held in my hand. This was a straight spruce pole eight or nine feet long and about an inch and a quarter in diameter at its lower end, and tapering to the top. On two

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opposite sides of the lower end were bound with twine two jaws of ash, which were thickened at the ends, thus making a springy spear somewhat like the letter Y inverted.

The strong light from the torch (a paraffine lamp swinging at the end of a stick,) held over the side of the boat, enabled one to see clearly the waving weeds and lovely shells.

While I gazed in admiration, one of the girls called loudly, "Oh, there he is—quick, or you'll lose him! Ah, he's gone!"

"Better luck next time," said Jack—"now, now, there's another."

I made a most determined dive with the spear, nearly upsetting the boat and lost my balance, and rested my nose (a large one) on the gunwale, as the lobster majestically disappeared in his home among the weeds. My pride was roused. I made a wilder and as useless attempt and began to feel crestfallen.

"What a pity!" cried one; "the others will surely beat us; we must not let them laugh. Will you kindly change with me and give me the spear while you hold the torch?"

With humble pleasure I made the exchange. She took the spear, bidding me kneel in the bow of the boat and hold the torch over the side while she stood behind me.

We then moved slowly along, the lady steering with the spear on the bottom. Suddenly she exclaimed, "there's one—steady!" and stopped the boat with the spear.

Jack steadied our almost imperceptible movement, and the lobster was seen slowly crawling along in about six feet of water. My pretty friend gently raised the spear and as gently lowered it to within about six inches of its back, then by a sharp stroke sprung the jaws of the spear over its back, lifted it carefully into the boat, turned it sideways with her hand and dropped it into a tub taken for the purpose. Soon three more are seen and as skillfully secured.

"How are you getting on?" asked a voice across the water from where a canoe was leaving its shining trail. "Oh, finely!" gayly answers my patroness. "Take the torch; there's a beauty—quick, quick!" handing me the spear as she spoke. "Now, do not lose him."

Jumping up, I waved my spear in the air, made a desperate and near-sighted attack, broke the poor lobster's back and triumphantly brought him up a miserable wreck.

They tried hard to be polite, but the laughter would out. I joined in, and I and my new-found friends were old friends then and forever.

I gave up and we glided along, chatting and laughing at everything and nothing, as young folk can.

Oh, the beauty of that boating! This, then, I thought, is the place to which I was loath to come, and from whence I should return mouldy with fog and looking like old cheese.

At last we neared a point of land which they told me was the "park," with a fort and battery near the shore.

There was in the old war time a heavy iron chain stretched from shore to shore to prevent the enemy's ships from going up the Arm. The iron rings to which it was attached remain firmly fixed in the solid rock, but all is sweet and peaceful now around this most exquisite spot, where carriages, nurse-maids and children do congregate all day in the pleasant summer-time. This being a favorite feeding ground for lobsters, I made another attempt and was well rewarded, as I quickly secured three, one after another.

Midnight came all too soon, and a voice announced that it was time to return for supper. Miss Jeanie took a pair of oars and rowed with "Cousin Jack"—they seemed all cousins, these charming people—and we sped merrily up the bay.

On counting the spoil, which amounted to thirty-seven, I was much pleased to find that some of the old hands had not secured one. By this time we were hungry enough for anything, and my fair friends escorted me to the house.

Some of the ladies' pretty, sparkling faces were adorned with sundry dashes of soot from the torches, and all were glad to wash hands and faces and partake of the bountiful supper which awaited us.

It was 2 A. M. ere I found myself at my hotel, my brain filled with an unfading picture of woods and hills, sea-weeds and mosses, bright eyes and friendly looks, while my heart was full of pleasant thoughts and kindly words of cheer, and I wished that all my friends could go a lobster-spearing in not far off Nova Scotia.

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THROUGH ERIN AWHEEL.

BY GRACE E. DENISON.

IV.

THERE are parts of Ireland which can only be described in one word —they are lonely; and there are, again, localities where life and laughter abound, and where the hot blood of the impulsive Irishman is easily fevered. Such a town is Tipperary. I can see it yet, as I first saw it on that Sunday afternoon, the air yet vocal with the shouts of an election shindy, the bare-legged children staring and yelling at me in an unknown tongue, while their fathers and mothers laughed and uttered loud-voiced comments on the strange spectacle of a woman on a wheel. They had never seen such a sight before, as few lady cyclists would choose the wild mountain roads and scattered villages of County Tipperary for a touring field. I had rather an absurd and irrational panic when I heard the shouts of amazed delight, and saw the small boys shying their little caps at me. Of course I thought they were stones, and grim shadows from that long-past, prophetic warning came flickering over the clearness of my vision.

To be "shot from behind a hedge" was only one degree more awful than to be stoned on the highway, and I made marvelous good time down the cobble-stoned street of Tipperary, with a vague notion that I must reach the hotel kept by Mr. Dobbyn, where we intended to dine, or else strike the more expansive reaches of open country "beyant" the town. Tim was away behind, but he soon came nearer, and we saw in less time than it takes to tell it, the welcome windows of Dobbyn's Hotel, which we greeted with a simultaneous gasp of relief, for the street behind us seemed full of boys and women and little red cows, and rather wild-looking men.

Tim picked up my little Raglan, with due regard for possibilities in the way of a sly puncture from the disheveled small Paddies who were pursuing us, and we burst in upon the slumbers of good Mr. Dobbyn, who was peacefully laid out upon a horsehair lounge, with the Dublin *Times* spread over his face, and who greeted us with a snort and a bounce, and a startled demand to know what was the matter. I referred him to the numbers of his townsmen, and their excited condition, and asserted my intention not to go beyond the threshold until after dark. Mr. Dobbyn basely truckled to my weakness, and sympathized with my determination, and when I had done gasping and scolding he suggested that I should have something.

Of course I knew it would be tea, and so it was—good and hot and creamy, in true Irish perfection. The Tipperaryites had by this time gone home, having left a guard of watchmen on the opposite curb to report our movements. "I want to go and see New Tipperary. Is it far?" "Five minutes' walk, Miss," said Mr. Dobbyn. "You'll not need the machines." Tim and I sallied forth, much observed and criticised, and roamed about the streets, until we emerged into quite a trim little market square, with a very American-looking town hall, very clean sidewalks, and a row of cute little shops, almost like playhouses, so small and so spick and span were they. Only one young man was to be found, and in response to my inquiry, "Where is New Tipperary?" he said, indifferently, "You're standin' in it this blessed minnit!" "Oh, Tim!" I said, reproachfully, "is this what they call in Dublin 'a few shacks by the roadside'—and

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where are all the people? Are they at vespers?" "There's no people at all!" the Irishman said, shortly; "sure you saw the people in Old Tipperary, didn't you? That's just all of them; New Tipperary's empty." And so it proved to be. The trim little shops, the neat market-place, the giddy town hall, were another "Deserted Village," and the Land League had labored in vain for the evicted tenants, who had paid the costs of their own evictions, and gone joyfully back to their gruesome cottages in Old Tipperary, turning their back on the American houses, which they speak of contemptuously as "miserable shells." The story of Mr. Smith-Barry and his tenantry is too old and too long to repeat here, but is a beautiful illustration of the failure of foreign notions to supplant the old-time ideas of the Irish. To my fancy, New Tipperary was infinitely preferable as a residence to its elder sister; but to those peasant minds, accustomed to three-foot-thick walls and tiny four-paned windows, mud floors and dingy, peat-smoked atmosphere, the pine floors and wide sashes, and lath and plaster walls, are too light and unsubstantial. "They'll blow away some rough night, divil miss them!" said a frowsy old woman. "Aye, Miss, dear, that's God's truth you hear!" said a dark-faced man. "They're but shells to kape out the cowld and the damp, not houses to live in, and you couldn't warm 'em wid ever such a blaze."

"But," I insisted, "they are so clean and bright, and if you come to America you'll see only such houses. That's the kind all the working folk have." "Och—God pity them!" cried a fine, rosy woman. "I've heard they're all that wizened and shrunk wi' the cowld till the men and women aren't half grown. Well, we can kape warm here, anyway!" I could only laugh, and say, "I'm an American; do I look starved?" Then I encountered as delicate a piece of flattery as ever you heard. Give me an Irishwoman for touching the very core of your vanity with balm of Gilead! "Sure, darlin', don't you ever go back there, else you'll never come to your full growth. An' you so swate and clever." I watched for a glint of irony in her bright eyes, but they looked calmly and innocently into mine; and if she was guying me, she did it well. "Ah! I'm afraid you're a humbug," I retorted, and she looked reproachfully at me with a little sigh. "Stay with us, lady, and you'll learn us better," she said gently, and I felt thoroughly vanquished. Such is the Irish way—the dear, sad, laughing, earnest, humbugging, April-day way! I know it, and I love it, but I shall never understand it!

A gale had been blowing in our faces that Sunday which had much ruffled the dignity of my deportment along the road. Tim had been several times ordered to the van for reasons which wouldn't bear inspection, and had been forbidden, under pain of having a brick thrown at him (there wasn't a brick within a score of miles!), to turn round or even look behind.

But at sundown of this breezy golden Sabbath the wind lulled, then shifted, and dark clouds rolled up from the northwest. "Limerick lace" I called them while they were yet light and filmy, but black bombazine was more like them as they traveled past Limerick to Tipperary. "'Tis a wild night," said Mr. Dobbyn, as he set the dinner table. "A regular snorter!" assented Tim, rolling a cigarette. "I say, old lady, ain't you sorry you came down this way?" I said nothing; I was not sorry. I never was sorry to go anywhere in Ireland, except the day I took the tug at Derry to catch the good ship *California* to come home. I persistently gloated over our rambles in a way calculated to aggravate the worthy Tim, who reserved his appreciation for some unusually good bit.

As Mr. Dobbyn set out our cozy dinner I was not conscious of that sense of content which should have accompanied a snug corner, a tasty meal and some tired bones. I had a wild idea in my mind, which came I know not whence nor how. No one knows the spell that haunts the air of Tipperary!

Briefly, I had calculated for some moments on the change of wind, the dark night, the sly, smug satisfaction of Mr. Dobbyn, as he told us fictions of the antics of his fellow-citizens, and watched the lazy Tim stretch himself on the horse-hair lounge and close his eyes. He thought he had us! But I was scheming, planning to escape him, and after dinner I broached my wild idea.

"I think I'd like to go somewhere else for to-night," I said, pushing away my dessert. "What do you say to riding

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away before this glorious wind as far as we can, and then striking the early morning train, for a while, and getting a rest, and riding into Killarney by sunrise?"

Tim rose solemnly and looked me over. "My dear old lady," he said, mysteriously, "come here!" He drew me out to the entry, and there, seated patiently on the opposite curb, was the lookout party. They were watching!

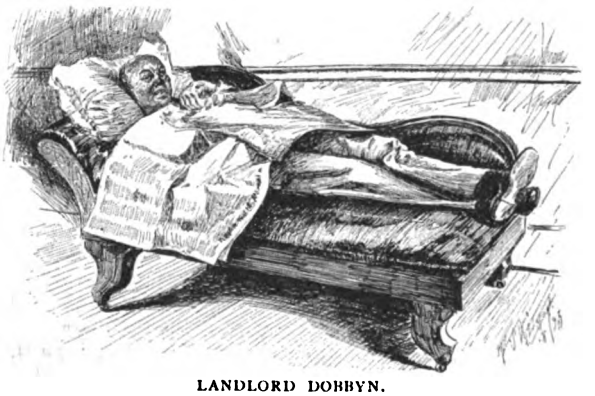
"I'm going to bed!" I said, in a loud yawn. "Good night; don't be lazy to-morrow—like a good boy, let us start at five." "All right!" said Tim, acquiescent, as usual.

I darted into the coffee-room and turned down the lights, and then looked out into the twilight street. One by one the lookout party rose, thoughtfully dusted off the seats of their breeches and shambled away. When the last had gone I rushed out into the entry. "Where are the wheels?" I said. "We *aren't* going to bed. I declare I won't stay here till to-morrow. I'd rather ride across the Bog of Allen than face those wild lunatics outside again." Tim's brows wrinkled, but I over-persuaded him to listen to the plan I cherished, and by the aid of a very gallant bagman, whose boxes filled up the hall, I made it plain to him that the proper course to pursue was to euchre the deceptious Dobbyn, take advantage of the gale, and see what time we could make before the early train reached a certain distant point. "If we miss it we can rest in the station and take the next," I concluded. "And I *want* to ride into Killarney by sunrise!" The bagman rose to the occasion, calmly pronounced the scheme feasible, and chuckled over the coming discomfiture of Dobbyn, who had been so sure of our remaining that he had given us the best rooms and put the bagman in a back bedroom. I am sure I don't know why we all set ourselves against poor Dobbyn, but even Tim thought it would be a good joke to go on, and gave his reluctant consent.

"It won't rain with this wind, but it will be beastly dark," he said. "How we shall whiz, and it's a good deal down-hill! Suppose we break something, old lady?" Mr. Dobbyn was calmly certain of our return, and treated us considerately as a couple of wayward children who must be allowed the length of their tether. He remonstrated when I paid the bill, wanted us to leave our bundles, and even when we were cautiously stealing down the steps he came to whisper benevolently, "I'll keep the rooms ready, Miss." The gallant bagman presented me with some lovely roses, and wished us a safe ride, in a light and bantering tone, as of one who talks for talking's sake. He was a cheering, delightful bagman, and I remember him gratefully.

"For heaven's sake, old lady!" whispered Tim, as we sneaked down the street, noiselessly gliding along in the pitch-dark night, "if you meet anyone run over them, but don't ring that bell!" Tim has always maintained that the excitement of the afternoon began by my ringing a warning at a ragged urchin who had run athwart my course; but in this instance his caution was unnecessary. I was scarcely breathing, and I'd have run over Mr. Smith-Barry himself, and never have made a sound.

To be completed in September.



LANDLORD DOBBYN.

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BLUE-FISHING ON JERSEY SHOALS.

BY H. PRESCOTT BEACH.

"WARE the boom!" rang out the mighty voice of Captain Bownes as the *Kelpie* came about, and the big spar swung hissing over my head, followed by a twist of wet, snaky sheets that trailed across the cockpit to splash off again on the starboard quarter. That warning cry roused me from a day dream wherein all things were drowsily mingled. Cloud-flecked blue far above, brown strands that melted into yellow stretching dimly back, a dancing shimmer of old Ocean by and before us, and that glorious, frolicsome inshore breeze. Rocked on this tumbling field of green and white all cares fled forgotten. There had been no past, there was to be no future, only this witching, slumbrous present.

We were on the Jersey shoals, well out from the Seabright shore. A good eight miles off-shore the blue-fishing grounds lie, and thither, in the teeth of an easterly breeze, we were beating.

"A regular out and out wind fur blues," the veteran skipper soliloquized, as he hauled in the sheets till the stanch old cat-boat heeled over on her washboards. The white-caps scurried past, blending with the foam in our wake. Held firmly up into the wind, the *Kelpie* creaked and groaned and bucked like a broncho from the plains. A homeward bound oysterman anxiously clamored as he shot under our stern with close reefed jib and mainsail, "Better take in a point or two, boys, les' yer want ter stan' on yer beam ends, when yer git outside. She's a fairly bilin' out by ther channel buoy."

In defiance, we waved our caps at the weedy old prophet, and "Cap" took in a foot more, bringing our lee washboard level with the water, just by way of showing how little a sou'east blow bothered the *Kelpie*. And Withers, scenting the battle afar off, hauled out the tackle chest, and he and I fell to sorting our trolling gear, for the grounds were in sight.

I love to watch the Colonel at such a time. No scarred cavalryman ever ground his sabre on the eve of battle with more grim delight than he displays in polishing up his squids or feeling the points of his hooks. He was attaching some red flannel to his lure by way of offering a more startling attraction (I generally thrust a bit of fish on my squid believing more in the scent of the meat than the color of the bait) when the Cap interposed some advice.

"Ef you chaps are smart en' knows when you're well off, you'll yank thet line off'n them reels an' lay et in two neat coils (he pronounced it "kiles"). Ets braided line en won't kink ef you use et well, en when a six-pound blue takes holt yer won't hev no time ter be windin' and unwindin' of them gewgaws," this last with a contemptuous wave of the thumb toward our new rubber quadruple multipliers.

"I believe he's right, old man!" murmured Withers regretfully beginning to pull out the line and coil it on his side of the boat. Long before the shining gimp leaders, safeguards against Brer Blue's sharp teeth had been bent on and our squids made ready, our lookout had sighted signs of game.

"Hi! yander's ther tattle-tales," yelled Captain Bownes in triumph, and sure enough there not more than a half-mile ahead the terns were circling and sweeping over the tide eddy. These terns, or gulls as they are commonly though erroneously known, have been from times unwritten the camp-followers of the bluefish. They have long ago learned the wasteful ways of this ocean pirate, that kills where he does not eat simply for the pleasure apparently of leaving a floating trail of death behind him to attest his prowess, and pursuing the timid "silversides" and herring far up into the inlet and shallows 'till in sheer despair whole shoals have been known to leap ashore only to die there in the sun. The terns rejoice in the slaughter for it means food for them. Even on days when the blues are

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hungry, they seldom stay to take more than one snap at their victims. Halves of the miserable fish, heads, tails, middles, drift in the path of the wanton pursuers. On these fragments the terns feed day by day, following the army of blues for miles along the coast.

By the continual dipping and swooping of the white-winged scavengers we knew the fish must be feeding freely, and excitement ran high. Rounding the channel buoy we shot out into the sharp pelting ripples of the eddy that sets around the sou' east ledge, into the very midst of the hovering birds. They were too intent on the spoils to be disturbed at our coming, and we in turn lost sight of them as we eagerly tossed over our squids. All at once, rushing athwart our wake under our very stern, came a mighty school of moss-bunkers or white-fish. The water was alive with them, leaping and skimming across the surface in wild panic, some rising two feet from the waves as if jumping to avoid some hidden foe. Hidden? Nay, not so, for now we could see the darting gleams of light flash hither and yon beneath the ill-fated school. Death was following the flight of those unerring silver arrows. Turning and twisting, rising at them from below, falling on them from above, an enemy, cruel, unswerving, relentless, was driving the poor moss-bunkers in a chase to which there could be but one end. That enemy was the blue-fish.

A moment later I felt a sudden surging on my line. Both feet were braced firmly against a block, and I determined to do the rascal to death. Hold in as best I could, however, the strain was too much, and the line began to fairly smoke through my hands. Then it was I felt the wisdom and protection in the stout, well-frayed leathern gloves, and rejoiced at the same time that I had plenty of reserve line. An ejaculation from the Colonel announced that he, too, was fast to something heavy. The head of our craft, meantime, was thrown up into the wind so that she lay with flapping canvas awaiting the results. The first rush of my blue had run out something like forty yards of cord, and his second dash on an oblique course to starboard carried him some twenty yards further to where he now splashed in a short spasm of indecision. After that he did what I most feared, dived and came for us in a bee line. With such a swift-swimming fish a move of this kind pushes the troller to his utmost powers. It is next to impossible to haul in the slack so that the blue will not gain on you. Let him but gather a loop of two fathoms' length, and with a cunning, devil-born, he will follow up the line snapping at it right and left as he goes, and if, in his mad efforts, he does not part the strands, then truly the fisher is favored of fortune. Despairing, I felt this opponent of mine gather headway as he came, throwing in more loose line than I could hope to handle, so that it was to me more in the light of an inevitable event long fought away than an accident, when in the twinkling of an eye the loop of empty line drifted to the top leaderless, squidless, fishless.

I turned to watch the Colonel. His fish had been much more tame, in fact was a smaller, lighter catch that had yielded in short time to his steady pulling. As he lifted him sparkling and gasping in the sunlight into the boat, a glint of superiority flitted over his sunburned face for he had just caught sight of my gearless line. The minutes of exultation were few though, for a new pearl squid, fresh and untried, was dangling from a longer, heavier gimp than I had ever before used. Less than a full rod of line had been paid out when a desperate snatch told me that another fight was begun. Once he felt the barb no earthly thing could have held that fish. He plunged straight down and ran out to sea till a good half of my two hundred yard coil had followed his wild course before he slackened speed.

"Snub him, you lubber; snub him afore he takes all yer tackle out ter kingdom come!" Captain Bownes was excited, for the old man knew what I didn't even then, that I had hooked a giant blue. "Snubbing" is the technical term for throwing all your weight against the fish and attempting to bring him to a dead stand-still. There is danger in it at first as a new beginner is prone to take a turn around his hand to assist his grip, a carelessness that has been painfully remembered by many a troller. One must never "snub" so that he cannot abandon his attempt in a flash if he finds his fish too heavy. The instant I felt a wavering, a relaxation in the fast-running line my hands tightened carefully and the line was brought

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over so that by running around the lower hand its friction was a hundredfold increased. Following up my advantage I pulled stoutly. Every foot of line was contested savagely except once when a mood of reckless willingness came over him and he began the dreaded incoming game. It was only for a moment though and then he thrashed off channelward in his last ugly rally. As the greenish bronzed-backed fellow drew alongside I got my first idea of his size. The sigh of delight that escaped me when he was once well landed was echoed by the old sailor, who got out his rule to take measurements.

"Thirty inches plump," said he, "that means nine pound sure!" and so it proved. But all this time the Colonel was playing in hard luck. Evidently the pearl squid with menhaden attachment was more of a success than the red flannel rig. Three fish had struck, but so lightly that he failed to hook them. And just now he had struck what he proclaimed with sorrowful voice to have been a very monster. He had held him well in hand, giving him head just when he should, recovering slack as fast as it came in; in fact, he was just beginning to believe there was no hand in the game he could not play to win, when the blue showed him a new combination by a wild plunge under the side of the *Kelpie* with a force that sawed the line clean in two on the rough edge of the centerboard.

During the next two hours I landed eighteen good fish, none so large as my first, to be sure, but all large, and Withers had secured but two more. The "Cap," stirred past all control by my success, put out a line himself and brought in the best catch of the day. A half moss-bunker split lengthwise was his bait, fixed on a big and long-shanked hook. That one was his only achievement, but it weighed that night by Captain Bownes' scales, which he swore were truthful, eleven pounds and a quarter. The flock of terns had moved far to the southward, and, our luck falling off, we decided to follow them. A near-by school of porpoises, great black rolling fellows, were hanging around the buoy, having been attracted by the blues who in turn took fright at their approach. Knowing that the blues would naturally seek shoaler grounds, to avoid these big pursuers, we headed for the sandbar about two miles below. There, in a tideway with the water, on the young flood, the very best tide, we anchored to try what is known as "chumming."

Captain Bownes brought out a large tub of chopped fish, menhaden and porgies, which he had been saving for the end. This dainty, albeit it was rather high-odored did one chance to get to leeward of it, was showered overboard by dippersful from time to time. We fished with short heavy rods and a somewhat lighter line than before, baiting our hooks with shedder crab which we exchanged for menhaden later when the sharp-finned epicures grew fussy. Right in among the floating "chum" we cast our hooks, letting the lines run well behind us while we waited.

There's a swing and a swell and a swash, after all, in this fishing in the old salt sea, that can never be experienced by one who spends his days beside inland waters. Down in the heaving green that lifts and lowers so restless beneath, what monsters may be eyeing the bait! Will it be a skate huge and ungainly, a codfish, a dolphin or a shark? I was well dampened now by spray for the freshening wind had raised a considerable sea on the shallows, but my enthusiasm was anything else than ebbing. Fighting blue-fish with a rod, however substantial, is very different from work with hand-line tackle. In less than five minutes the Colonel and I had all we cared to handle. The fish, though smaller as a rule than our former prizes, were extremely gamy. The rising tide set across the flat through the small channel where we lay with incredible power, and every fish that struck surged off into the mid-current as if fully aware of the force of the old-time proverb "Go with, not against, the stream." The third fish I struck proved a stubborn wight, evidently of a warlike tribe and determined to sell his life dearly. When after a long, hot struggle I had coaxed him out of the race-way into the eddy on our port side, he took advantage of a momentary lapse of care on my part to shoot under our stern where he fouled the rudder-shaft in a most hopeless way. There he flopped till he tore loose, I suppose. All I really knew was that I had to pull in what I could save of the line, breaking off the lower end. The Colonel distinguished himself by hooking a

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Painted for OUTING by Fred S. Cozzens.

"SNUB HIM, YOU LUBBER; SNUB HIM AFORE HE TAKES ALL YER TACKLE OUT TER KINGDOM COME!"
(p. 355.)

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striped bass, a most unusual visitor to those shoals, and if he had not lost him together with a really fine rod, probably would never have ceased to brag about him to the present day. It must be admitted that it was a magnificent bass. I should say it must have been a full fifty-pound fish. It was more than an even chance that Withers, poorly equipped as he was, would have killed him but for an accident, for he is a hard man to daze, be the circumstances ever so startling. A loop of line had been hastily caught up in reeling that clogged the reel, and the fish throwing his full strength against the rod snapped it short off at the middle ferrule and carried off with it a hundred yards of line.

Had not that happened, we might never have noticed that the whole sky was darkening, and all of the fishing craft, seinesmen, and lobster-potters had put inside the bar.

"Boys, we hev got no time ter fool," muttered the Cap, solemnly, as he put down his pipe and fell to raising the bow anchor. "There's goin' to be a mighty dirty blow out hereaways." Hastily Withers and I grabbed the stern line and got the grapnel aboard. It always seems as though there were a hundred things to do at such a time. Flopping fish in the cock-pit to fling into the fish-well, water to bail out, tackle to snug away, anchors to lift, sail to hoist, centerboard to lower. "I wish, by all the marine gods," snarled Withers, red in the face as he tugged at the centerboard, "that I was a darned octopus with eight hundred arms!"

Before we were fairly under way the squall was upon us. I felt the *Kelpie's* frame quiver as the full force of the wind suddenly struck her low-reefed sail. With a leap like a startled deer she was off, shaking the bubbles from her dripping bows, and seeming to clear long reaches of water at every bound. It was a straight-away course now before this gale, which was, we could see by the pursuing clouds, but the forerunner of a thunder storm. Black enough the water was that curled under the sides of the stiff little cat-boat, and even Captain Bownes, that ancient wind and water-tanned salt, muttered from the depths of his sou'wester and baggy oilskins, "She's a smasher, boys, and no mistake!" Harder blew that east wind, darker grew the water and lower the flight of the screaming gulls, and then the rain began to drive down.

So it was that we came straggling in, weary and wet, to simmer and smoke before the Cap's good applewood fire, while whiffs of supper came from the outer room, like atmospheric promises of plenty. That jolly supper over, we clustered again around the blaze, while the "Cap" brewed one of those hot "rum flips" for which he is famed from the Cape May "light" to Sandy Hook. Well warmed inside and out, he began to reel off reminiscences of blue-fishing in the old days, and "big uns" he had seen or caught. If, inspired by the cheering mug and the incense from our pipes, he was led from cold paths of truth in any of those stirring tales, we forgave it with a right good will, drinking when we left the fire that night one farewell bumper to "the prince of ocean fish—our friend, the Blue!"

A FAMILY CAMP IN THE ROCKIES.

BY CHARLOTTE REEVE CONOVER.

ABOUT the middle of July a camping party of eight—four adults, three children, and their nurse—were en route across the plains in a Pullman car. A few miles east of Denver they were met by a joyful "Cripp"* whose anticipations, after a year's exile from home, would not allow him to wait their arrival at Denver. It was a happy meeting. From Denver we went direct to Buena Vista.

* Colorado generic term for a consumptive.

Buena Vista is situated about one hundred and twenty miles southwest of Denver. The route passes through Colorado Springs, Manitou, Cascade, and Green Mountain Falls, following the general course of the La Platte River, westward and upward toward the divide, from which it drops gradually into the valley of the Arkansas. The scenery is called the finest in Colorado, and is remarkably Alpine in character—wild, precipitous and awe-inspiring; an

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A FAMILY CAMP IN THE ROCKIES.

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occasional glimpse of Pike's Peak adding a touch of beauty to it.

Below lay Buena Vista, in the middle of the valley of the Arkansas—or prairie, rather, for, properly speaking, there are no valleys in our American Switzerland. The country is either mountain or plain, in dead earnest, and the ranges rise from the flat surface of the prairie like icebergs from the sea. Five miles of this level country, with the Arkansas dividing it like a ribbon, lay before us, and beyond rose the snowy outline of the *Sagouache* * range, rising peak on peak, until lost in the clear distance toward the south. Pointing far across the valley, to a pineapple-shaped elevation situated between two larger mountains, Uncle Rob told the children that that was Sheep Mountain. Our camp was to be in the cañon at the foot of it.

On the principal street of Buena Vista stands a large grocery and warehouse, whose stock of goods includes tinware, crockery, canned fruit, salt and fresh meats, hardware, and all miners' and campers' supplies. Here we spent a morning in deep consultation, endeavoring to reconcile our necessities with our pocket-books.

"You must remember," said my prudent brother-in-law, "that you cannot carry any of this stuff home with you, and whatever you buy over and above what you need is dead loss."

Our standards, in the matter of kitchen utensils, did especially differ. I argued from the standpoint of a well-stocked house; he from the frugal outfit of a bachelor's ranch. A skillet and camp-kettle seemed to him ample provision for any culinary necessities.

"Do you mean," said I, aghast, "to boil the ham and the towels in the same kettle?"

"To be sure," he answered with the nonchalance of an experienced camper; "only you needn't put them both in at the same time."

This was too much. I made a valiant stand for my prerogatives, and secured a stew-pan, wondering if those classic campers, the Shaybacks, would call this going "well-heeled."

The list of commodities which we finally decided upon was as follows:

1 heating and 1 cooking stove.
1 camp-kettle.
1 tea-kettle.
1 coffee-pot.
1 stew pan.
1 skillet.
1 doz. stoneware plates.
½ " tin plates.
1 " stoneware cups.
½ " tin cups.
2 vegetable dishes.
1 meat platter.
3 tin milk pans.
6 mattresses.
12 pillows.
1 doz. tumblers.
3 bowls.
2 pie pans.
1 fire shovel.
1 dish pan.
3 fiber pails.
5 tin wash-basins.
1 dipper.
1 tub.
1 doz. clothes-pins.
1 coal-oil can.
5 lamps.
12 camp-stools.

Total cost of kitchen outfit, $46.10.

Plated knives, forks and spoons, kitchen ladles and measuring cups, we brought from home; also our blankets, towels and bed linen.

Our list of groceries for six weeks cost us $108.25.

It included, of flour, 65 lbs.; of cornmeal, 25 lbs.; Graham flour, 10; potatoes, 110; coffee, 15; ham, 50; sugar, 50; crackers, 36; soap, 12; butter, 18; lard, 8; evaporated fruit, 12; 11 packages of rolled oats; 25 dozen eggs; 3 gallons coal oil; 3½ gallons maple syrup; 80 cans fruit, vegetables and soups.

Our tents cost $64.30; labor in putting them up, hauling baggage, and horse-hire, $21.75; milk (two gallons a day), $28.90; butter and bread from the ranch, $7.00; fresh vegetables, $3.55.

Other items, such as washing, baths at the hotel, fishing-tackle, fresh meat and fruit from town, raised the amount to about $350—the living expenses of nine people for six weeks.

The stove above mentioned was about the size of a deal cracker box—say 18x24 inches square and 16 high—made of sheet iron, with a division through the middle. The front compartment was the fire-box, and the back one the oven. Each had a door with a fastening like an old-fashioned door-latch.

If we had had an inkling of the diabolical tendencies of that stove, its capacity for ruining our most cherished schemes, we would have kept our enthusiasm for other things. About eleven o'clock the last purchase was paid for and the procession moved camp-ward. We and our belongings filled two wagons. The one with the household goods went ahead.

What a ride it was! The children were frantic with excitement, and we had not a little difficulty in answering their questions. My mind was torn with anxiety about things possibly forgotten. Had we enough soap? Would nine pairs of blankets keep us warm? Had anybody thought of matches? Then my thoughts would soar away from blankets and soap to a happy contemplation of the prospect around us. I had been starving for mountains since I lived in neighborly companionship with the Alps, fourteen years before.

Between the summits of Princeton and Yale stands Sheep Mountain,

* Sy-watch.

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which Uncle Rob had told the children marked the site of our camp. It was directly toward this that our road led, and after five miles of flat prairie, past a ranch or two and quantities of bowlders and cactus, we began the rise into the cañon of the Cottonwood. A hotel stands at the foot of the hills, which we made a convenience of for mail, hot baths (natural), and errands to town. A mile beyond, and above the hotel, we caught a gleam of white canvas through the dark leafage of the pines. Here the horses came to a standstill, the children rolled off either end of the wagon that came nearest and dashed away in ecstatic curiosity toward the tents. The two sent from Denver were already up; the other three remained to be extricated from the baggage in the wagon. The drivers helped each other unload and then drove back to town, leaving us sitting on a large rock, like the Pilgrim Fathers, with our household possessions piled around us.

What to do first?

The magnitude of our undertaking dawned upon us. Here we were, a family of nine, set down among the rocks and sand and pines, to *begin living!* Nothing to sit on, sleep on, eat on, or cook on; no place to lay a thing down or hang it up; two miles from an egg and six miles from a safety-pin.

During the first half-hour I was appealed to for twine, tacks, a button-hook, court plaster, a big needle, a pencil, the vaseline, a spoon, the measuring tape and wrapping paper, any of which articles might be in either tray of any of the four trunks, or possibly in one of the six hand-bags. And as the baggage was mostly buried under the mattresses my state of mind may be imagined.

Before we had made any headway in reducing the disorder we discovered that we were all tremendously, frantically hungry; not surprising, since we had been in the open air all the morning and were then at an altitude of eight thousand feet above sea-level. The professor, in the zeal of starvation, proceeded to explore sundry paper packages in the box of groceries, arriving at sugar, navy beans, dried peaches, candles, and other commodities, good enough in their way, but not adapted to immediate necessities.

"Where *is* the bread, anyway?" he asked.

"Bread"——

"Why! didn't *you* think of the bread?" we all exclaimed in unison, looking at each other like a village chorus expressing surprise at the unworthy conduct of the tenor bandit. The bread had, of course, been forgotten, but, as Robert remarked, thank heaven, we still had the field-glass and plenty of patent trout-flies! Nobody goes camping in Colorado without a box of crackers, so in the dearth of bread, that was found and the top demolished; as the can opener could not be got at the axe was used on a can of beef; these, with cold water from the stream, made our first camp dinner.

That afternoon the other tents were erected, the provisions gotten under cover, and we all retired. I don't know when or how sleep came, but the last thing I heard was the resonant roar of the creek over the bowlders in the gulch below. The next day, and for several following, sounds of the hammer and saw were heard from morning to night.

A dining-table was built, a peculiar feature of which was a tendency to spill coffee and upset the temper of the persons at either end, but when we called the attention of the head of the family to this defect he replied that if any one thought he could build a better piece of furniture with a tack-hammer and six-penny nails he was at liberty to try. Afterward a kitchen table was built against a large rock; the stove was mounted on a cracker-box and the pipe wired to the branches of a pine tree. A set of shelves was constructed in the provision tent to hold our canned tomatoes and other bric-à-brac.

Each sleeping-tent was provided with a small table, which served the double purpose of washstand and dressing-case. A cracker-box standing on end with a shelf nailed in it, held our books and papers; another was furnished with a lid and anchored in the stream to keep the butter and milk sweet; a third cracker-box was nailed to a tree and held our dishes. What would we have done without cracker-boxes? As the men gradually provided all these conveniences Alice and I arranged our part of the household—put up curtains, tacked on table-covers, and "read up" in the cook-book. As she said, when

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we had a jar of dried bread crumbs and a dish of cold boiled potatoes on the pantry shelf it seemed as though we were at last really keeping house.

We were a pretty thoroughly tired-out family at the end of that week. Our first Sunday in camp was literally a day of rest. Almost the last thing done the night before was to swing the six hammocks from tree to tree, in a semicircle, near the edge of the cliff, and here we spent the day, gazing, admiring, and drinking in the view. It was as good as hearing a sermon to look at Princeton, towering so many thousand feet above us, holding great fields of snow in the basin of its extinct crater. Close on the other side of us another sermon,—the abrupt cliff of limestone rock fully five hundred feet high, the eyrie of eagles and the haunt of mountain sheep. Behind us, toward the west, Sheep Mountain and Needle Point lifted their sharp, gray summits into the blue Colorado sky. Directly in front the outlook was down our cañon out into the valley of the Arkansas, which was bounded on the farther side, six miles away, by the purple outline of the South Park range. In the near foreground, down in the gulch, the foaming stream with its border of cottonwood trees, the pine-dotted slopes each side, and a little farther on the red roof of the hotel making a spot of color in contrast with the green fields of the valley. This was our daily panorama, varied by sunsets, storm-clouds, mist, rain and sunshine—all those enchanting atmospheric effects which every lover of Nature knows so well.

One of the first official topics for consideration after we were settled and rested was a name for the camp. Our tents stood in an irregular row facing the edge of the cliff, among the piñon pines. Almost a bush in stature, with ugly gnarled branches growing close to the ground, the piñon is not a beautiful tree, but it develops better qualities on closer acquaintance. The children learned to enjoy the resinous gum and the sweet nuts hidden in the cones, while the space underneath the low-hanging branches made a capital play-house. One sturdy piñon, with a trunk like a cedar of Lebanon, stretched its arms around the provision tent, making a most picturesque background for our kitchen. A small one near our sleeping-tent we dubbed the Christmas-tree, it being a convenient hanging place for the lantern, Rob's rubber boots, the fish-bag, hammock pillows and hats. Still another shaded our dining-table, and a broken branch above the professor's seat added now and then a surreptitious drop of resin to his cup of coffee. After such intimate association it was eminently suitable to name the camp after the trees; so Camp Piñon it became.

To be continued.

LENZ'S WORLD TOUR AWHEEL.

San Francisco.

TO Mr. George P. Wetmore I owe my kindest feelings for his untiring efforts to make my short stay in San Francisco a pleasant one. He showed me the shipping of all parts of the world, along the bay, public buildings, the residence portion of the city, and lastly, Golden Gate Park. The driveways here are excellent red-rock roads, winding by easy grades down to the shores of the Pacific Ocean, past the Seal Rocks but two hundred yards from the beach, where the sea-lions make a dismal sound by their continued barking. Lastly we visited the Golden Gate channel, and I am free to confess that the entire surroundings, from a passing view, form a witchingly beautiful picture.

I had grown used to seeing Chinese by the hundreds in cities along the railroads, in Portland, and all small towns along the Pacific slope, and in the Willamette and Sacramento Valley, yet it is a noticeable fact that there are more pig-tailed Celestials in San Francisco than in any city in America. In all the coast towns they enter into all trades, cooking in hotels and private houses, working in factories everywhere, farming in the fields, mostly boarding themselves at ten cents a day. Their mode of dress they never change, showing no affinity to the United States whatever. I was even informed that when one dies he is left beneath the American sod just long enough to clean the flesh from the

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bones, and then is shipped back to China. It is easily noticed that there is a hidden bitter hatred against them on the coast, but this is hardly surprising. The Chinese, with their great cunning, oust American labor. They work at what would be starving wages to a white man, for a few years, then leave for home with their hoarded earnings. Some few of course have established stores, and a few others may remain permanently, but the dream of John Chinamen is to wheedle Melican man out of enough cash to let John go home and live in comfort.

When one takes into consideration that San Francisco has sprung into its present prosperity, with a population of 300,000 people, since 1849, the time of the gold discoveries in the State, it is easily seen why it is one of the wonderful cities of the world.

The many fine residences are artistically built of wood; in fact, wooden buildings predominate, affording material for a great conflagration at some future day, which, no doubt, will come, as it has in most large cities, and put an end to the wood period. But, nevertheless, many large and substantial brick and stone buildings have been erected.

With five of the Bay City Wheelmen under a guide, we visited one of the most remarkable and filthiest places that can be found in any city of America, known in San Francisco as Chinatown.

In all there are 20,000 Chinamen in the city. About 13,000 of these are huddled together in a terrible condition in the space of fourteen blocks, less than a square mile.

Proceeding to what was once the old business center of San Francisco is like walking into China proper. The streets and alley-ways simply swarm with Chinamen, who still cling to their native costume.

Chinese merchants have their stores on all floors of the building, side by side, lined along the entire thoroughfares, selling everything from silks and woodenware to jewelry. These men are mostly rich, and of course are more respected than the lower class. Then come restaurants, high and low class; meat-shops, and all the different trades; Joss-houses, with their carved, ferocious-looking idols, horrible-looking affairs with gleaming eyes, and having incense and candle-tape burning continually at their misshapen feet. We found the opera *à la* Celestial rather interesting, but it must be borne in mind that the performance frequently requires weeks for completion. Needless to say, we went out and forgot to go back between the acts. The actors eat, live and sleep in the play-house, so they needn't bother about how long it may take to get through the performance.

At the house we favored with our important patronage we were seated on the stage in full view of the pig-tailed audience, while the actors, gorgeously attired and partially disguised by false beards, strutted about and jabbered away like so many guinea fowl. The scenery was very vague, comprising a table and some chairs, which a Chinaman shifted while the actors went through their business. In the rear of the furniture was the most diabolical orchestra I ever heard, but it worked hard and kept up a terrific din without cessation.

The Chinese audience paid the closest attention to the play, and appeared to be most critical. Women patrons occupy a reserved section of the house, whither man may not venture. Women never act, as that would be contrary to Chinese notions of correctness. All female characters are impersonated by men, who pay strict attention to accuracy. The whole business is rather absurd, to be sure, but it seldom fails to interest a stranger.

The play-houses of the Chinese quarter are all connected by a system of telephone, adapted by almond-eyed craftsmen from the American invention. I learned that an action brought by the telephone people to restrict the Chinamen in the use of the transmitter had been decided against the pig-tailed pirates, who, for the future, must pay royalty to Melican man.

Our guide next led us to a Chinese gambling-house, which proved uninteresting. The general appearance of the place reminded me of several dens I had seen in Montana, the most noticeable difference being that in the play coin is used in lieu of chips.

In the opium dens we saw sickly wrecks of men who were slaves of the drug. Within the dens are bunks ranged one above another, from floor to ceiling. In these lie the unfortunates, each equipped with a "lay out," and contin-

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ually working a small quantity of opium upon a steel wire. As fast as completed, these deadly pellets are transferred from the wire to the pipe, and the smoker first inhales and expels the smoke through his nostrils until he is overcome and falls back stupefied. Then his poisoned brain conjures up the coveted, wondrous visions which have lured so many to utter ruin, and for the time the miserable wretch finds pleasure.

The effects are something terrible. The victims lose in turn all manly qualities, and finally shrivel into withered wrecks, more dead than alive. But, in spite of dreadful consequences, the fell powers of the pipe almost invariably maintain a firm clutch upon its prey while life remains.

The Celestial lodging-houses are marvels—concentrations of filth and all sorts of disgusting features. From mere burrows—dugouts—in cellars and below streets, to the roofs of their chosen buildings, small spaces are partitioned off, forming quarters for human beings, though really unfit for animals. These spaces are barely wide enough to allow one to turn around with comfort, and only high enough to permit of an upright position. Yet, within these kennels are huddled two or three Chinese. The atmosphere is always foul and unwholesome, but now and then the health officers dump some lime in the pens, which perhaps partially disinfects them.

There are other features of Chinatown, veritable sinks of iniquity, where a humane man has no business, and which a wise man will not visit even through curiosity, lest he go forth with his faith in the power of a Christian land forever shaken. Mercifully OUTING's pleasant path trends furthest from such poisoned limits, and its pure page need never bear the stain of such description. Much of the worst of it I saw not, nor did I care to see. A man should not reach the destination of a trip like mine, filled with a morbid craving to see the lowest limits of human depravity, as exemplified in Chinatown. The wondrous pictures of mountain, flood and forest; the sweet, pure air of cloud-swept heights and boundless plains, the healthful toil of driving the good wheel over thousands of miles of country—all ill-fit a man for prowling through perhaps the worst city slums in the world. So my view of Chinatown was narrow as to field, though I saw quite enough to forever disgust me with the vicious specimens of that race.

My good friends, the Bay City Wheelmen, were untiring in their efforts to make time pass pleasantly, and, among other entertaining schemes, they organized a club run to Palo Alto on October twenty-third. At starting we numbered fifty wheels, and Mr. Calvin M. Langton and I led the way. We rode the cable-car slot *via* Van Ness avenue and Market street to the city limits, our party receiving hearty commendation from interested citizens. From the city limits a capital rock road extended along the shore of San Francisco Bay for fully ten miles. The stretch of country contiguous to this road presented many charming landscapes, and seemed a truly delightful place for suburban residence. Many magnificent private grounds and artistic homes were passed, the properties of such kings of finance as Messrs. Mills, Crocker, Huntington, and others.

Our lunch was planned for Red Wood, and after passing through many beautiful villages and a long succession of pleasing pastoral scenes, we reached our destination with appetites worthy of earnest wheelmen. In the afternoon the procession rolled away six miles farther to famous Palo Alto, where dwelt Ex-Governor Leland Stanford, and from whence have come so many kings and queens of the trotting track. We wheeled through the lovely grounds and visited the stately tomb of flawless marble, where rests a dearly loved one, whom devoted parents fondly hoped might have borne a good name to fuller honors as master of all the vast estate. Then we turned to the grander monument, Stanford University, the father's noble gift to his State—a gift worthy of the man and of the career of golden promise of him whose name it perpetuates. Wealth and fondest care could not save him for what promised to be a grand and useful life-work, but in this stately hall of learning his name shall last, and others fare forth from it equipped for the task from which he was called ere his hand had left its mark.

We wheeled home by night, retracing our outward route. The run covered sixty-six miles in all, and when it was completed, every rider felt satisfied with a good performance and a most enjoy-

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able outing. The evening before my departure for foreign climes the Bay City Wheelmen found enough left of their apparently inexhaustible hospitality to cover a farewell banquet, which, needless to say with such admirable hosts, proved a most enjoyable affair. Certainly, if ever wandering wheelman was royally received by brothers of the wheel at every point, I am that lucky individual, and among many golden memories of the tour, the pleasures enjoyed with the fraternity at 'Frisco occupy premier position. Wheeling is very popular in San Francisco and neighboring towns, and I noted with pleasure that lady riders were in strong force. The principal clubs are the Bay City Wheelmen, the San Francisco Bicycle Club and the Pacific Road Club, and there are many lesser organizations.

The Bay City Wheelmen (150 strong) leads in membership and activity. This, the largest club on the coast, is officered as follows: president, Geo. P. Wetmore; vice-president, Jos. G. Cox; secretary, H. B. Sperby; financial secretary, Sandford Plummer; treasurer, F. R. Cook.

The San Francisco Bicycle Club has an active membership of sixty, with T. R. Knox, president; L. H. Cox, captain, B. T. Edwards, treasurer. The Pacific Road Club has about thirty young but enthusiastic riders. In such strong hands as these, cycling interests will never know neglect, and the future of the wheel seems as bright as the golden sunshine on the fair Western bay.

THE MADAM'S CHICKEN SHOOT.

BY ED. W. SANDYS.

FOR ten sleepy, sun-burned August days I had idled about the trim, white, prairie farm-house. The "chicken" season then opened on the fifteenth, and there were plenty of birds that year, but I had done little or nothing during those dragging, miserable ten days, save to make myself generally useful about the house, or to sit up upon such nights when I could persuade an almost heartbroken man to refrain from pacing the floor or staring despairingly at what he firmly believed was his wife's death-bed. During long, golden afternoons I swung lazily in a hammock, sometimes pretending to read, sometimes gazing dreamily over one of the most beautiful portions of the picturesque "Badger" State, but as a rule I loafed in what would have been sheer content had it not been for our invalid.

I had traveled to Wisconsin in response to a hearty invitation from an old chum asking me to spend a couple of months with him, and to test the undeniably good sporting resources of his locality; but, unfortunately, his young wife had been taken ill the day before my arrival at the farm, so, instead of the expected rousing sport with the early chickens, I found myself officiating as a sort of compromise between general comforter and half-skilled nurse.

Now, the Madam's condition was at no time critical. She was more fagged out than ill, but only those who are capable of loving a wife as she should be loved can fret over her properly, and to do my friend justice he fretted famously. Time and time again did that man come forth looking like a tortured shade, and approach my hammock to whisper in anguished accents that "she wa-as w-o-r-s-e!" and then, after making me feel as wretched as he could, he'd beseech me to enjoy myself.

Then I'd "jolly" him, or read the riot act, as occasion seemed to demand, but more than once it was hard work to brace him up. After the first week, however, matters improved. The Madam was unquestionably better, and I had a private conversation with the good doctor, which he wound up with: "Give the medicine as directed and rest easy; she'll be all O. K. in a few days."

I concluded that merriment might be a good thing in such cases, and I told my friend all the moderately aged stories I could remember, while he humped his shoulders, and groaned, and shivered with polite, unappreciative misery. But I managed to induce him to give an imitation of a young married man taking a little much-needed rest, though he kept prowling at intervals through the night.

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The Madam was a trump—just the kind of brave, patient little trump that worrying men always marry, and I suspected that what she wanted was anything but a face a yard long hovering around her all the time. I fancy that I moved about the sick-room with the grace of a three-legged hippopotamus, but the Madam took her medicine like a Spartan and obeyed orders like a soldier, and smiled at my outrageous clumsiness. Once, when she was talkative, I got cornered, and in desperation told her a silly story—a whiskered yarn that had gone the rounds of the city clubs a year and a half before. To my utter amazement she chuckled and giggled over it for five minutes. Then I thought long, hard thoughts and grasped the situation. God bless her, she was starving—absolutely pining for something from the old city world, of which she had heard naught during three long, tedious years of prairie life. "Chestnuts," "whiskers," *anything* was new to her—so I gave her the proper allowance of drugs, and told her anecdotes any one of which would have cost me "a bottle" in the city, and she laughed until she set me laughing, too, and between us we made such an unmerciful row that—He heard us! He came blundering in like a dazed man, with his hair on end, and looking like a half-completed corpse. He thought she was delirious, and so for two full minutes he stood with bulging eyes and open mouth, staring inanely at us, while we both laughed unmercifully. Finally, he realized that there was honest mirth in our laughter, and that the Madam was really well enough to enjoy a joke, and then a fairly firm voice remarked: "Come here, Hub, a minute, then you two fools get out of this room. I'm well now, and you want some rest."

Next afternoon—a glorious golden afternoon—he carried her out to my hammock, and we cosied her up with pillows until she swung at ease. It was good to see her face brighten as she breathed grand chestfuls of that marvelous Wisconsin air, while her eyes roved over the beautiful picture of golden fields backed by a cordon of rounding oak-forested hills. We fussed round her like two big awkward boys, fiddling with her wraps and pillows in a most unnecessary fashion. Such a scene could only be found in the semi-wilderness where refined elements are so frequently engaged in toil more suitable to the rugged pioneer, and doubtless it would have made a citizen stare, if not laugh outright. After everything necessary and unnecessary had been done for her comfort, I suddenly remembered that she was his wife, not mine, and that, while I was almost jealous of my position as nurse, my interest in the patient was merely that of a big, clumsy man in a poor, weak, wee, winsome female, so I took myself off for an hour's stroll. What they did or talked about during my absence is none of my business, but certainly the Madam was wondrously improved when I returned.

Next morning she was almost well, the next she declared she *was* well, and on the following morning I began to think of shooting in earnest and proceeded to load some shells. By eight-thirty—they rise early in Wisconsin, and matters about the farm had been requiring the owner's overseeing for some days—I had reamed down the last of fifty shells, had taken a peep through the tried tubes of the twelve-gauge, and had touched the little weapon with an oiled rag and it was all ready for business. Just how to arrange for a day's shooting I did not know. My friend had two grand pointers that were only too willing to go a-field, in spite of the fact that the bitch, Dart, had seven pups barely three months old. He was perfectly willing, nay anxious, that I should have sport, but I knew that in his heart he was nervous about his crops and wanted to work with his man. The ponies, dogs, buckboard and all were entirely at my service, but I didn't want to drag him out, neither did I care to put in long days on (to me) unknown grounds, without somebody who knew the country. One thing I could do and that was bag a brace or two of birds near the house for the table, so I put a handful of shells in my pocket, picked up the gun and started afoot for a field not more than four hundred yards distant. The brace of pointers—and a finer worker than the dog, Bob, I never shot over—followed me readily, and were soon flying over the field, ranging wide and fast, as only dogs broken on the prairies where fences and bits of cover are far apart, will range. With heads held high, scorning foot-scent, they

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sailed away toward the base of a mound where the oak-scrub bordered the grain. Almost in the middle of a flying stride the big dog halted, looked around a moment, then roaded rapidly for many yards and settled into a faultless point. The business-like manner in which he worked, the speed he had shown and the style of his point made my heart warm to him at once, for he had done enough to prove to me that he was what he was said to be—an all-round crack. From far to the left came the bitch, sweeping down in a big gallop, apparently a perfect worker. The moment she saw her handsome mate she stopped, and I could have hugged myself for having such a brace to shoot over. But the work was too good for any brace of dogs owned by a single man—no mortal has a right to claim two equal to Bob—for, verily, if he had them, the rest of us might as well give up. They stood long enough to form an ideal picture, then the bitch got unsteady. She shifted uneasily, then drew quickly forward, and from her twitching and erratic action, I felt certain that she contemplated breaking-in. I hurried ahead, and as she crossed almost under my feet, spoke to her sharply. I don't think I ever saw such a nervous animal. She stopped at the word, but her eyes glared and she shivered and twitched so much, and was so unsteady that only my near presence prevented her from rushing headlong on the birds. A sharp command cowed her visibly, and did other mischief, for the "chickens," as chickens will, flushed at the voice, and too far for sure work. All that I saw, outside of buzzing wings, was the big dog going down faultlessly and a liver-and-white shape speeding from my feet after the covey. The last bird that rose fell at once, while a big one that veered to the side fluttered desperately into the grain some distance away, evidently only wing-tipped. There was a scuffling and some flying feathers where the first bird fell, and there I found Dart wrestling with the dead. She was not biting the bird, but was simply fooling with it, and seemed to be rattled out of all reason. Dragging her by the scruff of her unruly neck to her orderly mate, I made her "down," and kept her there until the scattered dog-wits came back. Then I gathered my bird and ordered the dogs on in the direction of the wing-tipped one. Bob dashed far away in his free style—too far to catch the scent, but Dart proved that if she was nervous, she still possessed an astonishingly fine nose. In a trice she had winded and located the bird, and I hastened after her, determined to get a point out of her if I could. Near where the bird lay some of the grain had been cut, and Dart halted on this bit of stubble, influenced, doubtless, by my warning "Ho!" I got close to her and kept her pointing stanchly for some minutes, for this is the best of schooling for an unsteady performer. I had just about decided to go to the bird, when I heard a faint rustling of straws, and Dart immediately began to display fresh nervousness. I steadied her sharply, and glancing round saw a sight—ye gods, such a sight!

Dart's entire family—the whole seven pups—had tagged down unseen after us, and there they were strung out over ten yards of stubble in silent contemplation of their mammy's frozen attitude. Three or four of them were sitting down baby-like, but in the van—and Nimrod will understand my sensations—a big liver-and-white bitch pup was planted stiffly on her four clumsy, puppy legs, while her little tail projected as straight as she could get it, and within three inches of her nose hung a wad of feathers from a straw. Two feet behind her, a lemon-and-white dog pup pointed as stanchly as his juvenile instinct and uncultivated brain would allow, and I mentally vowed that the brace should go home with me when my visit was o'er. They all looked so comical that I laughed in spite of myself, and the laugh was not decreased when a beautiful dappled pup rustled through the stubble to his mother and leaped at her pointing nose. That settled the point! With a bound Dart was in, and with a furious whipping of crippled wing the grouse struggled up eight or ten feet and went down 'mid a whirl of shot-cut feathers. The good little pups merely started slightly at the report, and after I got the bird away from Dart they all enjoyed a lick and a smell at it. Turning toward the house I saw a pink figure standing on the verandah—the Madam had been watching the fun through my field-glass.

"The dead to the saved from the dead," I exclaimed as I handed her the

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brace of "chickens." "Did you see the wee fellows point?"

"Indeed I did—they are worthy offspring of a noble sire. Isn't Bob noble? Come here, thou mighty one, till your mistress hugs you." The big dog bounded to her and placed his paws almost on her shoulders, and as the two stood it struck me that the Madam's cheeks had plenty of color and that she showed scant trace of her illness.

"That jade, Dart, gave you trouble I noticed."

"Yes, she's horribly nervous—I'll have to put her through a course of sprouts, alone, some day. A dog of her peculiar temperament requires most careful handling. She has grand nose and speed, but she wants cool cautious handling. I'll steady her ere I'm through with her, but she almost cost me my birds this time."

"Nonsense! I was watching you, sir. They were long shots, but that funny little gun never learned how to move that fast without much practice. You can't fool me about guns."

We went to the front of the house, and to my surprise I saw the brown ponies hooked to the buck-board. I looked at the Madam interrogatively, for the sight of the team suggested shooting, and my taste of the sport had sharpened an appetite for more.

She said—"Yes, they're all ready and you must shoot to-day. I've spoiled so much of your visit that I want you to grant me a favor. Hub's busy, and he's worrying now about your sport. I want you to let me go, I'll drive and we'll take Bob and have a day's fun. I know where the best grounds are. Let me go—p-l-e-a-s-e?"

"But you're not fit, and besides, what'll Hub say?"

"Hub says take her along," answered a jolly voice. "The drive will do her good, if not too long. She's been so kind about not dying that she can have the earth for the next month. I want to work and to get rid of her. I didn't last week, but I do now. So take her and the Lord have mercy upon you, for she'll talk you to death—but she *does* know where the birds are. Take him to the big prairie, Sis."

In five minutes the Madam, with a face glowing with pleasure, appeared with a basket of lunch and took the driver's seat. I put in the gun and shells and a jug of water, and climbed up beside her; big Bob was already curled up in his usual place behind the seat. Then away we sped, the stout ponies pulling too hard for weak hands for the first couple of miles.

An hour later we entered the rolling, wooded hills, our shaded road traversing a long ravine. The Madam was in her element, and exclaimed, "Isn't this too lovely? I feel like a new woman. Get ready, for we're apt to flush a ruffed grouse among these thickets."

With the twelve-gauge loaded and resting across my knees, I sat waiting for any chance-flushed grouse. Presently a thunder of wings sounded from the scrub and two birds darted into the thickest cover. I started, hesitated, and they had gone forever.

"Why in the world didn't you shoot? I thought you were quick. Hub says you're 'chain-lightning,' but you've got to do better than that or I'll drive you home. Those birds were beauties, too."

"This is a new style to me, and I was afraid of the ponies; they might bolt."

"Rubbish! Those nags will almost point. Hub shoots off their backs or over their heads, and they just love it. They know which side the gun's on, and they'll cramp round at once if a chicken gets up close in the grass. I believe you were afraid of missing."

Fortune favored me, for a few minutes later another grouse flushed from the right-hand side of the road and crossed in full view. I got him, but the ponies stopped so suddenly at the report that I almost tipped forward.

"That's better, but it was an easy shot. Let Bob retrieve it," quoth the Madam, and while Bob was securing the grouse, I began to wonder just what kind of a critic this was, and how many vanishing streaks I should be compelled to stop before I could justify the extravagant opinion she had evidently formed of my shooting.

Fortune sometimes favors a coward, and while I was funking the chances of another bird showing, we left the best cover behind. Our road now led along a beautiful sunlit terrace, upon one side of which rose a sheer wall of parti-colored rock many feet high. Upon our right, and much lower down, spread a typical Wisconsin landscape—small rolling prairies, spangled with golden grain fields, and ringed about with rounded,

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forested heights. Here and there low mounds were bronzed with tangled scrub-oak, varied with occasional park-like expanses, where larger oaks stood in open order, as though planted by an expert landscape gardener.

It was a lovely picture, but a fairer fragment was to show. Half a mile farther our road again entered dense, cool cover, and at one point appeared to have been notched into the face of the cliff. At the entrance to this cover the Madam pulled up and bade me look. Straight in front for a hundred yards extended a marvelous corridor, floored with solid, smooth rock, and walled and roofed with apparently solid green. A wealth of velvet shadows and soft green lights filled it, and here and there a chance-shot golden arrow pierced the green shield and quivered against the rock floor. To our ears came the rollicking song of tumbling waters, and, just where the long corridor curved, a misty curtain wavered slightly like a silken scarf fluttered by a passing breeze. We drove on and found a stream of water, seemingly as white as milk, spouting from a cranny in the cliff a dozen feet above our heads, and falling clear of all save air, to the road. It was beautiful, this birthplace of a trout brook, and the long action of falling drops had hollowed a strangely symmetrical basin beside the road. I got down and drank and found the water pure and sweet, but so cold that it made me remember that teeth rebel against extremes. The overflow from this miniature reservoir formed a little stream which flowed merrily beside our road until we reached the open once more. Where the sun could strike fair upon the water, an artificial hollow had been made, which was utilized as a watering-place by all who drove that way. Here our good ponies drank their fill, the Madam explaining that the cold water of the upper pool was almost certain to injure a horse, or kill it, if the animal was warm when allowed to drink. While we waited, a magnificent team of trotters, hooked to a skeleton wagon, swept proudly past at a clinking gait and, as we admired their superb action, the Madam said, "That must be Mr. A——, the new lumber king. I've heard of his horses. He has driven from town and I hope he knew enough not to water them at the fall." "If he's a stranger I'll lay that he did that very thing," I answered. "I'd have done it, too, unless I happened to feel of the water first or drank some myself." We learned later that one of those noble bays died ere night, and the other was only saved by unceasing attention.

A mile further the Madam turned the team from the road, and drove through brown prairie grass and oak-scrub as high as the ponies' knees. The prairie in question was almost circular and perhaps five miles across. Big Bob uncurled himself and bounded from his couch, and without waiting for orders, swept forward as well as the tangle of cover would allow him. Soon the grass became shorter and the scrub was left behind. Then Bob had a chance to prove his merit and he did it admirably. With a stride as smooth and tireless as a machine, he beat to windward, getting farther and farther away, until the lemon head was indistinguishable, and merely a flying white spot indicated his whereabouts in the grass. We jogged steadily in pursuit and I asked, when he was almost out of sight, "Isn't he ranging a trifle wide?"

"Not he! That's the grandest dog in all the world. Why, you could—See! he's found them!" exclaimed the Madam. Far away over the copper-colored grass, farther than I had ever looked for dog before, what seemed to be a toy-dog that showed whitely in the sunlight, was trotting steadily in one direction. In a moment it halted, and the Madam said firmly, "There's chickens over yonder, or you can have this team."

She whipped up and headed directly for Bob, while I felt in my shell-pocket and then instinctively gripped the gun. It was well that I did so, for the ponies suddenly made one bound to the right and planted their feet solidly in a dead stop, as a lone chicken roared up from almost under the wheels. I had just hold enough on the seat to keep from falling out of the rig and at the same time to shoot the easy-going chicken. As the gun cracked, a voice in my ear grunted "good," then I re-loaded and secured the bird.

Bob still held his point, and when we got within fifty yards of him I was told to get down and walk ahead. The ponies followed eagerly, and it was a most extraordinary sensation to me to be walking up to a pointing dog while a

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team of ponies almost stepped on my heels, and two pony muzzles almost rested on my shoulders. Bob glanced round when he heard us approaching, and when I reached him he coolly marched ahead for twenty yards, then calmly sat down, as much as to say, "You were a long time getting here; I'm tired, and there are your chickens."

The ponies walked right to me. One took a sniff at Bob's back, then both pricked their ears forward and stared ahead expectantly. There was music coming, and they knew it well, and wanted to be as close as possible. Burr-r-r! a fat, slow chicken rose heavily, and I almost blew it to pieces. Burr-r-r! and its mate fell almost on top of it, while an eager, cautious voice was talking at my back. "Good, good! Stand still and load *fast*. There's more!" Burr-r! bang! Burr-r-r! bang! "Good! give it to them!" Burr-r! bang! Burr-urr! burr! bang! Burr! whirr-r! whiz! They all went away, and just in time, for I was getting rattled, and found myself striving to jam my finger into the gun and hold a shell in my hand at the same instant.

"Hub's right; you're 'chain lightning,'" laughed the Madam. "He lets them get twice that far away—what did you want to blow them to pieces for?"

"They're new to me. I'm used to shooting quail in cover; these tubs don't know how to fly," I replied, as I helped Bob secure the slain. The Madam laughed joyously, and said, "Well, you killed them all right, but my! my! that little gun shoots close; three of these birds are ruined. Hub'll laugh at you when he sees such work. You really must give them more time."

There was no question as to the truth of her statement, and fifteen minutes later, when Bob pulled up grandly on the remainder of the covey, I improved on my original method by giving the birds a trifle more law, though still shooting much quicker than is considered good form on the plains. A man who can shoot only moderately well should not miss half a dozen early chickens in a day's good shooting. Later in the season, when the birds are stronger and wilder and flush at a distance, it is another matter to kill them cleanly. But at any season a chicken is easy enough to *hit*.

Before noon I had bagged fifteen fine birds, all that we could find proper use for, so we drove to some timber and unhooked the ponies for an hours's rest and lunch. It was pleasant sitting there in the grateful shade, with leagues of picturesque wildness spreading far before to vague purplish hills, and, to be candid, the enjoyment was not marred either by the Madam's presence, or by the Madam's tasty lunch. I was a trifle worried about her standing much more sport, and decided that we would rest thoroughly and then drive straight home. Unquestionably the outing had so far done her good, but prudence whispered of a possible overdoing, though it was hard to realize, while looking at her, that she was anything else but perfectly strong. She rattled merrily away, for she was a good talker, and by the time we got started upon the return drive I had learned much about life and sport upon Wisconsin prairies. I also learned an important bit of news —for she *couldn't* keep it to herself. She had a sister—O! such a lovely sister, and the said sister was coming to visit her and would arrive within the week! This was startling, for the approach of the sister was to be kept severely from me. A woman like the Madam always has a sister on tap somewhere, and available at short notice, and I felt a trifle dubious regarding the prospects. Still, I lied cheerfully about the pleasures I expected from meeting such a sister, but before we had driven three miles I wished the fair unknown was in a convent and the convent on lost Atlantis.

Our route home led mainly across open prairies, varied with occasional pleasant bits of woodland. Upon one of these small prairies I saw a picture which I will not soon forget. Bob ranged zealously over every bit of promising ground, and at last, when we could see home in the hazy distance, the good dog found birds. He made a superb point, and as we neared him I remarked, jestingly, to the Madam: "You have taught me a great deal about shooting. You have criticised my style, but like many another critic you dare not attempt to do better. Why don't you try a pop at these birds?"

To my utter amazement she coolly replied: "I think I will. Your gun's light enough." She seemed to be in

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earnest, so we pulled up, and I gave her the gun. Something about the way she handled it hinted that her knowledge of sport was not purely theoretical, though strangely enough she had told me not a word about having ever fired a gun at game. She remarked, as she put the weapon to her shoulder, "It seems odd without hammers, and the stock's so long I can only reach the left trigger, but I'll try once, anyway." Bob stood stanchly as the Madam walked to him with an easy indifference. I caught one glimpse of her face and saw that her lips were firmly compressed and her eyebrows frowning slightly, then a bird flushed some distance from her. The length of stock bothered her for an instant, but it did my heart good to see her pose and how beautifully she handled the gun. For a second or so she covered the bird, then lowered the gun and moved forward a step. Up buzzed a strong bird within fifteen yards and flew rapidly low to the grass, affording quite a difficult mark. The wee figure straightened with a snap, the gun seemed to flash to the level — one instant's pause, then she tumbled that chicken like a rag in the grass—clean killed!

For a moment I was too astonished to say anything—then I voiced a hearty, well-earned, honest "Bully!"

In a moment she came back with her bird; her face fairly glowed with delight and her eyes snapped with triumph, and the thought flashed into my mind—if some of our city ladies could have seen that shot, how soon we'd have more of them a-field. She handed back the gun and asked, "Was that right?" I hastily assured her that it was simply magnificent, then, womanlike, she said shortly, "It kicked." I winced, for the gun only weighed seven pounds, and when I gave it to her I forgot that the shells carried three and a half drachms of powder, an ounce of shot and all the wads they would hold.

Since then I have seen the Madam do some excellent shooting with her own dearly-prized sixteen-gauge, but none of her performances made such a lasting impression upon my memory as did that wonderful and totally unexpected illustration of her prowess. I have often thought since I would dearly like to have a painting of that rear view as I saw it.

When we reached home we found that a telegram had been brought on from town, and the message stated that the idealistic sister would arrive and must be met and driven to the farm that evening. The honest little ponies had to be hooked up again after a rest and feed, and no sooner was the team ready than the Madam and Hub developed a strange weariness. Neither of them could wag a finger—I never saw such utterly exhausted folk in my life—so, *of course*, I had to drive to town.

When the train pulled in, some satchels, a trunk—and—well, to tell the truth, a much prettier picture of the Madam, were at my disposal. I loaded it all on the buckboard, and the drive home was not nearly so much of a penance as I had anticipated. Two or three times I caught a pair of very potent black eyes taking me in curiously, so, finally, I questioned abruptly: "Well, are you finding her very minute description correct?"

She started, colored, then burst out laughing, and replied significantly:

"Very! So very correct, indeed, that I'll have to see Hub about it."

The new arrival proved a pronounced success. She could sing, and drive, and ride, and tramp for miles, but she couldn't shoot. Of course the Madam promptly gave orders that I must teach the mysteries of the chase.

What could a poor weak bachelor do? Ten miles from a club or a drink, with two imperious females running things, with a husband ostensibly a friend, but in reality a scheming foe. The bachelor, by force of circumstances, taught the young idea how to shoot.

Fun? Fun no end! Long romantic drives over Elysian plains; good sport, good dog, good nags, and a fascinating comrade as keen for fun after the first taste as I was—could mortal ask for more? Mortal could, and did, for when my leave had expired I asked for another week and got it. We enjoyed three more glorious days, and then she had to go home. Through the gathering shadows of a perfect September evening I drove her to the depot. We talked of many things and fought our battles o'er again, until finally I—I—"Yes!" says a lady reader, "you—out with it, man!" Well, I put her on board her train and bade her good-by. What did you think I said to her?

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PAST SUBURBANS.

BY FRANCIS TREVELYAN.

THE battle-scarred veteran is scarcely prouder of the part he played in the cavalry charge that dislodged the enemy, than is the man who owned, trained or rode a Derby, a St. Leger, or a Suburban winner. Indeed, the glory is vicarious. Even to have backed such a horse is a reflected honor, a display of keen judgment, perhaps of intimacy with the persons who were most closely connected with the horse's achievements. "*Haec olim meminisse javabit*" is the most appropriate motto in writing of the Derby triumphs of a Gladiateur or an Ormonde, or the Surbuban laurels of a Troubadour or a Salvator.

Yet oddly enough there has hitherto been but little American turf history compiled. Of the ante-bellum period there is virtually none, and worse still, it has become almost impossible to collect any fitting records. The loss is a real one. Even in England where there is, comparatively speaking, an ancient history of the turf, if a veracious chronicler of the period had handed down a full and particular account of how "the Merry Monarch" defeated his contemporary horsemen on Newmarket Heath, what immense value such writing would now possess. As it is, even the few scattered items that have found their way down to the present generation are eagerly treasured, and afford the latter day historian a never-failing object. Here, where racing has been in existence only since a comparatively recent date, it is really astounding that warning has not been taken. As anything remotely approaching a national institution, the American turf has not existed much beyond the limit of the memory of living men, yet its history in a connected form is lacking. Even of the present era, dating from the opening of Jerome Park, nothing like a continuous narrative has ever been attempted.

Although the Suburban is by no means the oldest, or even one of the oldest of the great stakes of the Eastern turf, there is no disputing that it has assumed a very foremost place among our classic events. This is remarkable for more reasons than one. In the first place a handicap has no right to such pre-eminence, and secondly, it is only ten years since that stanch, but unlucky horse, General Monroe, won the first running. But there are good reasons why the Suburban has secured its present position. No race has ever had so much "free advertising," since the entries, weights and declarations are published during the dullest of dull seasons, and turf writers have had twenty times as much to say about it as they would have had its date fallen in the height of the season. Though the value of the stake has since been very largely increased, the event has from its inauguration been of sufficient importance to attract the entries of the best horses in training, so the scribes have had a prolific source of inspiration, and day after day, week after week, month after month the happenings and probabilities in connection with it have found unhampered ventilation.

In the ten runnings that have so far been seen, there has been sufficient incident to furnish more than one chapter of turf history. Much has been written in a diffusive fashion, but, as most usually happens, facts that have at most been merely hinted at really constitute what may be best called the "unwritten history," and are the most interesting. Even if the Suburban shall still maintain its prestige a century hence, no incident interwoven with its existence will have created greater enthusiasm or more widely spread interest than the match which was the direct upshot of the handicap in 1890—the hard fought victory of the gallant Salvator over his redoubtable rival Tenny. Nothing more curiously pathetic will have been witnessed than the victory of Loantaka in 1891, the speedy black cripple that, year in and year out, his owner had nursed and cared for with all the solicitude characteristic of a mother toward her babe. Nothing more disheartening than the twice repeated failures of Major Domo and

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Terra Cotta to secure the prize so temptingly close to their grasp. No coup more carefully planned and skillfully executed than that triumphantly brought off by Troubadour when in 1866 he carried Captain "Sam" Brown's "cherry-blue cap" to victory.

Going back to 1884 we come to the first running of the Suburban. E. J. McElmeel then owned the stanch racehorse, Gen. Monroe, that won the first Suburban. He was an old Irishman who had had the luck to acquire possession of a good horse. An ill-fated one, too, as it subsequently turned out.

Nothing is more painful than the way horses "come down in the world." To the lover of the sport it seems less saddening that the clubman should sink to the level of a tramp, than that a racehorse that has held his own with the very best, should come down to contending for paltry purses on eighth-rate tracks. Thus it is at the present when Barnum, the gallant gelding who so boldly disputed the supremacy of the erstwhile Queen of the Turf, Miss Woodford, has been running and ignominiously beaten for $200 purses at an obscure Western race-track. So, too, it was with Gen. Monroe. The Suburban winner fell to the level of a Brighton Beach selling plater, going from bad to worse till he met what was perhaps an appropriate and kindly fate in falling in a race at that track and breaking a leg so that a bullet soon put an end to his suffering.

Another Suburban full of incident was that won for Mr. Pierre Lorillard by Pontiac in 1885. Pontiac is a horse with a history. Though foaled in America he is of English parentage on both sides of the house. As a yearling he showed such remarkably good trials that the Master of Rancocas shipped him to England with a lot of others. Pontiac showed some fair form on the other side of the Atlantic, though none of the consignment did really well. Towards the end of his three year old form he was brought back to this country, but did badly that Autumn. The consequence was that he was let into the Suburban at the light weight of 102 lbs., a matter that must have cost the handicapper responsible for it more than one sleepless night. The field was a bad one, but there was in it a certain aged gelding from the West, Monogram, whom Mr. Lawrence had overlooked, giving him so small an impost as 97 lbs. But this perhaps would have been all right if this horse had not astounded the turfmen of the West by his form in the early Spring. As late as the second of June (the Suburban being fixed for the eleventh) he had put up 112 lbs. and beaten a good lot at Latonia a mile and a quarter in 2:08¾. In racing slang the big race looked a "moral" for him. So good a public trial could not be overlooked and not only did Monogram's own stable stand to win a large fortune on him but the public poured their money on till he went to the post a 2½ to 1 favorite in a field of fifteen.

What the real inside history of that race was will probably never be made public. In all likelihood Pontiac would have won anyhow, barring accidents, for he was virtually the only one in it, and cantered home the easiest possible winner. But Monogram's crushing defeat—for the Western gelding was never dangerous and did not run within thirty or forty pounds of his Western form—must, it is to be feared, be put down as one of the dark mysteries of the turf. Even the most conservative papers did not hesitate to say that there was something seriously wrong about his performance. The ring stood to lose a "cracker" over him and it is hard to avoid the conclusion that he was effectually "taken care of." His own party, headed by his owner, R. C. Pate, no one suspected, for they stood to win too much on his victory and it was stated that the colored jockey who rode him, George Withers, had the last penny he had in the world on his mount. The horse was scarcely at all distressed after the race, which is always the most suspicious of circumstances. While nothing will ever be proven about the matter, the chances are that certain jockeys had very special instructions, and that by closing in on Monogram and never letting him out of a pocket, they as completely settled his chances as if he had never left the stable.

Though Mr. Lorillard won the race, it was one of the greatest disappointments of his turf career. If there is one thing this gentleman more dearly loves than anything else, it is to have the chance of making the ring "squeal." The horse, Pontiac, had shown a wonderful trial

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before he was brought up from Mr. Lorillard's farm at Jobstown, having gone the distance, it was said, in 2.08 on a six-furlong track, a performance little short of marvelous. His clever trainer, Matt Byrnes, who now has charge of the great stable that carries the colors of Mr. Marcus Daly, the "Copper King," had the colt trained to the hour, a nice point in the art in which he stands second to none among American horsemen. It looked as if the hour had come for a coup of proportions unheard of in America, but it was destined to prove one more instance where the "best laid plans gang a'glae."

The State Legislature had thrown out the Ives Pool Bill, but it was thought that betting would nevertheless not be interfered with. To meet the emergency, however, Mr. Leonard Jerome had evolved the scheme of adopting the *pari mutuel* system, and Mr. Lorillard had no doubt that he would be able to profitably invest the solid roll of bills he brought with him to Sheepshead Bay that day. But ten minutes after the bookmakers had posted the odds on the first race, word came that all business must be stopped, and the funeral knell of the coup that would have been discussed in admiring tones to this day was rung. Some betting was done, but it was in a half-hearted way. The odds were absurdly short and no considerable sums were taken. Pontiac did all that was expected of him, but his victory instead of being a huge triumph was a species of disappointment.

There was perhaps as much that was really interesting about the race of 1886 as any that has been run in this country, and the personality of the principal actors adds to the situation. There was, as is usually the case, a strong character that evolved and directed it, and though, as the trainer of the winner, J. W. Rogers, then comparatively unrecognized in the East as one of the very ablest men in his profession, gained some renown, the engineering of the affair has never been publicly credited to him. At the end of the previous season Mr. Rogers had severed his connection as trainer with that rugged and eccentric character on the Western turf, Edward Corrigan, for whom he had trained the "magnificent cripple," Freeland, and had accepted the same position with his present partner, Captain "Sam" Brown, the millionaire mine owner of Pittsburg. Rogers, with his quiet, reserved manner, hit it off at once with the bluff, hearty man whose horses he was handling.

The stable entered two horses in the Suburban, Jim Guest (afterward called Supervisor) and Troubadour. Now the latter, though he had been a really good two-year-old, had gone all to pieces in his three-year-old form. The public, therefore, thought much better of Jim Guest, and as good as 100 to 1 was offered against Troubadour in the winter books. Of course this price would not have been maintained before anything like a regular outlay of stable money, and in consequence strategy was called into play. A bookmaker would be asked to lay a price against Jim Guest, and a bet having been made, would inquire whether Mr. Rogers, who took charge of this part of the business, did not want to back the stable-mate, the bookmaker having an eye to a "round book," the trainer would reply: "Well, I might just as well throw away fifty dollars on him," and a ticket calling for $5,000 to $50 would change hands. In this way some two or three thousand dollars were thrown away as decoy money on Jim Guest, and Captain Brown stood to win about $80,000 on Troubadour in return for a very small outlay, the entire commission being put on at odds averaging as good as 60 to 1. One well known firm laid $10,000 to $100 in a single bet.

But Troubadour did not go to the post at any such price as this, and in the last twenty-four hours there was such a rush to back him that he actually started a strong second favorite to Lizzie Dwyer, at 4 to 1. In connection with this phenomenal plunge—for such it was—there is a most interesting story, though before narrating it, it is in order to tell another incident.

The mare Lizzie Dwyer, who started favorite at 3 to 1, was the property of Edward Corrigan, and had in the hands of Rogers proved herself a real clinker. In the spring Corrigan wrote to Rogers, and asked him to take charge of the mare if he sent her and give her a special preparation for the big event. To the astonishment of the Western turfman Rogers replied that he did not care to undertake the job because he already had one that he thought could win.

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Corrigan, thinking Jim Guest was meant, was inclined to be sarcastic but the upshot opened his eyes. Money poured in on the mare and she started with more wagered on her chances than any animal ever had in the turf history of this country. Alas for her backers, however! A mile settled her and it is safe to say that Mr. Corrigan thought none the less of the capabilites of his old trainer after the race was over.

But to return to the plunge made on Troubadour at the eleventh hour. Of course as a rule horses are given their final " winding up " gallops for any great race two days previous to it. The knowing ones in the racing world, therefore, stood aghast when it was announced that Troubadour had been sent the Suburban distance, one and one quarter miles, with his weight up, on the morning preceding the race, in the phenomenally fast time of 2:07 3-4. The proceeding was pronounced suicidal and the smart ones predicted he would not be able to "head a bull in a lane" the next day. The public, however, did not weigh all these points and only knowing that this wonderful trial had been made, backed the horse with such hearty good will that his price fell with a rattle.

Once more did the result prove that Rogers had comprehended what he was about. The inward history of that fast move is curious. Captain Brown had a special car for his horses and it proved that it was too big to pass through a tunnel this side of Pittsburg. Consequently Troubadour and another horse called Masterpiece, were brought on before the others which were sent round by the Erie road. Masterpiece, it had been intended, was to lead Troubadour in his work, the latter being a horse that would never run without company. But Masterpiece hurt his foot, and was laid on the shelf, and Rogers waited for the other horses but they did not come. The trainer knowing his horse so thoroughly even waited till the last day when *faut de mieux* he was worked alone. Troubadour happened to be in a running humor and though after he had gone half a mile in 49½ seconds, Rogers signaled to O'Hara who was riding him, to go slower, the distance was worked out in the extraordinarily fast time already mentioned. Many a horse has had his chances spoiled by less, but Rogers knew that he was dealing with a hardy one. Troubadour could scarcely have been better than he was the next day, and when the late Capt. W. M. Conner dropped the flag to a good start, the horse was quickest of the lot on his legs and virtually won the race from end to end. Captain Conner was, by the by, specially engaged to start the one particular race, and so pleased were the Jockey Club officials with his good work that they made him a handsome present of a piece of silver plate.

One more story about the Suburban of 1886. Troubadour was ridden by Fitzpatrick, " Daredevil Fitz," as he has been called, always one of the most deservedly popular of American jockeys. On the actual morning of the race, poor Fitz was feeling very " blue," for owing to shabby treatment at the hands of Mr. Corrigan, he was not to have a mount in the classic event. Corrigan had wanted Isaac Murphy. "the colored Archer," then at the very summit of his popularity, to ride Lizzie Dwyer for him, but at first Murphy's employer, " Lucky " Baldwin of California, had refused to permit it. Then recourse was taken to Fitzpatrick and telegrams came pouring in on him at Jerome Park. At the last moment Murphy was enabled to ride and Corrigan, instead of sticking to the man who had come to his aid in an emergency, put Murphy upon the favorite. Thus it was that Fitzpatrick was apparently to be left out in the cold and it was literally at the last moment that, on the advice of the well-known trainer, Walter Rollins, Captain Brown gave him the mount on Troubadour. How the jockey must have felt when he saw the mare beaten a quarter of a mile from home and had his own mount going strong and well in the lead, can be better imagined than described.

The years 1887, 1888 and 1889, in which Eurus, Elkwood and Raceland respectively put the race to their credit were comparatively uneventful. In the first of these years the big race was generally pronounced an absolute failure. The field that started were distinctly commonplace. Had that grand three-year-old, Hanover, gone to the post it is dollars to cents that he would have reversed the verdict which that "old rogue" Eurus gained for Mr. A. J. Cassatt's popular "tri-color."

Poor old Eurus, there is much that is

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pathetic about his history. On the turf he was regarded as the typical rogue, an in-and-outer of the deepest dye, defeating crack race-horses to-day and refusing to try a yard to-morrow. But when he was finally retired from training, after standing a phenomenal series of hard campaigns, an explanation was quickly vouchsafed of his conduct. It was not granted to him to enjoy any period of *otium cum dignitate* such as befalls most horses of renown when their days on the turf are over. His trip to the happy hunting grounds began within a few months, and an autopsy revealed that the old warrior had been suffering with an enormous tumor which must have been the growth of a lengthy period. Who can tell what suffering the old horse was undergoing when, pinning his ears back and refusing to run another yard, he reaped a harvest of villification. The disastrous history of his Suburban was rounded out by the fact that the hot second favorite Quito and the well backed Ben Ali were left standing at the post, and the favorite Richmond, who started at 2 to 1, proved a false idol.

An equally rank outsider was Elkwood, another son of Eolus, the only sire that has as yet begotten two Suburban winners, but the race was a magnificent one in contrast with the previous year, when the greenest of green stable boys had merely had to sit still on his horse's back to win with profound ease. There was, too, more history in connection with the race. It resulted in a magnificent finish in which Elkwood got home by a head from Terra Cotta, who had been pocketed till the last fifty yards.

This was another race where the victory was in a measure a disappointment to the owner of the winner. Mr. Walter Gratz had two in, Elkwood and Fenelon, the latter an animal who, if he would show his best form, was then little removed from being absolutely first class. It was known, of course, that Fenelon was utterly unreliable, but Mr. Gratz backed him so well in the winter books that he would have won $10,000 on his victory, while he had only the very modest bet of $100 both to win and for a place on Elkwood. The latter had been intended for the Brooklyn handicap, but this event was run that year on a very heavy track, and Elkwood, unlike most of his sire's get, could not race a bit in mud. It devolved, then, upon his clever trainer, Jim Dyer, to keep the horse "on edge" during the month that intervened between the two races, and though Elkwood was anything but an easy horse with which to accomplish this task, Dyer succeeded.

Raceland's year 1889 was essentially commonplace. Needless to say, the triumph of the Belmont "maroon and scarlet," especially on the back of a favorite, was popular, but only nine started, and the average of quality was very low. Terra Cotta, who at best was only an illustrious cripple, was again second, while that charming but unlucky little race-mare, Gorgo, was third. The winner of the previous year was another starter, but he was not himself and pulled up very lame.

Looking back over the roll of honor from the year 1890, it can be definitely said that none of the other Suburban winners have occupied the same place in popular esteem as Salvator. Despite the fact that he was defeated both in his two and three-year-old form, the gallant son of Prince Charlie made a reputation that no other horse in the history of our turf has quite equaled. "He was never beaten when he was right," is a standing answer to those who point to the careers of other great race horses, and it is true. As a two-year-old he was forced to strike his colors, because his preparation had necessarily been so hurried that the colt was "dead sore." As a three-year-old he met his Waterloo when Longstreet and Proctor Knott finished in front of him in the Lorillard stakes. But a novice could see that day that Salvator was not himself, and, indeed, that his three-year-old form was so brilliant is little short of marvelous when it is considered that he had a severe attack of pneumonia in the spring, the results of which appeared even in the autumn in his lack of muscle.

The field that started in this year, 1890, was the best in the history of the Suburban, small but very select. Only nine horses, but among them were Salvator himself, Tenny, Firenze, Raceland, Prince Royal and Longstreet, six such horses as have seldom met in the world. True, a light-weighted commoner gave the great race-horse a very hot argument for the honors, but Cassius' performance was one of the

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Painted for OUTING by Gean Smith. EURUS.

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Painted for OUTING by Gean Smith. PONTIAC.

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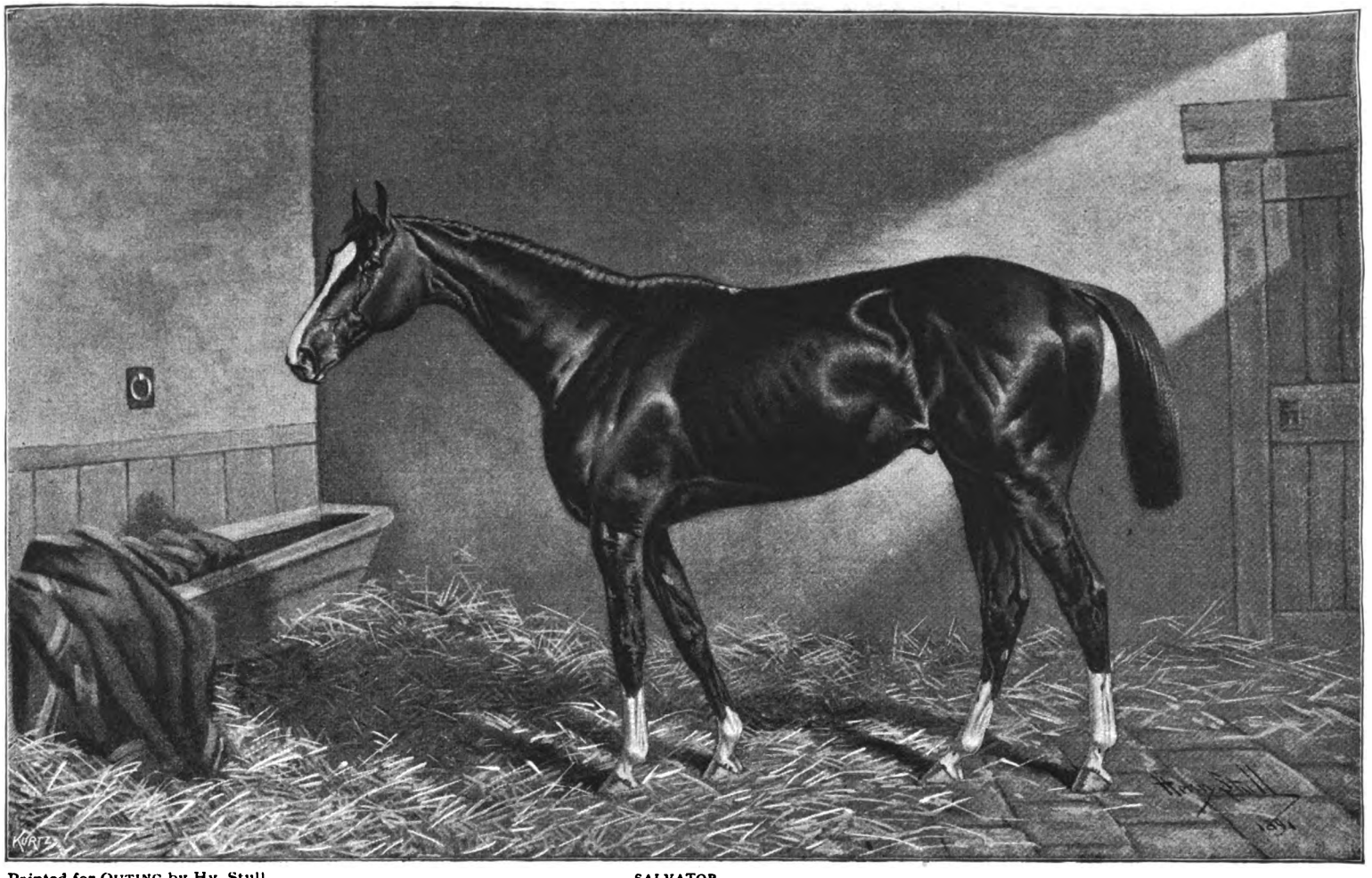

Painted for OUTING by Hy. Stull. SALVATOR.

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triumphs of absolutely perfect condition. Salvator, in the spring of his four-year-old form, carried the highest weight a Suburban winner has yet put up, 127 pounds. The excitement over his immensely popular victory was only second to that when eight days later he beat Tenny in the famous match. The 30,000 persons who were present on Suburban Day roared themselves hoarse. Even the set features of Mr. Haggin, the colt's owner, broke into an involuntary smile. Without a doubt this was the "star performance" in the history of the Suburbans already run, and it was universally conceded that it was the first time the event offered a contest worthy of the pride of place accorded to it as a leading classic feature of the American turf.

Loantaka's victory brings us up to a very recent date, 1891. That race afforded an almost unequaled specimen of topsy-turvy form, with three rank outsiders first, second and third, and it is not too much to say that if the race could by any possibility have been run twenty times, the same result or anything approaching to it would not once have been attained. There was a great deal that was curious and interesting about it, however. If Martin had not been on Elkwood's back when he won, he would almost surely have won with Major Domo. The lad lost his head when the critical point came, the prospect of a second Suburban victory on an outsider proving too exciting.

This was too, the second "poor man's" victory in the history of the event. "Uncle Dave" McCoun had nursed and cared for Loantaka ever since the day he bought the colt, then known as the Ugly Duckling, for $275, from Mrs. George Lorillard. A horse with the worst of legs and feet he had needed the most unremitting care, but his owner would never have started him for the big race had it not been for the jockey, Martin Bergen, who paid the horse's starting fee and rode him with superb judgment. The horse never liked so long a distance and the remoteness of the possibility that he could win was but poorly indicated by the 25 to 1 laid against him in the ring. As a matter of fact it can be said with truth that he gained his success solely because his chances were thought so extremely poor by his stable.

Of the race of 1892 little need be said. It was won by good and lost by bad jockeyship, though if Matt Byrnes had not had Montana in the pink of condition, Garrison could never have landed that rank counterfeit in first place. Again was the prize snatched from Mr. Spiers, the owner of Major Domo, by bad riding, Lamley losing his head to an even greater degree than had Martin in the previous year. Among the horses the honors of the race rested with the gallant three year old, Lamplighter, who was third, beaten only a neck and a head for first honors. In another stride he would have been second, in a dozen he would have won. Garrison, however, gained the verdict for the "copper, green cap" of Mr. Marcus Daly by his tireless persistence on Montana.

It is very seldom that a race of this character—a handicap—looks so foregone a conclusion as it did this year, and to all appearances it was a certainty for Lamplighter; but yet one more was added to the long list of good things that have gone wrong. Lamplighter made a gallant fight, but the light weights set a pace that defied his efforts, struggle as he might. He remains the hero of the race, but the best that he could do was to run an indifferent third. A poor man's horse, Lowlander—a fairly well backed outsider—was invincible at the weights. Unlike many others of its kind it was a truly run race, and nobody could cavil. But many deplored that the event should have shared the fate of all the big races of this year, and have not been won by the best horse.

So far as inside history goes, there was probably less of it than on any previous occasion. Few owners had had any idea, however faint, that their horses could beat Lamplighter, the great son of Spendthrift. A few, including his owner, Fred Lowe, backed the winner; but it was a great race for the bookmakers.

Such is but the briefest of sketches of the history of the Suburban. A chronicle of the race it does not assume to be, for the unwritten stories of the various runnings of the event would occupy very many times the space of the present article. Perhaps, however. when the day and the man arrive for the undertaking of a history of the American turf, some useful hints may be credited to these pages in OUTING.

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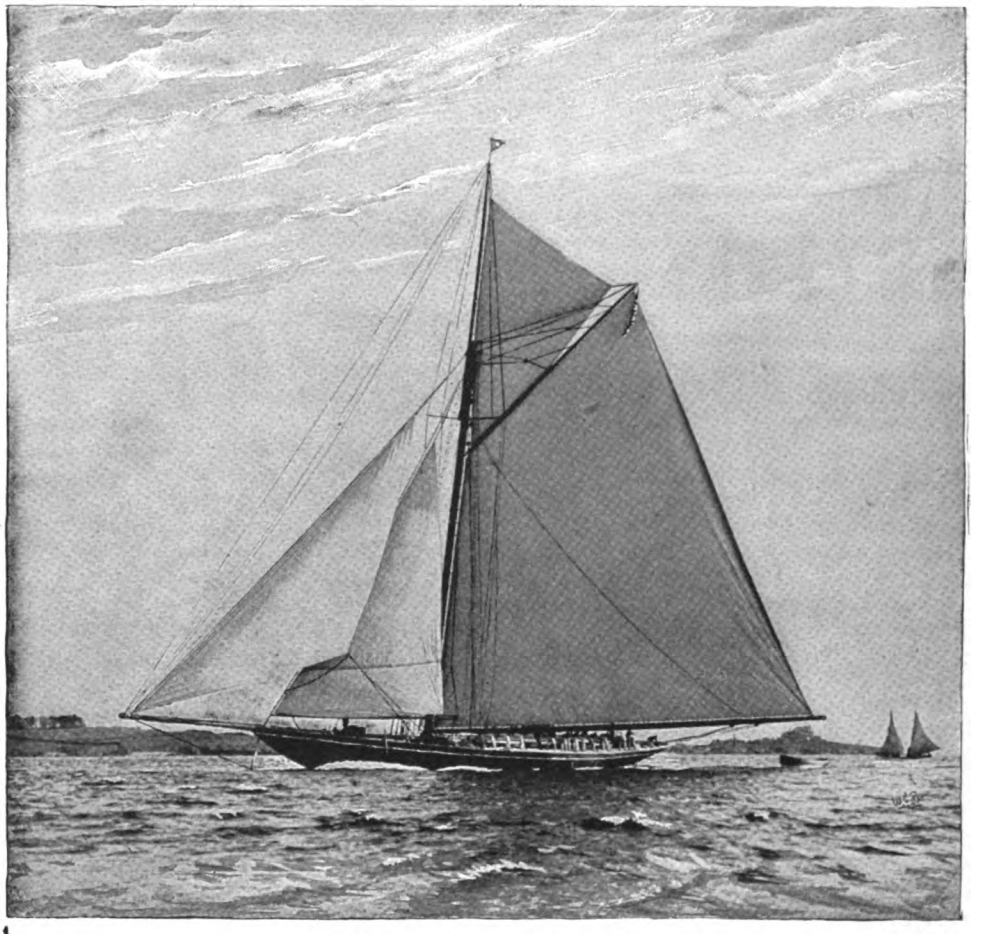

THE "NAVAHOE."—ROYAL PHELPS CARROLL, OWNER.

THE RACERS FOR THE AMERICA'S CUP.

BY CAPT. A. J. KENEALY.

AMID the salutes of guns and the strident shrieks of steam whistles the saucy Yankee sloop *Navahoe* left Newport, R. I., on Sunday, June eleventh. It was not strange that her departure should have been attended with such pomp and circumstance, for her mission is important and patriotic. She was starting on a long trip across the wild and blustering Atlantic, intent on teaching the yacht designers and smart yacht sailors of old England what New England can do in the way of carrying off cups and upholding the glory of the Stars and Stripes as they appear in the American yacht ensign — the prettiest flag that ever flapped in a breeze.

When in 1851 the schooner yacht *America* left these shores for England, determined to humble the pride of the British yachtsmen, who were firmly convinced that they alone of all maritime nations knew the art of building racing yachts and sailing them, there was no triumphal send-off. To tell the truth, the sport was in its swaddling clothes and few people were interested either in the *America* or in her ambitious endeavors.

Nevertheless, the sailing of the *America* formed an important epoch in the yachting history of the world. It demonstrated that British yachtsmen had much to learn in yacht naval architecture, and also in the smart

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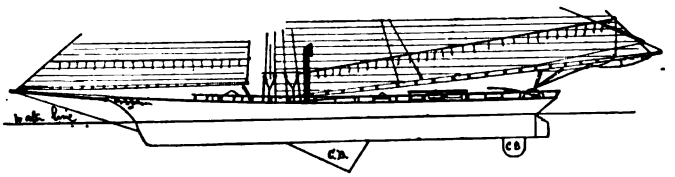

THE "MARIA," 1844.

handling of pleasure craft after being put in commission. There is no doubt that this splendid American schooner did more to develop the art of yacht naval architecture than other craft. She put the Britishers on their mettle, impelled them onward in the right direction and taught tbem new "wrinkles" of construction, shape and rig.

The surprise they felt when a mere pilot-boat—for as such they regarded the *America*—beat, at Cowes, the crack craft of the year, the flower of British pleasure yachts, was simply astounding. They could scarcely believe their eyes. And not being able to ascribe her victory to a fluke — for the wind was strong and steady — they learned to accept the defeat with some degree of philosophy.

But the lesson thus learned, albeit a bitter one, proved of incalculable benefit to British naval architects. It will be remembered that in the early fifties our clipper ships were the fastest on the water. They penetrated to the remotest corners of the earth, rounding tempestuous Cape Horn for hides and ore, carrying colossal cargoes of wool from Australia, scouring the Orient for silks and spices and gems, and opening up remote fields of commerce east and west, and south and north.

Our clipper ships and our yachts were alike unconquerable. But the destruction of our ocean carrying trade by the war, and the havoc wrought on our shipping on the high seas by the Alabama, ruined our mercantile marine.

The English and the Dutch bought up as many of our ships as were in the market, and the English shipbuilders profited vastly by our models. Imitation is doubtless the sincerest form of flattery, and the splendid work of Donald McKay in this country was copied with advantageous results by the designers of Great Britain. They closely reproduced the long clean runs of our ships and their general form below the water line, but they avoided the flange-like bow of America and cultivated almost a straight stem. They took all that was good in the American vessel and tried to improve upon it.

The result has been the development of the most magnificent vessels in the world. They are fully competent to hold their own as cargo carriers against steamships for many years to come. They are built of steel, have four masts, an immense stowage capacity, a lofty rig, large sail area and, by dint of most ingenious labor-saving contrivances, can be run quite economically.

The initiative in the development of all mercantile marine came from this country, and the same remark is true in a general way of British modern yachts. Had it not been for the *America* the English might never have deviated from their old groove or rut. It may also be urged with some degree of truth that had it not been for the Scotch cutters *Madge*, *Clara* and *Minerva*, we also might have persisted in a rather pernicious type of racing craft—"skimming dishes," whose only redeeming feature was that with the centerboard hoisted they were able to float in a few inches of water. The British assert that until the cutter *Madge* came over here we had shown no signs of improvement in our racing yachts. They say that it was the Scotch cutters that galvanized us into active life. John Harvey came here and turned out some smart craft, and was one of the first to start what is known as the cutter craze.

Edward Burgess went further. He "created" a special type of racing vessels, like *Puritan*, *Mayflower* and *Volunteer*—boats of goodly draught, immense beam, large sail area and outside lead through a slot in which an ample centerboard worked.

It would seem that craft like these should be invincible, so far as theory goes. But in practice what happened? The deep and narrow Fife cutter, *Minerva*, was for three years the conqueror in the 40-foot class against many boats embodying the qualities of the *Puritan*. Experts cannot explain this so that the ordinary common-sense man can

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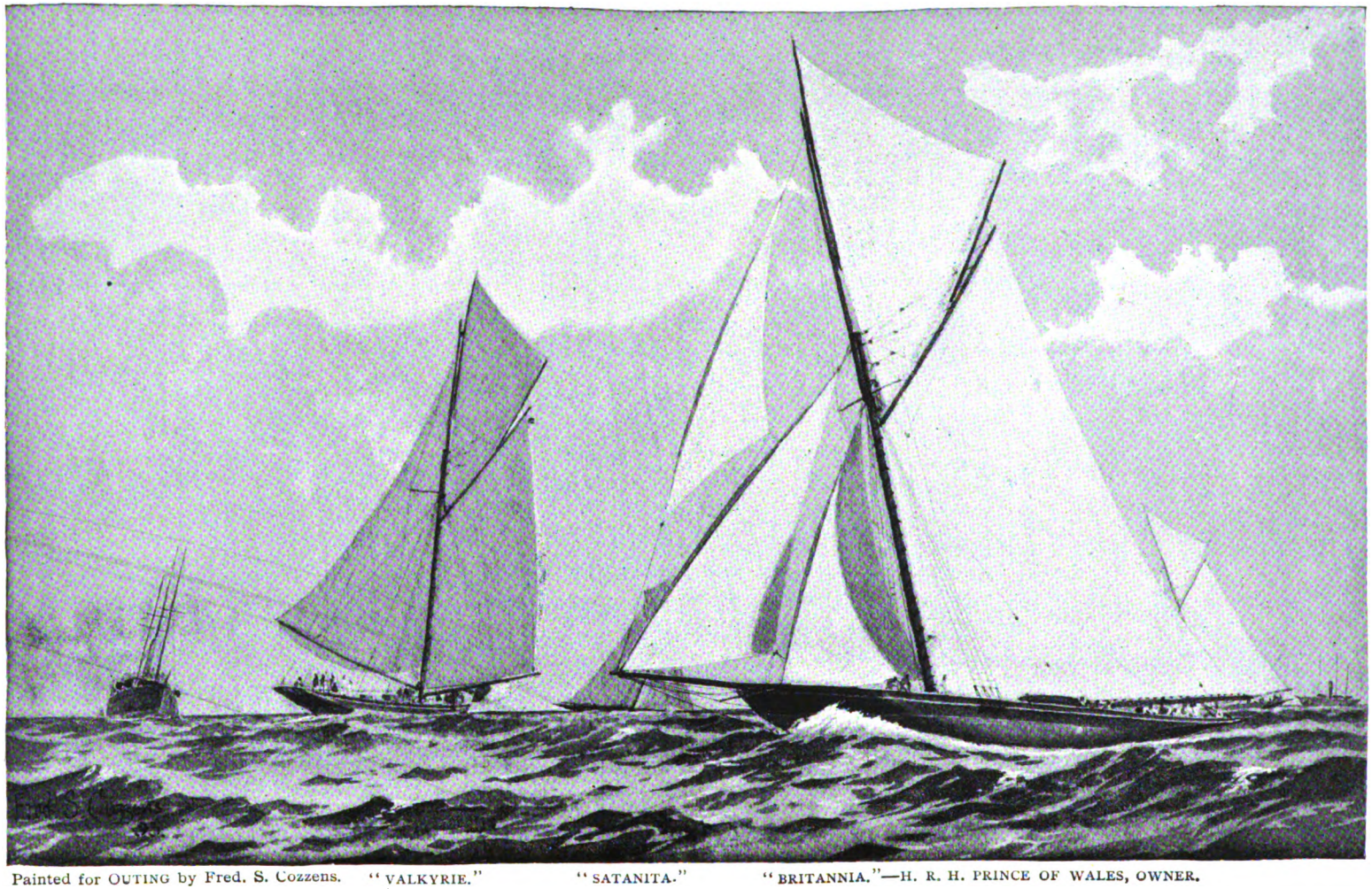

Painted for OUTING by Fred. S. Cozzens. "VALKYRIE." "SATANITA." "BRITANNIA."—H. R. H. PRINCE OF WALES, OWNER.

(See p. 388.)

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comprehend. They seek to escape in a cloud of scientific jargon that is quite too bewildering. The Burgess boat *Gossoon* eventually got the better of the *Minerva*.

Next came the era of the 46-footers, which for two years furnished excellent sport, until the big fleet was out-classed by *Gloriana* and *Wasp*. It was then that the Herreshoff star was in the ascendant. The name of the firm grew famous. Two 2½-raters built by them were sent over to England, and carried off many cups.

As is well known to the readers of OUTING, Mr. Royal Phelps Carroll built the *Navahoe* expressly for his present expedition. The extraordinary career of the *Gloriana*, invincible in her first season, and the still more phenomenal success of the *Wasp* last year, induced him to give the order for his craft to the Herreshoffs.

And in giving his instructions he was careful to stipulate that the yacht should be perfectly seaworthy, as well as a fast racing vessel.

Thus it was no "freak" racing machine that Nat G. Herreshoff designed — no bladder-like superstructure weighted down with a heavy chunk of lead at the base of a deep steel "fin." On the contrary a stout and able hull embodying all those original ideas which proved so successful in *Gloriana* and *Wasp*, and not a few hoped for improvements. All yachtsmen agree that *Gloriana* and *Wasp* are eminently seaworthy craft, and that even in their racing rig they are capable of an Atlantic voyage. But in my opinion, based upon what I saw of the *Navahoe* in some of her preliminary spins, so far as sea-worthiness goes, she is a vast improvement on her two celebrated predecessors.

Of course, I know that the Western ocean has been crossed in a dory. I am also aware that its hungry maw has swallowed up many a gigantic steamship like the *Erin* or the *Naronic*, whose sad destinies will always be unfathomable mysteries of the sea. It therefore behooves constructors of racing yachts bound across the Atlantic on cup-hunting expeditions, to turn out from their yards vessels of such shape and strength as can valiantly cope with the most savage gale and heaviest seas. To my mind the *Navahoe* is a ship of that kind. As for her speed, she is undoubtedly very fast, and if she does not achieve in a great measure the desires of her designer and the ambitious aspirations of her owner, many experts will indeed be sorely disappointed.

Mr. Carroll worked indefatigably to get her into racing trim before the start and he had many helpful hints from Commodore E. D. Morgan, of the New York Yacht Club, who manifested much interest in the boat and her racing career abroad. Mr. Carroll did not follow the example of many yacht owners in crossing the sea on a luxurious Atlantic liner and sending their boats across in charge of their sailing masters, but like Sir Richard Sutton of the *Genesta* and jovial Lieutenant Henn of the *Galatea*, he put to sea in his racer, accompanied by Mr. Woodbury Kane and Mr. Herman B. Duryea, both of whom are members of the New York Yacht Club and sailors "from clew to earing" as a "shellback" would say.

It was three o'clock on the afternoon of Sunday, June 11th, when the *Navahoe* weighed anchor and sailed out of Brenton's Cove into Newport's outer harbor. It was a lovely day, with a brisk breeze blowing from the southwest. Fleecy clouds cavorted in the dark blue sky, and the foam-flecked waves danced merrily in the channel. Mr. Fred. W. Vanderbilt's steam yacht *Conqueror*, Commodore Morgan's flagship *May*, Mr. Lloyd Phœnix's new auxiliary yacht *Intrepid*, and Mr. George Work's swift seventy-foot sloop *Katrina*, acted as a guard of honor to the departing *Navahoe*. All had large parties of guests on board. Mrs. Carroll waved an adieu to her husband from the bridge of the *May*. There was a little race between the *Navahoe* and the *Katrina* on the beat out to Brenton's Reef lightship, but the last named was not "in it." The convoying squadron, attended by a host of cat-boats and steam and naphtha launches, accompanied the *Navahoe* for a goodly distance seaward, and with hearty cheers and loving wishes for a fair passage across the ocean separated from her and put back to Newport.

The *Navahoe* was under mainsail, foresail, working gaff-topsail, jib and "baby" jib-topsail. She moved through the water remarkably fast, and was soon hull down, with the end of her bowsprit pointing for the English Channel.

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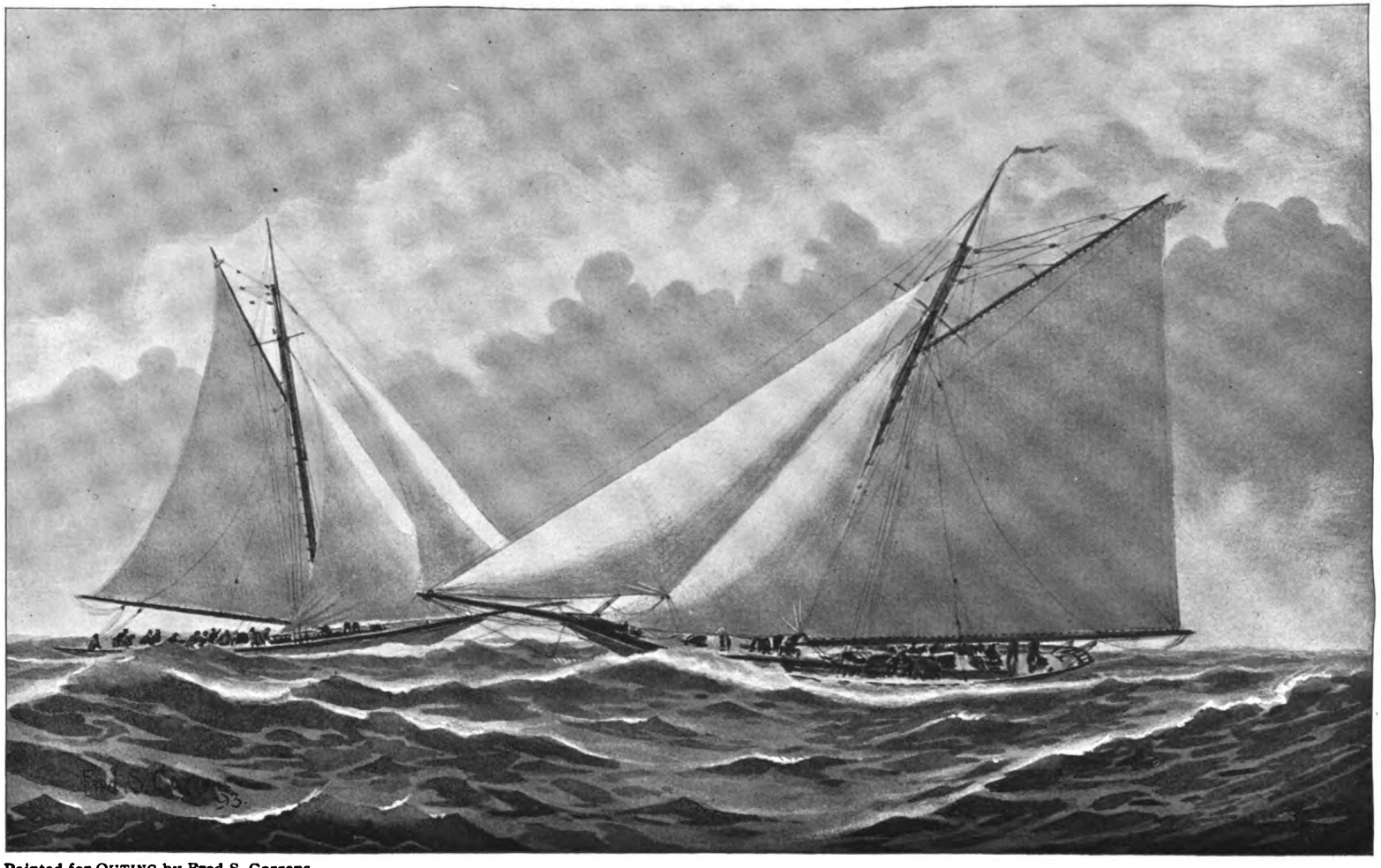

Painted for OUTING by Fred S. Cozzens.

"VIGILANT."—MORGAN-ISELIN SYNDICATE, OWNERS. "COLONIA."—ROGERS SYNDICATE, OWNERS.

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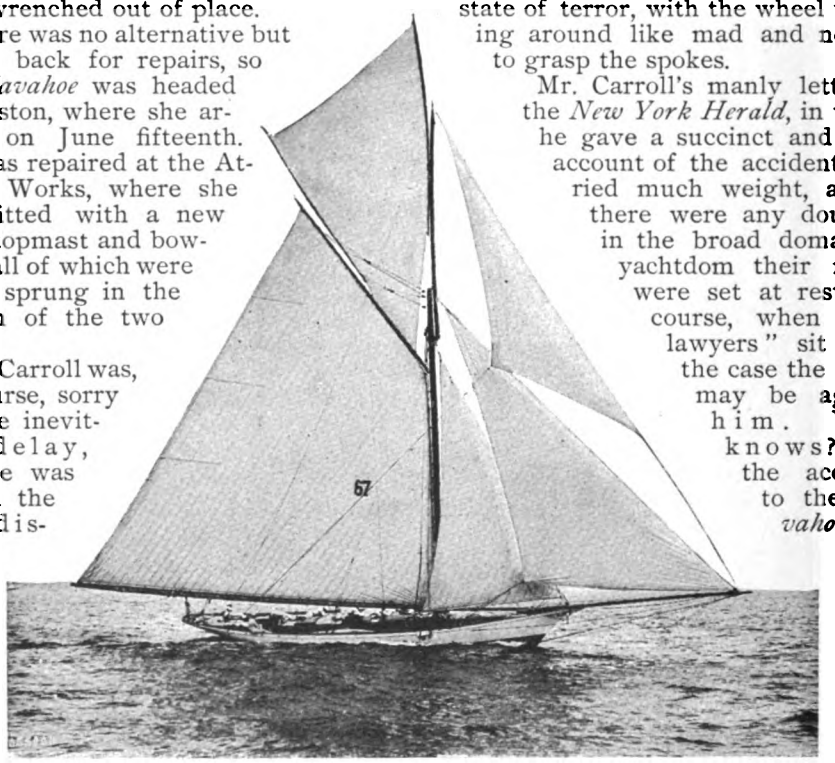
The prosperous conditions under which the *Navahoe* departed, and which seemed to augur a successful voyage, did not continue long. The yacht averaged twelve knots an hour. On Sunday night a thick fog belt was encountered, and at half-past two o'clock on Monday morning the yacht came into collision with the New Jersey pilot boat *David T. Leahy, No. 5*, which struck the *Navahoe* on the starboard bow, bending the upper plates for about ten feet and carrying away the rail. The pilot-boat was also considerably damaged forward, losing her bowsprit and having her stem wrenched out of place.

There was no alternative but to put back for repairs, so the *Navahoe* was headed for Boston, where she arrived on June fifteenth. She was repaired at the Atlantic Works, where she was fitted with a new mast, topmast and bowsprit, all of which were badly sprung in the crash of the two boats.

Mr. Carroll was, of course, sorry for the inevitable delay, but he was not in the least dis-



"GOSSOON."

heartened or discouraged. He busied himself in getting his racer into seagoing condition once more and hoped for better luck next time. This deplorable mishap delayed the *Navahoe* considerably and prevented her from taking part in several important races. The yacht blamed the pilot-boat for the disaster, and the pilot-boat said the *Navahoe* was responsible. The question will be decided in the courts, so it would not be in good taste to discuss its merits at length in these pages now.

This much, however, may be said about Mr. Carroll. He has been yachting for many years in the old schooner *Nokomis*, in which he had many enjoyable cruises; in the smart 40-footer *Gorilla*, and also in the racing cutter *Minerva* when she was owned by his brother. But during all his career as a yachtsman no such charges as were made against him by the captain of the pilot boat in question were ever adduced. His friends are indignant, and they don't believe a word of them. They say it is not usual for captains of pilot-boats to be the first to leave the ship in a state of terror, with the wheel whirling around like mad and nobody to grasp the spokes.

Mr. Carroll's manly letter to the *New York Herald*, in which he gave a succinct and lucid account of the accident, carried much weight, and if there were any doubters in the broad domain of yachtdom their minds were set at rest. Of course, when "sea-lawyers" sit upon the case the result may be against him. Who knows? But the accident to the *Navahoe* was not without its recompense to her owner, since it secured to him the companionship of his charming wife in his ocean voyage. This lady, who went to Africa with her husband, enduring hardships and perils that the average woman would not care to encounter, is a good shot, and is proud of her many trophies of the chase. It was her first intention to go to England by steamer, but when the *Navahoe* was compelled to put back for repairs, she decided to make the trip with her husband. Thus, here again is

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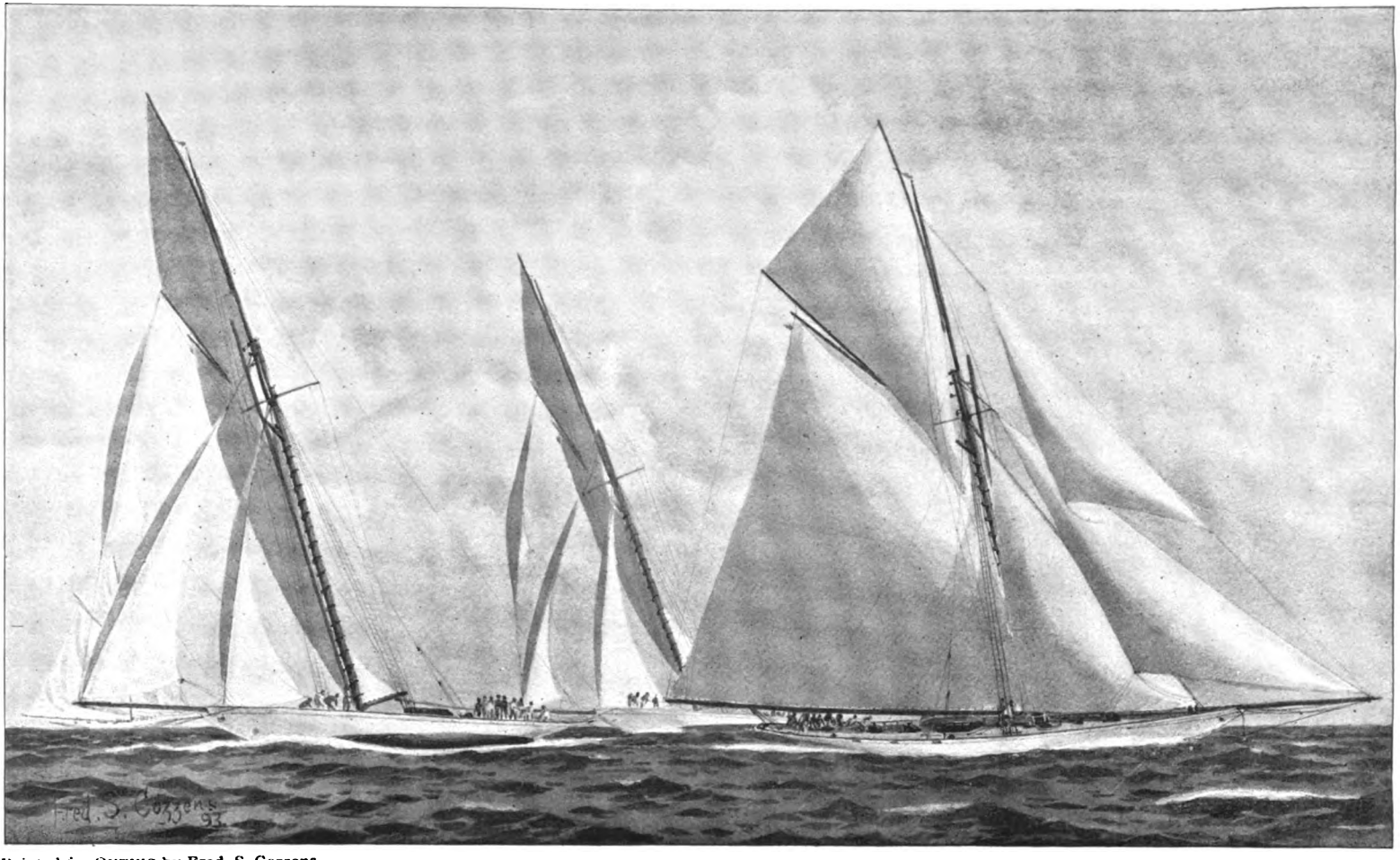

Painted for OUTING by Fred. S. Cozzens.

"JUBILEE."—THE "PAINE" CUP DEFENDER.

"PILGRIM."—DESIGNED BY STEWART & BINNEY, AND OWNED BY THE BOSTON SYNDICATE.

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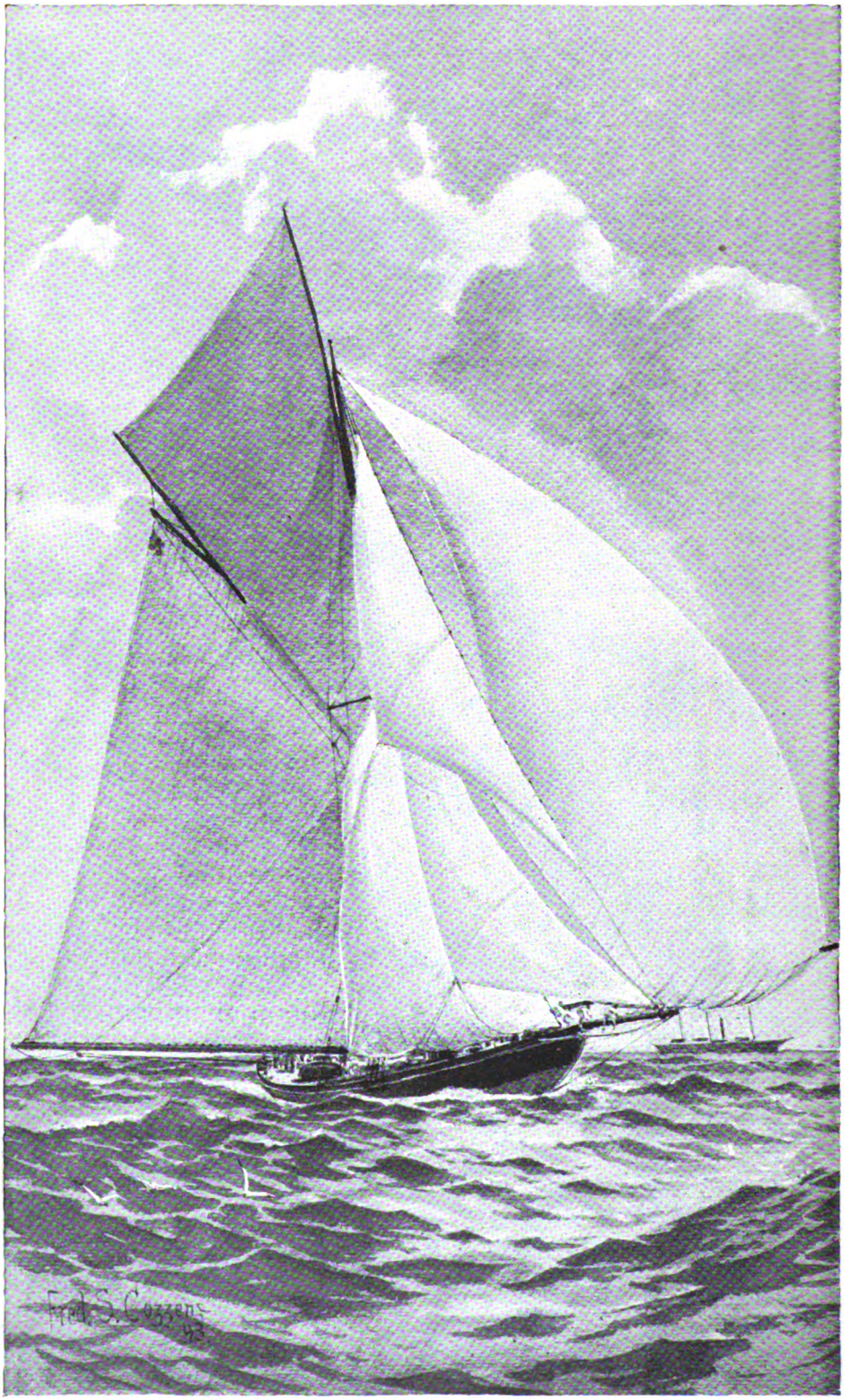

Painted for OUTING by Fred S. Cozzens.

"VALKYRIE."—LORD DUNRAVEN, OWNER.

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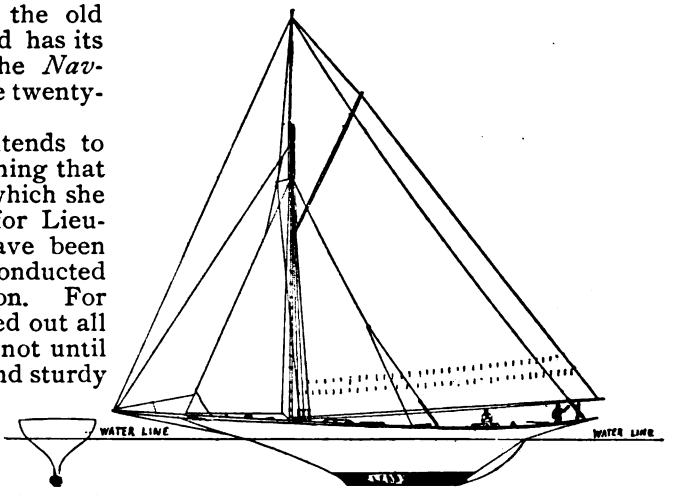
a striking exemplification of the old adage that every gloomy cloud has its gladsome lining of silver. The *Navahoe* sailed from Boston on June twenty-first.

Mr. Royal Phelps Carroll intends to race the *Navahoe* against anything that offers, and in every regatta to which she is eligible. If it had not been for Lieutenant Henn she would not have been entitled to sail in any regatta conducted by the Yacht Racing Association. For the old rules of that body barred out all centerboard craft. And it was not until Liutenant Henn made a loud and sturdy protest against so manifestly unfair a regulation that the Y. R. A. repealed it. Ever since then centerboards have flourished in British waters, that great Watson success of last year, the *Queen Mab*, having been fitted with one in the hope of some capital results. An eminent naval architect accounts for the failure by saying that Mr. Watson did not place the board where it would do the most good.



"CALLUNA." DESIGNED BY FIFE.

Mr. Carroll has challenged for the valuable gold cup offered for international competition by the Royal Victoria Yacht Club. Should he happen to bring back with him this trophy we are sure of some splendid sport next year, because to recover it our British cousins will strive heaven and earth, and will continue to send racing craft after racing craft until they eventually succeed or give up the struggle. The Royal Victoria has hemmed its cup round with certain restrictions, which will, of course, add to *Navahoe's* glory should she succeed in capturing it.

To defend this cup against the attack of the American craft, the Prince of Wales built the *Britannia*, designed by Mr. Watson; Mr. A. D. Clarke commissioned Mr. Soper to design the *Satanita*, and a syndicate of enterprising and enthusiastic Scotchmen gave an order to their popular countryman, Mr. William Fife, of Fairlie, to create a racing cutter that should lower the pride of the Sassenach. This the *Calluna*—for that is her name—has not at this writing accomplished. In fact the *Britannia* is superior in a stiff breeze to her two rivals, both of which, however, may show great improvement before the end of the season.

Mr. Carroll also hopes to bring back with him the Brenton's Reef and Cape May challenge cups, presented to the New York Yacht Club in 1872, by Commodore Bennett, and won by the *Genesta* in 1885.

There was a curious crowd that flocked about the *Pilgrim* when she was having her enormous "fin" bolted on in the Erie Basin, Brooklyn. Her shallow canoe-like form with its graceful lines and clean run was much admired. Her designers, Messrs. Stewart and Binney, in the shape and construction of this remarkable craft aimed to produce a boat with the least possible displacement, the least sail area and a form the easiest to drive through the water. At the time of this writing no reliable data are at hand by which one can judge of the success or non-success of the experiment. Fin-keels like the *El Chico* and the *Drusilla*, which proved so fast last season, were boats of somewhat similar design. They were only "mosquito craft," however, when compared to the *Pilgrim*.

The hull of the *Pilgrim* has only a draught of five feet; her fin is 17 feet deep, so her extreme draught is only 22 feet. Her water-line length is 85 feet, with a beam of 23 feet and a length over all of 120 feet. Her main boom is 87 feet. She carries a "stump" bowsprit and her head rig is diminutive. Capt. Edward Sherlock, who did so well with the schooner yacht *Marguerite*, is in command. He is a thoroughly competent skipper and can almost make a

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"GENESTA" AND "PURITAN," AS SEEN IN THE RACE IN 1885.

racing yacht talk. Boston yachtsmen swear by him.

Naval architects are naturally curious to find out how a boat like the *Pilgrim* will behave in a heavy gale. Some of them predict disaster, arguing that she would become unmanageable in a mountainous seaway, that she could neither heave to nor run before the hurricane. But naval architects are not infallible. They have often erred in their judgment of a vessel's capabilities. Of course, if a "fin-keel" happens to strike a reef or a sandy shoal, her chances of getting off without serious injury are not nearly so good as those of a vessel of ordinary build. If she should stick on a mud flat when the tide is ebb, she might come to grief when she fell over on her beam-ends, and to get her on an even keel again might not be an easy task.

But why look at the gloomy side of life? Let us hope that General Paine's fin-keel, as well as the Stewart and Binney "creation" will always shun shallow water, rocks and reefs, and carry off all the cups they enter for. Old sailors may not admire the new type of racing machine any more than the naval heroes of a century ago would be likely to fall in love with the *Minatonomoh*.

On the behavior of these two so-called "freaks" rests the destiny of the "ballast-fin," so far as its successful application to large craft is concerned. The *Pilgrim* carries only 20 tons of lead on her fin, while the *Colonia* has at least 80 tons of lead on her keel. The Paine boat,

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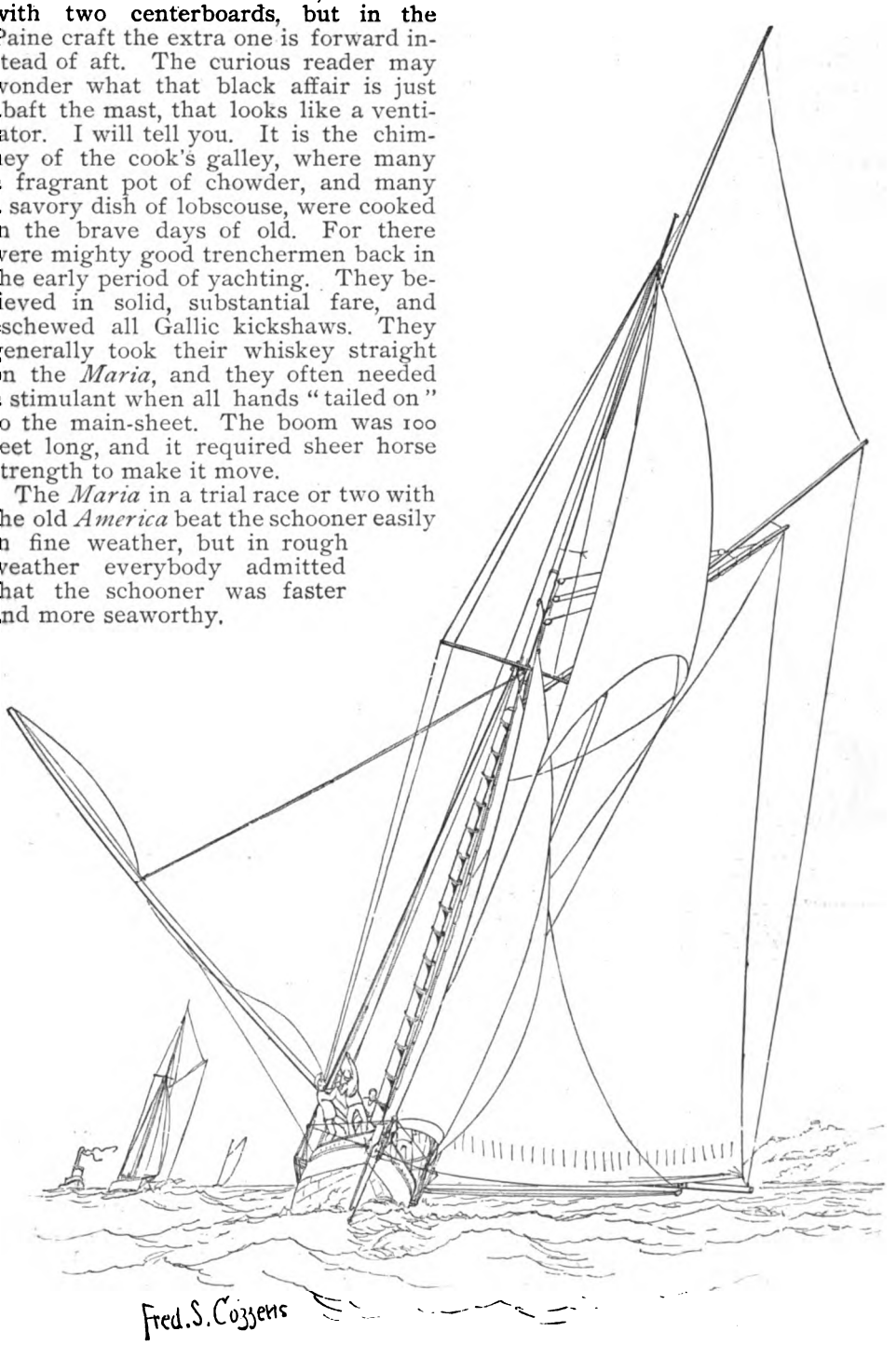
like the old *Maria* of 1844, whose appearance when she was launched is reproduced in an illustration, is fitted with two centerboards, but in the Paine craft the extra one is forward instead of aft. The curious reader may wonder what that black affair is just abaft the mast, that looks like a ventilator. I will tell you. It is the chimney of the cook's galley, where many a fragrant pot of chowder, and many a savory dish of lobscouse, were cooked in the brave days of old. For there were mighty good trenchermen back in the early period of yachting. They believed in solid, substantial fare, and eschewed all Gallic kickshaws. They generally took their whiskey straight on the *Maria*, and they often needed a stimulant when all hands "tailed on" to the main-sheet. The boom was 100 feet long, and it required sheer horse strength to make it move.

The *Maria* in a trial race or two with the old *America* beat the schooner easily in fine weather, but in rough weather everybody admitted that the schooner was faster and more seaworthy.



"MADGE."

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By far the "freakiest" craft is the Paine cup-defender *Jubilee*. She is of Boston design and Boston build. John B. Paine is the ostensible designer, but it has been said that General Paine has afforded his son some shrewd suggestions. This yacht has a fin forty feet long on top and thirty feet at the bottom. Its forward end goes upward with an angle of about 45 degrees, but the after end is straight up and down. Within this fin the steel centerboard works. This is of steel plate one inch thick and it weighs three tons.

The lead ballast, about forty tons in all, is bolted to the bottom of the steel fin. There is of course an aperture for the centerboard, which is twelve feet long on the bottom and nine feet deep. The forward centerboard is also of steel. It works through a slot in the so-called keel and it is put there to prevent the yacht's bow from "sagging" off to leeward in light airs.

That the craft is only intended for one purpose may be readily inferred when it is known that the plating of the hull proper is only one quarter of an inch thick. It is only just to say that there is a great plenty of straps and braces which it is hoped may withstand the enormous strains to which the hull will be subjected in a seaway owing to the lowness of her ballast and the loftiness of her rig.

Everything has been sacrificed to lightness. It would not be becoming for me to oppose my judgment to that of an expert veteran like General Paine, and I only hope that the calculations on which the construction of the hull of his boat were based may turn out to be thoroughly sound. The craft, take her all in all, is quite a revelation to the mariner of the old school.

Capt. John Barr, who sailed the *Thistle* against the *Volunteer*, has charge of her. I know him to be a thoroughly compe-

"THISTLE," NOW "METEOR." EMPEROR OF GERMANY. OWNER.

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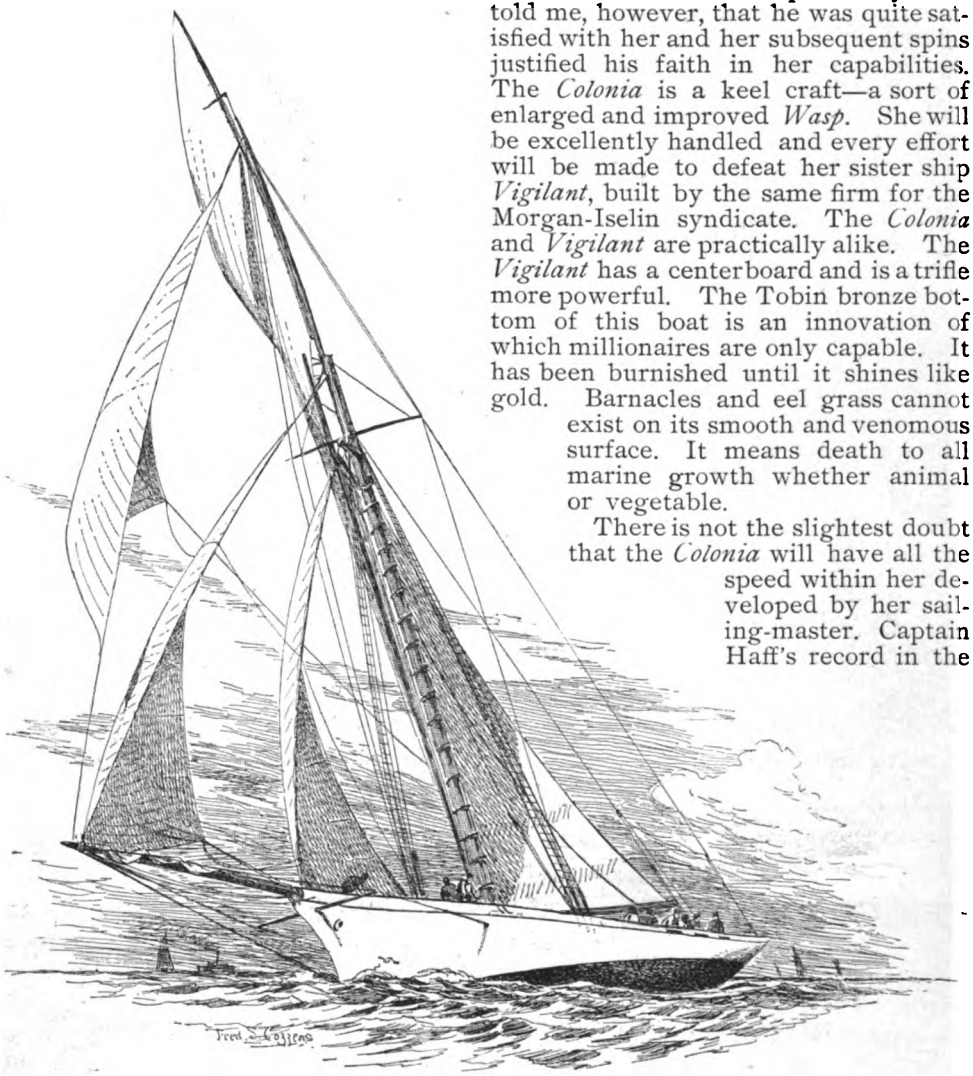
tent man. He sailed the Scotch cutter *Clara* superbly, and was rarely beaten. He, as well as his brother Charles, who is in command of the *Navahoe*, is now a full-fledged American citizen and hails from the quaint old town of Marblehead, Mass., from which port he and his brother fish in the winter in a likely little schooner of their own design and build. They were the first to introduce the Scotch method of fishing into the waters of the bay of Massachusetts—which is without exception the finest sheet of water in the world for sea-going pleasure craft. It frequently blows hard, and a devil of sea rolls in on the slightest provocation, and none other than able boats should venture there.



"VOLUNTEER."

The trial trip of the steel cutter *Colonia* built by the Herreshoffs for the Rogers syndicate was not entirely satisfactory. The mainsail set badly and there were other defects of rig which had to be remedied. Capt. Henry Haff told me, however, that he was quite satisfied with her and her subsequent spins justified his faith in her capabilities. The *Colonia* is a keel craft—a sort of enlarged and improved *Wasp*. She will be excellently handled and every effort will be made to defeat her sister ship *Vigilant*, built by the same firm for the Morgan-Iselin syndicate. The *Colonia* and *Vigilant* are practically alike. The *Vigilant* has a centerboard and is a trifle more powerful. The Tobin bronze bottom of this boat is an innovation of which millionaires are only capable. It has been burnished until it shines like gold. Barnacles and eel grass cannot exist on its smooth and venomous surface. It means death to all marine growth whether animal or vegetable.

There is not the slightest doubt that the *Colonia* will have all the speed within her developed by her sailing-master. Captain Haff's record in the *Volunteer* is superb. As mate he has the benefit of the services of his son Harry, who has already shown his prowess as skipper of a racing yacht. Capt. Hansen is in command of the *Vigilant*. He, too, is eminently capable The struggles for superiority among all

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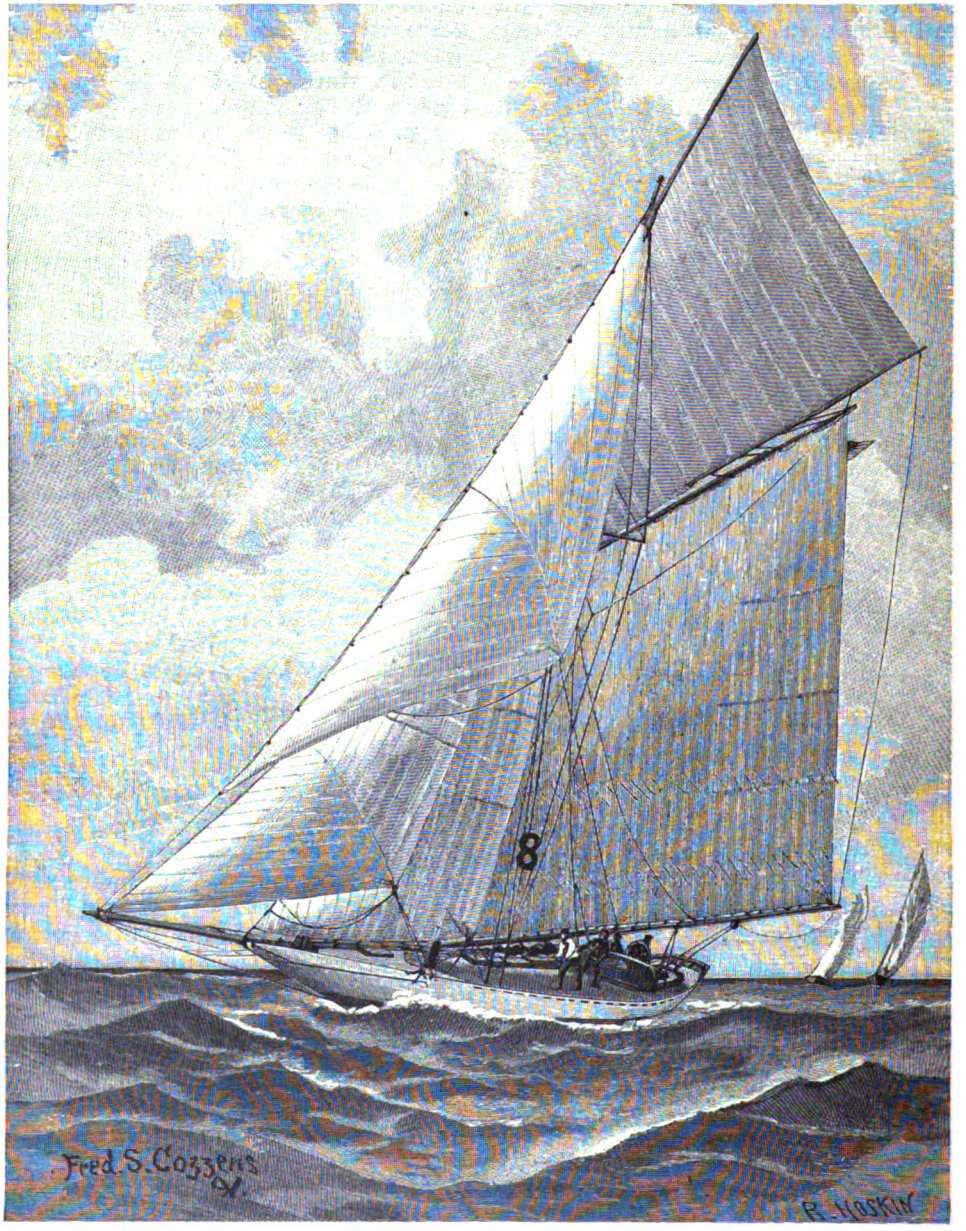
these doughty sailing-masters will indeed be interesting.

Boston has heretofore carried off all the glory of international yacht racing, and New York seemed satisfied that she should. It is true that James Gordon Bennett and William P. Douglass, the flag officers of the New York Yacht Club, built the *Priscilla* as a cup defender, and that an enterprising Brooklyn syndicate built the *Atlantic*, but neither of these craft was good enough to compete with the *Puritan*. Boston came to the front again when the *Galatea* challenged, and the *Mayflower* was the result. All know how handily the *Volunteer* defeated the *Thistle*, thanks to the public spirit of



"GLORIANA."

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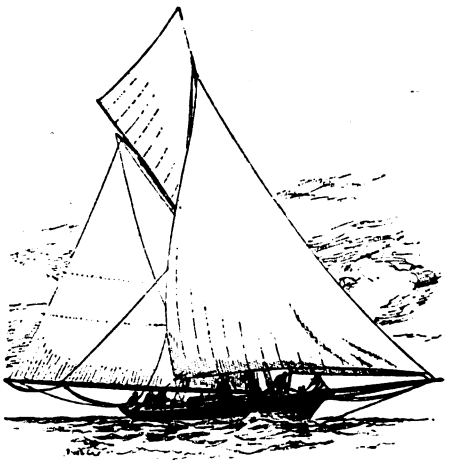


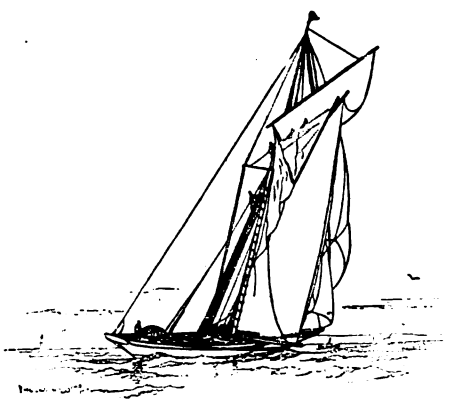
"MINERVA."

General Paine and the genius of Mr. Burgess, whose successor, by the way, is Mr. George A. Stewart of Stewart and Binney.

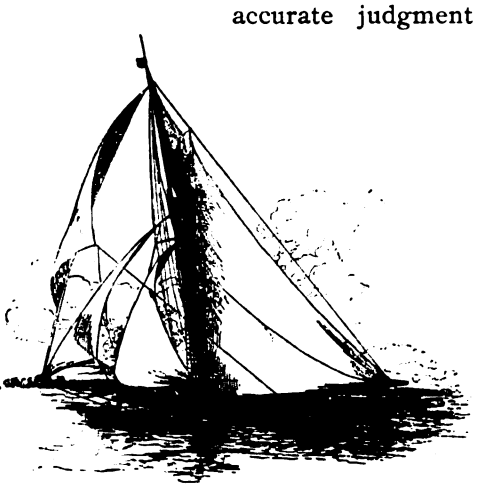
The apathy of New York yachtsmen was the subject of some severe criticism at the hands of the caustic scribes of Boston, but it served no practical purpose. New York was content with the honor and glory of having the great international race sailed in these waters, but seemed averse to contributing any money toward the building of a cup defender. To build a ninety-foot racing yacht, to equip her and to "tune her up" for an international contest, necessitates the expenditure of a vast amount of money. Only millionaires can stand the expense. It cost General Paine a small fortune to beat the *Thistle*, but he never grudged the money. His name and that of Edward Burgess will always be associated in the most honorable way with the history of the America's cup and the achievements of the three great Boston sloops, *Puritan*, *Mayflower* and *Volunteer*.

Thousands of people, recognizing that he has done so much to maintain the honor of American yacht racing, sincerely hope that he may be successful with the *Jubilee* and have the honor of sailing against the *Valkyrie*.

In startling contrast to the apathy of past years has been the earnest activity of New York yachtsmen ever since the New York Yacht Club accepted the challenge of Lord Dunraven. Two syndicates were formed, with Archibald Rogers at the head of one and Commodore Edwin D. Morgan at the head of the other. The trial races, which will be held this month (August) between the New York and the Boston yachts, will be second in interest only to the actual struggle for the cup. The fight of the Herreshoff centerboard *Vigilant* against the keel *Colonia*, and the Boston syndicate's fin-keel *Pilgrim* against Gen. Paine's centerboard fin-keel, should be vastly instructive. It will be a battle of four distinct types of racing yachts, and admirers of the sport, the wide world over, will watch for the result with the keenest anxiety. On it depends whether or not the "fin-keel" shall become as popular in the large class of racing craft as it has in the smaller. There will be ample opportunities, too, for the America's Cup Committee to form an accurate judgment



"GALATEA."



"GENESTA."

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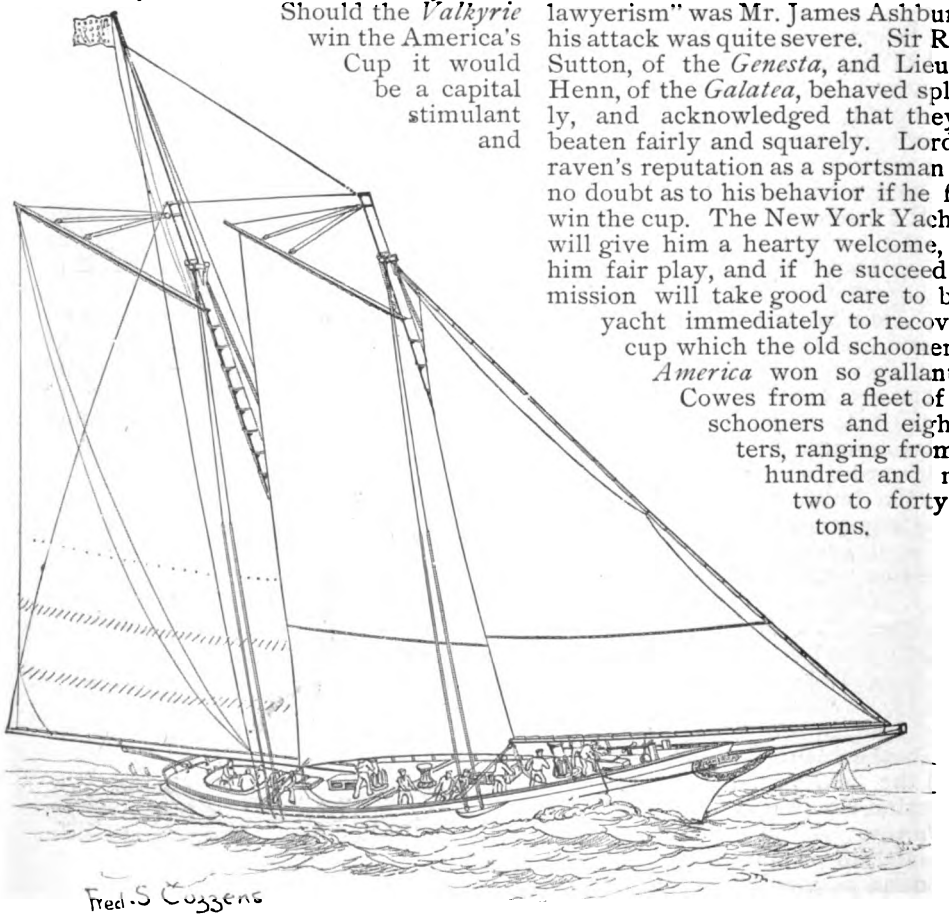
and to compare types even before the trial races. The cruise of the New York Yacht Club, in which the four yachts will participate, the race for the Goelet Cup for sloops and cutters, and the valuable cups offered as special prizes for them by the different yacht clubs, should afford a pretty thorough test of their speed as well as their seaworthy qualities. The record of each yacht during the whole of the season will be carefully taken into consideration by the Committee, and the winner of the trial races may not be chosen to defend the cup. It is fair to presume that the yacht with the best general average of successes during the season will be the one selected. The Committee has a difficult task to perform, but it is composed of men perfectly competent to come to a wise and sound conclusion. Their verdict is sure to meet with the approval of every level-headed yachtsman in the country.

Should the *Valkyrie* win the America's Cup it would be a capital stimulant and would tend to the eventual benefit of American yachting. It would spur on our designers to more ambitious endeavors, and international rivalry would become still more intense. Many of our best yachtsmen, bearing this in mind, hope that Lord Dunraven may be successful. They are confident that the grand old trophy would not remain long in Britain, but that American pluck and enterprise would soon wrest it from the grasp of our sportsmanlike rivals.

In my humble judgment Lord Dunraven has little chance of carrying off the cup. The *Valkyrie* is no doubt an excellent yacht, but British experts like Dixon Kemp prophecy that he will be defeated. All the concessions that he asked for were graciously granted. He is perfectly satisfied with the terms of the races, and will no doubt accept either victory or defeat as a sportsman should. The only cup challenger that ever came over here afflicted with "sea lawyerism" was Mr. James Ashbury, and his attack was quite severe. Sir Richard Sutton, of the *Genesta*, and Lieutenant Henn, of the *Galatea*, behaved splendidly, and acknowledged that they were beaten fairly and squarely. Lord Dunraven's reputation as a sportsman leaves no doubt as to his behavior if he fails to win the cup. The New York Yacht Club will give him a hearty welcome, insure him fair play, and if he succeed in his mission will take good care to build a yacht immediately to recover the cup which the old schooner yacht *America* won so gallantly off Cowes from a fleet of seven schooners and eight cutters, ranging from three hundred and ninety-two to forty-seven tons.



"AMERICA."

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AMATEUR SPORTS AND PASTIMES

Outing

MONTHLY RECORD

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BASEBALL.

WITH June the regular season in college baseball closes; and, short as is the period from the first preliminary games, not only do the various nines show marked characteristics, but certain individual players make reputations that outlive many seasons.

No nine has been more erratic than the University of Pennsylvania. It began the season with more than the usual number of veteran players; and though Bayne, the phenomenal pitcher, was lame in his pitching arm, the substitute, Reese, was little, if anything, his inferior. In the first game the nine succeeded in defeating Yale, and lost the second game largely through a mistake in judgment, which led Captain Thompson to put the novice Boswell in the box for the first inning, instead of Reese. The first game against Harvard was a tie, and the second a victory. From this point, however, Pennsylvania declined. The first two games against Princeton were lost, and the third was won chiefly because Princeton put Forsyth in the box to rest Drake. The third game against Yale was a defeat, and the last two against Harvard were ignominious defeats. To cap the anticlimax, Pennsylvania fell before Priest, Cornell's pitcher, losing three games straight, and was thus defeated by four rival colleges, each of which, with the possible exception of Harvard, began the season at a distinct disadvantage. However, an estimate of comparative strength, based upon the record of the entire season, would place the nine on a par with Princeton, and above Cornell, for the early victories over Yale and Harvard were far above anything either Cornell or Princeton has been capable of. The secret of Pennsylvania's lack of progress during the season doubtless lies in those conditions of athletics that exist in all institutions that are distinctly universities. Where the players come from widely separate professional schools, that unanimity and discipline fostered by the college spirit is impossible, and there is a consequent lack of steady and sustained team play.

Considering the men individually, the battery, Coogan and Bayne, are most worthy of mention. Coogan's playing was brilliant in all respects. The death of Bayne only a few days after he had been elected captain for the coming year gives his brilliant record of last year, followed as it was by the decline of his powers in the present season, a pathetic interest. His first great feat was on March 28th, 1892, when he retired a picked nine at Philadelphia with only one safe hit. On April 9th he likewise held Amherst down to one safe hit; and on the 16th he struck out seventeen of the Yale nine. On the 27th he held Princeton down to one single. At the beginning of the present season he was suffering from lameness in his pitching arm, and after the first game played in left field, giving place to Reese and Boswell. Subsequently he resumed his place, and in the first Princeton game struck out eleven men. In the third Harvard game he was doubtless suffering from the illness of which he died, for already he was batted out of the box in two innings. His pitching was of the cyclone order, like Carter's, but in controlling the ball and in the size of his curves he was inferior to the new Yale pitcher.

The Princeton nine started in the season with no great promise. The only hope of success lay in cultivating team-play. At times in the early season the nine showed first-rate form. It was especially lucky in winning the games against Pennsylvania. In the games against Harvard and Yale, however, Princeton went badly to pieces.

Of the outfielders Payne is the most remarkable. He plays an almost errorless game, and is one of the strongest batters in the amateur field. In the infield, King, the captain, is brilliant and poor by turns, he being capable of the most impossible cleverness in the same game where he makes the most impossible errors. Drake, the pitcher, is the least noteworthy man in the box during the present season. Physically he is ill fitted for his task. He has no great speed, and few curves. He possesses the rare merit, however, of using his power to the utmost advantage, and if he did not suffer by being compared with such men as Carter and Highlands, he would be reputed a steady and strong man for his position.

The history of the Yale nine of the present season is unique. For once the college has been riven by internal strife. The result of this bade fair to be a disintegration such as has so often been seen at Harvard; but toward the end of the season the pristine Yale spirit revived in so far that the tabooed Kedzie was played against the strictly undergraduate Princeton team; while Murphy was raised out of the sulks to the extent of playing on Captain Bliss's nine. Such means as these, re-enforced by Carter's superb pitching, have brought the Yale nine to the front in those contests where it was of the most advantage to play a strong game. In spite of recurrent defeats by such nines as that of the University of Vermont, and even of the final defeat by Harvard, the Yale nine of 1893 has earned by no means an unenviable position in the history of college baseball.

Outside of the box, Murphy, short stop, is by far the most brilliant player. In stopping grounders, and in throwing, he is incredibly quick and accurate. His batting, too, is of a very high order. Kedzie, catcher, is a first-rate player. His imperfections are to be attributed to the difficulty, amounting to an impossibility, of holding Carter's delivery. As for Carter himself, he is easily the king of the box; and except for his mediocre fielding and his in-

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ability to bat the ball, would stand alone among college pitchers. Last year he was permitted to pitch only in a few of the unimportant games, being used to catch Bowers. This year, when Bowers was forced out of the box by the undergraduate rule, Carter was taken up as a makeshift. In his games against professional nines, in the early weeks of practice, he made a great reputation for swiftness. Not infrequently he would pitch an out up curve which would pass the plate within the limits of a strike, but would hit the backstop before touching the ground. Later it was discovered that he had remarkably large curves, and moreover excellent control of his various balls. So great is his speed and so powerful his twist that the ball literally jumps, not curves, out of the line in which he delivered it; and very seldom has he been charged with a wild pitch. His greatest game this season was the first Harvard game, where he held what is considered to be the strongest batting team in the amateur field down to a single hit, and even this was almost a scratch. In each of the following games he was hit more freely, and in the third he allowed three earned runs.

The Harvard nine at the beginning of the season was far and away ahead of its rivals in the brilliancy of its prospects. Out of the phenomenal team of 1892, which tied with Yale, the chief loss was Bates, the second pitcher, while among the new candidates were Sullivan, lately captain of the Amherst nine, and Abbott, formerly captain of Dartmouth. Such wealth of material has probably never before been seen in the amateur field. At Yale these men would have been shaken into an invincible team; but many weeks passed at Cambridge without marked progress in team-play. At the beginning of the season Harvard was beaten by such colleges as Georgetown and Holy Cross, besides the University of Pennsylvania, and later, the final game against Princeton was won on the bleachers, while the first Yale game was won on Harvard's own bad coaching and reckless base running. In the second Yale game the fact that Yale scored at all was due to a bad case of rattles in the two oldest and best men in the team, Mason and Highlands. Not until the final game did the nine show distinct courage, discipline, and team-play; and even here a streak of indifferent luck, instead of unfailingly good fortune, might easily have reversed the result. Considering Harvard's long list of bruised and battered players her final victory was little short of heroic; but even this cannot disguise the fact that, judging by the records of the entire season, it was lacking in thorough discipline. In this respect Harvard resembles Pennsylvania; and it is by no means fantastic to suppose that the same magnitude and breadth of institutions that produced such excellent material at both Pennsylvania and Harvard prevented this material from developing that discipline and mutual confidence that has led so many Yale teams to victory.

Among the fielders Hallowell is by far the best. In fact, it would be hard to name any fielder in college whose playing is more brilliant; and, except for a trait of recklessness that crops out in his base-running, no player could be steadier and more reliable. In the infield Abbott, third base, is of almost equal note. In picking up a grounder he shows the very greatest quickness, and his throwing across the diamond is irreproachable. The battery, J. Highlands and Mason, will be remembered, with Stagg and Pool, Carter and Kedzie, Bates and Henshaw, as the most brilliant batteries of the college field. Among all the catchers Harvard has had in late years, Mason alone is able to hold J. Highlands, and besides this he stands near the head of the list in batting and base running. Highlands's college reputation was made last year. On April 7th at New York he shut out the Manhattan Athletic Club team without a single safe hit, and retired seventeen on strikes. Later, in the class-day game at Cambridge, he allowed Yale but one safe hit. This year he has shown his old form occasionally; but the unsteadiness of which he was always suspected has developed. Still, in view of the fact that he is a markedly strong man at bat, he deserves to a rank by no means below Carter. Wiggin. Harvard's substitute pitcher, has suffered unduly by comparison with Highlands's brilliancy. In the first Princeton games he kept his opponents down to four unproductive hits; and in the second Princeton game, though suffering from a lame pitching arm, his work was markedly superior to that of Drake. His excellent judgment in using his curves and his unfailing courage in critical moments make it probable that he needs only the opportunity to bring him into the very front rank of college pitchers.

JUNE 7—PRINCETON 2; U. OF P. 4—AT PRINCETON.

Princeton had won two out of the series of three, and substituted Forsyth for Drake. Forsyth held down the visitors admirably with the exception of the fourth inning. Here Reese opened with a three-base hit, and was sent home by Blair's two-base hit. Subsequent singles by Thomas, Hollister, and Bayne netted three runs, and virtually decided the game.

PENNSYLVANIA.	R	1B	P	O	A	E.
Thomas, c. f.	0	2	2	1	0	
Hollister, 3 b.	0	4	2	1	0	
Bayne, p.	0	1	0	0	0	
Goeckel, 1st b.	1	0	6	0	0	
Thomson, 2 b.	0	1	3	0	2	
Reese, r. f.	1	1	0	0	0	
Blair, l. f.	1	1	1	0	0	
Coogan, c.	0	1	12	7	0	
Cantrel, s. s.	1	0	1	3	3	
Totals	4	11	27	7	5	

PRINCETON.	R	1B	P	O	A	E
Payne, r. f.	1	3	1	0	0	
Guild, 1st b.	0	0	11	0	1	
King, 2d b.	0	0	0	2	1	
Trenchard, c.	0	0	7	2	0	
Woodcock, c. f.	0	1	2	0	0	
Gunster, 3d b.	0	0	1	1	1	
Blair, l. f.	0	0	2	0	0	
Otto, s. s.	1	1	3	5	0	
Forsyth, p.	0	0	0	1	0	
Totals	2	5	27	11	3	

Pennsylvania	0	0	0	3	0	0	1	0	0	—4
Princeton	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	—2

Earned runs—Princeton, 2; Pennsylvania, 1. Two-base hit—Blair. Three-base hits—Payne, Reese. Home run—Otto. Stolen bases—Thomas, Hollister, Goeckel, Blair, Coogan. Double play—Thomas and Goeckel. Bases on balls—Off Forsyth, 2. Struck out—By Forsyth, 4; by Bayne, 11. Wild pitch—Bayne. Umpire—Mullen. Time—2 h.

JUNE 10—PRINCETON, 0; YALE, 2—AT PRINCETON.

The game was largely a pitchers' contest. Carter was very rapid, and though hit for six scattered singles, he was able to keep Princeton from bunching her hits. He struck out thirteen men. Drake was unusually strong. But then singles were made off him, though Spier's home run brought the total of bases up to that made by Princeton. The infielding was sharp for both teams.

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YALE.	R	1B	PO	A	E
Murphy, s. s.	0	0	0	2	1
Beal, 2d b.	0	0	1	3	0
Case, l. f.	0	1	2	0	0
Steph'son, 1 b.	0	0	10	0	0
Spier, r. f.	1	1	0	0	0
Bliss, c. f.	0	0	2	0	0
Arbuthnot, 3b.	1	0	0	2	0
Kedzie, c.	0	1	12	2	0
Carter, p.	0	0	0	1	0
Totals	2	3	27	10	1

PRINCETON.	R	1B	PO	A	E
Payne, c. f.	0	1	1	0	0
Guild, 1st b.	0	1	12	0	1
King, 2d b.	0	0	2	1	0
Trenchard, r. f.	0	1	0	0	0
Woodcock, l. f.	0	2	8	0	0
Humphreys, c.	0	0	4	3	0
Gunster, 3 b.	0	0	0	0	1
Otto, s. s.	0	1	0	6	2
Drake, p.	0	0	0	3	0
Totals	0	6	27	13	4

Yale	0	1	0	1	0	0	0	0	0—2
Princeton	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0

Earned run—Yale. Home run—Spier. Stolen bases—Beall, Woodcock (2), Payne, Trenchard. Hit by pitched ball—Gunster. First base on balls—Off Carter, 4; off Drake, 2. Struck out—By Carter, 13 Drake, 4. Double play—Arbuthnot, Beall, Stephenson. Time—1h. 45m. Umpires—Curry, of Philadelphia, Mullen, of Boston.

JUNE 12—HARVARD, 10; U. OF P. 4—AT CAMBRIDGE.

With one defeat and one tie to atone for, Harvard set upon Pennsylvania with a will. In two innings they lined out seven singles, netting seven runs upon Bayne, who last year so often held his opponents to a single hit in an entire game. This fact is an excellent index to Harvard's strength in batting, and especially in batting cyclone pitching. In the four innings that J. Highlands pitched he allowed but one single; and his brother, A. Highlands, allowed but two. The fielding on both sides was wretched, as the error column shows. For the visitors Coogan distinguished himself by sharp fielding.

HARVARD.	R	1B	PO	A	E
Mason, c.	1	0	8	2	0
Hallowell, c. f.	1	2	2	1	0
J. Highlands, p	2	2	0	7	0
Upton, l. f.	1	1	0	0	0
Fr'th'h'm, 2d b	2	2	2	3	0
Cook, r. f.	0	0	0	0	0
Sullivan, s. s.	0	1	2	3	0
Trafford, 1st b.	2	1	13	1	1
Hapgood, 3d b.	1	1	0	3	3
A. Highlands, p	0	1	0	3	0
Totals	10	11	27	23	4

PENNSYLVANIA.	R	1B	PO	A	E
Thomas, c. f.	0	0	1	0	0
Hollister, 3d b.	0	0	2	0	0
Bayne, p & s. s.	0	0	2	4	0
Goeckel, 1st b.	0	1	8	0	0
Thomson, 2d b.	1	0	5	1	1
Reese, r. f.	1	0	1	0	1
Blair, l. f.	0	1	2	1	1
Coogan, c.	1	1	2	2	1
Cantrel, s. s.	0	0	0	0	1
Boswell, p.	1	0	1	4	1
Totals	4	3	24	12	6

Harvard	2	5	0	1	2	0	0	0	*—10
Pennsylvania	0	0	0	0	3	0	0	0	1—4

Earned runs—Harvard, 2. First base on errors—Harvard, 4; Pennsylvania, 3. Left on bases—Harvard, 8; Pennsylvania, 3. First base on balls—Off J. Highlands, 1; off A. Highlands, 1, off Bayne, 2; off Boswell, 4. Struck out—By J. Highlands, 4; by A. Highlands, 2; by Boswell, 2. Sacrifice hits—Hapgood, Hallowell, Thomas, Trafford. Stolen bases—Frothingham, Boswell, Cook, Thomson. Double plays—Highlands, Sullivan and Trafford; Blair and Bayne; Hallowell and Trafford. Hit by pitcher—By Boswell, 2. Wild pitch—A. Highlands. Passed ball—Mason. Umpire—Murray. Time—2h. 20m.

JUNE 14—HARVARD, 14; U. OF P., 8—AT CAMBRIDGE.

By this second victory over Pennsylvania, Harvard wiped out the early defeat and the tie game, and won the second of her three great series. To the general spectator the game was of decided interest. Both Reese and J. Highlands were hit freely; errors were plenty; runs were made in every inning but two, and twice during the game Pennsylvania came to the front only to be outdone by Harvard. The batting of Mason and Abbott for Harvard, and Hollister and Bayne for Pennsylvania, were the features of the game.

HARVARD.	R	1b	PO	A	E
Mason, c.	3	4	11	2	1
Abbott, 3d b.	2	3	1	5	1
Hallowell, c. f.	2	1	0	0	0
Upton, l. f.	0	1	1	0	0
Fr'th'g'm, 2d b	3	1	2	0	0
Cook, r. f.	2	0	1	0	0
J. Highlands, p.	1	2	0	13	0
Sullivan, s. s.	1	0	2	1	0
Trafford, 1st b.	0	0	9	1	0
Totals	14	12	27	22	2

PENNSYLVANIA.	R	1b	PO	A	E
Thomas, c. f.	1	1	1	0	0
Hollister, 3d b.	1	3	0	1	0
Bayne, s. s.	2	4	1	6	2
Goeckel, 1st b.	1	1	8	1	0
Thomas, 2d b.	1	2	5	3	0
Reese, p.	0	0	1	2	1
Blair, l. f.	0	0	2	0	0
Coogan, c.	1	1	6	1	1
Schaff, r. f.	1	1	0	0	0
Boswell, p.	0	0	0	5	0
Thayer, l. f.	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	8	13	24	19	4

Harvard	0	0	5	1	0	3	3	2	—14
Pennsylvania	3	0	0	0	0	3	1	0	1—8

Earned Runs—Harvard, 3; Pennsylvania, 4. First base on errors—Harvard, 1; Pennsylvania, 1. Left on bases—Harvard, 7; Pennsylvania, 1. First base on balls—Off Reese, 6; off Boswell, 4; off Highlands, 3. Struck out—By Reese, 3; by Boswell, 1; by Highlands, 10. Three-base hits—J. Highlands, Mason. Two-base hits—Thomas, Bayne, J. Highlands. Sacrifice hits—Frothingham, Abbott, Boswell, Goeckel. Stolen bases—Thomas, Goeckel, Thompson (3), Mason, Frothingham, Abbott, Cook, Trafford. Hit by pitcher—By Boswell, 2. Wild pitches—Reese, J. Highlands (3), Boswell (2). Passed balls—Mason. Umpire—Murray. Time—2h. 45m.

JUNE 17—YALE, 14; PRINCETON, 7—AT NEW YORK.

The result of this game is that Princeton has won only the series against the University of Pennsylvania, being defeated by both Yale and Harvard. Her nine was exceedingly weak in fielding. Drake did good work in the box, but was wretchedly supported by Humphreys. The Yale fielding was good by comparison; her three errors are not excessive in view of Princeton's ten singles and three doubles. Carter's pitching was, as usual, the feature of the game. He kept the box four innings, in which time he was hit safely but twice, and not a run was scored on him. Davis, who succeeded him, is responsible for Princeton's seven runs.

YALE.	R	1B	PO	A	E
Murphy, s. s.	3	2	1	1	0
Beall, 2d b.	1	0	3	2	1
Case, l. f.	2	2	2	0	0
St'h'ns'n, 1st b.	2	3	9	0	0
Speer, r. f.	1	2	1	1	0
Bliss, c. f.	0	0	3	0	0
Arb'thn't, 3d b.	2	2	1	4	1
Kedzie, c.	2	1	7	2	1
Carter, p.	1	1	0	1	0
Davis, p.	0	0	0	1	0
Totals	14	13	27	12	3

PRINCETON.	R	1B	PO	A	E
Payne, r. f.	2	4	3	0	0
Guild, 1st b.	0	0	11	0	1
King, 2d b.	1	1	3	0	3
McKenzie, l. f.	1	0	1	1	0
Woodcock, c. f.	1	0	2	1	0
Humphreys, c.	1	3	4	2	3
Gunster, 3d b.	1	2	3	1	2
Otto, s. s.	0	0	0	4	4
Drake, p.	0	0	0	5	1
Totals	7	10	27	14	14

Yale	3	0	3	1	4	0	1	1	1—14
Princeton	0	0	0	0	0	4	1	2	0—7

Earned runs—Yale, 3; Princeton, 1. Two base hits—Murphy, Speer, Payne, Humphreys (2). Home runs—Case, Speer. Sacrifice hits—Beall, Guild, McKenzie. Stolen bases—Murphy, King, McKenzie, Woodcock, Gunster (2), Otto. First base on errors—Yale, 6; Princeton, 2. First base on balls—Off Davis, 3; off Drake, 3. Struck out—By Carter, 3; by Davis, 4; by Drake, 4. Hit by pitcher—By Carter, 1. Double play—McKenzie and Guild. Left on bases—Yale, 7; Princeton, 8. Passed balls Kedzie, 1; Humphreys, 4. Wild pitches—Davis, 1; Drake 2. Time—2h. 10m. Umpires—Curry and Mullins. Attendance—4,000.

JUNE 23—AMHERST, 4; WILLIAMS, 2—AT AMHERST.

The Amherst team was largely made up of new men; but under Stearns's able captaincy a nine was produced that not only won the New England college championship from Williams and Dartmouth, but defeated Yale, Brown and Wesleyan, and gave Harvard a very hard rub. In the final championship game against Williams, Amherst won by close fielding and opportune pitching. In the eighth inning Williams had two men on base with one

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out, and Colby was fortunate enough to strike out two men in succession. Though Amherst has a strong batting team, Williams got far the larger number of hits in the final game; and except for an inability to field the ball, must have been victorious.

AMHERST.	R	B	PO	A	E	WILLIAMS.	R	B	PO	A	E
Hunt, 1b	0	0	11	0	0	Eaton, 2d b	0	0	2	4	1
Cheney, c. f	0	0	0	0	0	Anderson, 3d b	1	1	1	1	1
Allen c	2	2	11	1	0	Towne, 1b	1	2	11	0	1
Sterns, 2d b	0	0	3	3	1	Draper, c	0	0	8	6	0
Smith, l. f	0	0	0	0	0	Ide, s.s	0	0	1	4	0
Landis, s.s	1	0	1	1	0	Baker, r. f	0	0	0	0	1
Ellis, 3d b	0	0	0	1	1	Hammatt, l. f	0	1	1	0	0
Jackson, r. f	0	0	0	0	0	Hollister, p	0	0	2	3	1
Colby, p	1	0	1	13	0	Cleveland, c. f	0	3	1	0	1
Totals	4	2	27	19	2		2	7	27	18	6

Amherst	1	0	1	0	0	1	0	0	1—4
Williams	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	1	0—2

Earned runs—Williams, 1. Two-base hit—Allen. Three-base hits—Towne, Cleveland. Home run—Towne. Sacrifice hits—Amherst, 1. Stolen bases—Allen, Landis, Anderson (2), Draper (2), Hammatt, Cleveland. First base on balls—Hunt, Allen, Landis, Ellis, Colby, Anderson, Draper, Cleveland. First base on errors—Cheney, Allen, Sterns, Ellis, Ide. Struck out—Hunt (2), Cheney, Smith, Landis, Ellis, Eaton (3), Towne, Draper (2), Hollister. Double plays—Sterns and Hunt. Passed Balls—Draper, 1. Wild pitches—Hollister, 3. Hit by pitched ball—Hammatt. Time—1h. 55m. Umpire—Dr. E. P. Harris of Amherst.

JUNE 24—HARVARD, 3; YALE, 2—AT CAMBRIDGE.

The game was entirely a pitchers' contest. Highlands struck out nineteen men, Carter, twelve; while Yale made only two clean hits and a bunt off Highlands, against a bare single for Harvard, due chiefly to Hallowell's speed in base running. The full significance of Carter's work is best seen in the fact that the Harvard nine is indisputably the strongest batting nine in the amateur field. With the exception of Murphy's clean fielding, it is literally true that the chief function of the sixteen players not pitchers was to make errors, without which it would have been impossible for either side to score. In this respect the catchers were especially prominent. Kedzie dropped five third strikes out of twelve, and his seemingly inexcusable error at the home plate is alone responsible for Harvard's winning run. Mason was far worse. Twice he allowed men to reach first on a third strike, and one of these men scored. Yale's other run was due to one of his numerous wild throws. It is but fair to add in censuring these men, that the college catcher does not exist who could hold such pitchers as Carter and J. Highlands. Strangely enough, the defeat that Harvard's poor fielding and catching bade fair to bring on was averted by even more erroneous base running. Two of the three runs were made on ventures which nothing but success could redeem from the charge of utter recklessness.

HARVARD.	R	1B	PO	A	E	YALE.	R	1B	PO	A	E
Mason, c	0	0	15	1	2	Murphy, s. s	1	2	2	1	1
Abbott, 3d b	1	0	0	1	0	Beall, 2d b	0	0	1	4	1
Hallowell, c. f	1	1	0	0	0	Case, l. f	0	0	0	0	0
Upton, l. f	1	0	1	0	0	St'ph'ns'n, 1st b	0	1	11	1	0
Fr'th'g'm, 2d b	0	0	0	3	1	Speer, r. f	1	0	0	0	0
Cook, r. f	0	0	0	0	0	Bliss, c. f	0	0	2	0	0
J. Highlands, p	0	0	0	3	0	Arbuthn't, 3d b	0	0	0	2	0
Sullivan. s. s	0	0	2	1	0	Kedzie, c	0	0	11	5	1
Trafford, 1st b	0	0	12	0	1	Carter, p	0	0	1	4	0
Totals	3	1	30	9	4	Totals	2	3*	28	17	3

* One man out when winning run was made.

Harvard	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	1-- 3
Yale	0	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0— 2

First base by errors—Harvard, 1; Yale 3. Left on bases—Harvard, 1; Yale, 6. First base on balls—Off Highlands, 2; off Carter, 4. Struck out—By Highlands, 19; by Carter, 12. Sacrifice hits—Beall, Stephenson, Upton, Frothingham (2), Hallowell. Stolen bases—Speer, Frothingham, Abbott, Murphy (2). Wild pitches—Highlands, Carter. Passed balls—Mason, 3; Kedzie, 3. Umpires—Bond and Curry. Time—2h. 36m. Attendance—14,000.

JUNE 27—YALE, 3; HARVARD, 0—AT NEW HAVEN.

Except for the inning in which Yale scored, the game was in every way worthy of the two best nines in the college field. Both pitchers were hit more freely than in the game at Cambridge. Mason's poor playing was due in a measure to the split and swollen fingers he got at the first game. Yale won the game in the eighth inning. Carter led off with a safe hit to right field and reached second on a passed ball. Murphy drove the second ball pitched into center field, advancing Carter to third. Murphy quickly stole to second. Beall went out on a fly to Highlands. Case made an easy sacrifice to Sullivan, who threw the ball a little wild to Mason in order to cut off Carter. Mason allowed the ball to pass him, and both Carter and Murphy scored. In the meantime Case reached second. Mason fielded the ball to Highlands, who threw wildly into center field, and Case scored.

YALE.	R	1B	PO	A	E	HARVARD.	R	1B	PO	A	E
Murphy, s. s	1	2	0	4	0	Mason, c	0	1	6	1	3
Beall, 2d b	0	1	1	3	1	Abbott, 3d b	0	1	0	1	0
Case, l. f	1	1	5	0	0	Hallowell, c. f	0	1	1	0	0
Ste'h'ns'n, 1st b	0	1	12	0	0	Upton, l. f	0	0	2	0	0
Speer, r. f	0	0	1	0	1	Fr'th'g'm, 2d b	0	0	4	1	0
Bliss, c. f	0	2	2	0	1	Cook, r. f	0	0	0	0	0
Arbuthnot 3d b	0	0	0	3	0	Highlands, p	0	0	1	1	1
Kedzie, c	0	0	6	1	0	Sullivan, s. s	0	0	2	2	0
Carter, p	1	1	0	2	0	Trafford, 1st b	0	1	6	1	0
Totals	3	7	27	13	3	Totals	0	4*22		7	4

*Stephenson and Arbuthnot out for interference.

Yale	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	*	— 3
Harvard	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	— 0

Sacrifice hits—Abbott and Hallowell, Case (2), Arbuthnot. Stolen bases—Murphy (1), Bliss (2), Mason (2). First base on balls—Frothingham, Murphy. Passed balls—Mason, 4. Struck out—By Highlands, 6; by Carter, 5. Umpires—Bond, of Boston, and Curry, of New York. Time—1 h. 45m.

JULY 1—HARVARD, 6; YALE, 4—AT NEW YORK.

As the score shows, Harvard outplayed Yale at every point, except that Carter struck out thirteen men to Harvard's nine; and even here the number of pop-up and foul flies compensates the Harvard pitcher for his lack of strike-outs. In base running the Harvard nine was superior, and in precision of co-operation they were for once equal to Yale, if not superior. Captain Frothingham far outdid Captain Bliss in managing his men. In spite of the loose playing earlier in the season, Harvard was able to rally for the critical game and give Yale an exhibition of what the men at Cambridge have learned of New Haven pluck and concord. Harvard's run in the first inning was made on Mason's fly to far center, which Bliss misjudged, allowing a home run. In Harvard's fourth inning Hallowell led off with a bunt which Carter failed to gather in. Upton dropped a fly behind shortstop, which Case muffed and then fumbled, letting Hallowell reach third. Upton stole second. Frothingham hit to Carter, who neglected a chance for a double play in catching Hallowell between third and home. Cook took first on balls, and the bases were filled,

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Highlands made the second out on three strikes. Then Sullivan drove a two-base liner into center, and brought in three runs. In Yale's fourth inning Murphy made a single and stole second. Beall took first on balls, a passed ball advanced each a base. A single by Speer brought in the two runs. In the eighth Harvard scored two more; but in the ninth Yale was on the verge of victory. Beall went to first on balls, took second on Case's safe hit, and scored on a high throw by Mason. Case scored on a sacrifice by Stephenson. Speer and Bliss followed with singles, and the bases were full, with two men out. A good two-base hit would have won the game; but Arbuthnot popped up a fly, and the game was lost.

HARVARD.	R	1B	PO	A	E
Mason, c	2	2	10	2	3
Abbott, 3d b.	0	0	0	1	0
Hallowell, c. f.	0	1	1	0	0
Upton, l. f.	2	1	0	0	0
Froth'gh'm, 2b	1	1	3	2	1
Cook, r. f.	1	0	0	0	0
Highlands, p.	0	0	0	16	0
Sullivan, s.s.	0	2	2	0	0
Trafford, 1b.	0	0	11	0	0
Totals	6	7	27	21	4

YALE.	R	1B	PO	A	E
Murphy, ss.	1	2	0	5	2
Beall, 2d b.	2	0	0	1	0
Case, l. f.	1	2	0	0	1
Stephenson, 1b	0	1	11	0	0
Speer, r. f.	0	2	1	0	0
Bliss, c. f.	0	1	3	0	0
Arbuthnot, 3 b.	0	0	1	1	1
Kedzie, c.	0	0	9	6	2
Carter, p.	0	0	2	13	0
Totals	4	8	27	23	6

Harvard	1	0	0	3	0	0	0	2	0	—6
Yale	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	2	—4

Earned runs—Harvard 3, Yale 1. First base by errors—Harvard 2, Yale 1. Left on bases—Harvard 4, Yale 3. First base on balls—Off Highlands, 2; off Carter, 2. Struck out—By Highlands, 9; by Carter, 13. Home run—Mason. Three-base hit—Frothingham. Two-base hit—Sullivan. Sacrifice hits—Hallowell, Stephenson. Stolen bases—Mason, Hallowell, Upton, Murphy, Beall, Case, Speer. Passed ball—Mason 1. Umpires—Bond and Curry. Time of game—2h. 25m.

The result of this game is to make Harvard the virtual champion for 1893, though there was no formal league. Last year Harvard shut Yale out at Cambridge and was badly beaten at New Haven, owing to the fact that Mason's temporary absence impaired Highland's efficiency. Yale was so well satisfied with the easy honors that she refused to play a deciding game. Previous to this Harvard had not won since 1885, when her nine won every game of the season. Since the first Yale-Harvard game in 1868, Yale has won 42 games; Harvard, 35. Yale has scored 511 runs to Harvard's 444.

ATHLETICS.

ALL comment on the Intercollegiate Championship and on the winners of the various events had to be held over from last month for lack of space.

In the middle of May Yale was beaten 67-45 in a hand-to-hand struggle with Harvard. Two weeks later Yale won the Intercollegiates, with 47 1-3 points to Harvard's 34 5-6 points. Her early defeat had been severe beyond all calculation; and likewise, her final victory was entirely unforeseen. The difference was in a great measure due to bad luck on Harvard's part. For instance, Lefurgey, who had beaten Richards in the hundred at Cambridge, was suffering from the rupture of the sheath of a leg muscle, and was unable to run in the finals; and Merrill, who at the Yale-Harvard games had beaten Richards in the long dash, after winning the quarter in 51s., was shut out of a possible first place and a certain second by the judge's arbitrary and inexcusable ruling that only heat winners should go into the finals. Besides this, a sure first was lost in the low hurdles by the fact that Garcelon attempted to alter his stride at the last hurdle, and turned to look at his opponents; and a first or second in the high hurdles was lost by the bad judgment which led Shead to loaf in his preliminary heats. If the Harvard men had been up to their usual form the victory of May 13 would probably have been repeated. Yet, the fact is that the Harvard men ran in bad judgment as well as in bad luck, and that the Yale men fought with unsurpassed courage and judgment to wipe out the disgrace of their late overwhelming defeat.

In spite of the one-sided scores the two teams were more evenly matched than any since 1890, when Harvard won by a score of 32 to 29½. The unequal showing is due merely to the fact that in each of the meetings one of the teams went to pieces while the other did its utmost.

Just as Harvard lost first place, Princeton lost third to Pennsylvania. Turner was not in his best form, and Brokaw was beaten by a man who had scarcely been heard of. On the contrary, Buckholz took a place in three events, scoring eight out of Pennsylvania's eleven points.

Since the first Mott Haven games, in 1876, Princeton has won the championship once, Columbia three times, Yale three times, and Harvard eleven times. Thus, Harvard has won four more victories than all the other colleges together. In the fourteen contests since 1880, when Harvard first won the Mott Haven Cup, no college has beaten Harvard except Yale. In the present season the Harvard team had lost athletes who won 38 out of the 48 2-3 points scored last year, and even at that, it is very likely that a second contest would have resulted in a Yale defeat.

The personnel of the winners is more interesting than in any year except 1891, when the Intercollegiate records were broken in ten out of the fourteen events.

Richards, of Yale, who won both the dashes, will doubtless be often heard from in coming years. Physically he is the equal of any of the great sprinters that Mr. Murphy, the Yale trainer, has produced—Swain, who won both the dashes last year at the Yale Intercollegiate; Owen and Jewett of the Detroit Athletic Club, who hold the world's record for the short and long dashes respectively. In practice Richards has done about a yard and a half under even time for each distance, and has yet much promise of improvement. It is by no means certain, however, that he will equal Mr. Murphy's elder pupils in competition, for he has not yet shown the highest racing qualities. In the Yale-Harvard games he was about a foot behind Lefurgey in the hundred, and Lefurgey has never done even time; and in the two-twenty he was beaten at the finish by Merrill, Harvard's quarter-miler. Judging by records in practice, both of these races should have gone to Richards. It is not even certain, moreover, that under ordinary circumstances he would have won his events at the Intercollegiates. In the first place, the track was too heavy for the stocky Harvard sprinters, but not seriously detrimental to the slender Richards, who, it may be added, is well

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prepared for bad tracks by the condition of his home grounds. Merrill, moreover, is just heavy enough in temperament and strong enough at repeating to require a race or two to get his blood up. He stayed out of the hundred and the quarter to save himself for the finals of the two-twenty; but when his race came on he was too cold to win the preliminary heat, and was thus shut out of the finals. If, as usual, seconds had been allowed in the finals, there is great likelihood that he would have beaten Richards again, for he has done even time in practice, and is an excellent racer. Accordingly, though Richards will be looked to to win his events next year, he will have two very dangerous rivals in Merrill and Lefurgey; and nothing beyond a kind of racing grit which he has not yet shown will insure a repetition of his victories of the present year. Buckholz, U. of P., who was second in the short dash, might have proved a first except for his many other events. Anderson, of Yale, who was second in the long dash, had previously figured in the quarter-mile.

That Sayer, of Harvard, should have won the quarter, was a surprise even to his nearest friends. In Exeter, when he was captain of the athletic team, he always entered the sprints. Even in College he ran but a single quarter; and, as he was fouled in this, he won only second place. His great defect as a sprinter was a mental inability to run hard until the very end of a race. He was put into the quarter in the hope of drawing out some opponent in a preliminary heat. He finished his heat in 51 2-5s., which is the fastest preliminary ever run at the Intercollegiates. The only man he succeeded in drawing out, however, was his college mate, Bingham, who, failing to recognize him, ran as if against the enemy. As Bingham is not a strong repeater, this lost him a possible second. Brokaw, of Princeton, who finished ahead of Bingham in the finals, ran his preliminary heat a full second slower. Shaw, of Cornell, was judged to have tied Bingham for third place, but the decision has been questioned. If Merrill, of Harvard, had not gone into the long dash, he would have had a royal race with Sayer. Merrill's best time is 50 3-5s., which he did last year at the Intercollegiates, when he ran a close second to Wright, of Harvard. Sayer's time this year was a fifth slower. In the Yale-Harvard-Princeton team race Merrill ran fastest of the Harvard men; and Sayer, suffering as usual from a lack of excitement, was the slowest. Sayer is a tall, strong man; and it is by no means certain that he cannot run as good a half as quarter. In the longer run his natural tendency to loaf in the beginning of a race would not be amiss. In physique he strongly resembles Richmond Fearing, who, though about equal to Sayer in the sprints, is best at distances upward of a quarter.

Corbin, of Harvard, who won the half, was last year about a yard behind Turner, of Princeton, who then finished in exactly Corbin's time of the present year, 1m. 59 4-5s. Both men had done 1m. 59 2-5s. earlier in the season, and both were out of form at the Intercollegiates, though Turner was more unfortunate in being ill immediately before the games. On previous records Turner has a decided advantage. He won the half last fall in the American Championship in 1m. 58 3-5s. His best time is 1m. 57¾s., which he did from scratch in a handicap race. Turner is a strong, hardy athlete, and often runs two heats in the quarter before entering the half. He is distinctly the best American half-miler since the time of Downs, Remington, and Dohm. Hubbell, of Harvard, who edged ahead of Turner in the last race, is physically an athlete of the very highest power. The first trial he ever ran was done in 2m. 4s.; and in practice he has generally made better time than Corbin. Except for his inability to run a race properly, he would doubtless have been first.

Jarvis, of Wesleyan, who won the mile, blazed into prominence in the New England college championship just three days before the Intercollegiates. Here he won the mile in 4m. 32 1-5s., and the two-mile in 10m. 8 2-5s., breaking both the records. Both times he ran a waiting race, winning in the last few yards. The American college record for the mile is 2 2-5s. lower than Jarvis's time; but it is safe to say that no American college runner has equaled Jarvis's double performance at the New England championships. Morgan, of Yale, who ran second to Jarvis, is also a new man. In the New England indoor championships he was beaten by Fenton, of Harvard; but in the Yale-Harvard games he won his race in 4m. 36 2-5s. In the Intercollegiates he ran a plucky race, leading on the last lap; but Jarvis spurted him out on the finish. Collamore, of Harvard, was third in both '92 and '93. In neither race was he at the height of training; and it is probable that if he had trained with more enthusiasm he could have been a first-rate distance runner.

Both high and low hurdles went to Van Ingen, of Yale. In years past this man has had the reputation of being what at Yale is called a quitter. In spite of the fact that he has always hurdled well in practice, he has never before won a first prize. Whatever the cause of this reputation—a bad heart, bad judgment, or bad luck—it was bravely overcome in his last races. In the high hurdles he beat Lyman, of Yale, and Shead, of Harvard, both of whom had so often left him behind; and in the low hurdles he beat Garcelon, who had finished well ahead of him in the Yale-Harvard games. That Shead and Garcelon lost many feet by bad judgment is certain; but it is none the less a fact that Van Ingen was tired enough to be insensible after his last heat over the low hurdles; and that, considering the track and the weather, his time was excellent. If Van Ingen's early defeats were due to a lack of courage, then his final victory is a double triumph. If, as is more likely, he has suffered from the hasty judgments of his classmates, as many another athlete has done, his case should be a warning to all college teams against severity in judging men who lose.

Ottley, who won the mile walk in 6m. 37 2-5s., is another old athlete who has suddenly sprung into prominence. In 1891 he finished second to Collis, of Columbia, in that very slow race, where all but three were disqualified. Last year, when Borcherling, of Princeton, made a new Intercollegiate record, Ottley was disqualified. In the present year he held the track and finished ahead of Borcherling, though 4 3-5s. behind Borcherling's Intercollegiate record. Bunnell, who was third, is the Yale walker who tied for

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third place in the Yale-Harvard games with Bardeen of Harvard, and was unable to walk off the tie. In this race Wight, of Yale, was disqualified, and Endicott, who had hitherto won all his races this year, was apparently not in his best form.

Glenny, of Yale, who won the bicycle race, is comparatively a new man. In the Yale 'varsity meeting he failed to better 6m. (according to the falsified account Yale published of these games). In the Yale-Harvard games he showed excellent form, outclassing the field, and in the Intercollegiate he broke the record. Coates, U. of P., who was second, rode second to Osgood in the U. of P., games, when Osgood made a new collegiate record—5m. 28s. As Osgood had played football at Cornell in the fall he was excluded from competition by the rule requiring a full year's residence at the college from which an athlete enters. P. H. Davis, of Harvard, who was third, was thrown last year, and thus prevented from winning a probable first. This year he was suffering from a protracted illness.

Bloss, of Harvard, who won the broad jump, clearing 22 ft. 9 5-8 in., is also a high jumper of some note, and holds the world's indoor sprinting records for all distances up to fifty yards. In 1892 he won the broad jump, clearing 22 ft. 1 1-2 in., but has repeatedly cleared upward of 23 ft. in practice. Sheldon, of Yale, whose best jump was more than seven inches short of Bloss's, has also bettered 23 ft. in practice, but has never approached this in competition. As a high jumper Sheldon has also done extremely well in practice, but failed to take place in both the Yale-Harvard and Intercollegiate games. As he was a noted school athlete, and a winner in the Exeter-Andover games, this failure can scarcely be attributed to a lack of experience. Buckholz, who won first in the pole vault, and second in the hundred for Pennsylvania, was third in the broad jump.

For the fourth time Fearing, of Harvard, won the high jump. In both his sophomore and junior years he broke W. B. Page's Intercollegiate record, clearing 6 ft., and 6 ft. ½ in. respectively. In the present year Fearing rowed 5 on the Harvard 'varsity crew, and was entirely without special training for his event. Even at this, however, he cleared 5 ft. 10¾ in. Fearing's best record is 6 ft. 2¼ in., which stood as the world's indoor record until Sweeney's performances of the past winter. To find Fearing's superior in track and field athletics would be difficult, and certainly no Harvard track athlete has ever excelled him. From the time when he represented Cutler's school in the New York Interscholastic games to the present season he has never lost a point he was expected to win, except a third place in the high hurdle race of 1891, where he missed his stride. In the last year, in which he trained regularly for the Mott Haven team, he won eleven points, namely, firsts in the high jump and low hurdles, and a third in the high hurdles. His extreme strength and vitality may be appreciated in the fact that to do this he ran four heats over the high hurdles, three over the low, and almost immediately after this jumped 6 ft. ½ in. Except for his crew training in the present year he would certainly have repeated this performance, and would probably have won second or first over the high hurdles. Strangely enough, his best event is the half-mile or mile, for which, however, he has never been able to train, because he could win more points in the less exhausting races. Besides all this, Fearing has played second base in his class nine, half-back in the 'varsity eleven, and in the recent boat race he was one of the strongest and most expert of the Harvard oarsmen.

Putnam, of Harvard, who was second to Fearing, is a freshman, but has cleared 5 ft. 10 in. in competition. Sherwin, of Harvard, was one of the best dodging half-backs that ever played on the Harvard eleven, and would probably have equaled Bliss's reputation if he had not been prevented from playing by water on the knee. Even in high jumping and pole vaulting his knee handicaps him, for he has seldom jumped without a tender joint.

Buckholz, of Pennsylvania, who won the pole vault, made his first appearance this year. In the open games of the University of Pennsylvania he cleared 9 ft. 7½ in.; but in the Intercollegiates he broke the record made by Ryder, of Yale, in 1891, by three-eighths of an inch, clearing 9 ft. 10⅛ in. Cartwright, of Yale, who won this event last year, took second place, though he very much bettered his previous record. Rice, of Yale, and Wheelwright, of Harvard, tied for third place, as they have both done before in the Yale-Harvard and Intercollegiate games; and both have won second places. Wheelwright is a very good low hurdler, and would certainly have won third place in that event except for the arbitrary ruling of the judges, excluding all men who won seconds in preliminary heats.

Hickok, the seventeen-year-old Yale freshman, who won the shot and the hammer, played left guard in both the freshman and 'varsity elevens. His put of 41 ft. ⅛ in., which won the event and broke the Intercollegiate record, was made on one of his earliest tries, and was not again approached. On every other try he was beaten by Shea, of Harvard, who, in the Yale-Harvard games, had won the event; and who has always shown himself the better man. Brown, of Yale, has usually beaten Hickok in practice, but was suffering from a sprained wrist.

In the hammer Hickok has invented a trick which would enable any one of the previous record holders to throw well up to Hickok's present record, if not to beat it. In the old style of throw the athlete faced nearly opposite to the direction in which the hammer was to travel; and a line connecting his heels would be perpendicular to the line of the throw. Accordingly the trunk of the athlete was twisted violently at the moment the weight received the final impetus. Now the rules only require that both feet shall be on the ground when the hammer leaves the hands. Hickok, and the men he has trained according to his new method, stand with the right foot near the circle and the left toward the middle. Near the end of the final swing the left foot steps backward, throwing the body forty-five degrees toward the direction the hammer is to travel; so that when the hammer slips the hands it has received not the strength of a twisted trunk, but the strength of muscles that are working in a free and normal direction. It is

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a curious fact that Finlay, of Harvard, who made the previous record, hit upon the trick that Hickok has perfected; but as he was at the time showing championship form, was not permitted to try the experiment.

JUNE 9th.—The eighth annual New England Intercollegiate Championship, held under the auspices of the Harvard Athletic Association, were won by Hopkinson's school. The meeting was the closest and most exciting ever held. Records were broken in ten out of fourteen events, namely, the 220 yard dash, the low and high hurdles, the bicycle race, the quarter and half mile runs, the high jump, the shot, the pole vault, and throwing the baseball. The great rival of Hopkinson's was Worcester Academy, and not till the last event was the victory won. Following is the summary:

100 yards—M. Clark, Worcester A., first; J. S. Clark, Boston English H. S., second; Bigelow, Worcester H. S., third. Time, 10 2-4s.

220 yards—Hill, Hopkinson's, first; M. Clark, Worcester A., second; Grosvenor, Worcester A., third. Time, 23 1-5s.

Quarter mile—Hull, Worcester A., first; Gaskill, Worcester A., second; Mansfield, Berkeley school, third. Time, 53 1-5s.

Half mile—Wesson, Worcester A., first; Hull, Worcester A., second; Cunniff, Boston L. S., third. Time, 2m. 6s.

High hurdles—Hoyt, Roxbury L. S., first; Hallowell, Hopkinson's, second; Lundgren, Brookline H. S., third. Time, 17 2-5s.

Low hurdles—Stevenson, Hopkinson's, first; Hallowell, Hopkinson's, second; Bigelow, Worcester H. S., third. Time, 27¾s.

Mile walk—Delaney, Worcester H. S., first; Lockwood, Worcester A., second; Beals, Hopkinson's, third. Time, 7m. 55 2-5s.

Mile bicycle—Beach, Hopkinson's, first; Mansfield, Waltham H. S., second; Wisner, Boston English H. S., third. Time, 2m. 42 1-5s.

High jump—Paine, Hopkinson's, 5 ft. 7¾ in., first; Hoyt, Roxbury L. S., 5 ft. 6¾ in., second; Abbott, Worcester A., 5 ft. 5½ in., third.

Broad jump—Driscoll, Brookline H. S., 20 ft., first; Paine, Hopkinson's, 19 ft. 10 in., second; J. Clark, Boston English H. S., 19 ft. 1½ in., third.

Shot—Driscoll, Brookline H. S., 36 ft. 9½ in., first; Paine, Hopkinson's, 33 ft. 4½ in., second; Morey, Boston L. S., 31 ft. 6½ in., third.

Hammer—Driscoll, Brookline H. S., 90 ft. 11 in., first; Macy, Worcester A., 82 ft. 7 in., second; Paine, Hopkinson's, 80 ft. 4 in., third.

Pole vault—Hoyt, Roxbury L. S., 10 ft. 6¾ in., first; Hallowell, Hopkinson's, 9 ft. 4¼ in., second; Curtiss, Worcester A., 9 ft. 1 in., third.

Throwing baseball—Russell, Allen's, 369 ft. 2 in., first; Paine, Hopkinson's, 350 ft. 1 in., second; Gordon, Worcester A., 332 ft. ¼ in., third.

The summary by schools is as follows:

School.	*1st.*	*2d.*	*3d.*	*Total.*
Hopkinson	4	6	2	34
Worcester Academy	3	5	4	29
Brookline H. S.	3	0	1	16
Roxbury Latin	2	1	0	12
Worcester H. S.	1	0	2	7
Boston English H. S.	0	1	2	4
Allen's	1	0	0	5
Boston Latin	0	0	2	2
Waltham H. S.	0	1	0	2
Berkeley School	0	0	1	1

JUNE 28th.—The ninth all-round championship was won by E. W. Goff, New Jersey A. C. His opponents were F. H. Schaefer and Oscar Pulvermiller, Pastime A. C.; Ferdinand Friedrich, Passaic A. C., and T. Larkin, Xavier A. C., who finished in the order given. The contest consisted of ten events, namely, 100-yard run, shot, high jump, half-mile walk, hammer, pole vault, high hurdles, 56-pound weight, broad jump, and mile run. Of the eight previous contests, Malcolm W. Ford has won four, A. A. Jordan three, and M. O'Sullivan one. The most noteworthy performances were Goff's high jump of 6 ft. ⅞ in., and Pulvermiller's throw of 99 ft. 11 in. with the hammer. Goff's broad jump of 21 ft. 7 in. is 11½ inches short of his jump at the American championship last fall.

The meet of the Interscholastic Athletic Association, on Berkeley Oval, May 13th, was a success in spite of rain and heavy footing. Among the young athletes were several likely to be heard from again. Scholastic records were smashed right and left, the old marks going down in the hundred and twenty hurdle, the eight hundred and eighty, the running broad jump, the twelve-pound hammer, and the high jump; while first and second men both beat the record in the pole vault. Summary:

100 yards—Brooks, Harvard S., first; Simpson, Barnard S., second; Billings, Allen S., third. Time, 11s.

100 yards (under 15)—Harris, Cutter S., first; Doudge, Berkeley S., second; Van Baur, Barnard S., third. Time, 11 4-5s.

120-yards hurdle—Richards, Berkeley S., first; Bosworth, J., Cutter S., second; Williams, Cutter S., third. Time, 16 1-55s.

Mile safety bicycle—Stevens, Woodbridge S., first; Williams, Cutter S., second; Powell, Cutter S., third. Time, 2m. 52s.

440 yards—Billings, Allen S., first; Roland, Halsey S., second; Fisher, Harvard S., third. Time, 53 2-5s.

Mile run—Southwick, Harvard S., first; Atkinson, Harvard S., second; Brown, Harvard S., third. Time, ...

220 yards—Fisher, Harvard S., first; Williams, Cutter S., second; Fitch, Berkeley S., third. Time, 24s.

220 hurdle—Brooks, Harvard S., first; Richards, Berkeley S., second; Bosworth, Cutter S., third. Time, 27 1-5s.

Mile walk—Elliman, Berkeley S., first; Marcas, Harvard S., second; Moeran, Berkeley S., third. Time, 8m. 04 2-5s.

880-yards handicap—Irwin-Martin, Berkeley S., first; Brokaw, Cutter S., second; Kinnicutt, Cutter S., third. Time, 2m. 08 4-5s.

Running broad jump—Bogert, Berkeley S., 19 ft, 11⅛ in., first; Bowers, Berkeley S., 19 ft. 10 in., second; Polk, Berkeley S., 19 ft. 10 in., third.

Throwing 12-pound hammer—Polk, Cutter S., 93 ft., first; Stickney, Cutter S., 87 ft. 2 in., second; Nicholas, Cutter S., 86 ft. 9 in., third.

Running high jump—Stickney, Cutter S., 5 ft. 8 in., first; Mossman, Condon S., 5 ft. 7 in., second; Rogers, Barnard S., 5 ft. 7 in., third.

Putting 12-pound shot—Polk, Cutter S., 38 ft. 6½ in., first; Inman, Cutter S., 37 ft. 4 in., second; Tenney, Harvard S., 36 ft. 7 in., third.

Pole vault—Caswell, Harvard S., 9 ft. 3 in., first; Whitney, Harvard S., 9 ft., second; Wicker, Berkeley S., ... third. JOHN CORBIN.

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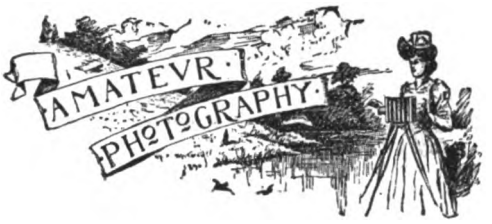

FASHIONS in photography, like those of women's dress, are not unfrequently old methods rejuvenated, a case in point being the printing by development recently revived and gradually coming into favor.

Direct printing, or more correctly "printing out," as practiced on albumenized and the more recently popularized collodio and gelatino-chloride papers, has been so long in almost universal use, that many of the younger photographers may not be aware that the first prints —those produced by Talbot—were obtained by development, and, curiously enough, by the same developing agent, gallic acid.

Briefly, the method is one by which a large number of prints may be turned out in a very short time, or a few prints made in a light that practically puts "printing out" in the ordinary way out of the question,—by which, as experiment shows, 60 prints may be made in the time necessary for the exposure of one in the ordinary way.

For this purpose, however, all kinds of paper are not equally suitable. Collodio-chloride, the so-called "Aristo," cannot be developed at all, or, at least, very imperfectly, while all the samples of ordinary albumenized paper that I have tried readily respond to the developer. But gelatino-chloride, and especially the variety known as "solio," gives decidedly the best results; while all the developed images are as amenable to any of the ordinary toning solutions as are the images that are printed out.

The following formulæ and *modus operandi* seem to leave nothing to be desired. Albumenized paper, either *ready* or *home* sesitized; or, preferably, the gelatino-chloride, as it comes from the maker, is exposed under the negative in the ordinary way, but only until a faint but decided image appears. Experiments, made while I write, show that with "solio" paper, in a diffused light of which an exposure of 45 minutes was required to give a sufficiently printed out image, an image with sufficient detail for development was produced in 45 seconds. But with the latter there is considerable latitude, an equally good print could have been developed on an image exposed for, say, only 30 seconds, or 60, or 100; the difference, after a faint trace of the image is obtained, being not in the result, but in the time required for development; that being just in an inverse ratio to the time of exposure.

Premising that, in a suitable tray, a considerable number of prints may be developed at once; they are just as they come from the printing frame, well washed in three or four changes of water, and I think it is an improvement to add to the last but one a pinch of table salt. From the last washing water they should be transferred, one by one, to a tray containing the developing solution, made as follows:

CONCENTRATED DEVELOPER.

Gallic Acid	20 grains.
Soda Acetate	40 ,,
Lead ,, ...	4 ,,
Acid Acetic	60 minims.
Water	8 ounces.

Dissolve and filter.

To make the developer, one part of this solution is added to from 5 to 8 parts of water, the more the image has been printed the weaker should be the solution, and *vice versa;* but in no case should it be so strong as to develop so rapidly that the effect cannot be watched, and stopped by the removal of the print to water, preferably containing a little salt.

When the prints are sufficiently developed they should be well washed in several changes of water, and toned in the ordinary way in any of the popular toning solutions.

The following is recommended by Mr. Warnerke:

Gold Chloride	1 grain.
Lead Acetate	40 ,,
Soda Hyposulphite . .	1 ounce.
Water	8 ,,

Dissolve the lead and hypo in the water, add the gold, and filter. This is a combined fixing and toning bath, and in it the prints are first turned to a foxy-brown and gradually pass to a purplish brown, and thence through various stages to a purplish black, which, of course, can be stopped at any stage.

In neither the development nor the toning does the lead salt have any part, but is added through a belief that it tends materially to keep the whites pure, and as it may have an influence in this direction and cannot possibly do any harm, I would recommend its employment.

But although the combined fixing and toning solutions seem to do their work well, and are simpler than separate solutions, and consequently more popular, I think the separate method is much better.

I don't care much for toning solutions that "will keep," as I have never found one that did so, and so make just as much as I want to use at once, and throw it away when it has done its work. I also like bicarbonate of soda better than any of the other salts that have been recommended, and never have a difficulty in getting any color I want, if the negative be suitable.

This is how I set about it. I get a 15-grain tube of chloride of gold, dissolve it in 15 drachms of water—nearly fill a 2-ounce bottle, and label it "solution of gold, 1 in 60." If, say, 8 ounces is required to tone the batch of prints, I put a small pinch of bicarbonate of soda into an 8-ounce measure, add an ounce of water, one drachm—one grain—of the solution of gold, and let it stand for ten minutes. During this time the straw-yellow color will have largely disappeared, indicating that the change called ripening has been effected, and I then fill up the measure with water. This is amply sufficient to give dark tones to at least one sheet of paper, or say 20 5 x 4 prints, after which the amateur may safely throw it away, as it is not worth *his* while either to collect or reduce it.

After toning the prints should be washed in several changes of water and fixed in a solution of hypo, 1 ounce to 8 ounces of water, with a small pinch of acetate of lead added. JAY SEE.

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CYCLING NOTES.

An earthquake of very respectable proportions has, during the past month, been sprung upon the trade and the buying public by the action of a very reputable concern reducing the price of its machines from $150 to a price below all reason. The effect has been to demoralize the trade to a most serious extent, and the riders are all agog expecting that every maker of high grade wheels will soon reduce their price to a similar figure. Those who believe this, and are waiting accordingly, will be wofully disappointed.

The reduction as made is reprehensible for several reasons, and the concern making it has written its own doom as high grade manufacturers, also, unless I miss my guess, if they have not practically killed themselves with the men who have heretofore acted as their representatives and agents. It does not take a very astute man to see the effect on the agent and his customer, who has sold and bought one of those $150 wheels at list price, to find, without a moment's warning, these same wheels dumped on the retail market at a drop of 40 per cent. In the name of all that is fair and just please imagine the happy (?) feelings of the said agent and purchaser,

I regret this ill-advised (from *my* standpoint) action for several reasons. First: because it has raised ill-founded expectation in the minds of a great many riders that *all* makers would come down to $85-$100 for their best machines. This will not be so, newspaper talk and outside rumor to the contrary notwithstanding. Mark, I am not so reckless in my statement as to say that during the next few seasons a fairly reasonable reduction may not be made, providing the fashion does not change, putting the manufacturers to great expense getting out new patterns and special machinery. That is where the great expense of bicycle construction comes in. The constant changes in fashion and design, and where one part of the machine has to be changed, that means an almost entirely new set of patterns and consequent enormous cost to the maker. The time may come when the safety will have settled down to one universally accepted pattern and design, and then, and not until then, will there be any material reduction in the cost of bicycles.

To the chronic grumbler, who gives it out that in *his* opinion "the present price of high grade bicycles is exorbitant," I would say "go to" and hie thee to an auction room, buy thee an old crock, advertised as "high grade," or go down into thy pocket-book and haul from $60 to $75 and buy a wheel at those prices or thereabout; but don't fool yourself that in paying $150 for one of "the best" that you are being robbed, for you are not!

They do say that the recent meeting of the Connecticut Division Officers was as compared with the proverbial monkey and parrot time—a veritable Sunday-school picnic. The trouble has been brewing for some time, in fact ever since the February meeting in Philadelphia. It culminated at the recent meeting in Hartford. The chief actors in the wordy drama were Mr. D. J. Post, of Hartford, who very frankly and fearlessly criticised the policy of the League officials in certain matters, while President Burdett was equally emphatic, forceful, and frank in his reply. It was a warm time, to say the least of it, and the outcome was that the Connecticut Division will head a call for a special meeting of the National Assembly to talk over the affair still further. There is no use disguising the fact that a big war is on, and when Mr. Post and President Burdett square off at each other in dead earnest, the chances for a fur-flying exhibition are most propitious. I do not care to go into the merits of the case from my standpoint, because I am not sufficiently conversant with the question under dispute. It will be war to the knife, and defeat means the death of influence in League matters, and as both men are at present powerful, it can be seen that the fight will be bitter. The call for the special meeting of the National Assembly is now being circulated, and I understand that Connecticut, Massachusetts, and Ohio will sign it, with possibly New York, Pennsylvania, and one or two other prominent Divisions.

Will the expected exodus from the ranks of the L. A. W. racing men into the cash league's fold take place? Naturally a most absorbing interest is shown on all sides as to who is and who isn't going to join. Here comes up a nice question, suggested by the fact that it is an open secret that many well-known amateurs have applied for licenses, and I hear that in many cases they have been granted. In such cases does the application for, and the granting of the license carry with it the cloak of the professional, or does it become necessary that these men actually race for cash before the League can take any action? I have been asked this question, and have listened to quite earnest arguments pro and con. I incline to believe that the mere fact of making application and having the license issued does not carry with it the title of professional. A mere intimation of a desire to join the association, and a compliance on the part of the association to the request, should not be considered *de facto*, but rather *de jure*. He must have accomplished the act, the mere right to will not suffice. As to whether the Racing Board view it in that light remains to be seen.

I am awfully sorry to note that Zimmerman and the racing authorities of England came to loggerheads, and that the Yankee boy left the old sod with feelings of anything but happiness and good feeling toward the English powers. It seems that Zimmerman was riding a certain make of wheel in which he was interested, and the powers that be notified Mr. Zimmerman that he could not ride those wheels in the championship races. The "Jarsey man" objected to this ruling vigorously, and rather than forfeit his right to ride any wheel that he might elect withdrew and came away in disgust. It does seem queer to a man up a tree that Zimmerman should have been selected to make

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a horrible example of. Is the true inwardness of the affair that the Englishmen didn't want those championships to come across the water, and thus took the novel method of preventing such a dire catastrophe happening? If, however, this was the reason it did not work, for Sanger, the Milwaukee man, carried off the one-mile N. C. U. championship against such men as Harris and Pope. Sanger did not start in the five-mile N. C. U. championship, preferring to save himself for the chief event, the one-mile, which was won in the scandalously slow time of 3.49 3-5. The last quarter was, however, done in the English record time of 28 4-5 seconds, which showed the men could move if they had a mind to.

Some new records were established July 4. Sanger at Hartford (who, by the way, arrived in the country on the Friday or Saturday previous) cut the mile record from scratch in a *handicap* race to 2.14⅘. E. A. Nelson knocked the quarter-mile "time" record to 30⅘. While at Waltham, Geo. F. Taylor put the mile record in competition *all starting from scratch* to 2 21⅘.

The professional racing League, the National Cyclist Association, commonly known as the Cash League, blossomed out in this city July 3.

Among those well known as erstwhile amateurs I note the names of Harry Wheeler, P. J. Berlo, C. Dorntge and A. B. Rich. Also appeared the old time professionals, W. A. Rowe and H. G. Crocker. The other men were practically new comers and not known to fame.

Wheeler took the cream of the purses, winning near $1,200 in the two days racing. If one is to lay any store by "street talk," I would be led to believe that there would be a general exodus from the ranks of the L. A. W. to those of the N. C. U. after the international meet at Chicago. For my part, I doubt the authenticity of the rumor, and I should be nonplussed if such men as Zimmerman, Windle, Sanger, Taylor, and Garey join the ranks of the professionals. In the mean time the Association will have to show grit to meet losses until such time as the public support the venture more generously than they did in this city July 3-4.

By the way, speaking of the high flyers in amateurism, I named Guy L. Garey, a young man who has been beating such men as Windle and Taylor lately. I predict that this same young Garey will become one of the best known riders in the country. I get my information second-hand, but judging from all accounts, he has the makings of a flyer. To use the words of a man who knows Garey, "He is a 'high grade' man physically and mentally." Therefore, I would advise the racing men to keep an eye on Garey. He hails from Boston, Mass., and is a member of the Press Cycle Club of that city.

It is the fashion among certain riders to remark that England is always ahead of America in novelties in the cycle line. Witness the tardy acceptance in this country of the rear-driving safety and the pneumatic tire. The enthusiasts who believe in the future of the geared ordinary point to this fact as a reason why the front driver has not yet got a hold in this country. The argument is good for a certain distance but it does not go far enough. The big boom for this pattern of wheel in England that was promised during '91-'92 did not materialize, and, though the wheel has a good many admirers, the rank and file of riders will not adopt it because, though more comfortable and, possibly, nearly as safe as the rear driver, it does not have that turn of speed for sprinting which the rear driver has. Some excellent long distance records have been made on the front driver, but I have my serious doubts whether it will ever touch the records below say two miles. I have tried the front driver on the road a bit, and I must honestly say that it is a most comfortable machine, but a bit "draggy" on the hills. It is no doubt a cleaner wheel to ride, and its only fault that its enemies claim against it is that the scorchers cannot keep up with the procession. This will militate against the success of the front driver, for nowadays the average rider is not happy unless he can run away from some one. To riders of my taste and habit the chief thing to be attained is comfort and ease of running, and if after future trials I am convinced that I get more comfort and ease out of the front driver than the rear driver the former will be my mount, for scorching is not my forte. PROWLER.

RACING.

THE number of racing events on the great national holiday were something remarkable. OUTING gives the principal events. A few of the records got a knock at Hartford and Waltham, and on the 3d and 4th, the National Cyclists Association Professional), held its first race meet in New York.

AT HARTFORD, CT., the Columbia Cycle Club held its third annual tournament on the famous Charter Oak track. The event was made very interesting by the presence of W. C. Sanger, who had just arrived from England. He distinguished himself on this his first appearance since his European trip, by lowering the one mile scratch record in a handicap race to 2m. 14 3-5s. Nelson also cut the quarter-mile time record to 30 2-5s. This was made after the regular events were run off. Summary of events:

One mile, 3.10 class—J. H. Jones, Hartford, first; E. W. Heyer, Hartford, second; L. S. Main, Hartford, third. Time, 2m. 39s.

Half mile, L. A. W. State championship—A. W. Warren, Hartford, first; J. H. Jones, Hartford, second. Time, 1m. 15 4-5s.

One mile, 2.40 class—George C. Smith, N. Y. A. C., first; C. T. Nelson, Springfield, second; William Harding, Hartford, third. Time, 2m. 25s.

One mile open—W. C. Sanger, Milwaukee, first; E. A. Nelson, Springfield, second; Hoyland Smith, N.Y. A. C., third. Time, 2m. 35s.

One mile handicap—Connecticut riders only A. W. Warren, Hartford (scratch), first; J. H. Jones, Hartford, (80 yds.), second; G. H. Sterzing, Hartford (125 yds.), third. Time, 2m. 23 2-5s.

Half mile race, for Hartford boys under 16—F. A. Wilson, first; F. F. Hills, second; E. C. Linsley, third. Time, 1m. 14s.

Half mile handicap—A. W. Warren, Hartford, first; Hoyland Smith, second; O. G. Spencer, S. W. C., third. Time, 1m. 03 1-5s.

One mile, Hartford County championship—William Harding, first; C. H. Symonds, second; Ludwig Foster, third. Time, 2m. 44s.

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One mile handicap—W. C. Sanger, Milwaukee (scratch), first; C. T. Nelson, Springfield (100 yds.), second; Robert T. McLaren, Hartford (175 yds.), third; Charles Newton, Springfield (165 yds.), fourth. Time, 2m. 14 3-5s.

AT WALTHAM, MASS., the new track developed some speedy time on July 4th, Geo. Taylor lowering the mile competition record (*all men starting from scratch*) from 2.23 2-5 to 2.21 3-5. The other features of this race meet was the splendid riding of Guy L. Gary, and the sensational winning of the one mile by A. W. Porter, who started from the word "Go" with D. F. Connolly, and going to the front, defied catching. The summary is as follows:

One mile novice—First heat—W. E. Humphreys, first; John R. Parker, second; Harry A. Walker, third; F. W. Andrews, fourth. Time, 2m. 49s.

Second heat—Edgar Lambert, first; A. Longley, second; Bradford Dean, third; S. C. Dinsmore, fourth. Time, 2m. 45 1-5s.

Final heat—Edgar Lambert, first; W. E. Humphrey, second; A. Longler, third; Dean, fourth. Time, 3m. 10s.

One mile open—First heat—H. C. Tyler, first; D. T. Connolly, second; A. W. Porter, third. Time, 2m. 49 3-5s.

Second heat—Guy Gary, first; G. F. Taylor, second; W. A. Rhodes, third. Time, 2m. 53 1-5s.

Final heat—A. W. Porter, first; G. F. Taylor, second; Guy Garey, third; W. A. Rhodes, fourth; Harry Tyler, fifth. Time, 2m. 28 2-5s.

One mile, 2.40 class—First heat—E. J. Clark, first; E. G. Merrill, second; H. D. Hutchins, third. Time, 2m. 43s.

Second heat—M. Lenfest, first; J. C. Wettergreen, second; John Bianchi, third. Time, 3m. 17 1-5s.

Third heat—D. T. Connolly, first; E. H. Snow, second; George Quinn, third. Time, 2m. 51s.

Final heat—Connolly, first; Hutchins, second; E. J. Clark, third; Snow, fourth; Wisner, fifth; Bianchi, sixth. Time, 2m. 28s.

Team race—Forfeited to Waltham.

One mile invitation—G. F. Taylor, first; W. W. Windle, second; W. A. Rhodes, third. Time, 2m. 21 3-5s.

One-third mile, open—First heat—Watson Coleman, first; E. G. Merrill, second; W. Windle, third; Guy Garey, fourth. Time, 53 1-5s.

Second heat—W. A. Rhodes, first; Harry Tyler, second; James Clark, third; W. G. French, fourth. Time, 50 4-5s.

Final heat—Garey, first; Windle, second; Rhodes, third; Tyler, fourth; Clark, fifth; French, sixth. Time, 48 4-5s. Taylor did not ride in this race.

One mile, L. A. W. State championship—J. C. Wettergreen, first; Watson Coleman, second; W. G. French, third. Time, 2 m. 47 3-5s.

Two mile handicap—Final—A. W. Porter (90 yds.), first; F. W. Haggerty (170 yds.), second; C. G. Williams (160 yds.), third; James Clark (80 yds.), fourth; John Bianchi (225 yds.), fifth; G. J. Quinn (110 yds.), sixth; E. H. Snow (160 yds.), seventh. Time, 4m. 59 1-5s.

AT TRENTON, N. J., July 1st, the New Jersey Division held its annual meet. Here the New Jersey idol, Zimmerman, appeared, and he was cheered to the echo whenever he came to the starting point. Taxis made a track of 2 19 2-5, and won the round trip ticket to the World's Fair. The summary:

Team race, one mile—The New York *Times'* cup and medal.—Union County Roadsters of Elizabeth, A. C. Watson, J. C. Willis and N. M. Mooney, first; Elizabeth Wheelmen, Calkins, Bettner and Heinricks, second; New Brunswick B. C., A. W. W. Evans, Asa Atkinson and Edward Baldwin, third. Points—Union County Roadsters, 21; Elizabeth Wheelmen, 18; New Brunswick B. C., 6. Individual gold medal won by A. C. Watson.

One mile novice—Clifton A. Rose, first; William Hall, Wissahickon Wheelmen, second; W. S. Martin, Union County Roadsters, third. Time, 2m. 46 3-5s.

One mile handicap—W. W. Taxis, Park Avenue Wheelmen, first; Edwin F. Miller, Vineland Wheelmen, second; H. R. Steenson, Liberty C. C., third. Time, 2m. 18 1-5s.

One mile, boys under 18 years—Joseph J. Diver, Bank Clerks' A. A., first; C. L. Lagen, Philadelphia, second; J. Lindley, Mercer County Wheelmen, third. Time, 2m. 45s.

One mile open—W. W. Taxis, Park Avenue Wheelmen, first; H. R. Steenson, Liberty C. C., second; G. M. Wells, Mercer County Wheelmen, third. Time, 2m. 32s

Half-mile championship of the New Jersey Division—A. A. Zimmerman, New York A. C., first; H. R. Steenson, Liberty C. C., second; Charles Brown, Elizabeth A. C. C., third. Time, 1m. 14 3-5s.

One mile, New Jersey Division championship—A. A. Zimmerman, New York A. C., first; James Willis, Union County Roadsters, second; A. H. Rogers, Mercer County Wheelmen, third. Time, 2m. 39s.

One mile, 2.50 class—H. A. Allen, Point Pleasant C., first; A. S. Fritts, Crescent L. W., second; C. H. Coffin, Roseville A. A., third, Time, 2m. 36s.

Half-mile Handicap—C. B. Tomlinson, Mercer County W. (90 yds.), first; John C. Baretta, Vineland W. (85 yds.), second; C. H. Coffin, Roseville A. A. (85 yds.), third. Time, 1m. 5 2-5s.

Five mile championship of New Jersey—A. A. Zimmerman, New York A. C., first; Edwin F. Miller, Vineland Wheelmen, second; H. T. Bauer, Elizabeth A. C. C., third. Time, 14m. 40 4-5s.

AT LYNN, MASS., July 1st, the Lynn Cycling and Athletic Association held a meeting on the historic Glenmere track. This track was built before banking was thought to be a necessity for small tracks, and consequently some of the "fast uns," who expected to be on hand, refused to start. Taylor and Eddie McDuffee, however, competed. Summary:

One mile novice—First heat—W. F. Saunders, Union Bicycle Club, first; H. G. Chamberlain, Malden Bicyle Club, second; A. C. Barnard, Malden Bicycle Club, third. Time, 2m. 55s. Second heat—Sydney C. Lent, Malden Bicycle Club, first; W. H. M. Greenhill, Lynn, second; Edwin Ramsell, Lynn, third. Time, 2m. 16 1-5s. Third heat—A. C. Boggs, Lynn, first; E. W. Getchell, Saugus, second; John Hall, jr., East Boston, third. Time, 2m. 50s: Final heat—W. F. Saunders, first; H. G. Chamberlain, second; A. C. Barnard, third, Time, 2m. 48 1-5s.

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Two mile lap race—First heat—George Quinn, Chelsea, first; E. A. McDuffee, Malden, second; A. C. Dodge, Malden, third. Time, 5m. 56 1-5s. Second heat—Guy Gary, Press C. C., and A. B. Rich, S. B. C., tied for first; Hugh Robson, Salem, third; Time, 6m. 2-5s. Final heat—E. A. McDuffee, first; A. B. Rich, second; Guy Gary, third. Time, 5m. 35 3-5s.

One mile, open to Lynn—H. J. Pote, first; T. W. Holdsworth, second; George W. Cravens, third. Time, 2m. 49 4-5s.

Two mile handicap—First heat—J. P. Clark, Press C. C. (110 yds.), first; P. J. McDuffee, (110 yds.), second; H. Caldwell, Manchester, (190 yds.), third; E. J. Clark, Press C. C. (190 yds.), fourth. Second heat—James Clark, Press C. C. (90 yds.), first; Eben H. Snow, Press C. C. (160 yds.), second; Hugh Robson, Salem (140 yds.), third. Time, 5m. 5 2-5s. Final heat—Eben H. Snow, first; J. P. Clark, second; P. J. McDuffee, third. Time, 5m. 7 2-5s.

One-third mile—First heat—E. A. McDuffee, first; George F. Taylor, Waltham C. C., second; W. F. Saunders, third. Time, 46 1-5s. Second heat—G. Gary, first; J. C. Wettergreen, Malden B. C., second; H. D. Hutchins, Malden B. C., third. Time, 51 3-5s. Third heat—T. W. Holdsworth, first; Dan Connelly, Malden B. C., second. Time, 1m. 5 2-5s. Final heat—Guy Gary, first; George F. Taylor, second; E. A. McDuffee, third. Time, 47s.

At Paterson, N. J., July 4th, the Tourists' Cycle Club of that city held a successful race meet, fully 10,000 spectators being present. Zimmerman was, of course, the drawing card. Summary as follows:

One mile safety novice, final—R. Dawson, first; Charles H. Norwood, second; T. M. Davison, third. Time, 2m. 37 1-2s.

Three-quarter mile race—A. A. Zimmerman, first; C. M. Murphy, N. Y. A. C., second: George A. Beckworth, third. Time, 2m. 4s.

One mile race, championship of Paterson—George A. Beckworth, first; Frank J. McMahon, second; Isaac W. England, third. Time, 2m. 36s.

One and one half mile handicap—E. L. Blauvelt, first; Charles Brown, second; Edward Van Benschoten, third. Time, 3m. 40s.

Quarter mile dash—Zimmerman, first, in 30s; Paul Grosch, second; George F. Royce, third.

Two mile handicap—L. L. Clark, first, in 4m. 53 1-2s.; S. T. Finch, second; P. Atkinson, third.

One mile safety—Zimmerman, first; C. M. Murphy, second; W. T. Campbell, third. Time, 3m, 7 3-4s.

Three mile handicap George A. Beckworth, first; F. J. McMahon, second; Isaac England, third. Time, 8m. 28s.

Two mile safety—Zimmerman, first; C. M. Murphy, second; H. R. Steensen, third. Time, 5m. 15 3-4s.

One mile safety handicap—H. R. Steensen, first; W. Hardifer, second; Paul Hardifer, third. Time, 2m. 17 1-4s.

One mile consolation—George W. Coffin, first; G. W. Shannon, second; George D. Brown, third. Time, 2m. 26 3-4s.

At Vinton, Iowa, July 3 and 4. the Iowa Division held its ninth annual meet. The races were exceptionally good and the attendance excellent. Summary:

July 3d.—Half mile novice—M. H. Mayer, first; C. A. Fox, second; H. Grinnell, third. Time, 1m. 17s.

Quarter mile State championship—A. B. Edmonds, first; F. McElwain, second; J. F. Starbuck, third. Time, 40m. 3-5s.

Half mile handicap—C. W. Ashley (125 yds.), first; W. W. McCarthy (110 yds.), second; H. H. Stipp (125 yds.), third.

Quarter mile open—H. C. Hatterbauer, first; F. H. Clifford, second; H. A. Stacy, third. Time 37½.

Half mile Vinton C. C—Al. Boggs, Jr., won in 1m. 20s.

Mile handicap—C. W. Ashley (250 yds.), first; H. C. Hatterbauer (250 yds.), second; J. F. Starbuck (160 yds.), third. Time 2m. 17s. Time from scratch, R. Keator, 2m. 47s.

Mile 3m. class—J. F. Starbuck, first; M. H. Mayer, second; W. J. Snook, third. Time, 2m. 41s.

Mile, State championship—C. W. Ashley, first; J. F. Starbuck, second; J. B. Haviland, third. Time, 2m. 45½s.

Two miles open—J. F. Starbuck, first; R. Keator; second; A. Helmich, Jr., third. Time, 3m. 36¾s.

July 4th.—Mile open—R. Keator, first; J. F. Starbuck, second; A. B. Edmonds, third. Time, 2m. 37¼s.

Mile Handicap—J. R. Cheesboro, first; H. H. Stipp, second; W. J. Snook, third. No handicaps given. Time, 2m. 24¼s.

Half mile State championship—A. B. Edmonds, first; C. W. Ashley, second; H. C. Hatterbauer, third. Time 1m. 15¾s.

Two miles handicap—C. W. Ashley, first; C. A. Fox, second; J. R. Cheesboro, third. Time, 5m 19¾s. No handicaps given.

Half mile 1 30 class—W. J. Snook, first; J. G. Linsay, second; M. H. Mayer, third. Time, 1m. 16½s

Quarter mile handicap—H. H. Stipp, first; J. H. Cheesboro, second; W. W. McCarthy, third. Time, 33¼s. No handicaps given.

Two mile State championship—A. B. Edmonds, first; J. F. Starbuck, second; F. H. Clifford, third. Time, 6m. 05½s.

Half mile open—A Helmich, first; Roy Keator, second; H. A. Stacey, third. Time, 1m. 19¾s.

Five miles handicap—C. A. Fox, first; J. R. Cheesboro, second; J. F. Starbuck, third. Time, and handicap not given.

At Boston, Mass., June 28th, the Malden Bicycle Club won the 25 miles road race of the A. C. C. of Boston. The club was represented by E. A. and P. J. McDuffie, A. C. Dodge, R. M. Mugridge and F. Mayo. Time by E. A. McDuffie 1h. 15m. 36 1-5s. A. W. Porter of the Waltham Club finished a close second.

At Cincinnati, O., July 4th, the Peooman 17¼ miles road race, the best time prize was won by E. A. McDuffie, of Malden, Mass., who finished from scratch, third, in 52m. 30s. The race was won by C. H. Peck, Chicago, who had 4 1-2 miles handicap.

At Brooklyn, N. Y., July 1st, the Kings' County Wheelmen meet took place. Harry Wheeler made his last appearance as an amateur. Also Dorntge and Berlo.

At Brooklyn, N. Y., July 6th, the N. C. A. held its second race meet.

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Now, here are *canine* days, for sun-parched August drags its sweltering length o'er all the land, and unfortunates penned 'tween baked, stifling walls revile the weather-sharps in useless protest, while luckier mortals flee the city's heat to lounge at ease on ocean beach or marge of limpid lake or stream, where kind woods fling great shadows far and wide to cheat the sun of half-baked victims. This is the month of months for holiday, and he who is wise in his generation will slip the galling, sweating harness of business toil and care, and hie away to breeze-swept mount or beach; to stream, and lake, and wood, and there find needed recreation. The wisest man is he who closest guards his health: we live too fast in these whirling days of daring speculation and fierce striving to make a dollar in one-hundredth part of the time our fathers were willing to devote to the same purpose. The strain upon brain and nerve is a thousand-fold greater now than it was a few decades ago, and the man of sense will not overlook the value of a sorely-needed holiday in such crazily-rushed days as these.

This month, the best for woodland camp or seaside holiday, offers but little to the sportsman save fishing in divers forms. Such of us as still claim trace of old voyageur blood, will turn naturally to a canoe of some kind as the best of craft for a holiday cruise. One need not journey beyond the bounds of the Empire State if attractive waterways are sought. Where can be found finer lakes than George and Champlain? Flashing miles of blue water, here gemmed with lovely islands, there rimmed with shores so picturesque that nature's deftest touch seems to have graced these famous waters. Upon isle or shore one can enjoy every grade of accommodation, from that of tent or lone, hard camp, up to the costlier shelter of first-class modern hotel. Fishing, rowing, paddling, cruising and bathing are standard amusements. Fashion and semi-savagery can exist within ear-shot of each other, so all tastes are readily gratified. The fishing is fairly good at certain points—quite good enough to lend pleasant variety to the daily round of amusements. The woods and waters of Sullivan, Delaware, Ulster, Chenango, Otsego, Madison and Oneida Counties also offer many attractions to the camping angler, as well as to those who prefer boarding with the guileless but apt-to-get-the-best-of-it farmer. Adirondack wilds, though robbed of their old-time abundance of game and fish, yet retain their marvelous beauty, and with their facilities for boating, canoeing and camping, form ideal playgrounds during the heated term. It must not be imagined, however, that the Adirondacks have lost all claim to be considered sporting grounds, for such an idea would be decidedly erroneous. They are poor to-day only as compared with their standing of a few years ago. Men travel hundreds of miles westward and find sport not one whit better than can be enjoyed in the least accessible parts of the Adirondacks. Deer and grouse are still there in fair numbers, and a camper should experience little difficulty in killing fish enough for immediate and proper use—which, by the way, is all any decent camper has a right to do.

The same influences which have worked the rapid deterioration of the Adirondacks, have played equal havoc in the famous wilds of Maine, but, while the glory of the old days has departed for ever, the sportsman need not despair. There are still a few caribou, moose, bear, and some smaller game in Maine covers, and many more trout and lake trout in her ponds and streams than most people imagine. The Rangeleys have been mercilessly fished 'tis true; the many tributaries of Mooshead, and the multitude of "ponds" spangling the forested wilds about the big lake, have, most of them, paid sickening tribute to the 'trout-hog," but a keen rod can still kill a fair basket by going about it the right way. August is the worst of months for big strings of trout, but the angler who cannot get away during other months may do fairly, even in the dog-days. There is no use dallying about the popular points on New York and Maine waters. Get a good guide, make the outfit as compact as possible, then resolutely turn your back upon the much-advertised but fished-to-death waters, and paddle or tramp to some remote stream or "pond," too distant or too difficult of access for the taste of the lazy destroyer. The harder the selected water is to get at, the better for your chance of enjoying good sport; so, if the "carries" be difficult and long, or the tramping heavy, put stout heart into the work, for the reward may be the richer in consequence. Wherever cold springs flow into larger streams, or bubble up from the bottom of "pond" or lake, are the very best spots to find trout during the heated term. The big fish dislike too much sunshine and sun-warmed water, and congregate where the icy currents from the springs lower the temperature. Bait is deadliest, but flies will often prove tempting under such conditions. Very early in the morning and late in the evening are the best times to fish, as the trout are then on the feed. Useful flies for the month are: Governor, flaggon, shad, August dun, coachman, orange fly, land fly, green camlet, goslin and royal coachman. For bait—worms, scraps of fat pork, white grubs, found in decaying logs, and such insects as are found fluttering about the water, are apt to prove deadly.

At countless points along the coast one can find lodging at prices varying from cheap to "steep," and enjoy the delights of sea-bathing, sailing and fishing, at will. If taste so directs, one can find fun all day long with "sea-robins," "porgies," "cunners," flounders and such fry, or in using good tackle against gamer black fish, sea-bass, and weak fish. Best of all, one can thrash seaward in a stanch cat-boat, and troll or "chum" for those hard-fighting beauties the blue fish.

Of shooting it is needless to say anything this month. Shore-birds and cock afford a certain kind of sport; but I have no liking for knocking down birds under a sun that almost cooks the game before it can be gathered. ED. W. SANDYS.

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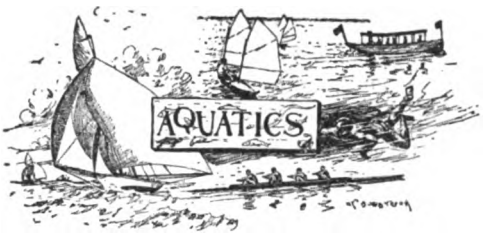

ROWING.

The New London Boat Races.

The Cornell-Columbia Freshman race was won easily by the former. The result was never in doubt, the only point of interest about the contest being the possibility that the winners would break the two-mile record. This they failed signally to do—actual time 10m. 28s.—nor was the failure solely due to the breeze which met them half-way. While a fairly fast crew, they were in no way remarkable. The contest was an uneven one, for the Columbia men, while rowing pluckily, were much smaller of build and lighter than their adversaries, who were none too heavy themselves. In these days of Columbia's athletic degeneracy, it is refreshing to find eight such plucky men as composed this freshman crew beginning their career there. While they may not be good oarsmen, they have no lack of the qualities that deserve success, and I sincerely hope their praiseworthy efforts to do well for their college will gain for them the respect of their fellow students, and inspire the latter to renewed atttempts to revive the ancient glory of the blue and white. Mr. Bandler, the coach, worked faithfully and carefully for success, and also deserves the thanks of all Columbia men for so pluckily sticking to a forlorn hope.

The next race, the "triangular" contest between freshmen crews from Yale, Harvard and Columbia, on June 28th, can be described almost as briefly. The wisdom of the Yale management in devoting the best care to her freshmen, was again, as last year, triumphantly vindicated. As I predicted last month, the race was a gift for the blue. At 5.47 the referee, Mr. W. A. Brooks, who followed the crews in the launch *Dido*, gave the word. The first start proved a false one owing to the impetuosity of Harvard's "youngsters," but at the second trial the boats got off. Harvard took the lead, rowing 40 strokes to the minute to Yale's 37, Columbia's 38. But before the first furlong had been rowed, Yale had a good lead, rowing in excellent form with a stroke of 36. Harvard lowered her rate to 38, Columbia increased hers to 40. The first half-mile post was reached by Yale in 2.15 from the start—very fast time. Here the order was, Yale two lengths ahead of Harvard, who were one length ahead of Columbia. The latter rowed pluckily, but were too evidently outclassed by their heavier and better trained rivals. The times for the mile were: Yale 4.57, Harvard 5.10, Columbia 5.16. From this point interest centered in Yale's ability to establish a new two-mile record. Harvard was clearly too much for Columbia, so that there was not even to be a race for second place. Yale, like her Cornell contemporaries, failed to beat the record made by the Columbia freshmen in 1891, passing the winning post nearly eight lengths to the good in 10 minutes 23 seconds. Harvard's time was 10.47, Columbia's 11.02. The juvenile wearers of the blue rowed in excellent form, with a fairly long and steady stroke. In practice they had given the 'varsity many a good tussle for a mile, and were possibly the better crew at that distance. Harvard lacked dash and go, although rowing in good form. Columbia won admiration for pluck. It was a cause for some disappointment that Yale did not make better time for the two miles, as the conditions were most favorable for a new record.

Statistics of the crews:

YALE.

Position.	*Name.*	*Weight.*	*Height.*	*Age.*
Bow.	R. Armstrong.....	154	5.09	19
2.	H. C. Holcomb	174	5.08	20
3.	W. M. Beard.....	174	5.08	18
4.	A. W. Dater.....	176	6.01	20
5.	J. H. Knapp	180	6.01½	20
6.	W. R. Cross (Captain)....	190	6.01½	19
7.	R. B. Treadway.....	170	6.00½	19
Stroke.	W. D. Smith.....	155	5.09	18

Average weight, 171⅝ lbs.

Coxwain, J. M. Boise, weight, 95 lbs.

HARVARD.

Bow.	F. M. Forbes.....	150	.....	19
2.	G. S. Derby.....	160½	.....	18
3.	J. J. Shea.....	160½	.....	18
4.	H. S. Russell.....	183	.....	20
5.	F. Duffield.....	182	.....	19
6.	G. T. Rice.....	181	.....	19
7.	L. D. Shepherd	170	.....	20
Stroke.	R. M. Townsend.....	157½	.....	18

Average Weight, 168 5-16 lbs.

Coxwain, E. B. Day, weight 105 lbs.

COLUMBIA.

Bow.	J. W. Ganson.....	138	5.06	23
2.	W. C. Shoup.....	138	5.10	19
3.	J. L. Fearing.....	136	5.08	18
4.	B. Rice.....	161	6.00½	20
5.	G. C. Goldsmith.....	158	6.03	20
6.	G. H. Carter	164	6.01	18
7.	E. B. Sturgis.....	140	5.09	19
Stroke.	E. W. Gould.....	142	5.09	19

Average weight, 147⅛ lbs.

Coxswain, J. Levy, weight, 105 lbs.

The morning of the eventful 30th dawned inauspiciously with fog, but long before the hour set for the race, 10:50 A. M., the weather cleared and the New Londoners' hopes of a postponement were dashed, the clerk of the weather thereby winning golden opinions for himself in the minds of the 15,000 or 20,000 would-be spectators. Surely there can hardly be a finer river scene anywhere, not even at Henley, than the Thames on a boat-race day. Green hills bound the broad, blue river, their slopes covered with splendid trees and dotted with picturesque cottages, while standing boldly out above all, as it were, is the simple monument erected in honor of the brave defenders of old Fort Griswold, a fitting reminder to American youth of all time of the qualities that the nation loves. It is precisely because the annual battles between the picked oarsmen of our universities call for endurance, self-sacrifice and pluck, the same qualities which stood Colonel Ledyard and his men in good stead, that the American public takes the great interest it does in them.

While Yale was the favorite in the betting and with the majority of the on-lookers, yet Harvard's men had made such great improvement in the last weeks of training as to lead

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the cautious-minded to expect a close and well-contested race, with the result in doubt to the end. The observation train was made up of forty cars, the occupants of which came near seeing only the last two miles of the race. The harbor was crowded with sailing and steam yachts, and craft of great variety, all gayly bedecked with multi-colored bunting, the blue of Yale predominating. Yale is the popular favorite because her men have a way of winning. While many there are who, in the interest of sport, would prefer to see victory more evenly divided between the crimson and blue, yet the indomitable assurance and self-belief of Yale that carries her through so many a stiff fight where a little weakening would mean defeat, endear her to the people who, of all others, love grit—Americans. A Yale man never dreams of defeat until it is an accomplished and undeniable fact. Even then he immediately sets to work with all his might to wipe the stain out from his escutcheon. Herein lies the secret of the continued, almost monotonous, success of Yale—her men never give up while a plank floats, and are never fainthearted, even in the most desperate circumstances, knowing well that the race is not won or lost until the finishing post is passed.

A slight head-breeze sprang up at 10:30, and when the crews reached the starting point, Mr. Cook prayed for a postponement. An up-river breeze at New London has a provoking way of kicking up a bobbery in a few short moments that renders rowing an uncomfortably damp occupation. Mr. George Leo Rives, to his credit, did not hearken willingly to the Yale siren, and at 11:04, fourteen minutes late, gave the word, and the crews were off to a good start. The prettiest race in years between these universities began. Harvard started with a rate of forty strokes to the minute, Yale with one of thirty-nine, but at the half-mile post they had lowered the rate to thirty-eight and thirty-seven, respectively. For the first quarter of a mile there was little to choose between the crews, but about that point the crimson began to creep ahead, and at the half-mile flag had assumed a lead of half a length—time 2:51, Yale 2:52. From this point to near the second mile post ensued the hottest kind of a race, worth going many miles to see. Harvard kept on gaining, but Yale stuck to it, rowing a longer and steadier stroke. There was more splashing by the former crew, especially by No. 6 and bow. The mile post was passed by Harvard in 5:57, by Yale in 5:58½. Inch by inch Yale began to creep up, and at the mile and a half post led by nearly a length; time, 9:00 to Harvard's 9:03. Perhaps the eel-grass (Harvard having the East, or "eel-grass" station) bothered the crimson crew; something was the matter, for before the two-mile post was reached, daylight began to show between Yale's stern and Harvard's bow. The rate of striking here was, Yale thirty-four, Harvard thirty-six. It was anyone's race still, although the steadier swing and longer reach of Yale seemed more business-like than the more nervous rowing of their rivals. Off the navy yard a considerable sea was running, and Harvard caught a few big waves that entailed much splashing. Yale splashed but little; indeed, while many expected the rough water to trouble Harvard least, the reverse actually was the case. Yale splashed but little during the entire race. Her rival's watermanship was not equal to the rough water. At two miles and a half Yale led by a length and a half; from here to the end, although Harvard stuck doggedly at work, gaining at times only to lose eventually what was made up, Yale steadily drew away, and standing off some splendid spurts made by Fennessy, crossed the line nearly four lengths to the good. Times at the finish—Yale, 25m. 1⅛s.; Harvard, 25m. 15s. The strong head breeze caused the very slow time—the slowest with but one exception (1885), since these races began.

The following statistics will preserve the story of the race for oarsmen:

YALE.

Position.	*Name.*	*Weight.*	*Height.*	*Age.*
Bow.	F. A. Johnson, '94s	158½	5.10½	22
2.	E. J. Messler, '93s	173	5.08	19
3.	A. L. Van Huyck, '93	170	5.07½	19
4.	A. P. Rogers, '94s	159	5.11½	19
5.	J. M. Goetchius, '94s	165	6.00½	20
6.	J. M. Longacre, '95	170	5.11½	20
7.	S. B. Ives, '93 (Captain)	174	5.11½	23
Stroke.	E. F. Gallaudet, '93	161	5.11	22

Average weight, 166 5-16 lbs.

Coxswain, F. A. Olmstead, '94s, weight, 112 lbs.

HARVARD.

Bow.	G. E. Burgess, '93	152	5.08	21
2.	W. S. Johnson, '94	164	5.10	21
3.	M. Newell, '94	173	5.07	22
4.	L. Davis, '94	174	6.01	20
5.	G. R. Fearing, '93	170	6.01	21
6.	D. R Vail, '93 (Captain)	181	6.00	22
7.	C. K. Cummings, '93	180	6.01	22
Stroke.	E. H. Fennessy, '96	162	5.10	20

Average weight, 169½ lbs.

Coxswain, V. Thomas, '95, Weight, 108 lbs.

TIMES AT EACH HALF-MILE.

Distance.	*Yale.*	*Harvard.*	*Gained.*
½ mile	2.52	2.51	Harvard 1 sec.
1 mile	5.58½	5.57	Harvard ½ sec.
1½ miles	9.00	9.03	Yale 4½ sec.
2 miles	12.06	12.10	Yale 1 sec.
2½ miles	15.22	15.29	Yale 3 sec.
3 miles	18.39	18.50	Yale 4 sec.
3½ miles	21.50	21.59	Harvard 2 sec.
4 miles	25.01⅛	25.15	Yale 4½ sec.

RESULTS OF HARVARD-YALE FOUR-MILE EIGHT-OARED RACES.

Year.	*Course.*	*Winner.*	*Time.*	*Loser's Time.*
1876	Springfield	Yale	22:02	
1877	Springfield	Harvard	24:36	
1878	New-London	Harvard	20:44¾	21.29
1879	New London	Harvard	22.15	23.58
1880	New London	Yale	24.27	25.09
1881	New London	Yale	22.13	22.19
1882	New London	Harvard	20.47	20.50½
1883	New London	Harvard	24.26	25.59
1884	New London	Yale	20.31	20.46
1885	New London	Harvard	25.15½	26.30
1886	New London	Yale	20.41¼	21.05¼
1887	New London	Yale	22.56	23.10½
1888	New London	Yale	20.10	21.24
1889	New London	Yale	21.30	21.55
1890	New London	Yale	21.29	21.40
1891	New London	Harvard	21.23	21.57
1892	New London	Yale	20.48	21.42½
1893	New London	Yale	25.01½	25.15

Total won since 1876, Yale 11, Harvard 7.

Total races between these universities only, won since 1852, Harvard 16, Yale 14.

In the "Inter-University Races," in which these universities were contestants. Harvard finished before Yale four times, the latter finishing ahead of Harvard but once.

The better crew, collectively, won. The winners rowed well, their form was fully as good as that of last year's crew, nor do I believe with those who maintain that it was an inferior crew. It was, on the day of the race,

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Bow, F. A Johnson. 2, E. J. Messler. 3, A. L. Van Huyck. 4, A. P. Rogers. 5, J. M. Goetchius.

6, J. M. Longacre. 7, S. B. Ives. Stroke, E. F. Gallaudet. Coxswain, F. A. Olmstead.

YALE CREW, 1893.

Coxswain, V. Thomas. Stroke, E. H. Fennessy. 7, C. K. Cummings. 6, D. R. Vail. 5, G. R. Fearing. 4, L. Davis. 3, M. Newell. 2, W. S. Johnson. Bow, G. E. Burgess.

HARVARD CREW, 1893.

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a remarkably "well together" one, its watermanship, as a whole, distinctly good. At one point, between the three and three and a half mile posts, it went to pieces to a small extent, but except for this delinquency, rowed the race magnificently. Mr. Cook, by winning this race, has achieved the greatest of his many successes, in my opinion. At the beginning of June, Yale's chances certainly looked blue. It was a bold stroke to take Paine out of the boat within a week of the race, but it was the only thing to do. Rogers, who took his place, had frequently rowed in the crew and was in good training. Paine was in poor form, more like the Paine of the '91 crew than of last year's. As soon as the change was finally made, the general improvement became marked. Those who were trained down fine simultaneously recovered strength. This change won Yale the race.

Although beaten, Harvard deservedly received almost as much credit as if she had won. Her alumni should feel greatly encouraged over her rowing outlook. Pluck has evidently found lodgment in Cambridge. Surely some of the superabundant Yale determination and confidence must have pervaded the Yard of late, for one does not often see so plucky a stern chase rowed by a Harvard crew. Fennessy proved himself a genuine acquisition. For a freshman to develop into such a sterling stroke in his first long race is remarkable enough. His form was good throughout almost the entire race, a little jerky at times, but on the whole excellent. The way the Harvard shell gained on that of Yale at one time during the first half of the last mile was enough to warm an iceberg. "A splendidly contested race" is the verdict that all spectators have agreed upon. Each man in either crew did his duty nobly. Mr. J. A. Hartwell coached the winners during most of their training, Mr. Cook assuming charge in May. Mr. Nelson A. Perkins acted in a similar capacity for Harvard, being assisted at New London by Mr. Keyes.

While talking over the crews on the evening before the race with an old Harvard oarsman, we fell into a discussion about heavy weights, and my friend cited Tinnè as an instance of an Oxford oarsman of terrific weight. On looking over my records of Oxford-Cambridge races, I find that Tinnè weighed 192 pounds when a member of the 1869 crew, the last year in which he rowed. He was heavier when rowing in the "trials" upon one occasion, and was about the heaviest oarsman who ever occupied a seat in either an Oxford or a Cambridge 'varsity crew. Not infrequently men weighing from 182 to 188 pounds are to be found in these crews, but it is altogether the exception to find heavier men.

After the race, Yale chose Mr. F. A. Johnson, bow this year, captain for the ensuing year. Harvard conferred the similar honor upon Mr. L. Davis, her No. 4. Mr. H. J. Hagerman has been chosen commodore of the Cornell Navy.

The Cornell-University of Pennsylvania race, rowed on Lake Minnetonka, on July 8th, resulted in an easy victory for the former.

The international regatta to be held at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, by the Chicago Navy, is scheduled for August 14th, and the ensuing ten days.

CHASE MELLEN.

CANOEING.

AN experiment in the science of canoe sailing with a single sail is about to be tried by a member of the New York Canoe Club, and its results are likely to affect canoe racing materially. It is well known that a single sail will drive a given boat faster than the same area in two sails. This is true in a greater degree in windward work than in sailing free. The trouble has always been to get enough area in one sail on a canoe to do the work, and yet have the sail manageable. It is quite simple to get an area of 140 sq. ft. in two sails on a racing canoe and have the boat well under control at all times—the areas being about 80 sq. ft. and 60 sq. ft. To spread 140 sq. ft. in a single sail, and not have the spars so heavy and long that they are practically useless, is the problem to be solved. In the experiment under consideration every detail has been modified to accomplish this result. The deck has been made perfectly flat where the sliding seat bears on it, so that the seat is on a level with the gunwale, and therefore at least three inches lower than usual, whereby the weight of the crew is brought into a much more effective position. The canoe is fitted with a very small and watertight cockpit, so that an upset (when jibing, for instance,) will not cause a delay of more than a few seconds. The canoe is a very strong one, well braced in every direction and heavier than usual, and therefore no ballast is needed. Hollow spars are to be used, and the sliding seat is six feet long, with a decided upward curve to add to the ease with which the skipper can slide in board when necessary. The seat is made of four very thin pieces of oak, laid together and riveted, forming the curve, which will, owing to the method of construction, remain the same when in use. Two sails can be carried, but the intention is to sail with one if the experiment is successful. The centre-board can be moved fore and aft several inches when down, to preserve the balance. The result will be carefully watched. The experimenter has never figured in racing, and the canoe is not a new one.

The greatest interest in canoe sailing races seems at present to centre on Milwaukee. Mr. Oxholm's *Glenwood*, the race winner of '92, is now owned by a member of the Mahn-a-Wauke Canoe Club, and renamed *Electra*. Mr. Friese won every race he entered in the regatta on May 20th. Other boats of reputation are also owned in the club, and a long programme of races is scheduled for the season. It would almost seem that the best racing will not be East, as it has been heretofore, but West. Chicago for years has won honors annually at the Western Canoe Association meets, and Milwaukee is going to fight hard to get the upper hand this year.

The history of the American Canoe Association shows that the racing fever changes its locality almost annually. At the early meets New York and Cincinnati were the only clubs heard from. Then the Albany men climbed to the top and fought hard with Hartford and Springfield; then a year came in which Brooklyn took all the honors. For three years Brockville, Canada, won the trophy, and Lowell won nearly everything else. Then Lowell and Yonkers had a tussle, and honors were divided.

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This year all the old giants seem to be sleeping, and if good sport is to be had it will come from a new quarter, so far as present indications point. C. BOWYER VAUX.

YACHTING.

THE big cutters on the other side of the Atlantic seem to have had as much difficulty as the *Navahoe* in getting into shape. The Fife boat, *Calluna*, had to be provided with a larger rig, her original spar plan having proved wholly inadequate. When Mr. Fife visited this country last he said he was quite certain he could design a craft that would beat the *Volunteer*. His *Calluna* has not at this writing shown even a sporadic burst of speed, and has much disappointed the canny admirers of Mr. Fife, who are as thick as blackberries on the banks of the Clyde. I am told that with her increased sail area she has behaved much better, and that the Clyde men think she will be able to successfully defend the Cape May and Brenton's Reef Cups from the *Navahoe's* sturdy attack. It is said that the *Calluna* has the first call on these trophies, but under the terms of the donor, Mr. James Gordon Bennett, a challenge is in order thirty days after it has been won. Let me whisper a little secret into your starboard ear, my yachting brethren. It was this thirty-day clause that made yachtsmen feel happy when the *Genesta* carried off these cups. It was very annoying to be able to hold them for a month after winning them and then to be subject to the challenge of any "crank" who thought he might possibly win by a fluke. Thus it was that when *Genesta* challenged for the mugs which had been tarnishing in Tiffany's vaults for ever so long, yachtsmen chuckled in their sleeves. Commodore Colt, who was never known to decline anything in the way of a challenge, rushed in with the *Dauntless*. He was beaten, of course, on both occasions, and New York yachtsmen felt much relief when the cups were handed over to the late Sir Richard Sutton, one of the pluckiest and most chivalrous sportsmen that ever visited our shores on a mug-hunting expedition. Our yachtsmen will not feel particularly delighted if the *Navahoe* brings these cups back to America, though patriotism always demands a little sacrifice.

The Brenton's Reef Cup remained in the possession of Sir Richard Sutton until August 15, 1886, when Mr. J. Jameson won it from him with his cutter *Irex*, the course being from the Needles, Isle of Wight, to and round a stake-boat off the harbor of Cherbourg, France, and return.

Mr. Jameson also won the Cape May Cup on the same occasion, the time of the *Irex* being 27h. 10m. 28s., and that of the *Genesta* 30h. 57m. 24s. The race was by no means a decisive test of the merits of the two boats, the weather being fluky. On September 12, 1889, the yawl *Wendur*, owned by Mr. T. B. C. West, challenged the *Irex* for the cups, and, as Mr. Jameson failed to put in an appearance, he sailed over the course in 38h. 25m., and won them.

I understand that the courses over which the *Navahoe* will sail for the gold challenge cup offered by the Royal Victoria Yacht Club will be as follows: First race—From the Warner lightship to the Nab lightship, then ten miles to windward or leeward and back, twice round. Second race—From the Warner to Ower lightship, to mark boat off Dunnose, east of Princess buoy, and Nab to Warner. The third and fifth races will be twenty miles to windward or leeward and back, from a point outside the Solent, and the fourth will be the same as the first. For the benefit of those readers of OUTING who are not acquainted with English yachting waters, I may say that all these courses are fair and square open sea courses, and that the *Navahoe* will not be in any way handicapped by tide rips and currents that only local "sharps" are aware of. The winner will gain the victory on merit alone. It will be particularly exasperating to the Britishers should the *Navahoe* win this valuable gold challenge cup.

But talking of the alterations that the big British cutters have been subjected to, and in connection with Dixon Kemp's caustic criticisms of the *Navahoe*, it must be remembered that Mr. Clarke's *Satanita* was tarred with the same brush. By the shifting of lead from inside to outside, and by a reduction of her sail plan, her rating has been brought to 162. This shows that mistakes can be made by British as well as by American designers.

The *Calluna* won her maiden race on July 3 in the regatta of the Royal Northern Yacht Club. The course was off Rothesay, but the race was little better than a drifting match. *Calluna* won first prize, *Valkyrie* second, and *Satanita* third. The *Britannia* came in fourth. The *Britannia* and the *Valkyrie* are pretty evenly matched. I still think that the *Britannia* is slightly the better of the two in a blow. The skipper of the *Valkyrie* deserves the highest credit for the skillful manner in which he has "tuned up" the big and handsome cutter.

Lord Dunraven's *Valkyrie* was clipped all round early in June, in order that she might come inside the limit of 86.70 feet, as mutually agreed upon. Her sail area was reduced; her spars were lightened to reduce her weight, her mast having been shortened 18 inches. When first put in commission she rated 149 tons. To-day her official rating is 147.90. Her sail area is 10,208 square feet. The official measurements of the *Thistle* in her first season were: 86 40 feet on the loadwater-line, 9,566 square feet of sail, and 143.37 rating.

Before the present issue of OUTING reaches its readers the races for the Cape May and Brenton's Reef Cups will in all probability have been sailed, for the matches were arranged for the last week in July. It is to be hoped that these trophies are now in the hands of plucky Mr. Carroll. He richly deserves them for his enterprise.

The *Pilgrim* after having her fin bolted on in the Erie basin, Brooklyn, was towed to Boston where she was rigged. Mr. Binney, one of her designers, placed a gold wedding ring in the mortice where her mast is stepped "just for good luck." Her mast is stepped well aft and her bowsprit is a mere stump. All the halyards lead below the deck in order to give more room for handling ship. In the opinion of the Boston experts, who are not altogether ignorant of the good points of a yacht, she ought to prove very fast. Her lines forward are like those of the *Navahoe* and her afterbody is quite fine. With her comparatively small sail area and an easy body to drive

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through the water she ought to attain a considerable degree of speed. Many pin their faith to her and are convinced that she will beat all the other Cup defenders. If so, it will be quite a triumph for the enterprising and growing firm of Stewart & Binney, which has already made a name for itself.

The latest particulars concerning the mishap to the cutter *Queen Mab* are given in the *Bermuda Gazette* of June 26th, as follows:

"June 25th, Captain Schlosshauer of the British yacht *Queen Mab* (on a voyage from Cowes, Isle of Wight, bound to New York), reports having left Cowes on May 23rd; had favorable weather up to the 19th inst.; on that date the barometer fell to 28.80; made everything snug as possible on board. About 4 A.M. on the 20th inst., in latitude 39 north, longitude 60.35 west, the full force of the hurricane struck us; we managed to weather it out pretty well. After the hurricane had passed we had a tremendous sea to contend with. I had given an order to the mate and went below. I could not have been below more than a minute when I felt the vessel turn completely over, and it seemed to me that she remained in that position for about three minutes and then righted herself again. During this time the crew were washed completely away from the vessel, but managed to get hold of some of the spars and sails that were towing astern, and when the vessel righted herself succeeded in getting on board again, with the exception of one poor fellow, who was never seen again after the vessel was thrown down. After clearing the wreck decided to run for Bermuda; made the light on the 24th inst., and was boarded by Pilot Smith, who anchored the vessel in Five Fathom Hole, and on Sunday morning, the 25th inst., was towed into St. George's by the tug Britannia."

This is a simple but impressive story of marine disaster. It appears that the hurricane had been safely passed through and that, while the yacht was helpless, a big wave struck her, washed all hands overboard and made a wreck of her. That the crew ever managed to get aboard again is indeed a miracle. I have found a sea anchor of incalculable service in riding out a very heavy westerly gale in the chops of the English Channel in a 15-ton cutter when scudding before it was quite out of the question. We found that the tiny little craft made excellent weather of it, not only in the height of the storm, but after it had subsided and nothing remained of it except a remarkably mountainous sea. The sea anchor kept the yacht's head to the waves until they had gone down enough for us to make sail and proceed.

The sea anchor is not a safeguard sufficiently appreciated by yachtsmen. But if I were going to cross the ocean in a comparatively small vessel like the *Queen Mab* I should certainly include one in my outfit. It takes up little room, its gear being simple, and as it doubtless saved my life and those of my shipmates as mentioned above, I naturally have a wholesome estimate of its value. The *Queen Mab* was towed to New York by the tug *Triton*.

My opinion of the seaworthy qualities of the *Navahoe* was confirmed by the report of the schooner *George E. Vernon* of Newport, R.I., bound from Hamburg to New York, which saw her when five days out under single reefed mainsail and jib; she was heading southeast, the wind being east, and a heavy sea running. Captain Armhurst said she was making good weather and behaving magnificently. On her arrival at Cowes her first visitor was the Earl of Dunraven.

The spring regatta of the New York Yacht Club is always a notable event. Fashionable ladies make a point of attending it, heedless of the perils of the sea and the pangs of sea-sickness. The club always provides a capacious steamer for members and their friends. A swell caterer supplies luncheon and a bandmaster of renown furnishes the music. Many of the magnificent steamers enrolled in the club were present on June 15th, all with lively parties aboard. Among them I noticed Commodore Morgan's flagship *May*, with the regatta committee on board, August Belmont's *Ituna*, J. Burke Wolfes' *Radha*, Fairman Rogers' *Magnolia*, A. Van Santvoord's paddle steamer *Clermont* (called after the first steamer that ever navigated the Hudson), F. W. Vanderbilt's *Conqueror*, H. M. Flagler's *Alicia*, J. J. Alexandre's *Sappho*, F. K. Moore's *Reverie*, H. D. Walcott's *Shearwater*, E. R. Bennet's *Trophy*, D. A. Loring's *Aztec*, and E. N. Dickerson's *Nooya*. The club boat was the steamer *Taurus*, and it had a large party on its decks. The wind was blowing freshly from the southward when the starting signal was given from the flagship. The following yachts started: First-class schooners (cruising trim), David H. King's *Brunhilde*, John D. Wing's *Coronet*, Caldwell H. Colt's *Dauntless*, Henry F. Gillig's *Ramona*, and Chester W. Chapin's *Yampa*. Third class schooners (racing trim), J. Rogers Maxwell's *Emerald*, John E. Brook's *Lasca*, and C. Oliver Iselin's *Iroquois* (afterwards ruled out by the regatta committee because she was a chartered boat.) Fourth-class schooners (cruising trim), Henry C. Ward's *Clytie*, Willard P. Ward's *Shamrock*. Fifth-class schooners (cruising trim), J. Clinch Smith's *Azalea*, W Gould Brokaw's *Viator*, Warren R. Fale's *Neara*, A. F. Sutton's *Loyal*, Fourth-class sloops (racing trim), J. C. Bergen's *Hildegarde*, L. J. Callanan's *Eclipse*.

The course was from buoy No. 11 to buoy No. 12, off the Southwest Spit, thence to and around Sandy Hook lightship and back, distance, thirty-six nautical miles. All the yachts started on the starboard tack, stood over towards Coney Island, and then going about were able to lay their course down to the Spit which *Lasca* tacked round first followed by *Hildegard*, *Iroquois*, *Ramona*, *Emerald* and *Viator*. It was a close hauled stretch out to Sandy Hook lightship *Lasca* kept the lead with *Iroquois* a rather good second and *Hildegard* third. Then balloon sails were set for the homeward run with the wind dropping gradually as the day grew older. *Lasca* maintained her lead to the finish with *Iroquois* second. The winners in each class were: First-class schooners, *Yampa;* third-class schooners, *Lasca;* fourth-class schooners, *Shamrock;* fifth-class schooners, *Viator;* third-class sloops, *Hildegard*.

With the exception of a brief spell of rolling and tossing off the lightship the day was much enjoyed by the ladies on the *Taurus*. As a spectacle it was a great success. As a race it was a failure, there being so little windward work in it. The new schooners *Emerald*,

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Loyal and *Neara* were evidently not in racing condition. Their skippers are not a bit to blame for this. They were launched late, and they had few opportunities for "tuning up." A word of praise for Messrs. S. Nicholson, Kane, Irving Grinnell and Chester Griswold, the regatta committee, is always in order. They thoroughly understand their duty, as I have often had occasion to point out.

The regatta of the Corinthian Yacht Club of New York, was in many respects noteworthy and interesting. It was for schooners only, and was sailed on June 17. There were only four entries, Chester W. Chapin's *Yampa*, Caldwell H. Colt's *Dauntless*, Henry F. Gillig's *Ramona*, and John D. Wing's *Coronet*. These are all yachts with histories. The *Yampa* is probably the finest deep water cruiser of her length in the world. She made the fastest passage on record from New York to the Azores, and has carried the Stars and Stripes with honor into many a foreign port. The *Coronet* and the *Dauntless* are historic through their midwinter race across the Atlantic. The *Ramona*, used to be the old *Resolute*. but is now so transformed and modernized that her first owner would not know her. She looks every inch a clipper and is quite fast.

The course was a triangular one off the Scotland lightship, and was sailed in a hard northeaster and a lump of a sea. Owing to a blunder the *Yampa* and the *Coronet* sailed over the wrong course, which caused them to be ruled out. The *Yampa* would have been a sure winner had it not been for this mistake. The *Ramona* won, her corrected time being 3h. 53m, 32s., and that of the *Dauntless* 4h. 20m. 15s. The race was excellently managed by the Regatta Committee, George A. Cormack, Charles Stewart Davison and Eben B. Clarke, who were on board Admiral August Belmont's steam yacht *Ituna*. Fleet Capt. Roosevelt M. Schuyler had charge of the steam yacht *Sapphire*, which, by the courtesy of her owner, A. L. Barber, carried the club's guests. All the conditions were most favorable for a tip-top race by these four clinking schooners, and it is indeed a pity that the captains of the *Yampa* and the *Coronet* were unable to understand the sailing instructions, which seemed to me to be quite clear and succinct.

The spring regatta of the Larchmont Yacht Club was sailed in a light southwester and smooth water on June 10th. There was a good number of entries and a large crowd of spectators, the only drawback being the lack of a stiff and steady breeze. But with all their flying kites aloft to woo the coy wind the yachts got over the course in fair time. In schooners, class A, *Ramona* beat *Dauntless*. In schooners, class B, *Iroquois* beat *Lasca* and *Shamrock*. In schooners, class D, *Viator* beat *Azalea*. In schooners, class E, *Fenella* had a walkover, and so had *Wasp* in sloops, class 5, *Eurybia* in sloops, class 6, *Bonnie Doon* in sloops, class 9, *Kittie* in the yawl class, *Pixie* in the 25-raters, and *Izelica* in class 12, open cats, and *Punch* in class 16, open cats. *Wasp* beat *Eurybia* and *Bonnie Doon* in the special handicap for the Commodore's Cup. In class 11, cabin cats, *Aura* defeated *Almira* and *Oconee*, and in class 12, cabin cats, *Anemone* beat *Caper*. As is usual at Larchmont, an enjoyable day on the water was concluded by a pleasant evening in the club-house and on the spacious piazzas, where there is generally a cool air from the Sound, and where can be heard the music of the waves as they break on the rocks beneath. It is one of the pleasantest yachting resorts in this vicinity. It is also one of the most prosperous.

The twenty-sixth annual regatta of the Columbia Yacht Club was sailed on the Hudson on June 16th in a stiff easterly breeze, which necessitated reefing. The course was from the club-house at the foot of West Eighty-sixth street to and round a stake boat off Yonkers and return. The winners were W. H. Rowe's *Mignon*, J. C. Foster's *Nautilus*, Vice Commodore Barnett's *Lurline*, V. Schulz's *Clara R.*, J. J. Murphy's *Bonafide*, and Alexander Stein's *Cleopatra*. The Columbia Club is one of the oldest on the West Side. Its officers are energetic and enterprising, and it is now enjoying what is popularly known as a boom. It has a commodious club house, facilities for hauling out, and other advantages that tend to increase its popularity and swell its membership roll.

On July 3d occurred the special cabin catboat race of the Indian Harbor Yacht Club, a most successful, thriving and popular organization. It was a battle for the handsome cup presented by Vice-Commodore Plant, the course being thirteen nautical miles from off the picturesque club house to a buoy west of Great Captain's Island, thence across the Sound to a mark off the Long Island shore, and back. The race was won by the *Oconee*, owned by Charles Pierce. She went over the course in 1h. 40m. 34s. corrected time. Her competitors were *Wenonah*, *Almira*, *Myrtle*, *Tabitha*, *Crocus*, *Mary*, *Nymph*, *Caper* and *Dosoris*.

The Fourth of July was duly celebrated by the various yacht clubs. The Larchmont members held the most brilliant regatta, thus far, this year. Fifty-three yachts competed. There was a brisk northwesterly breeze that made it delightful on the water. The members and their guests had a glorious time of it on the excursion steamer *Albertina*, specially chartered for the occasion. The greatest interest was taken in the sailing of J. Rogers Maxwell's new sleek schooner *Emerald*, which was opposed by the *Alcœa*, a craft of purely scientific design that came out with a great flourish of trumpets last season and signalized herself by failing to accomplish anything. The *Emerald* beat her rival handsomely, her corrected time over the 27-mile course being 3h. 3m. 50s., against the *Alcœa's* 3h. 14. 34s.

The larger classes, with spinnakers to starboard, crossed the line in fine shape on their way to the stakeboat off Hempstead Harbor. From that point it was a reach with the wind abeam to Stamford, thence back to Hempstead it was a free stretch, and thence to the starting point a dead beat. The sea was smooth and the wind puffy. Some of the gusts were quite severe. The schooner *Azalea* snapped the end of her bowsprit off and put back. The new schooner *Loyal*, owned by Commodore Sutton, of the Brooklyn Yacht Club, withdrew from the race. In each class the contest was highly exciting. An imposing fleet of steam yachts, gorgeous with bunting and each with a joyous party aboard, accompanied the racers. Quick time was made, the last yacht crossing the finish

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line at 4 o'clock. Then the regatta committee figured out the results. They found that in class A, schooners, *Ramona* beat *Dauntless* and *Brunhilde*. In class B, schooners, *Atlantic* beat *Elsiemarie*. As told above, in special class B, schooners, *Emerald* defeated *Alcœa*. In class D, schooners, *Viator* was victorious over *Azalea*, *Loyal*, *Triton*, and the new Boston boat *Serkara*. In class 2, sloops, *Katrina* beat *Huron* by only 5s., corrected time. In Class 3, sloops, *Wasp* had a walkover, not one of the famous 46-footers putting in an appearance against her. In class 6, sloops, *Uvira* beat *Moccasin*. In class 7, sloops, *Daffodil* vanquished *Kathleen* and *Eurybia*. In Class 8, sloops, *Fair Wind* defeated *Marjorie*. In special class 9, yawls, *Kittie* beat *Audax* and *Evelyn*. In class 9, sloops, *Freyja* came in ahead of *Susie W.* and *Wanda*. In class 10, sloops, *Wahneta* beat *Pyxie*. In class 11, cabin cats, *Almira* beat *Aura*, *Anemone*, *Mary*, *Roi*, *Nymph*, *Myrtle*, *Elfin* and *Oconee*. In class 12, cabin cats, *Tabitha* conquered *Caper*. In class 13, open cats, *Edna* beat *Sirene*. In class 14, open cats, *Ramona* defeated *Typhoon*. *Violet* and *Punch*. In class 15, open cats, *Phyllis* was victor over *Sadie*, *Ione*, *Martha*, *Izelica* and *Giggle*. The courses were the usual ones of the club.

Jacob Fisher, a New Rochelle yachtsman, was knocked overboard by the foreboom of the *Azalea* just as she was gybing round the Hempstead mark. He swam to the stakeboat and climbed aboard. The cook of the *Azalea* jumped in after him, and narrowly escaped drowning. He caught hold of the bobstay of the *Alcœa* and was helped on board of her little the worse for wear.

A vast expenditure of gunpowder was fired in salutes. There was a splendid display of fireworks, and much sparkling festivity at the club-house, where the revels were kept up till morning.

While the Larchmont regatta was in progress their neighbors of the American Yacht Club had a race of naphtha launches over an eight-knot course. In class 1, over 30 feet, Jacob Lorillard's *Iola* beat Alexander Stein's *Cleopatra* and W. D. Ellis' *Rambler*. In class 2, under 30 feet, D. P. Duffle's *Daisy* vanquished C. F. Street's *Argo* and D. S. Hammond's *Halcyon*. The race was under the management of George W. Hall, William S. Alley, Stephen W. Roach, Isaiah Paxson, and John R. Hegeman, Jr. There were a number of invited guests at the pretty club-house, and the day was much enjoyed.

The Kill von Kull Yacht Club sailed its first regatta this season over a triangular course, in Newark Bay, on the same day. The winners were *Lizzie C.*, *Just Woke Up*, *Unknown*, *Torment*, *Bon Ton*, *Dora D.*, *Millie*, and *Irving H.* Silver cups were awarded in each class. The judges were R. K. McMurray and Frank Fisher.

The Audubon Yacht Club held their regatta on the Fourth also, the course being from the club-house at the foot of west One Hundred and Fifty-third street to Edgewater, N. J., and back twice round, a distance of twelve miles. The winners were: Class A, open sloops, *Lizzie F.*; class B, cabin cats, *Alta*, with *Aller* second; class C, open cats, *Pauline B.*; class D, open cats, *H. C. Miner*. The judges were, C. J. Leach, Daniel Sherman, and J. S. Birrell.

The first regatta of the Shrewsbury Yacht Club was sailed at Red Bank, N. J., on July 4th. Thirty-three yachts started. The winners were: Class A, *Edla*; class B, *Iroquois*; class C, *Jintzy*; class D, *Enigma*; class E, *Cinch*. The new club-house was also opened, with becoming festivities, and the club has entered into an energetic career, with a promise of prosperity and popularity.

The latest imported steam yacht is the *Barracouta*, purchased by Gen. Willoughby Weston, of New York. She arrived here from Cowes on June 19th, after a passage of fifteen days and six hours. Strong head winds prevailed during the voyage, oil being used to advantage in smoothing the sea after her jib-boom had been carried away. The *Barracouta* used to be called the *Fauvette*. She was the first yacht to pass through the Suez Canal on the occasion of its opening in 1869. She had the schooner yacht *Cambria* in tow. The *Barracouta* is 125 feet over all, 114 feet on the load water line, with a beam of 20 feet 2 inches, a depth of 11 feet, and a draught of 10 feet 6 inches. She has compound inverted engines, with cylinders 21 inches and 31½ inches in diameter by 23½ inches stroke of piston.

Since the victory gained by Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt in the case of the imported steamship *Conqueror*, when he successfully defeated the claim for duty, several steam yachts have been imported, the finest and largest being Commodore Morgan's *May*, the flagship of the New York Yacht Club, described some time ago in these columns.

There is a rumor abroad that William Rockefeller will also have a palatial steamship built for him by the Cramps, but nothing definite has yet been decided. If the order is given, she will be perhaps a trifle larger than Mr. Bennett's latest.

On July 2d the Shelter Island Yacht Club met and elected the following officers: Commodore, R. B. Lynch, sloop *Gavilan*; Vice-Commodore, R. B. Roosevelt, Jr., cat *Olga*; Rear Commodore, J. B. Edson, steamer *Palos*; Secretary and Treasurer, C. Pliny Brigham, sloop *Narona*; Measurer, Charles Olmstead. Trustees—R. B. Lynch, W. H. Bradley, D. P. Hathaway, F. A. Schroeder, T. A. Howell, J. A. Aspinwall, H. E. Nitchie, J. B. Edson, C. H. Otis, H. L. Coe, and Dr. J. L. Keep. House Committee—J. B. Keep, E. O. Hamilton, and C. Pliny Brigham. A large number of members and several yachts have recently been added to the club.

Last year *Lloyd's Yacht Register* gave the total number of yachts owned in the United Kingdom as 3,276, with an aggregate tonnage of 140,279. This year the number of yachts is 3,417, with a tonnage of 145,055. Of this number 814 are steam yachts, with an aggregate tonnage of 85,413 tons, and 2,603 sailing yachts of 59,642 tons. The average tonnage of the steam yacht is 105 tons, and of the sailing yacht 23 tons. The largest steam yacht is of 3,360 tons, and there are thirteen exceeding 1,000 tons, and fifty-seven exceeding 500 tons. The largest sailing yacht is the *Ariadne* (late *Boadicea*), of 380 tons. The total first cost of these 3,417 yachts has been estimated at about £7,252,750, and if only two-thirds of these are in commission during the season the outlay in maintaining them will exceed £1,000,000.

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PLEASURE TRAVEL AND RESORTS.

THE Baltimore and Ohio Railroad has placed on sale at its offices throughout the East excursion tickets to Chicago; good going *via* Washington and returning *via* Niagara Falls, with the privilege of stop over at each point. These tickets are valid for return journey until November 15th, and are not restricted to certain trains, but are good on all B. & O, trains, and permit holders to travel *via* Pittsburg or *via* Grafton. By either route passengers cross the Alleghany mountains, 3,000 feet above the sea level, amid the most picturesque scenery in America. Sleeping car accommodations may be reserved in advance upon application to nearest B. & O. ticket office.

The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad has prepared to handle a large business while the World's Fair is open in Chicago. The terminals at Chicago are capable of accommodating a very heavy traffic. Important changes have been made for the handling of a large freight and passenger business to the West from New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore. New equipment for largely increased passenger business and an extensive stock of freight cars have been added. The various roads of the system are being improved by straightened lines, reduced grades, extra side tracks, and interlocking switches. The new line between Chicago Junction and Akron has shortened the distance between Chicago and tide water twenty-five miles, and between Pittsburg and Chicago fifty-eight miles.

The distance between Chicago and Pittsburg and Chicago and Cleveland by the construction of the Akron line, and the acquisition of the Pittsburg and Western line and the Valley Railroad of Ohio, is about the same as *via* the Lake Shore from Cleveland to Chicago. The alignment is to be changed and grades reduced to a minimum of twenty-six feet. It is expected that within twelve months the old Baltimore and Ohio through line between Chicago and the Atlantic Ocean will have passed away and the new line *via* Pittsburg will be established, with no greater grades or curvature than on any of the trunk lines.

Work is progressing rapidly east of Pittsburg to meet improvements making west of Pittsburg. These improvements consist of additional second and third tracks, a general correction of the alignment, and completion of the double track on the Metropolitan Branch. Another important enterprise of the Baltimore and Ohio Company is the construction of the Belt Line tunnel under the City of Baltimore, which is intended to unite the Washington Branch with the Philadelphia Division, and do away with the present line via Locust Point. Forty new and powerful locomotive engines have been recently added to the equipment, and others are in process of construction. The permanent improvements now under way and in contemplation involve the expenditure of some five millions of dollars.

THE Passenger Department of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company has prepared for general distribution a handsome pamphlet, descriptive of the scenic and other attractive features of that road from New York to Chicago. This book should prove invaluable to those visiting the World's Fair. In its artistic cover, illustrations and reading matter, it is fully up to the high standard which has been fixed by the B. & O. for publications of this character. The scenery *en route*, which has gained for the B. & O. the richly deserved sobriquet of "Picturesque," the public buildings at Washington, old Harper's Ferry, Luray Caverns, and other attractive points are faithfully portrayed. The value of the publication is increased by descriptions and illustrations of the principal buildings at the World's Fair. This book can be procured free of charge upon personal application to ticket agents, B. & O. R. R. Co., or you can have it mailed to you by sending name and address, with five cents in stamps, to Chas. O. Scull, General Passenger Agent, Baltimore, Md. World's Fair tourists should bear in mind that the B. & O. is selling tickets at very low rates good going *via* Washington and returning *via* Niagara Falls.

To those contemplating a trip to the mountains in search of health and pleasure, Deer Park, on the crest of the Alleghany Mountains, 3,000 feet above the sea level, offers such varied attractions as a delightful atmosphere during both day and night, pure water, smooth, winding roads through the mountains and valleys, and the most picturesque scenery in the Alleghany range. The hotel is equipped with all adjuncts conducive to the entertainment, pleasure and comfort of its guests.

The surrounding grounds, as well as the hotel, are lighted with electricity. Six miles distant on the same mountain summit is Oakland, the twin resort of Deer Park, and equally as well equipped for the entertainment and accommodation of its guests. Both hotels are upon the main line of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, have the advantages of its splendid Vestibuled Limited Express trains between the East and West, and are most desirable resting places for World's Fair tourists. Season Excursion tickets, good for return passage until October 31st, will be placed on sale at greatly reduced rates at all principal ticket offices throughout the country, One way tickets reading from St. Louis, Louisville, Cincinnati, Columbus, Chicago, and any point on B. & O. system to Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia or New York, or *vice versa*, are good to stop off at either Deer Park or Oakland, and the time limit will be extended by agents at either resort upon application.

For full information as to hotel rates, rooms, etc., address George D. DeShields, Manager, Deer Park, or Oakland, Garrett County, Maryland.

A very interesting feature among the outdoor wonders at the Columbian Exposition is the fleet of beautiful little electric launches built by the General Electric Launch Company of 44 Broad street, New York. Fifty-four of these launches are in service on the lagoons, one of them, *Electra*, having won the valuable concession after a severe competitive test. The launches have fully demonstrated the practical utility of stored electric power, which has the great advantage also of freedom from smoke, heat, ashes, grease and odor. The power and batteries being under the floor and seats gives the greatest capacity and stability, and, of course, there is no possibility of any kind of explosions. These launches will surely find favor with all admirers of small and safe pleasure craft.

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A FRENCHMAN'S EXPERIENCE OF A DAY'S SHOOTING.

"MON cher, I saw a rabbit pass. It was my first rabbit. How delightful! How exciting! I shouldered my gun, I took aim. I pulled the trigger—the gun went off"——

"And the rabbit?"

"Went off too."—*La France du Nord.*

"WHAT a mendacious duffer you are, Phibbs!" said Dibbs. "You said this was an orphan asylum, instead of which it is an old men's home."

"Well, you go in and look for an old man who isn't an orphan. You won't find him."—*Grand Rapids Democrat.*

HARLAN was proposing to Miss Hawkins.

"Do not go on, Mr. Harlan,' said she, interrupting him. "I cannot hear you."

"Then I will talk louder," shouted Harlan. —*Truth.*

WENT IN DEEP.

"So you had to stop work at the gas well eh?"

"Yes; ran out of money."

"How deep did you go?"

"About fifteen thousand"——

"What! fifteen thousand feet?"

——"dollars."—*Judge.*

MRS. SCHODACK (as the trolley car passes): "Goodness, pa! what makes that 'ere car go?"

MR. SCHODACK: "I don't know, Mandy; but I guess it's them wire-pullers we read about." —*Truth.*

THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH.

"I UNDERSTAND young Briefless is about to marry the daughter of old Bonds, the millionaire?"

"Yes; so I am told."

"Will he give up the law business?"

"Yes; he will give up the law business and go into the son-in-law business."—*Texas Siftings.*

A THEATRICAL OBSERVATION.

TRAGEDIAN: "Without the character of *Hamlet* our performance would stand a poor chance of success."

COMEDIAN: "Exactly; but if we omitted *Hamlet's* father we wouldn't have the ghost of a show."—*Truth.*

AN EXPONENT OF THE EFFETE EAST.

FIRST NEW YORK CROOK: "I suppose you found things lively in Oklahoma City."

SECOND NEW YORK CROOK: "Oh, yes! While I was trying to bunco a hayseed he picked my pocket, and before I could complain to the police I was sandbagged by the bishop of the diocese."—*Life.*

"Do you believe that Bacon had anything to do with Hamlet?"

"No; I think Hamlet's trouble was his liver."—*Truth.*

"I USED to be well acquainted with this man," said the doctor as he prepared for the autopsy, "but I know I will be obliged to cut him dead." —*Buffalo Express.*

MADGE: "I love Cholly even for his weaknesses."

MAY: "But has he any?"

MADGE: "One, very pronounced — kleptomania!"

MAY: "Stealing! Oh, how terrible!"

MADGE: "Yes; but they're only—er—kisses!" —*Truth.*

A HOPEFUL POLITICIAN.

TEACHER: "Who was the strongest man?"

TOMMY (who lives in "de Ate"): "I recken Sampson was the strongest in a fight, but I'll bet Ananias was the strongest with his party." —*Life.*

HE gazes upon her enviously,
This youth whose mustache will not grow;
He was a broker's son, and she,
The bearded lady at the show.
—*Life.*

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ANSWERS TO "OUTING" CORRESPONDENTS.

Captain N. B. C.—There is no good book, to our knowledge, in which are laid down rules for the guidance of captains of boat clubs. You must be guided chiefly by your own judgment and by the unwritten experience of others. Perhaps you would be helped by the perusal of the rules of old and well-established boat-clubs, copies of which you could no doubt obtain upon application. We frequently make suggestions in our rowing department which you may find useful. First of all, perfect your organization and adopt your "stroke," or system of rowing, which we should advise you to model upon that of Yale, if you wish the best. Next, maintain strict discipline, and only have one "boss." Even though your crack oarsman should "kick," leave him out of the boat rather than have a lack of discipline there.

J. E. S., Detroit, Mich—The best book for you is J. R. Judd's "Key to Health and Strength," $1.50. We can supply you with it.

W. H. W., Rahway, N. J.—If Boland was second to Bucholtz in the trial heat the fact would best have been stated under the head of his *last* three performances, in order to give the handicapper all possible pertinent data. If he ran in the finals the fact should certainly have been stated. In our opinion, however, the authorities did right in giving Boland the medal; because the omission on the entry blank—as it appears from the facts stated to us—would scarcely have effected Boland's handicap. Nevertheless, any one disposed to hold to the strict letter of the law might hold Boland's entrance fraudulent, whether or not he had run in the finals against Bucholtz. If Boland had stated his last and only race in competition there was no need of going further, for by no construction of the word could a race in which he did not get any place in a trial heat or in the finals be called a performance.

F. L., Brooklyn, N. Y.—The Naval Militia is governed by the same laws and rules as are the other branches of militia, and, therefore, any man who is eligible to join the militia is eligible for the Naval Militia, subject to certain conditions, including a physical examination. The expense varies. In the Massachusetts brigade there is a mustering fee of $5.00, and monthly dues of fifty cents. Any officer of the Naval Militia in your vicinity will give information.

E. B. H., New Brunswick, N. J.—The best book we know of on the general subject is the volume of the Badminton Library on "Rowing," written by W. B. Woodgate, a famous Oxford oarsman, which can be procured through OUTING You will find in *The New Review* of November, 1892 (an English publication), a good description of the Oxford style of rowing in an article by Mr. R. C. Lehman. The Oxford style is practically identical with that of All England, the difference being only in minor details. We think these two authorities may be of assistance to you—the former especially.

B., New Orleans.—Malcolm Ford's "Distance Running," in OUTING for June, 1891, will give you the desired information.

A. G. M., Box 954, N. Y.—Read Lenz's article in OUTING for April, 1892, and get a good road map, which you can do at Messrs. Spalding's, 241 Broadway, N. Y.

"*A Past Master of Ocean Steamships.*"—The proper definition of starboard and port tacks, given in "Luce's Seamanship," the class book used in the United States Naval Academy (p. 447), is, "If the yards are braced up by the port braces, having the wind forward of the starboard beam (that is, on the starboard side), she is then *close hauled on the starboard tack*," or "*has her starboard tacks aboard*" (conversely, of course, for the port tack). That is good authority for Americans, but perhaps you are English and do not recognize American authorities. If so, we beg to refer you to Mr. Clark Russell's "Sailor's Language," p. 137. "A ship is on this (the starboard) tack when she is sailing with the wind blowing over the right-hand bow." Other authorities need not be quoted; they all agree. Colonel Norton used the words "with the wind blowing against the starboard side" because he thought that would be more easily comprehended by a landsman than would a more technical form. "Starboard tacks aboard" means nothing to a "fore-and-after," unless he happens to have had some square-rigged experience, but anybody can tell against which side of the boat or *over which bow* (the same thing in different words) the wind blows.

H. H. Ellerslie on the Hudson.—Mr. Bennett has always had his yachts built in this country. His sloop *Rebecca* and his schooners. *Henrietta* and *Dauntless*, were of the good old American type. His first steam yacht, the *Polynia*, was built by Ward Stanton & Co., of Newburg, on the Hudson. His second steam yacht, the splendid *Namouna*, was built by the same firm in 1881 from designs by St. Clare Byrne, of Liverpool, who designed the auxiliary yacht *Sunbeam*, immortalized by the graphic pen of Lady Brassey. The *Namouna*, when launched, was the largest American yacht afloat. But then came the *Alva*, the *Nourmahal*, and the *Atalanta*, all of which were larger. The *Namouna* is 226 feet 10 inches over all and 217 feet on the load water line. Thus the new yacht will be 114 feet longer than Mr. Bennett's old one, and of course much more beautiful and costly. His *Sereda*, which he uses on the Seine, was constructed abroad. She is only 93 feet long, and is in fact nothing more than a luxuriously appointed steam launch. Mr. Bennett in patronizing American industries sets a good example to his brother millionaires, whose dollars have all been made in this country. W. K. Vanderbilt's steam yacht *Valiant*, which will be quite a splendid specimen of naval architecture, is well advanced at the yard of the Lairds at Birkenhead, near Liverpool—the same firm, by the way, that built the *Alabama*. She will not make her appearance in these waters in time for the cruise of the New York Yacht Club.

B. J.—Yes, You can buy anything in the line of Archery or Tennis at very reasonable rates, and be sure of very best goods, of Hinrichs & Co., 29-33 Park Place, N. Y.

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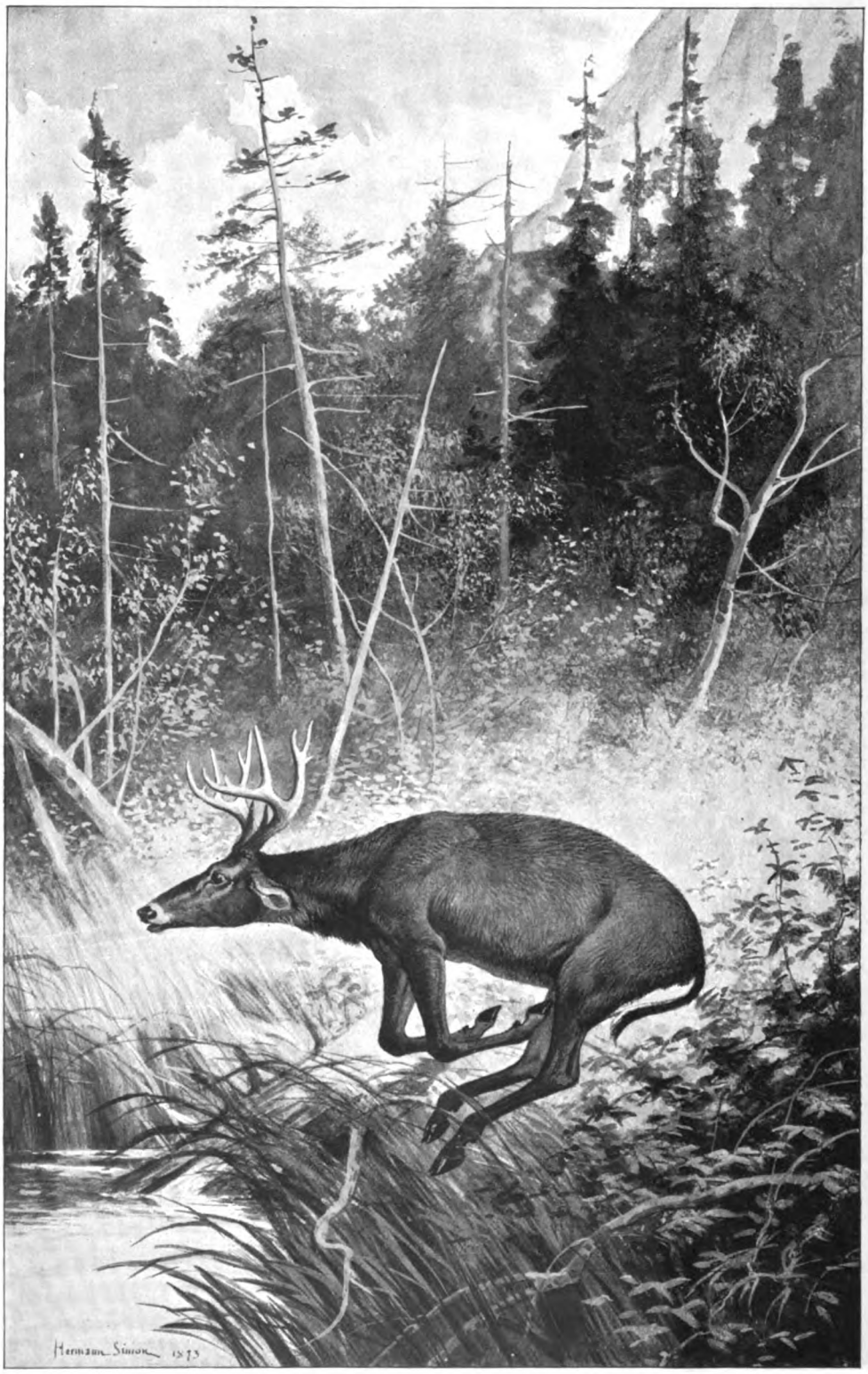

Painted for OUTING by Hermann Simon. (See article 'Temecula Canyon," pp. 432-435.)

"SMASHING SO GRANDLY THROUGH THE BRUSH!"

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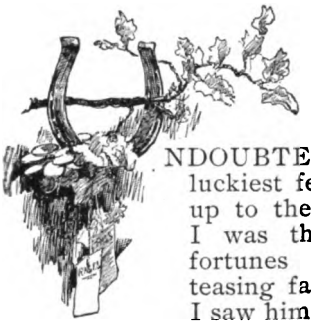

DONALD GREY.

THE LUCK OF A GOOD-FOR-NOTHING.

UNDOUBTEDLY he was the luckiest fellow I ever knew, up to the last, and because I was the unluckiest, his fortunes had a peculiar, teasing fascination for me. I saw him first at his father's house in Riverdale. Hitherto the responsibility of dragging a weak body through college, and of making the most of my brains—my only capital—had held me to a straight and narrow path of acquaintance. I knew my aunt, my mother's sister, but slightly; my uncle and Donald not at all, while as to the bevy of little girls who made up the rest of the family, it was with an effort, when they were introduced, that I concealed my ignorance of their existence.

Aunt Janet was one of those women whose handclasp and greeting are worth a volume of friendly protestations; and her features recalled to me the sweet-faced vision of another, years since in her grave.

Uncle John, a retired clergyman and writer of devotional books, was of another sort, but he was no whit behind her in hospitality. He begged me to prolong my visit through the summer. I thanked them without answering yes or no; told them what I could of my father's roving life abroad, and then betook myself to my room to rest and dress for dinner.

It was then and there I heard the peal of laughter which was my first introduction to Donald Grey. What a happy, careless, merry sound it was! It went through my tired nerves like a glass of old Tokay, and drew up the corners of my mouth in the irresistible echo of a smile. I sprang from the couch and went to the window. A tall, graceful lad was coming up the avenue, his jaunty jacket flung open and his straw hat set far back on his curls. Every line of his handsome face, every movement of his well-made figure, told of the owner's willfulness, and that it had not been restrained by himself or anyone else. I detest that characteristic in man or woman, and for an instant I detested him. Then came that laugh again, and I felt my lips twitch in sympathy. I drew closer to the window as Donald struck into a song. Now, if there is any one thing which can awaken me to life, or reconcile me to death, it is music. The revulsion which my cramped and tortured and denied individuality felt for this superb creature, with his *bonhomie* and powerlessness to feel an ache or sympathize with it, gave way to an exquisite satisfaction in the voice which suited my needs as if it had been sent straight from heaven for that purpose. "How do you like that, mother?" broke in the singer, at the end of a dozen bars or so. "I made that up." There was a tinge of trouble in her voice as she replied, and I felt intuitively that it was occasioned by some of his performances. That sort of a fellow is bound to be a scapegrace, I said to myself, turning away from the window. The youngster—he was then nineteen, eight years my junior—met me with winsome cordiality, and finding out my fondness for music, devoted himself to giving me all I wanted.

Uncle John excused himself early in the evening, and went out to some literary club or other. The little girls

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"YOU SEE HE DOESN'T WANT ME." (*p. 414.*)

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were carried off to bed, and Aunt Janet busied herself for a time with some needle-work, but it fell from her fingers while her darling sang. I saw now how anxious and sad her face was, and laid a wager with myself that I could tell the cause. "The young rascal!" I fretted and fumed, even while he was getting around my heart-strings with that wonderful voice of his. What right had he to sacrifice her, as I felt sure he had, and never show by so much as a line on his smooth face that he knew it? And how she adored him! Her fingers laced and unlaced themselves with a pathetic, nervous motion. Her eyes were fixed yearningly upon him. She appeared unconscious that I was watching her. Perhaps she would not have cared had she known, for she plainly welcomed the opportunity I gave her the next morning of pouring out her troubles. It came apropos of a picture we saw on the lawn—the only son of the house escorted to his own tennis grounds by a bevy of young ladies, who, with singular consideration, had not waited for him to take the trouble to come for them.

"Isn't it disgusting?" sighed my aunt, as her eyes followed mine in the direction whither this young Apollo was leading his brightly-clad muses. "Girls did not act that way when I was young." "He seems to enjoy it," I answered, dryly. "Oh, yes," returned his mother. "He reckons himself in, and calls the entire company 'us girls.'"

"Poor Don," she added, sighing. "Poor?" I repeated, with some irritation; "why, may I ask? He seems to me the most fortunate of mortals. Health, beauty, talent, what more do you ask for him, Aunt?" "Yes, I know," was her quick reply, "but he has never succeeded at anything." I was tempted to ask whose fault that was, but refrained, and she went on in a worried voice: "He has been sent to college and put into business with alike unfortunate results. He is continually running away with opera companies, and turns up in New York or New Orleans when we think he is safe at work. His father would disown him if he knew what I do."

I ventured to suggest that he was yet a mere boy. "Yes, but matters do not improve; I am afraid—" here she hesitated and scrutinized me narrowly to see how far she might proceed without prejudicing me against the youth, "I am afraid he plays cards—for money." "Oh, well!" I asserted cheerfully, "I suppose that's not unusual; I have taken a hand at poker myself." "And I think he goes to the races," went on the poor mother, as if she were in the confessional on her own account. "Many of them do," I carelessly returned. "And his debts worry me dreadfully," with the desperate tone of one who must make a clean breast of it whatever the result. "I've actually pawned my jewels, again and again, to get him out of trouble."

She drew another sigh, this time of relief, and settled back in her chair waiting for my comments on what I had heard. What could I say? If I censured him, she would undoubtedly bristle up, after the manner of all mother-kind from hens to humans, telling me I was unjust and uncharitable. She had plainly spoiled him, but the remembrance of my own soft feelings towards the Good-for-nothing, the night before, hinted that I might have done the same; and I wasn't his mother.

There was a pause, and then she went on timidly, "I wish you would talk to him, Frank. He has taken a liking to you, and I think you could influence him."

I shook my head incredulously. I had never in my life influenced any one but an old nurse of mine, who made nearly as much fuss over me as this mother over her boy. I thought of Nurse Hitty now. "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth," she used to say; "but women love those who chasten them." It was strictly true in this case. The bundle of feminine graces represented by May, Edith and Laura could not tip the scale against the attractiveness of this wayward son for the mother who bore him. *They* had never troubled her, and *he* had done precious little else. With a glance of conscious pity I looked into the tender gray eyes and noted the sensitive, quivering lips of the face so near my own.

My sympathetic mood seemed to encourage her, for, proceeding another step in her confidence, she opened her little cabinet and took out the picture of a young woman of possibly twenty, although her serious expression made her seem much older than the

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young man under discussion. "This," she said, "is the young girl I want him to marry, Mr. Grey's ward, Irene Lewis."

"That girl?" I exclaimed, with a start of surprise, which for the life of me I could not conceal. "Well, well, of all blind eyes commend me to those of a mother." This last was to myself, not to her.

"Really, they are very fond of each other," she went on, somewhat chagrined at my attitude.

"But this is the face of a thoughtful woman, aunt," I answered, "and Donald is only a boy, a lovable boy, I grant you, but a boy nevertheless. This is a woman to be looked up to and worshiped and shielded from the harshness and hardness of the world." I spoke more warmly than I intended, and she glanced at me curiously.

"I do not understand you, Frank," she said, with some petulance. "Only a moment ago you were praising Don's talents and beauty, and now you think him unworthy of a nice girl. Irene is nothing extraordinary. She lived a quiet life with her invalid mother after her father died, and knows very little of the world."

"Evidently," I granted in an inward ejaculation.

"Mr. Grey had a great deal of influence with her mother and everything was left in his hands. Irene has some money, no more than any of those girls out there, but she has such a good influence over Don; that is what I consider,—I thought you would sympathize with me," she said piteously.

I fancy my face had hardened. For the first time, my aunt appeared in an unlovable light. I was saved an answer by the advent of the tennis players, who came up the steps of the piazza laughing and talking together.

I knew that the Misses Smith, Brown, and Robinson, or whatever their names were, would take me in from crown to toes, and would pronounce upon my sallow face and unfashionable attire, as they evidently did while Donald introduced me. In the babble of conversation which followed I made good my escape to the library, where I was when the young squire of dames put his head in the doorway with "Cousin Frank, come and see my dogs."

We were together the rest of the day, for in the afternoon Donald took me driving, and it was late when we returned.

"Did you get an opportunity to speak to him?" whispered Aunt Janet in my ear as I entered the parlor.

"No-o, not exactly," I answered, remembering vaguely how the Good-for-nothing had rattled on, and how I had listened; "but I think he is ready to confide in me."

Irene Lewis came home from a visit a few days later. I was disappointed in her. She was a school-girlish little thing, with the possibilities of the photographic face of her yet undeveloped. In books she was at home, had read enormously, and written some poetry, she confessed shyly, but of people she knew absolutely nothing. After the first little flutter of welcome, she fitted into her own niche at the parsonage, and was with Aunt Janet most of the time. Don and I were constant companions, partly because we were both willing to have it so, and partly because aunt was a clever manager. That it was well for me, I could not deny. A relaxation of brain and nerve and a comfortable feeling of leisure and ease came over me in the atmosphere of my Donatello. He seemed fond of me, because he knew that I admired him, and because I listened with unflagging interest to the tale of his scrapes, of how he had blundered into them and been helped out by his never-failing "luck."

Well, I idled all summer, petted by aunt and the little girls, inducted by Uncle John into the mysteries of great physical forces and the Prophesies of Daniel, reading Browning with Irene, chaperoned by Don indoors and out. I struck root in the pleasant parsonage, and it was only by a big wrench that I pulled myself out when the days grew cool and my increased strength gave me no excuse for remaining longer away from work.

How forlorn I came to be! I seemed to grow into an old man, with hope behind and nothing but the grave before. A great hunger possessed me for Don, and I wrote his father and mother. I told them of my life since leaving them, of what Rhadamanthus Bros. said of my book, and then, in closing, as if it were an indifferent afterthought and not the cause of the whole letter, I wrote: "By the way, if Donald still

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would like to make his home in New York, Dunn & Loane, the lawyers, will give him a desk in their office in return for his doing some writing for them." He came, took the position, and settled himself in the boarding-house where I was, in the room next to mine.

What a time I had! My quiet, scholar's life underwent a revolution. I had been in the habit of waking promptly at half-past seven. After waiting a morning or two and learning that Don had no intention of breakfasting before 10 o'clock, I took it upon myself to call him. At first it was an interesting experience. I laid my hand gently upon his tumbled curls and whispered "Donald!" An inarticulate murmur was all the response I received. Then I shook him still gently and spoke aloud. This was equally ineffectual. Finally I succeeded in making him open his eyes. They opened as round and bright as a baby's and showed no more concern for life and its duties. "Oh, yes, I'll be right down," he said cheerfully. For a week I trusted him to his own guidance, and for a week he continued his morning nap, after this slight interruption, until his customary hour for allowing himself to be disturbed. After that I planted myself on the bed and gave him no peace until he was partly dressed.

It was as hard to get him into bed as it was to get him out. "Why in thunder don't you go to sleep, old man, and not watch for me," he would say when I met him reproachfully at the door of my room somewhere about 2 or 3 A.M. And realizing that I occupied toward my protégé the position of the hen whose duckling will swim and laughs at her because she cannot, I dozed on the banks, and waited till he came ashore. One night he made considerable noise and I heard some one with him, some one to whom he was talking in low tones and who made a great racket on the stairs. It proved to be a dog, "a dandy," his new owner declared. "Weighs a hundred and four pounds and he's only ten months old, pure blood-hound!" The brute eyed me suspiciously and I looked with corresponding ill favor at him, as I suggested the possible reluctance of our landlady to admit the four-footed "dandy" as an inmate of her house.

"O, she won't kick," replied Don carelessly. "She knows me."

"Where did you get the thing?"

"In the pound, five dollars. It took my last cent, that and his collar. You'll have to lend me this week's board. But he's a beauty; ain't you, Tige?" and he caressed the brute's head with more affection than I had ever seen him show.

To my dismay, Mrs. Green did not "kick," and I, the hater of all things quadrupedal and hairy, was made the daily custodian of this sullen-eyed, big-muzzled creature, who spread his huge carcass in the middle of the floor and obliged me to walk around him.

"THE ONLY SON OF THE HOUSE." (p. 401.)

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Donald was happy. Wherever he went, after business hours, his pet went too. They were known as Beauty and the Beast, and descriptions of them found their way into the Sunday papers.

One evening I was startled by an apparition in blue silk tights and rose-colored doublet, which bowed with Don's unmistakable manner and saucily threw me a kiss.

"What does this mean?" I demanded crossly, admiring his shapely calves as only a man with no calves at all could admire them.

"Chimes of Normandy, sweet child; kiss me quick and let me go."

"What did you promise your father and mother?"

"That I wouldn't go *off* with a troop. I'm going *on*, right over here in Brooklyn. Won't you come along?"

"No, I won't; and I shall consider it my duty to inform your parents."

The silk tights and velvet doublet struck a tragic attitude before me. "Do you think," declaimed the rogue, extending a plump leg and making a kick at the chandelier, "that such a shape as this should be extinguished by——"

"You're a vain puppy."

"Thanks, dear, thanks."

How handsome he looks, I thought; and I suppose he read it in my eye, for he beamed like a summer sun, and tipping up my chin with his finger, began, "Now, don't you think I'm just too sweet for anything?"

"Anything but a dancing-jack, you'll never be more."

This was said with a tolerably successful counterfeit of disgust, and in the injured tone with which he made his Parthian shots when wheedling and nonsense failed, my visitor exclaimed, "All right, I'll get square with you," and marched from the room.

Something of this sort was happening the winter long. Donald did pretty much what he pleased with me and I went on with the fiction of controlling. "I feel so safe about the dear boy, now that he is with you," wrote Aunt Janet, and I groaned in spirit over my unwilling deception. "If you can spare the time, Frank, I wish you would go into the office and inquire about him," she added in one of these confidential epistles. "Of course he is doing well; he couldn't be out nights and neglecting his work without your knowing it, but it is well to let these employers feel that there are people interested in those whom they employ."

With an uncomfortable feeling which I did not try to explain to myself, I called at the office of Dunn & Loane. A meek, little, sandy-haired youth, who represented all the virtues in which my charge was deficient, looked up as I put the question.

"Mr. Grey? Oh, he hasn't been here for weeks. This is his desk."

"Do you know where he is," I asked faintly.

"No, I don't; but I don't think he's at work anywhere."

Probably not, I thought, and went crestfallen downstairs. I met the object of my search coming up.

"Well, if this isn't a go," he cried, "What under the sun——"

"Should bring me here to meet you where you are the first time in weeks?" I finished tartly, "Fate, I suppose."

"Not mine; my fate is never to get caught." He laughed lightly, and looking me squarely in the face, he asked, "What are you going to do about it?"

"What do you think I ought to do?"

"Tell father, I suppose; but I don't believe you will."

"Come home with me," I said gravely, "and we will talk it over."

"Can't, possibly. I've got just time to catch the train for Manhattan, and I don't want to lose the first race. Come on with me."

I go to the race! Methought I heard the bones of my ancestors rattle in their graves.

"You say you want to see life as it is," went on the tempter, "and that's just the place for it." I hesitated. "C you'll go," and hailing a car he jumped aboard and pulled me after him. So this was the way I looked up a stray sheep, following meekly his mischievous guidance like any foolish woolly brother of them all!

"Now, don't look grumpy," persisted my companion; "you're in for it, and may as well make the best of it. S—s—st, here boy!" the latter exclamation was addressed to a slip of humanity who shook his ragged plumage at the car doors and crowed "Mornin' Papers" with the unction of a young cock who has the business on his hands of waking the world. The transfer of papers for pennies rapidly

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made, Donald turned to the department known as "Sporting News" and began reading a lot of gibberish in which the names of pagan divinities, favorite operas, brands of wine, and only the initiated know what not, were mingled in a bewildering manner. These, it seemed, were the horses. "That's a good one," he said now and then, or frowned disapproval on some pretender.

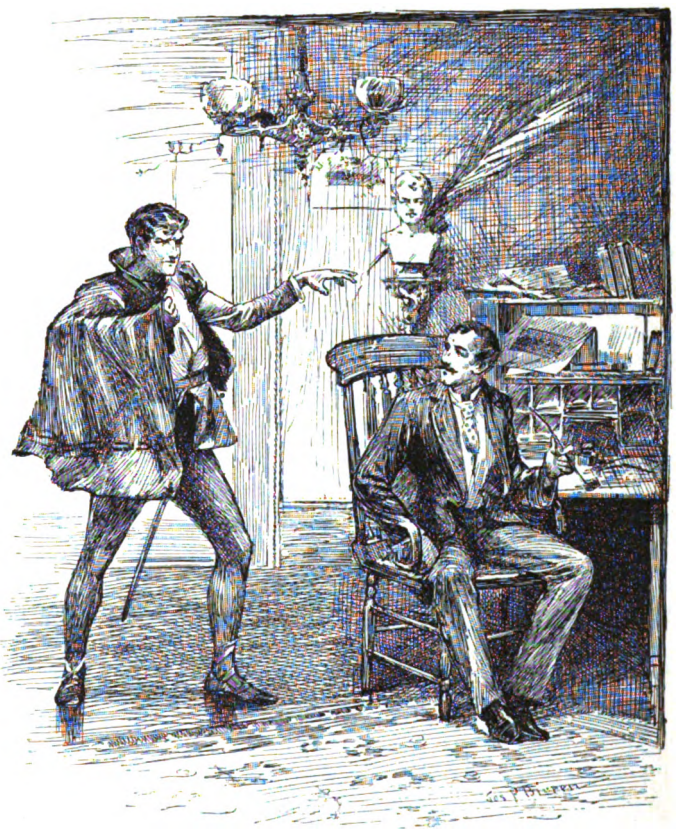
"So that's what you have been doing when we thought you were at the office?" I said.

"Well, yes, part of the time. That old fool, Dunn, kept me writing briefs and serving summonses, and hardly gave me enough to keep body and soul together. How did you think I got these clothes, Silly?" He surveyed with complacency the suit of fashionable cut and hue which adorned his comeliness.

I did not have a chance to reply, for we were at the ferry and I was pushed and pulled along until I found myself over the river and in the open cars labeled conspicuously "Sheepshead Bay Races." I shrank into a corner and longed for the ordinary street-car, where some doubt of my destination cloaked me from the eyes of my fellow-passengers. Their glances seemed to say "You're another;" "You're one of us." I wished that I could deny it. A plump Jewess with three enormous diamonds under her double chin leaned forward and asked me to signal a paper boy, but he was already coming our way. He carried a small pink sheet, which found a generous patronage. Don folded his copy into a square, holding the lists for the day, and said: "I'll prick those I think will win and you see at the end of the day how many were right. Here, I'll put Glen Allan first and Jack of Hearts for place."

"What does that mean?" I asked, interested in spite of myself.

"Second, of course,—and here Jim McGowan to win and Abraham for place. Now you take the paper, and I'll read them off the betting card." I took the sporting sheet and pricked with a pin the names he gave me. I, Frank Wetherington, candidate for honors in the literary world, born a gentleman and educated in the strictest of orthodox environments, I pricked horses on a sporting paper because this cub of a boy bid me! Others on the car were



"IN BLUE SILK TIGHTS." (*p. 404.*)

doing the same, and I heard on all sides discussions of the favorites.

"I tell you he's out-classed," piped a thin, bald-headed man to his neighbor who wore the brilliant necktie and flashing pin of the professional sport.

"No such a thing," snapped the other.

"If you put any money on him, you'll be sorry," urged the first.

"I had it from his owner and the jockey who is to ride him."

"No good; they're all—liars. Study the horses, I say, study the horses." So

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they went on. A bevy of girls in bright spring dresses and huge feathered hats occupied the seats directly behind the driver. They had a nonchalant air, as of those who float with the tide, unmindful where it carries them. A gaunt, gray-haired woman, clad in clinging garments of dingy black, and wearing a helmet-like bonnet, strode along over the plank walk looking as if she understood her business and intended to succeed in it. "An old stager," whispered Don.

At the entrance he decorated me with a gay pasteboard ticket swung by a silken cord from my button-hole, but I tucked it speedily out of sight.

The grand stand was already filling with men and women, old and young, black and white, novice and veteran. There was my big Jewess in company with another who might have been her mother. There were husbands and wives making a day of it, the men betting leisurely and with some prudent casting about for ideas, the women anxious and troubled, saying "Oh dear, I told you so," at losses, and "Are you sure? How lovely!" at the gains.

Don had left me for a visit to the paddock, but came up as the horses appeared. A murmur of applause greeted the great, long-legged creatures who reared and plunged as if eager to be off. Then a buzz of excited discussion mingled with the gay strains of band music. "How do you like it?" inquired Don at my elbow, but before I could reply every one shrieked "They're off!"

They wer'nt, though. It took several dashes from the post, followed by several recalls, to make a *go*. At last the flag dropped, a hush of suppressed agitation succeeded the chatter, and then in spite of the cries "Down in front!" all were on tiptoe, joining in a perfect hubbub.

"Orvid leads!"

"No, he doesn't. That's Glen Allan."

"They're pulling his head off!"

"Tea Tray! Tea Tray!"

I glanced at my companion. His face was white, his hands were shaking so that he could hardly hold his betting card. He shouted with the rest as the cavalcade swept past, and I could not resist a sigh of relief when I learned that his horse was the winner.

"All right, old man," he called out, and went down among the bookmakers for his money, leaving me to listen to the comments of the crowd. They were good natured over defeat, and by no means boisterous when fortunate.

Don presently returned and dropping into the seat behind me, unfolded his betting card and said, "I've got Florence M. this time. She never went back on me."

"Is that the way you bet? I thought you took the best horse?"

"We're all superstitious at times." He shrugged his shoulders adding with a laugh, "You'll hear the Jews shouting for Abraham. There they go!"

Again the hush and the murmur, again the entire company sprang to their feet, while now and then a voice shriller than the rest was heard announcing the progress of the race.

"Lend me a five, Frank?" asked Don suddenly, and I knew that he had lost everything.

"Do be careful," I said, yielding up the bill with some reluctance. "If you're bound to bet, have some system about it. Not that I approve of it, at all, and I shall not let you have another cent." I spoke testily, but what did Don care? He had the money. "Now you root for me," he said.

"Root?"

"Yes, go in for me to win. Put your mind on it. *Will* for it," and off he went.

I don't think it was because of my five dollar investment, but I "rooted" with might and main, and the "result" as Don choose to call it was astounding. The favorite fell in the steeple-chase and a long-shot won. The grand stand became a mass of restless figures, a bedlam of excited voices.

Where was Don?

He came at last, a look of unmistakable triumph on his face.

"I guessed right that time—seventy-five on your five! Come on, let's go home, I've had enough."

This was the beginning of my adventures in company with the Good-for-nothing.

"Now you're seeing the world, old chap," he would say. "Now you are getting stuff for something beside dry poems and essays. You'll write a big novel one of these days." I swallowed the bait and the hook with it, and let him draw me into the very places out of which I had promised to keep him.

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"Mother won't care as long as I'm with you. It's the bad company she's afraid of. When I'm with you, I am safe."

So he coaxed and I went with him again and again. For awhile the novelty of my presence pleased him; then he began to bring up all sorts of vicious-looking specimens of humanity and to introduce them to me. "You ought to study that class as well as the others," he urged, when I demurred. But I knew it was from his own relish for the loafers that he attached them to us, not from any desire to advance my studies. I dropped off from going with him, and he did not seem to mind it. A coolness sprang up between us, encouraged by my friend Judkins, who took me to task for the slovenly way in which I had been writing of late, and urged me to throw off the "incubus," as he persisted in styling Don. An open break was prevented by the arrival of the time for our promised visit to Riverdale.

* * * *

The family received us with open arms. As far as they knew, Don had passed a phenomenal year, and it had been accomplished through my efforts. That made heroes of us both. Such spasms of conscience as I might have had were choked off by my partner in deceit, and, indeed, it would require the heart of a Brutus to disturb Aunt Janet's beautiful and unwonted serenity.

In the sweet solitudes of the country home, however, and surrounded by its pure atmosphere, I was aroused to complete consciousness of my own culpability. I realized that I had been taking false weights and measures. A lie assumed its own dark livery and did not appear in aesthetic grays, with white spots in the high lights. Betting and gambling no longer frisked under the harlequin banner of Play, but stalked grimly about, showing their own ugly, determined faces. The ghosts of the old Puritan virtues, Industry, Truth, Sobriety, arose solemnly in their winding sheets and shook the finger of scorn at Idleness, Artifice and Mirth.

Nothing of this sort troubled Don. He slid out of one life into another with extraordinary agility, and seemed as content to take precedence among the saints as he had been to rank as chief among the sinners. In either sphere he was the young magician, bringing in his train, like another Allegro, jest and jollity, quips and cranks and all sorts of bright nonsense.

I was entertained, with the rest, until I saw how he dazzled Irene. That, for some reason or other, I could not endure. I could not bear to see her face alight with appreciation of his fun. Her soft brown eyes made me think of the woodland pools where the fabled Nixie dwells. I could not bear to have this unworthy youngster disturb their quiet depths and bring shy, hidden spirits to the surface. But he did.

He was handsomer than ever, with a new moustache, a frisky, golden affair which perked up at the ends and lent a *sauce piquante* to his melancholy eyes.

I don't like to think of that summer, and, indeed, it is not necessary for the clearness of my story that I should dwell upon it.

Don remained in Riverdale, taking singing lessons of a Professor Zimmerman, who had drifted into the country for his health. Soon after my return to New York Don's engagement to Irene was announced. "It is so pretty to see them together," gushed the mother. "They are writing an opera, Irene the words and Don the music. Don is studying thorough bass, so as to put it down properly. His father will send him abroad in the fall." Then the letters grew fewer and less communicative. I concluded that the thread of Don's goodness had been drawn out to such a length that there was danger of its breaking. Irene was not very well, Aunt said, and she herself had had headaches all through the spring. I decided to run up to Riverdale in July and find out for myself the condition of affairs; but on the first day of that scorching month, Don himself appeared.

My greeting, I fear, failed to satisfy his ideas of hospitality.

"I had to make a break," he replied to my ejaculation of surprise and dismay.

"Where's your fiancée, or should I say financiere?"

"Come, now, none of that;" he looked hurt.

"How did you get away?" I asked, with more cordiality.

"Told Irene I had business. She felt shaky, but I'm all through with *that!*" He waved his hand in rejection of past frivolities.

"I hope so," I returned, trying to

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speak cheerfully. "How long are you going to be in town?"

"A day or two. Any one in my old room?"

"No."

"I'll see Mrs. Green and engage it for a couple of nights."

With the perversity which signalized her sex in their dealings with my scapegrace cousin, Mrs. Green was extravagantly glad to see him, and he was soon reinstated in his old quarters, coming and going as he pleased.

It was the first summer I had remained in the city so late. The heat was becoming intolerable. No one who has not seen it can imagine New York City in July. The great, restless monster lies panting and subdued, a film over its bright, cruel eyes, its claws sheathed. The dirtiest vagabond in the alleys can come up and pluck it by the beard. Nothing seems worth the taking pains for, neither dress, nor manners, nor mode of life. Men go their ways soberly, doggedly, and because they cannot help themselves. It was fearfully depressing to me, and I would have fled, taking the remaining sheets of my manuscript, but the Good-for-nothing persisted in staying. The heat grew more and more intense. The papers were full of it. The chronicle of deaths filled the columns side by side with records of the races, which flourished in spite of the tropical weather, at Monmouth and at Sheepshead. These, I concluded, attracted and held my cousin; but I asked no questions, until one morning, as he started out for the day, I caught the unusual sparkle of a diamond in his shirt.

"Where did you get that?" I asked sharply. His eyes evaded mine, and he answered with some uneasiness despite the flippancy of his tone.

"That's all right; a friend of mine let me take it to make a front!"

Examination revealed that the diamond was set as a lady's ear-ring, which was clumsily stitched into his cravat.

"Whose is it?" I demanded, savagely.

"If you must know, it's Preakness's. He wants me to sell the set here."

"Who in the name of all that's outlandish is Preakness?"

"Why, Zimmerman's friend. I can't stop any longer. There's my car!"

Full of forebodings I returned to my room. How hot it was! The atmosphere was like a terrible enchantment. For a while I wrestled with it, then, overpowered, dropped my head upon my arms and fell asleep. How long I slept I could not tell, but when I awoke Don was standing over me. "Wake up, can't you?" he was saying crossly, and as I opened my eyes, he broke into a dry sob, "Oh, Frank, I'm in an awful hole!"

I became wide awake at once.

"Matthews advanced me money on Preakness's diamonds," he said hurriedly, "and I lost it."

"Matthews?"

"That fake. You know, of course you do. I ran up against him on Broadway."

"How much is it?"

"Two hundred dollars."

"Two hundred dollars?" It might as well be two thousand. I had just fifty in the house, enough to pay expenses until I had completed the work upon which I was then engaged.

"Can't you help me?" he cried. "Think of mother and Irene."

"I *am* thinking of them," I said pitilessly. "I am thinking it's about time they found you out."

An expression of terror came over his face, stripping it of its ethereal beauty, making it commonplace and unattractive.

"I'm sure I don't know what I can do for you, Donald," I repeated in chilly tones, growing more and more remorseless, as the unrestrained violence of his misery poured itself forth. Where was the lovable, bewitching boy? Vanished, displaced by a fellow with bloodshot eyes and weak, dissipated mouth, a "poor devil, down on his luck." All attempt to be winsome and charming was thrown aside. He swore coarsely, brutally, and with a scowling, ugly face; then meeting with no response from me, he left the room.

As soon as he had removed himself the past began to plead with me softly; insinuating visions of the merry Don whom I had known, to efface the image of this degraded, desperate fellow. Humorous, yet half pathetic, were they all, and all told of the whimsical struggle of the child of Bohemia.

I groped for the scattered leaves of my manuscript, trying to form some plan, and there was that ridiculous letter, signed "Your loving son; all but

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Frank's." And what chatty, confidential ways he had. Good heavens, he must not go down !

Let's see. Judkins was on Lexington avenue. I would see him and get the money.

the thing through. He deliberated a moment and then said, "I have a friend on Broadway, a lawyer, keen and sharp as a successful New York lawyer is bound to be, but with the kindest heart in the world under his legal

"ALL RIGHT, OLD MAN." (*p. 406.*)

I found Judkins packing to leave the city, but struck by my looks—I was half sick with the heat and the anxiety —he sat down among his boxes and listened to my story. It was of no use to storm over the "incubus," he saw from my manner I was bound to see

mannerisms. He will help you out." He scrawled a few lines and handed them to me in an envelope directed to Mr. Frank Dayton, with an address far down on Broadway. I thanked him and left, too full of my errand as yet to feel any embarrassment.

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But when the shrewd brown eyes of the lawyer looked into and through me —and they had a way of twitching while he spoke, which gave him a cynical air —I began to feel very foolish and Quixotic. If he had the warmest heart in the world he certainly did not wear it on his sleeve. And the volley of questions that he fired at me, each aimed at the bull's-eye of my poor little secret!

"You want two hundred dollars? What for? Yourself?"

"No; a friend."

"What does your friend want it for?" Now, don't lie, said the keen brown eyes, and I couldn't, even had my previous education taught me how.

"To get himself out of a scrape," I answered boldly.

"What sort of a scrape?" and it had to be told, the pitiful, shameful story.

"H-m!" sneered the lawyer. "You're the first fool of the kind I've seen in trousers. Women are ready enough to throw themselves under the Juggernaut of men's vices, that is to be expected; but another man!"

I felt myself color painfully. Why did Judkins send me into such a humiliating position? "I can offer security," I said, with as much dignity as I could.

"What security?" he demanded.

I drew from my pocket, with trembling fingers, my last letter from Messrs. Rhadamanthus, stating the terms at which they had accepted my book. Then I unrolled the completed chapters and placed them before him; only one was needed to fulfill my task.

"How long have you been at work on this thing?"

"A year, off and on. There were potboilers in between."

"H-m!" And this time the exclamation became a perfect snort of disgust.

"You'll sacrifice this, or a generous slice of it, for an unprincipled scoundrel? My dear fellow"—here the "legal mannerisms" fell off, and I had a glimpse of "the warmest heart in the world," as he laid his hand on my shoulder and spoke with exquisite gentleness —"My dear fellow, I can't let you do this thing. It would be the height of injustice to yourself and to him. As long as you will carry him on your shoulders, so long you may. By George," —with a sudden fury—"I'd like to see him in a striped suit, breaking stones. I've seen his kind, if not him."

In vain did I summon the graceful figure of my cousin to my mind to plead with me and help me plead for him. The Law had taken the flower of my romance in its uncompromising jaws and was squeezing the life and beauty out of it. I rescued the fragile blossom and tried to smooth it into shape.

"If he were a common loafer I would let him go, but we concede something to talent, and he is talented. He has a wonderful voice, and this fall he is to go abroad to have it cultivated."

"He'll bring up at Monte Carlo," blurted out the unbeliever.

"And he has written some charming music—at least, he has composed it."

"I suppose you wrote it out?"

I nodded assent. He laughed satirically. I began to despair. I put the letter again in my pocket, rolled up the manuscript and took my hat. "Where are you going?" demanded Mr. Dayton.

"To try some other place," I answered, dismally.

"Hold on," he cried, laying his hand on my arm. "Can't you be reasoned out of this piece of nonsense? You're a queer chap to think of doing such a thing."

I made no reply.

"Give it up, will you?"

"No, I won't. I'll do it for his mother's sake, if not for his own," and I made a move toward the door.

"You're an idiot," muttered the lawyer, "but if you're determined to be one, I can't help it," and growling something under his breath, he went to his desk and began to write a check.

"Sit down there," he said, gruffly, pointing to a chair, "and write your note." He dipped the pen he had been using and handed it to me. "Payable in three months?" I assented in a bewildered way and wrote the note as he directed. Then he handed me the check, which I folded and laid away in my pocketbook, thanking him as I did so, in words I could never recall.

"You are faint," said the lawyer, in the same gentle voice which he had used when he was fingering my carefully written manuscript. "Wait a minute until you are somewhat over this, and we will go around the corner and get some dinner." I glanced up at the office-clock. It was almost seven.

"No, no," I protested, weakly. Apart from my reluctance to incur further

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obligations, I felt that I could not endure another half-hour in the presence of one who had made me assume such childish proportions. I might as well have protested against the winds blowing, or the rain falling, or any other process of nature taking its natural course. He conducted me, with a firm grasp, down the stairs and around the corner to a clean, unpretentious restaurant, where he proceeded to fill me with every good thing on the bill of fare. Not a word did he utter, from the moment of leaving the office, of what had occurred there, but discussed men and books in a bright, off-hand fashion, as refreshing as the meat and drink. When he finally put me on a car and wished me a cheery good-evening, I was another man.

I ran upstairs at the boarding-house, nearly knocking down Mrs. Green, whose portly person emitted a sound between a puff and a groan. She recovered herself immediately, and cried "O, sir, I'm so glad to see you! There's a man here who wants Mr. Grey. I told him Mr. Grey's out."

"Donald out?" I gasped.

"Yes, sir; he went out soon after he'd had lunch. The man's in the parlor. I thought p'raps you'd rather not have him in your room."

"Quite right, Mrs. Green," I said briefly, and ran down again into the dingy little parlor.

On the sofa in the corner sat—Matthews, as I expected.

"Mr. Grey ain't in, the lady says," he ejaculated.

"No," I replied, frigidly.

"D'ye know when he's expected back?"

"No, I don't." I remained standing.

"Well, p'raps you'll do. He says your a friend of his'n. This mornin' I let him have some money on these." He produced a tiny box, in which, on pink cotton, reposed the fatal ear-rings. "Fust t'was a hundred, then he lost and kep' on till t'was two hundred. I was to call 'round to-night after it."

Without speaking, I produced Mr. Dayton's check, letting him see that it was thoroughly reliable. "You will please give me the ear-rings and I will give you this."

To do the fellow justice, I do not believe that he had any idea of retaining the jewels if he could recover his money, but he was evidently surprised at my promptness. He surrendered the diamonds without a word.

"Have you any record of this?" I inquired, making the most of the prudence hammered into me on Broadway.

"There warn't no papers exchanged betwixt us," and remembering how loose were usually the transactions between Don and his cronies I believed him.

I breathed easier as I went upstairs, clasping in my hand the pasteboard box which represented so much. A fresh surprise was awaiting me. Pinned around the neck of the bronze goddess that presides over my writing-table was something like a bib—a note from Don, of course; another plea for forgiveness and help. No? What was this? Don giving up? Don threatening—*suicide?*

"Poor old Frank! I know from everything you say and the way you look that your patience is worn out. I don't blame you. You might as well give it up—you and mother and Irene. You'll never make anything out of me. It isn't in me. I'm going to get out before everybody finds out what I am. Preakness will never know but the stones were in my pocket and were stolen when I swam out. For that is what I am going to do. I am just off for Coney Island. They will all think it is an accident except you. Good-bye, old fellow, and thanks for all you have done for me."

The note dropped. I hid my face in my hands, and then, I will confess, the first feeling I had was that I had been unfairly dealt with. "The grisly monster" had put his hand on my shoulder too many times for him to assume for me his usual terrors. *Life*, as I had known it, was much more to be dreaded. This as an excuse for the resentment which I felt, as I realized that all my efforts had been in vain, thanks to the impatient youngster who had, as he would have said, "cleared out," and left me with the burden of the awful secret, if I did not exchange it for the still greater burden of disclosure. Then came the sudden appreciation of his fate. My winsome companion, my lovable, though tormenting, charge! Oh, what would Aunt Janet say? And Irene? For some reason or other Uncle John did not appear in the company of ghostly mourners. I took a turn or two up and down the room, then glanced at the

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note. Two P. M. it was dated. It was now after eight. I might catch the last boat, if I hurried, and hurry I did, following with such energy the huge crowd which swarmed aboard that I brought down upon myself the wrath of two brawny Irishwomen, who could easily have ducked me overboard, but who believed that I had it in my mind to perform this unkindly act for them. The great plank swayed and groaned beneath our feet, the whistle blew and we were off. A gay, pleasure-approving moon swung high in the heavens and encouraged the revelers who gathered on the upper deck and listened to the tinkling music of a stringed quartette. It was a happy-go-lucky, Bohemian crowd, a cruel reminder of the young prince of that sunny land, who might now be lying fathoms deep in the shining dark water, over which we sailed so merrily. And yet he so shrank from death. Don a spirit? Don separated from the beautiful body which seemed his only essence? It was impossible to conceive; he was a part of the world of flowers and fruits, of dark-eyed, slender deer, of simple, graceful steeds. But what would he have become if he had continued in the path he had been taking for the past two or three years, during which I had watched the youthful light fade out of his face, and the cunning, grasping, devil-may-care expression grow and grow, making its beauty hideous?

"OH, FRANK, I'M IN AN AWFUL HOLE!" (*p. 408.*)

A quotation from Hawthorne occurred to me—something I had read that very day: "Persons who can only be graceful and ornamental should die young, and never be seen with gray hair and wrinkles." How could I be cold-blooded enough to think of such a thing in connection with one whom I had loved, yes, loved without reserve, without selfishness, without —*jealousy?*

What serpent hissed that word in my ear? What fiend tormented me with memories of this time and that when I had wondered if Irene Lewis' pure, sweet heart would ever ache with the knowledge of his unworthiness, and longed to prove the worthiness of—— O traitor!

With bowed head, I allowed the throng to bear me with them across the bridge to the enchanted island, with its bubbles of light, strung like dewdrops on cobwebs, from end to end of the long walks; with its donkeys and barges, its bewildering merry-go-rounds and huge observatories; its multitudes of laughing, chattering men, women and children—or should all be ranked under the third class, in this, the play-ground of New York City? So perplexing and overpowering was the gaiety that it was hard to remember on what errand I had come. From one bathing house to another I went, hope increasing with every failure to find a trace of him I sought. At last, and with what anguish,

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I recognized the pile of wearing apparel which an old German showed, apologetically, as if he were to blame. "I hadn' no idee," he said over and over again. "De young man seem so well and heartee. I hadn' no tought but he'd be back all right."

"What time did he go out?"

"'Bout four. Its no use, now."

I tried to keep back the tears, but they would come, a scalding contrast to my recent cool philosophizing.

How they pleaded for him; the heap of flannel and linen, the tumbled tie, the jaunty felt hat, each permeated with his personality!

Choking with grief, I gathered up the armful which had suddenly grown too sacred for any one else's handling, and took my way to the wharf to await the returning boat. I leaned against a post there, utterly desolate.

And it was really done, this dreadful deed, this most unnatural of all deeds; unnatural when the doer is old and world-weary, much more when, as now, he is young and beautiful, loving and beloved. It was cruel, as if he had robbed another instead of himself.

And the wrong of it, which my orthodox training forced me to consider. Where was he now—ah, where? Would the Power above, thus defied and affronted, deal as gently with the boy as my own heart was now inclining me to do? Could Don wheedle the Almighty Ruler as he had always succeeded in wheedling those of us who knew him here? I longed to plead for him, as I had pleaded with Dayton that afternoon, only with more tenderness and warmth. My boy, my beautiful boy!

I hardly know how I found my way back to New York and to Riverdale. Somehow or other I broke the terrible news to the Greys, telling with late loyalty just what I determined Don would have me tell, and no more. The diamonds were restored to Preakness. I remained at the parsonage the remainder of the summer, comforting Aunt Janet as well as I could, and seeking to divert Irene from her grief. To my surprise she bore it remarkably well; at first, I concluded, because she was occupied in sustaining Aunt Janet in her crushing sorrow—poor Aunt Janet, to whom her idealized darling had become an angel of light. Uncle John, too, seemed to forget that he had ever disapproved of his son. The entire family realized only what they had lost, not what they had been relieved from.

It was November, four months after my arrival in Riverdale, when I left it; every one there clung to me, and no one in New York especially desired my return. But, in November, imperative business with publishers called me home. Irene and I had a long walk and talk the moonlit night before I went. I had found among Don's effects the words of the songs she wrote for him, and wished and yet feared to give them to her. To my surprise she took them quietly and without a word save "Thank you." It may be womanly dignity, I argued; she had grown very like the mature picture of herself, taken the first summer I was in Riverdale. I turned and looked at her searchingly. Her eyes were dewy, but the agony of intense suffering was not there.

'WHAT WAS THIS?" (p. 411.)

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"Poor Donald!" I exclaimed. "Yes, poor Donald!" she echoed, "poor, weak, willful boy." I gave a start. That was not the tone in which a woman like her would speak of one who should have been her husband. A fluttering hope beat in my breast. She was beginning to see somewhat the difference between Donald and—O, traitor again! Only four months dead, and I was trying to creep into the heart he had left lonely. I hurried her home, said a distant good-night and took the earliest morning train for New York. That was in November. In January—how well I remember the frosty afternoon it came—there was a telegram from Aunt Janet. "Come home"—thus she would insist upon my calling the parsonage—"news of Don."

For an instant, God forgive me! I did not rejoice as I should. Ever since I left Riverdale, Irene and I had been corresponding, and her letters had encouraged me in the belief that when I asked her to become my wife, as I intended to do in the spring, she would not refuse. Now——

I packed up and went to Riverdale that night. Of course, there was a houseful of rejoicing relatives, and no one presumed to criticise the manner in which the Good-for-nothing had played upon their hearts. He had, as every one knew, swum out and never come back; but instead of becoming food for fishes, he had been picked up by a New York boat, given a false name, found a chance to sail for Germany, and was now singing in Vienna.

"You know," wrote the scapegrace, "Zimmerman always said the ladies of Vienna would help me if I could get to them, and they have. I have a real, live princess for a patroness, and she seems satisfied with my progress. It won't be long before I can send for all of you to come over and see me."

Still magnificent in his promises and still lucky! Not a word of the diamonds nor of Irene. Perhaps he had forgotten both. No, after dinner, when we two were alone for a moment in the library, she slipped a note into my hand. It was from Don.

"I made an ass of myself in New York," he said, bluntly, "and really had to skip. I don't suppose Frank has told you about it, but he may." And then he went on with a lame apology for what was "written in her interest," namely, that she was better off without him, it would be years before he could marry, his life would be a roving one.

"You see he doesn't want me," she said with a nervous little laugh, as I crumpled the half-sheet and threw it into the fire.

"I'm glad of it, for I do." The shy, smiling glance which the fawn's eyes gave me, under their long lashes, was answer enough for me.

That was two years ago. This summer, the three little girls, who are no longer little, sail for Germany with their father and mother, to travel and visit Don. Aunt Janet can wait no longer. Not that the singer sent for them, but he will be as glad to see them as if he had done so.

Irene and I are living in New York. I have nothing to forgive the Good-for-nothing, although he left two jewels in pawn for me to ransom, for he threw away a third which is the "brightest in my crown." A. B. WARD.

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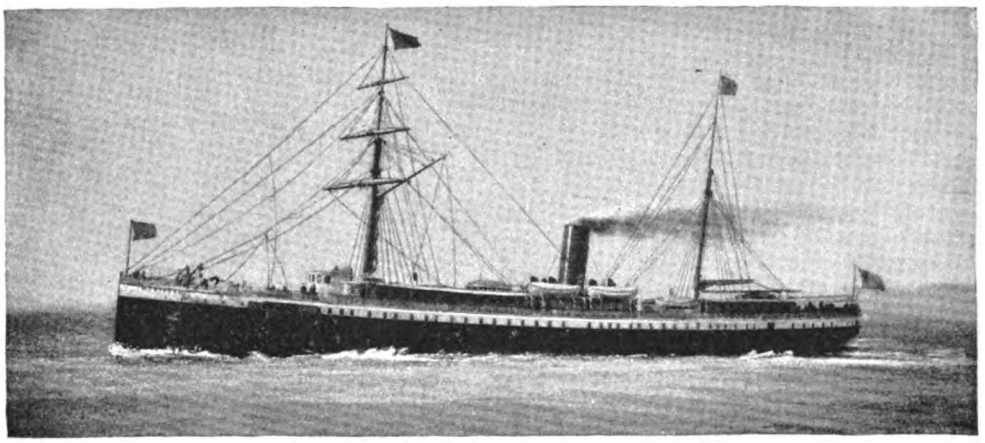

LENZ'S WORLD TOUR AWHEEL.

From 'Frisco to Hawaii.

THE twenty-fifth of October, 1892, was the last of five pleasant days in beautiful San Francisco. Never did lucky mortal find more enjoyment crowded into the same period of time, and never was wanderer's lot cast among nobler fellows than the big-hearted scorchers and roadsters of 'Frisco's wheeling clubs. But the good ship *Oceanic*, of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's fleet, would steam from her pier at mid-afternoon, and those who proposed being in her for the trans-Pacific trip had need to get themselves and their belongings aboard in season. When the actual moment for the shipward movement arrived I almost wavered. My next step lay beyond Uncle Sam's domain, and strange scenes and people and unknown adventures were awaiting me.

To wheel around a world is no trifling task, and I began to realize the magnitude of my undertaking when I was about to pass beyond the confines of my native continent. As far as the Pacific coast I had always retained the privilege of giving up the tour, and also the ability to face right-about and wheel homeward. But once aboard the *Oceanic* and started on the long voyage across the Pacific, and no compromise was possible; come weal or woe the world-girdling must then be completed if the wheelman's health and strength could stand the ordeal. This approach to blue funk—for, of course, I never for an instant *seriously* considered giving up the trip—was natural enough, and was fostered mainly by an aversion to bidding farewell to my new friends and their fascinating metropolis. Sometimes I vaguely wondered what might await me in lands over-sea, and was I to be asked to face any serious perils. Of my good pneumatic, by this time almost endeared to me as a faithful friend, I had no doubts. I was not likely to find any worse country than the mountain region successfully traversed, where my safety had been put to such severe tests, and had stood them so nobly that nothing could shake my confidence in the machine. Musing over the many trials

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and toilsome days of the trans-continental journey dispelled my doubts like magic, and at last I mounted the wheel and sped for the ship in the best of spirits. A number of good fellows escorted me to the pier, and a few moments later our last handshakes had been given, and I and the wheel and camera had touched American soil for the last time for many a day.

Crowds of people were on board and on the pier to bid their friends farewell. Among them were hundreds of Chinese and Japanese, men and women. Some ladies of a missionary society were on deck singing sacred songs in honor of missionaries departing for the Orient. Strong hands grasped the gang-plank, and soon the ship slowly steamed out into the bay, leaving astern the singing and shaking of handkerchiefs of the multitude on the dock. For a time I could see my friends, the wheelmen, waving farewells, then crowded shipping hid them from view. Goat Island, Angel Island, and Aleatraz—San Francisco—rapidly receded. On we went, passing ships and schooners anchored in the harbor, past Fort Point, and at last slipped between the rocky cliffs of the Golden Gate.

One more look at the seal rocks and we steamed across the bar and headed for open sea. A large schooner now hove in sight, bearing down on the *Oceanic*. When within three hundred yards she swung up into the wind and lowered a small boat; a rope ladder was thrown over the side of our steamer and the pilot said good-by. The *Oceanic* was now cut off from communication with the world. The sea was smooth, and we bowled along at twelve knots an hour, followed by a dozen sea gulls.

A TYPICAL HOUSE IN HONOLULU.

The *Oceanic* was one of the first ships of her kind—built long but very narrow, four hundred feet in length and but forty feet wide. This was her seventy-eighth trip. There were forty-four cabin passengers, mostly missionaries and their families, also two Japanese and one Chinese Mandarin, the latter a Chinese consul from New York City. In the steerage were four hundred and eighty-seven Chinamen and Japanese returning home, probably with enough money to live in idleness the balance of their lives. The entire crew, except the officers, were Chinese, and most excellent sailors.

In the evening a strong wind arose, and the vessel started rolling. I grew terribly dizzy, yet managed to eat, and quickly retired to bed and slept soundly. In the morning I was refreshed, but on rising to my feet reeled across the

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stateroom like a drunken man, everything swimming before me. My enormous appetite while wheeling across the States was gone, and all I cared to do was to lie down. Some of the passengers fared badly, but I escaped with dizziness.

The third day out nearly all recovered, and the rolling of the vessel on the dark blue billows caused the giddy sensation no longer. The waters were truly beautiful; from a dark Prussian blue, the billows paled to lighter shades as the clouds rolled overhead.

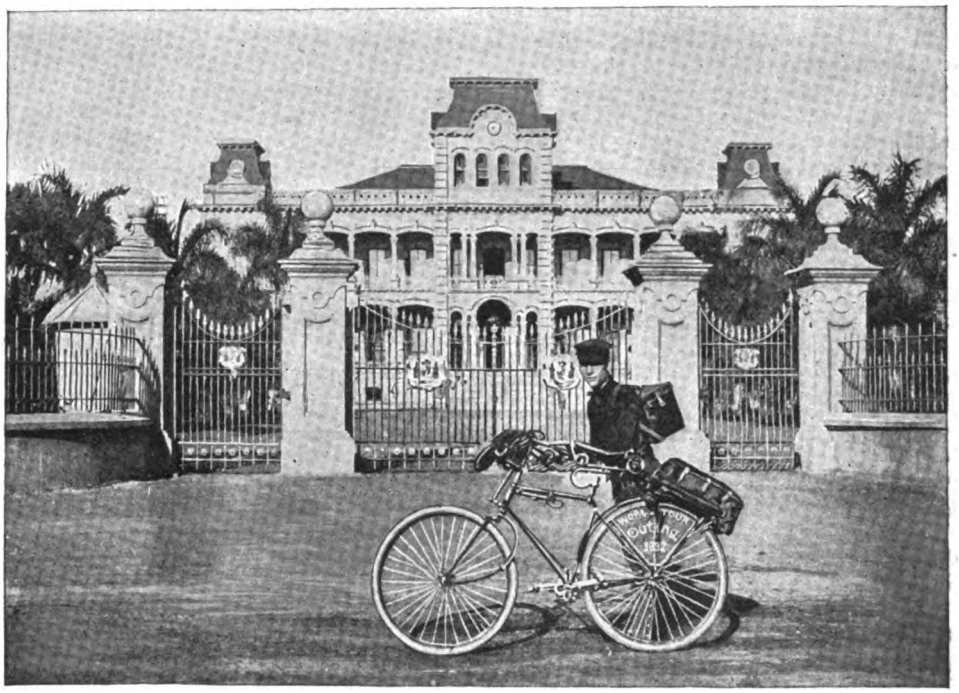
A week's steaming covered two thousand and eighty-seven miles, and brought us to the Hawaiian Islands on the morning of November first. The islands appeared rocky and barren from a distance, with mountains reaching far up into the clouds. Five of the many islands are inhabited and fertile, the rest being mere barren rocks.

Honolulu, the capital city, is situated on Oahu, which is the principal island and the seat of government.

After skirting along Oahu Island and passing the frowning rock formation on Koko Head we steamed toward the extinct crater of Diamond Head; and rounding this old landmark, the Bay of Honolulu comes in view. First, we saw the masts of many ships in the harbor, then the palm groves, and lastly, the low buildings nestling among beautiful tropical foliage at the foot of high mountains. An atoll coral reef extends across the bay, there being but one opening and that fit only for lighter ocean craft to enter. Outside this reef the *Oceanic* anchored, while the natives with long strokes pulled their large boats out to take passengers ashore.

Taking my wheel and camera aboard one of these boats, we were soon gliding past the light-house, dredge-boats, the United States men-of-war, *Boston* and *Alliance*, and lastly among smaller merchant vessels, until we touched shore. Some of the natives were as black as negroes, others of a brown color; all have black, straight hair, and many boast beautiful and intellectual countenances. Nearly all speak English, and are very polite. This is especially true of the police, who look quite picturesque clad in their white linen trousers and blue coats.

I was soon spinning up the narrow macadamized streets between rows of



IN FRONT OF THE PALACE, HONOLULU.

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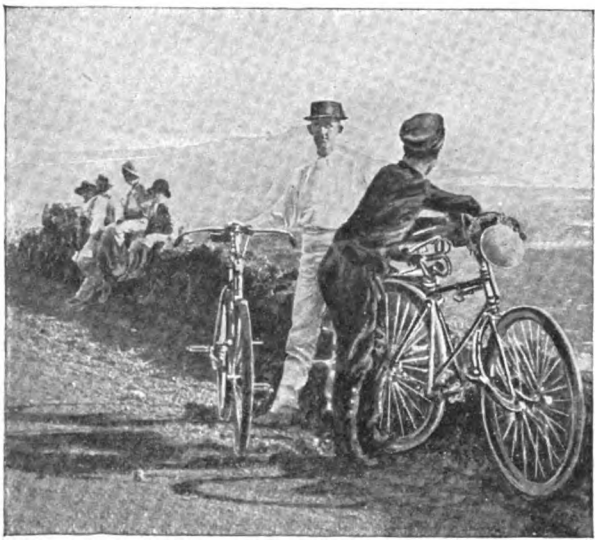
low buildings. Thick foliage and palm trees abounded everywhere. It was an entire change from the many American cities I had wheeled through. Most of the people, both foreign and native, wore full white linen suits with straw hats. The streets were all a beautiful green, the sun shone brightly, and November first was certainly a beautiful summer day in this tropical city.

I called on Mr. George H. Paris, formerly of San Francisco, and we wheeled together up Punch-bowl Hill, which commands a magnificent panoramic view of the surrounding country for miles. To the left is old Diamond Head crater; below lies the city of Honolulu, with a population of twenty thousand, seemingly buried among groves of palms, date, cocoanut and bananas; beyond spreads the shimmering harbor bounded by its coral reef, beyond which the *Oceanic*, lying at anchor, looking like a toy ship swinging on a boundless waste of lazy green rollers. Inland rose range after range of high mountains, grimly stern, with their scarred crests wreathed in clouds. When wearied of the prospect, we coasted down an excellent winding roadway, a stiff wind fanning our heated faces, until we reached the barracks, government buildings, and palace. The grounds are all thickly grown with palms, and intersected with drives and walks, forming beautiful breathing spots in the heart of the city of Honolulu. I should have dearly liked to have spent at least three days here and ridden around the entire island, over ninety miles of good road, but the *Oceanic* left that evening, so, after making a few purchases, I bade the wheelmen farewell and started for the steamship docks.



ON PUNCH-BOWL HILL, HONOLULU.

In all there are about seventy-five riders in Honolulu. Forty of them are organized into a club called the Pacific Wheelmen.

On the docks were eager crowds of people of different nations. About two hundred Chinese and Japanese, men and women and children, were huddled in the steamship company's scow. My carrying a camera on my back was eclipsed tenfold, as numbers of the Chinamen and Japanese carried aboard trunks, huge bamboo boxes, and bundles, containing all their worldly goods, swung over their shoulders.

The scene was very interesting, the harbor itself was animated with boats, tugs, and the native canoes. These have an outrigger extension on one side, supported by two arms, which makes the craft stanch even in the roughest water. On the docks four young native boys stripped off their clothing, and with yells of delight dived into the water. The little rascals were regular "water rats," swimming about like fish. Coming to where I stood with the wheel on board the scow, one said: "Throw five cent — me get him." Upon my throwing two five cent pieces into the water all four boys went down, and after about twenty seconds reappeared, two black paws clutching the money safely enough. Other tourists threw money to them with the same result.

When all passengers were aboard the scow, a small tug towed us out to the steamer, where another laughable spectacle presented itself, as the heavily laden Chinese and Japanese crawled and dragged themselves up the gangway. My task of getting aboard with

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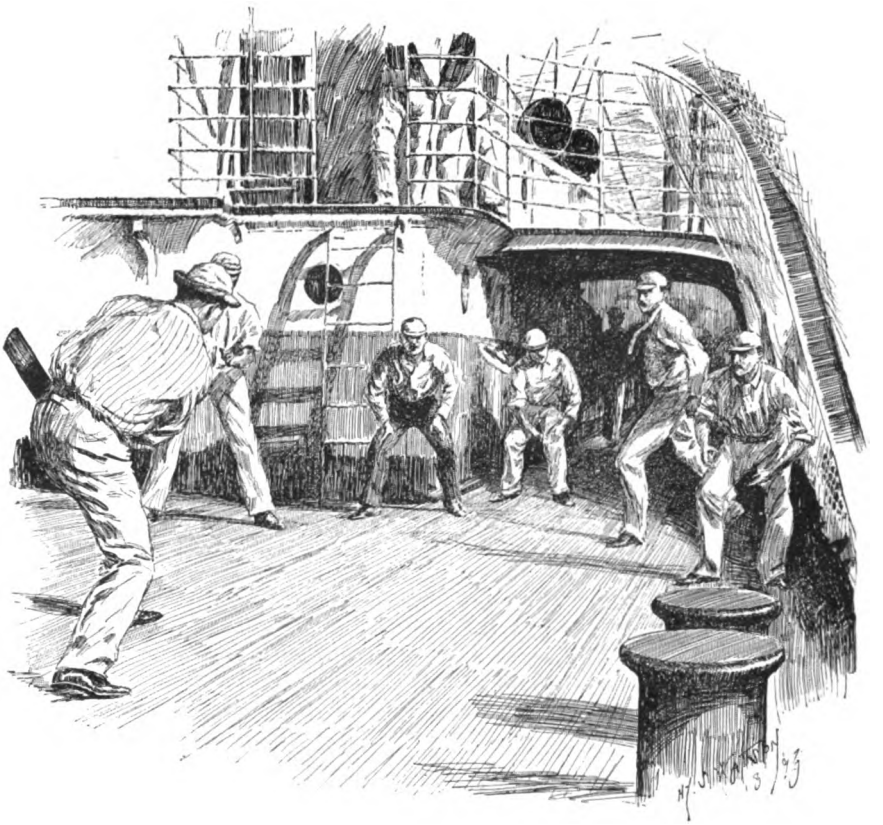
the wheel in this mass was by no means easy, as one of the Japanese almost shoved me off the scow in his excitement. The obliging officers of the *Oceanic*, however, cleared the way, and with the wheel and camera on my back I reached the deck in safety. The Japanese were all sent forward in the steerage, the Chinamen to the rear of the vessel, as these two races do not seem to fraternize very well. At eight o'clock the ship lifted anchor and passed the steamship *Gaelic* just come in from Yokohama east-bound. We steamed along for hours enjoying the moonlight pictures among the islands, and retired well pleased with their tropical beauty.

An active volcano is on Hawaii Island, and the island of Molokai contains a settlement of about seven hundred lepers. Of course but few care to visit the locality of this dreaded disease. By keeping the lepers in a settlement by themselves the government hopes to stamp it out.

In the morning we passed the last small rocky island, called Tahoari, leaving nothing but the dark blue waters and sky to see until good luck should bring us to Yokohama, 3,486 miles away. We now had on board eight hundred and fifty people in all, the greater part being, of course, Chinamen. These whiled away the time by gambling day and night with dominoes, cards and other native games. A small cabin was set aside for opium smokers, where about fifteen to twenty were always smoking the deadly drug.

The cabin passengers passed the time as ocean travelers are wont to do, playing games, talking, promenading up and down deck, and otherwise entertaining themselves. Nearly every afternoon the officers and male portion of the cabin passengers indulged in a game of cricket, a net being drawn up on each side of the ship to prevent the ball going overboard.

To be continued.



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A FAMILY CAMP IN THE ROCKIES.

BY CHARLOTTE REEVE CONOVER.

[Concluded from August.]

IT is dry even when it rains in Colorado. This may seem an over-statement, but there were many things which went to prove it. If it rained the whole day (which it rarely did) any papers or copies of OUTING lying about on the ground were dry almost as soon as the sun came out. Crackers in an open box remained fresh and crisp to the last. We ceased to take shelter from a shower unless it pelted us pretty severely. If it surprised us while reading in a hammock we curled up a little more, pulled our caps over our eyes, and turned another page. The premonitions of storm were sometimes terrific. A mass of inky clouds streaked with lightning would pile up over Sheep Mountain and roll down the cañon, as if to wipe our tents off the face of the earth. Then the wind would blow a gale, the mountains hide their heads in darkness, and we expected terrible things. But, in many cases, after all this impressive prelude the storm would change its course and go roaring and

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booming down some other cañon to the north or south, and leave us rejoicing in our escape from its discomforts and possible dangers.

The children wore garments long ago laid aside to be sent to the Associated Charities, and having thus defrauded that worthy organization in favor of my own children, my mind was serene to all wear and tear. They played all day long in the Piñon play-house or wandered about in the vicinity of the camp in search of agates, Indian arrow-heads, and lovely wild-flowers. No pen but Helen Hunt's could do justice to the wild-flowers of Colorado, and the hand that held that pen is, alas! quiet forever in her grave in Cheyenne Cañon. A list of the flowers growing around Camp Piñon would include poppies, salvia, bouvardia, geranium, cactus, euphorbia splendens, gentian, clematis, columbine and many strangers.

I regret to state we adults did not display as much energy as the children. The proper thing to do, when camping in the Rocky Mountains (for the men at least), is to kill a grizzly bear and come home and tell about it. I have no such exploit to describe. The nearest we came to killing a grizzly was to hear some cowboys declare they had seen bear-tracks in the dust of the road about two miles beyond us, in the Cottonwood Pass. Occasionally one of the men would appear equipped with boots, fish-bag and rod, for a morning's sport, and then we always had breaded trout for dinner; otherwise their days were occupied as idle men will occupy them, with whist, smoking, reading, and sleeping.

Alice and I scoffed considerably at this want of energy, but as time passed we also abandoned our ambitious plans for scaling mountain peaks, and relapsed into laziness. After the tents had been aired and swept, and our dinner planned, nothing seemed so desirable as to arrange ourselves comfortably in a hammock with a shawl, pillow and umbrella, a novel, sketch-book, and writing materials for the rest of the day. Some of the most enjoyable hours, which come back to us in happy remembrance, were those we spent around the camp-fire. After dark at this altitude a fire is as much a necessity as a luxury, and it became our nightly custom to assemble in our "parlor," as we called the hammock-encircled spot before the tents, and enjoy the warmth and glory of a monstrous pine fire.

* * * * * * * *

Our regular morning visitor to Camp Piñon was Mr. Ambrose, the owner of a ranch two miles away. He furnished us with milk, butter, eggs, buttermilk, chickens, vegetables, bread, saddle-horses, and information. We lost no time in getting on "solid" terms with Mr. Ambrose, who in the end proved as good a friend as he was a provider. He owned a colossal green wagon with four high seats, which he declared would hold the entire camp, so with this understanding we engaged the equipage to take us to Alpine Pass, eighteen miles down the valley. It was a two-days' trip and we might possibly have to spend the intervening night in the wagon, it being a matter of complete uncertainty what food or shelter we might find after once leaving our own camp. The men calculated that, as ten people might have to be supplied with five meals, we ought to prepare enough provisions to fill the tub, —"as a starter," they added, and walked off leaving us wrapped in consternation at the work before us. For we had already learned what it was to cook on a camp-stove. This was the order of proceedings and the general result. The fire was made, the kettle filled, and a ham put on to boil. This we packed entire, together with several cans each of soups and beef tongue. Alice made four apple-pies. I baked six dozen biscuit. We carried

ONE OF OUR NEIGHBORS.

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two gallons of milk, a jar of pickles, a pail of ground coffee, and I would not dare state how many hard-boiled eggs. All these when finished did fill the tub, to the exclusion of dishes, which were put into the bottom of the wagon with the frying-pan, camp-stools, blankets, hammocks, and shawls. We pushed a bench against the provision tent as a protection against stray cattle in search of salt, which, it seemed, were the only burglars we had to fear. Then the children were handed up to their aerial seats in the wagon, where the baby sat smiling and swinging his little feet over the straw beneath. Robert and I were in the saddle, he mounted on a gaunt bay and I on a roan broncho, with a mouth like gutta-percha and seven distinct gaits, changed often and unexpectedly.

If cooking rules must be modified to suit Western climate, still more must equestrian methods. Perhaps you have ridden a horse with a pace or an English trot as a saddle gait, and worn a tailor habit and an immaculate beaver, and considered that, as far as style went, you were absolutely irreproachable. Three hundred miles west of the Mississippi such an equipment would be looked upon with scorn. So far from being able to introduce Eastern customs to the natives, you would soon discover that you were considered a "tenderfoot." To be in really "good form" in the Colorado mountain country you must first wear a low-crowned, broad-brimmed, gray felt hat. This is, as the fashion-books say, "*de rigueur*." Your saddle must be quite large and fastened by the double girth; the blanket striped with red and yellow, your rubber circular strapped in a roll in front, and an extra wrap similarly arranged behind the saddle. Various straps and ropes dangle and flap in true cowboy style from every side, and often there is a coil of rope on the outer pommel. What I was expected to do with a lariat, if occasion offered, I did not know, but having it seemed to show that I was ready for any emergency.

The first nine miles of the ride were positive bliss. The air, the rank and file of snowy mountains on either side, the laughter of the children, the flap of my skirt in the breeze, even the sight of the coffee-pot swinging gayly under the wagon, helped to subtract the last ten years of my life and leave me a girl again. After a while the unaccustomed exercise began to be wearisome, and it appeared that if I expected to come back alive the safest course would be to exchange seats with some one in the wagon. This was done when we halted for dinner. The remainder of the afternoon I perched on the back seat and held the baby from falling, until, when the little head grew too heavy to be held, he was dropped softly upon the deep bed of straw, where, with one last sleepy smile, and his thumb in his mouth, he went quietly to sleep on a shawl.

THE ARISTOCRATS.

Our course down the prairie was directed toward a gap in the mountain chain, between Princeton and Mt. Antero. In the eighteen miles, therefore, we had passed along the base of Mt. Princeton from the southern to the northern limit, and about five in the afternoon reached the top of a cliff from which we could see down into the Chalk Creek gulch and the opening of Alpine Pass. Below us, on the bank of Chalk Creek, was a cluster of wooden houses which we knew to be Antero Hot Springs. The descent to Haywood was made by a series of ziz-zags cut in the face of the cliff. Most people get out and walk down this road, but I held fast to the seat and the children, shut my eyes and put my faith in Mr. Ambrose. We reached the bottom safely, with no

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realization of our nervous fears, but it was a ride I should not care to take twice. We drove up the pass some two or three miles, intending to visit a camp where several of Robert's friends were staying, but a sudden storm caused us to turn back and take shelter at a ranch until the rain was over. It was a log house of three rooms, and the owner and his wife received us with hospitable unconcern, as though the invasion of their home by ten strangers was an every-day occurrence. It was supper time, we were hungry, and the provisions were in the wagon in the corral—a trio of facts which might have caused an awkward social situation in the East. But a certain quality of good-breeding seems to flourish in this Western atmosphere, a result, I suppose, of the fact that it takes a pretty high type of man and woman to settle in a new country.

"Now, I haven't got enough for you all," said the hostess, "but you can bring what you have right in here and you're welcome to make your coffee on my stove and use any milk you need." We accepted gratefully the offer of her stove, but not of her sitting-room, preferring to picnic in any Bohemian fashion rather than make ourselves burdensome. So the "feed-tub," as the boys called it, was brought to the kitchen porch and we made a trampish sort of a meal with the greatest relish. I know now how it feels to be fed at the back door with an iron spoon. After supper the owner of the ranch gave us a typical entertainment—stories of miners' camps, bears, Indians and various pioneer adventures. He had lived on the frontier all his life, but was a strikingly well-informed, intelligent man.

THE DEMOCRAT.

It was quite dark when the weather permitted us to leave this friendly shelter and start back toward the Haywood Hotel. We were told it was full, but thought best to make an attempt to get rooms, as the idea of spending the night in the wagon grew less and less alluring. Fortunately there were accommodations for us. It was my first experience in a log hotel. The parlor where we were shown was perhaps twenty feet square, with a floor full of ridgy surprises and covered with a flamboyant carpet. The walls were hidden by lengths of small-figured purple calico tacked smoothly over the logs, and there were rather more lace curtains than windows. The furnishments of the room consisted of an upright Fischer with a brass piano-lamp and a rack of music near it, a good selection of books, and some rather overpowering family portraits in gilt frames. The ceiling could not have been more than seven feet six inches high, which brought the portraits so low that it gave one the curious feeling of looking over the heads of a lot of dwarfs. While I was taking in these peculiar elegancies the landlady came to show me to my room. It was up a pair of stairs like a ladder, difficult to navigate under the disadvantage of managing a stiff back and a heavy, sleepy child. Upstairs the ceilings were still lower. This architectural blemish was worse for the mahogany chamber "suit" than it was for the family portraits, inasmuch as the pinnacled tops of the bed and dressing-case had been sawed off to enable them to fit the room. Furthermore, the bureau was so encumbered with satin-lined cases of various sorts, a manicure set and a lace pin-cushion, that I was quite abashed, my own toilet accessories, it is needless to say, being quite unassuming. Such a sudden promotion from unplaned boards and a tin wash-basin to a marble-topped wash-stand and china pitcher might have unhinged a stronger mind than mine. One fact struck me with dismay. The bed stood out from the wall and the legs

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were placed in pans filled with coal oil. I had heard ominous stories of log houses before, and this could mean only one thing. Should we sleep in the wagon after all? But we were too worn out with our day's experience to make any new arrangements, so I went gingerly to bed and dreamed a composite dream of Mrs. Carlyle and her four-poster, and George Kennan in Siberia.

The next day our party divided for the trip home; two riders left us to make the ascent of Princeton, which, as it is a hundred odd feet higher than Pike's Peak, takes a full day to accomplish. Tired from my saddle ordeal the day before, I took the train back to Buena Vista, while the rest returned in the wagon, and I was, therefore, the first to arrive at camp. The fire was soon re-built, the table set, and supper cooking; a cheery, homey look that went straight to my heart made me glad to be back. Our little friends, the ground squirrels, seemed to welcome me home. They flashed in and out of the provision tent, or sat up on the rock back of the kitchen table and watched me work, with their little beady eyes following every movement. Our scavengers, the "camp robbers," were on hand, too, waiting their turn. They are pretty gray-and-black-plumaged birds, the size of a pigeon, but with a dismal squawk which they keep up incessantly. They will carry off anything from a biscuit to an iron spoon, and are very useful if they confine their depredations to refuse and garbage.

Supper was soon ready, and although I missed Barbara, my step-taker, the baby did what he could to help by bringing sticks for the fire and kisses for myself. This is the bill-of-fare for that supper, and I challenge any camper who has ever climbed a mountain to say whether he would enjoy it:

Broiled chops, baked potatoes, new pease, a hot tea-cake, peach marmalade, Mocha coffee, and a gallon can of milk.

Our campers, at least, found no fault with it. Just as the last dish was ready I heard the "camp yell" from the road, then the rumbling wheels of the big wagon.

There was always a controversy among the men as to whose turn it was to go for water. Papa declares he brought the last six bucketfuls. Uncle Rob says every one knows he is the invalid, and can't be expected to do heavy work. (N.B.–He had just climbed Princeton and ridden twenty miles in the saddle.) They both insist that it is Dick's turn, but Dick is looking at the scenery and does not hear. Then Robert speaks:

"Come, you lazy citizen, get a move on yourself. Go up to that spring and bring us some water."

Dick rises, takes the buckets with an air of gentle resignation, and says in a tone of sorrow and reproach, "Robert, I wouldn't have your disposition for a thousand dollars."

Dick was always refusing imaginary thousand-dollar bribes to exchange his disposition for ours.

At last we are all seated around the festive oilcloth, Barbara stepping quickly to keep up with demands from both ends of the table.

"Is there anything in the tent for breakfast, Barbara?"

"Yes, ma-am; ham."

"Oh!!!", (a groan goes round the table, and the professor falls off his camp-stool).

"I thought," said Alice, "that the omelet on Monday was positively the last appearance of that ham in any rôle."

"No," I replied, firmly (and I had often to be very firm), "there is enough for one more meal, and it must be eaten up."

"Good-night," said Robert, airily. "I'll take mushroom patties and strawberries and cream for *my* breakfast. Please bring them to my tent about nine o'clock."

"Very well, dear," I answered; "just keep on ringing the electric bell until they come."

There was one week at Camp Piñon that we should all be glad to forget. In the first place it rained, and in the second we had sickness among us. These are two disagreeable contingencies apt to occur at camp as well as at home. Our good luck in this respect lasted so long that we began to think ourselves exceptionally favored, but fate overtook us at last.

One of the party complained of headache and stomach trouble; then followed a bad night, a worse day, and before we knew it we had a case of sickness that might reasonably be called severe, though there was no cause for anxiety. A doctor was called

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from Buena Vista, and the camp drug-store held things likely to be needed for any ordinary illness. So we were by no means unprovided for. Yet oh! the tribulations of that week that followed! Sickness, in any form, is not a pleasant episode, when it occurs in a well-arranged home; but in a tent it is unspeakable misery to the patient and wearisome anxiety to the nurse. How many journeys were made by me or one of my "aids" from the sick-room to the kitchen tent on errands concerning poultices, broths and hot compresses; paddling through the wet sand at midnight with a lantern that went out when most needed! How many times during those journeys in the dark did I fall over the tent-pin, spilling the last cup of beef-tea made from the last scrap of meat within six miles! It can be imagined it was no easy thing to make beef-tea on the stove under the most favorable circumstances; but when it happened to be needed in the middle of the night, amidst a deluge of rain and an occasional crashing explosion of thunder that threatened to tear tents, stove and pine-trees up by the roots and send them whirling over the cliff—*then* it was most decidedly neither easy nor pleasant.

Of course my duties as head nurse left me no time for the preparation or superintendence of meals. For a day or so the domestic affairs were in a state of chaos, then to our surprise, Robert, who had from the first been a self-elected Critic of the Breakfast-Table, volunteered to take my place and show us what he could do as camp housekeeper. So he was installed as "*chef*," and if anything could raise my spirits, amidst the general worry and drippiness it was to see Robert, under that leaky awning, with my perforated apron tied up under his arms, glaring through his glasses at the pages of the Boston Cook Book, and repeating as an incantation, "a teaspoonful of soda to a quart of flour." One morning I said, "Robert, these pancakes have been dropped in the sand and stepped on; I'm sure of it."

"So help me George Washington, *never*"—but he looked warningly at Barbara, who retired into the provision tent to giggle, so whatever the dark secret was we never found it out.

It was during the latter half of our stay at Camp Piñon that a note of introduction was sent to us bearing this inscription as a letter head:

CAMP "GALATEA,"
SUMMER QUARTERS OF
THE ANDREWS DRAMATIC COMPANY.
COTTONWOOD LAKE, UNDER THE SHADOW OF
MAJESTIC OLD "PRINCETON."
ALTITUDE, 9,500.

So we had neighbors! This was interesting. We had not expected the Rocky Mountains to offer any social opportunities, but here were next-door neighbors, so to speak, for Cottonwood Lake was only six miles from us, farther back in the range and two thousand feet higher. Our Cottonwood Creek was the outlet for this mountain lake, and the road which led to it followed the wanderings of the stream up the cañon. As the oldest residents in this vicinity, we felt that we should open the civilities; so, one fresh, breezy morning, Robert, Professor Dick, the Head of the Family, and I, started on horseback for Camp Galatea. Four riders proving a strain on the resources of Mr. Ambrose's stables I was obliged to ride an old bay mare, whose colt ambled vaguely along with the party, getting under foot or falling behind and having to be waited for very much after the manner of our own babies when taken out for an airing. With this clog our progress was not very rapid, but we succeeded in getting a great deal of enjoyment out of the leisurely expedition. It was a delicious rest and change for me after having been shut up in the hospital tent for ten days.

As we approached Camp Galatea Mr. Andrews came out to meet us, bearing what the members of his company were in the habit of calling "his ten thousand dollar smile." The gate was thrown open leading us into an inclosure on the bank of the lake, in which, under a sheltering canopy of noble hemlocks, stood a well-built log house and three tents. The surroundings bore a tinge of Alpine grandeur. The lake, black with the reflection of its mountain walls, lay, nestled among the highest peaks in the range, ten thousand feet above the sea. The cliffs rose precipitately from the water's edge on all sides except the small plateau where the tents were pitched.

Princeton's crater towered above the

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cottage and stood between their camp and ours; so we had made the circuit of the peak in our morning's ride. Under a striped awning at the back of the house stood a stove and a rickety table, both bearing a family resemblance to some of ours. Flitting about with pans and spoons were several female figures wearing aprons, which, I perceived with a mental smile, had small round holes burned in the middle breadth. This circumstance set me at my ease at once and the ice was broken.

"Yes," Mrs. Andrews laughingly explained, "these are our 'property' aprons and we shall have to get new ones before we can go on with our engagements. Indeed most of our outfit is from the property trunks, we are so far from home and have only come for a few weeks."

Then followed introductions to the other members of the "company," and vague conjectures on my part as to the relationship involved. It was largely a family party, consisting of a white-haired mother, her two married daughters and their husbands, a granddaughter of eight years, a cousin and a nephew, who with several friends made thirteen in all.

The six miles additional nearness to supplies gave Camp Piñon a decided gain in comforts over the lake camp. No Mr. Ambrose flourished in these upper regions, to contribute ranch supplies to the Galateans, so they were reduced to tbe dismal necessity of using condensed milk and canned vegetables. Still, the dinner they served was appetizing and enjoyable in more ways than one. After dinner the gentlemen betook themselves to a shady spot on the beach to play "High Five" or some such wicked game, and the ladies gathered on the piazza to discuss the great questions of the day. After awhile these topics resolved themselves into more personal matters and discussions. The sun began to set about four o'clock, as it has a habit of doing where the mountains are fourteen thousand feet high, so we mounted our horses and with the tired little colt tagging at our heels, we left Camp Galatea, their cordial good-byes echoing down the cañon in the evening air.

Some days later seven of the Galateans appeared at our camp, bringing with them their own plates, knives and forks, according to the terms of the invitation. They made an imposing procession. First came a two-wheeled cart, drawn by a shaggy burro and occupied by two ladies, with the little girl standing up behind. Others of the party straggled along on foot or mounted on burros; the largest man riding the smallest animal. They were enthusiastic over our artistic furniture, bookshelves and china closet, and at dinner were particularly struck with the fact that we possessed nine stoneware cups, all alike. This opulence, we explained, was the result of preparing for a summer in the mountains instead of a two-weeks' sojourn.

After dinner we led the way down the steep path into the gulch, and pointed out our "modern improvements" of hot and cold water. A spring of steaming water, at a temperature of 112°, flowed from the ground only five or six paces from the rushing, icy water of the Cottonwood, fresh from the snow fields of Mt. Harvard.

* * * * * * * * *

The next Wednesday our visitors were to break camp and play a one-night's engagement in the Buena Vista Theatre. In preparation for the evening's entertainment we laid aside flannel blouses and unearthed from the bottom of our trunks, bonnets, stiff linen, gloves, all the abominations of civilized garb, and drove to Buena Vista. Never was an evening's entertainment so heartily enjoyed, apart from its excellent dramatic quality. All the camp jokes, allusions to Cottonwood Lake and Camp Piñon were dragged, nilly-willy, into the lines of that play.

The next day we had to bid farewell to Cousin Dick and his belongings. We missed his music, his jokes, and his capacity for griddle cakes. There was no one to abuse about going for water, and nothing to remind us of him but six tent pegs, some broken pipes and a discarded pair of trousers on the clothes-line. Our summer had indeed ended.

One frosty morning, in the middle of September, we were surrounded by the confusion of breaking camp,—collapsed tents, lariated bedclothes and stray tinware. We became again decently attired members of society and the children felt once more the crushing responsibility of clean clothes. We were glad to set our faces homeward and anticipate

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the comforts and conveniences of our own homes, but none the less did we turn at the top of the hill and waft back to the rocks and pines of Camp Piñon a hearty and unanimous

Auf Wiedersehen!

* * * * * * * *

I have been often asked if camping in Colorado "paid." For that question I have a provisional answer. If you are merely bent on rest and pleasure, if you have a family of children to consider, and especially if you live anywhere east of the Mississippi, then I should say decidedly, it is too great an undertaking. It is far from conveniences, and there are many risks, such as sickness and unexpected expense to be considered. Or, if you are a person who can enjoy a sunset from a hotel piazza but do not like to get your feet wet; if you cannot eat with a plated spoon and drink out of a tin cup; if you cannot make yourself luxuriously comfortable on a camp stool with a broken leg, then my advice is, "don't go camping *anywhere*." But if you have a strong back and a good temper; if you can laugh at difficulties and put up with inconveniences;—above all, if you are on sufficiently good terms with nature to take pot luck with her in good weather or bad,—*then* you have in you the stuff of which a good camper is made. Beyond all this, if you are a lover of outdoors in the intense sense of Wordsworth's stately metre,—if the sounding cataract "haunts you like a passion,"—if the mountains are to you "an appetite, a feeling and a love,"—if you have felt—

"A sense sublime,—of something,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky," * * *

—*then* pitch your tent wherever you will, on the shores of Connecticut or in the mountains of Colorado, in Maine or Minnesota woods, and you will be happy.

WOODCOCK-SHOOTING IN ILLINOIS.

BY "DACE."

THE man who claimed that there was more pleasure in bagging a brace of woodcock than in making a big bag of almost any other feathered game knew what he was talking about. I sympathize with him heartily, for there is, to me, a certain fascination in the pursuit of this bird which I will not attempt to explain nor describe. It may be their comparative scarcity in my immediate neighborhood, the difficulties to be overcome in penetrating their tangled retreats, and the consequent application of all the acquired skill I possess to bring a few of them to bag, that makes success in their pursuit doubly dear. Some writer has stated that there is no game bird with which the average sportsman is less familiar than the woodcock, which is no doubt true. Although in some localities they are comparatively plentiful, their haunts easy of access, and the local shooter may become familiar with their appearance, he never acquires a thorough knowledge of their habits.

In other parts of the country they are few and far between; their habitat

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the gloomy recesses of impenetrable swamps, where they are seldom, if ever, disturbed, and it is not always even known by the average shooter of the neighborhood that there is such a bird in existence near him.

Years ago, I presume that they were as plentiful on the upper Illinois as upon the famous fat lowlands of the upper Mississippi. To-day they are seldom found on many grounds once well-stocked with them, and it is quite within the mark to say that woodcock are nowhere really plentiful. Solemn recluses of dismal swamps; living like lone hermits, shunning the full light of day and waking when most of the world sleeps--their true history is an enigma.

The man who follows early cock-shooting successfully in the covers I have tried earns his game. It is too often hard, exasperating work, toiling in warm weather through tangled, swampy thickets, where treacherous mud and countless roots and branches trap the wariest feet; or in opens, where saw-grass scars the hands and cuts the clothes and boots through in time. The sportsman must endure in addition the ceaseless attacks of swarms of mosquitoes, but when once a bird flushes all discomforts are forgotten, and if the shot proves successful Nimrod considers himself well repaid. The nature of the cover is generally unfavorable to good shooting; half of the time only a fleeting glimpse is obtained of the flushed birds, yet many men acquire a knack by which the gun is sighted by instinct, and birds hidden by foliage when the trigger is pulled are killed clean and well. Experience teaches many useful tricks which enable a gun to do effective work in what would appear impossible cover. A glance at a recent day's sport will partly explain this and give an idea of what cock-shooting in some parts of Illinois is like.

The woodcock season opened on the tenth of July, but it was the fifth of August before I was able to take my first outing in quest of them. I breakfasted before daylight, and four o'clock A. M. found me pulling my boat down the Illinois. I took with me Lopez, my Irish setter, a twelve-gauge Parker, a jug of cold tea and a light lunch, and my destination was a swamp near Mud Lake.

The red rim of the rising sun was just peering over the eastern horizon as I landed my boat opposite the island and prepared to plunge into the heavy undergrowth. After stripping down to a heavy flannel undershirt, moleskin trousers and hip-waders, I shouldered a canvas cartridge-bag, which, besides holding my supply of ammunition, served as a game-bag. I set my short briar pipe going as a safeguard against mosquitoes, took a parting swig at the cold tea, and with Lope at my heels entered the cover. Lope isn't the best dog in the world—has no tiresome pedigree, isn't a perfect picture, won't hold a point all day, wont drop to shot, and positively wouldn't get a card at even a second-rate bench show, as two joints of his tail are gone and he has a big dash of white across the back of his brown coat. His redeeming qualities are that he inherits some good blood from his mother, is as game as a fighting cock, is an accomplished retriever, has a passable nose, is under good control, and has lots of bird sense. He understands me and I him. When we reached a piece of cover where birds might possibly be I snapped a little sharp-toned bell to the ring of his collar and sent him on. Lope, from long experience, knows his business, and ranged only about thirty yards ahead carefully quartering his ground. In the dense cover only the merry tinkling of the little bell enabled me to locate him. I worked steadily forward for some time through the thick and stubborn growth, but it was no use; the ground was too dry. I called Lope in and changed my course directly toward the lake. I found the water unusually low. Generally at this time of the year it just reached the edge of the strip of brush in which I had been traveling, but now instead of shallow water there was quite a stretch of soft ground with a few scattering stalks of rice and half-dried masses of pond-lilies.

Here I found the first signs of my game. About the roots of a cluster of wild rice the soft ooze had been prodded full of holes by a long bill in search of a hidden feast. There were also a few foot-prints, and close by a single brown feather fluttered from a blade of grass. The sign was fresh, and while I examined it Lope's bell, which had been tinkling in the cover a few yards away, suddenly stopped its music. While I had

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been intent on the "borings" he had been attending strictly to business and was now undoubtedly on a point. I started in quest of him, but after going a few steps I despaired of doing anything in the solid mass of vegetation that barred the way. At first not a hole or break could I see in the tangled growth, but by stooping down and peering beneath the thick foliage I discovered an abandoned muskrat runway partially free of brush. Almost on my hands and knees, sinking far above my ankles in the soft mud at every step, I moved laboriously forward. Ha! look at that white spot off to the left. That white hair would prevent Lope getting a card in the sawdust ring, but it is invaluable here; without it I would never have located him. With his body bent in a half-circle and his nose pointed to the rear, he was motionless as a statue. And there, just beyond, crouched the bird within four feet of the dog's nose. So closely did its plumage blend with the sun-dried leaves and broken twigs about, that only the gleam of its eye betrayed it.

From where I crouched on one knee peering beneath the foliage, I saw it would be an impossibility to shoot if the bird should get up. One thing experience had taught me—a woodcock will never attempt to rise through thick foliage. Like a skillful general he always seems to have his line of retreat picked out, and once on the wing never hesitates, but slips through a chosen opening and is out of sight in an instant. Knowing this, I hastily took in the surroundings and was convinced that the line of retreat this time would be directly over Lope's back and to the north, where the cover appeared a little more open. So, carefully and quietly worming my way out, I made a detour and came in behind the dog. By climbing upon a log I could just perceive that useful white spot through the brush. So, bracing myself on my elevated perch, I slid back the safety on my Parker, and with a sharp "hist" gave Lope the signal to flush. There was a momentary tinkling of the bell, a sudden whirr, a gentle whistle, and a brown ball came rushing out of the cover and darted directly at my head. Instinctively I dodged, and turning, threw my gun to my shoulder just as the bird dashed behind a thick grape-vine. There was a spiteful crack of the nitro powder, a shower of leaves and twigs, but the woodcock had disappeared. It was a regular guess shot through the leaves, but I felt that I had held about right, so I told Lope to fetch. I heard him industriously nosing around in the bushes, then the bell stopped, then I heard him coming toward me; in another instant he appeared with the first woodcock of the season—a young bird, but nearly full grown. Carefully laying him away in a corner of my game-bag, I whistled the dog to heel and made my way back to the edge of the lake, thence working along the outer edge of the lilies and next the buck brush. The walking was very bad, and I floundered along for probably a quarter of a mile before I saw a sign of another bird. At last I caught sight of a few borings near the edge of the brush, and a moment later a cock got up from under my feet and darted toward the cover. I fired, but knew I had missed, for the bird dropped out of sight behind the cover just as I pulled trigger. I sent Lope in the direction the bird had taken, and followed as well as I could through the brush, which proved a little more open. I knew the bird hadn't gone far. They never do in their first flight. I followed the dog through the buck brush and out into the big woods where the high water of previous years had deposited innumerable logs and piles of drift. I made Lope hunt his ground very closely, knowing that if the bird should be under any of the matted beds of drift it would require careful work to catch the scent. I had just begun to think we would have to give it up, when, as the dog sprang on a log, he pointed. I knew the bird was directly under him, and the woods being quite open, I felt sure of a good shot and moved boldly forward. With a whirr and a whistle it was up, and, true to its instinct, immediately placed a tree between us, but before going thirty yards came into view again, and presently doubled up like a rag and went down in a bunch of weeds. Lope retrieved nicely, and I placed number two in my canvas bag.

For the next hour we had a pretty tough time and didn't raise a bird. The walking was something frightful, and had it not been for the breeze blowing the heat would have been unbearable. To make matters worse we ran into a patch

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of saw-grass. Any one who has had acquaintance with that interesting form of vegetation can realize the pleasure we had in forcing our way through it. Although I called Lope to heel, and, walking in front, broke down the grass for him, he was cut severely.

My face and neck I protected as well as I could with my arms, but now and then a blade would get in a well-directed cut. My hands, being uncovered, received the worst punishment, and when at last we reached the more friendly cover beyond they looked as if they had been crossed and re-crossed with penmarks of red ink.

But the reward was coming, for while crossing the bed of a little spring that flows from a big ravine to the south I stumbled upon thousands of borings. The ground about was hard and dry, but the bed of this spring seemed to have furnished the birds with a bonanza, for the soft earth there looked like the top of a pepper-box.

I stood still and worked Lope by whistle in a circle in front of me, but he didn't get a point. So I moved up the course of the little stream, the dog ranging a short distance in front, and the borings getting more numerous at every step.

As the brush on either side was almost impenetrable, I walked in the bed of the stream, following its tortuous windings into the big woods, climbing over fallen trees, struggling through miry holes, tripping over tangled vines, ever sustained by the sight of those myriads of borings. I skirted a corn-field in the open, and was at last stopped by a dense thicket of dwarf willows at the mouth of the big ravine, and yet not a bird; but Lope waded into the thicket and a moment later the bell stopped ringing and I knew he had a point. I attempted to force my way to him, but after several trials found it impossible except by getting down on all fours, so I backed out into an old wagon track at the edge of the willows, and gave Lope the signal to flush, expecting to snap the bird as it topped the cover.

I heard the sound of wings, but the willows were too tall for me to see the bird. It evidently did not rise high, but dropped after going a short distance. I ordered the dog on, and moved forward, keeping abreast of him.

Again there was a point. This time I got down on my hands and knees and worked my way toward the dog, hoping to find the cover more open further in.

Hardly had I advanced ten yards before I came face to face with one of the biggest black snakes it had ever been my lot to meet. It was lying stretched at full length along the ground, its head slightly raised and the eyes glittering treacherously in the semi-darkness.

Although I knew that a black snake's bite is harmless, and that a charge of shot would settle the serpent instantly, still to be down on all fours and almost poke your nose against one, and be so wedged in that you cannot get up, was, to say the least, somewhat startling, and unceremoniously I backed out.

I whistled Lope off his point and climbed up the hill which was about forty yards from the willows, to take a look over the ground. The thicket was about three hundred yards long by about fifty wide, and was one unbroken mass of vegetation. In it the little spring had its source, and it undoubtedly was the midday retreat of the woodcock.

I was nonplused. If those willows were only about three feet lower, or if they were twenty yards nearer the hill, it would be clear sailing. While racking my brain for an idea I noticed a little house among the heavy timber further up the ravine. An old man in the door-yard was dipping water from a spring and, suddenly remembering my thirst, I got up and walked toward him. No sooner had I come in full view of the house and out-buildings than the sight of a light spring wagon in the stable yard and a large dry-goods box serving as a hen coop near the barn gave me my idea.

The old man proved to be accommodating, and he eagerly entered into my scheme. He was greatly surprised that the birds he had always thought were whip-poor-wills were called woodcocks and considered the finest eating of all game birds.

To be sure he would lend me his box and wagon for an hour. And what was more he would go along and see me shoot. So we bundled the big box into the wagon. I got between the shafts and pulled and the old man pushed behind, to where the dog made his last point.

Climbing into the wagon, I mounted the big box and sent Lope into the

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cover. I was about twelve feet from the ground and commanded a fine view over the tops of the willows. I felt pretty sure that if any bird came up and remained a few seconds in sight at a reasonable distance, I would have nothing to blame but poor shooting if I did not secure it.

Evidently the one previously pointed had not moved from the spot, and the dog knew just where that spot was, for it was but a few moments before everything was silent in the thicket.

I explained to the old man who had mounted the box beside me that I would most likely get a shot. The old fellow clapped his hands over his ears, like a boy, to shut out the sound of the gun. I gave Lope the signal, and the bird got up quite slowly out of the willows. I snapped him before he had gone ten feet. The old man grinned with delight, but when, in obedience to my command to fetch, the dog emerged from the brush with the woodcock in his mouth, the old fellow's astonishment knew no bounds.

I killed another bird without moving our stand. Two flushed at once, but one went down again too quickly for me to make a double. The next one pointed was some distance further along, and we had to pull our wagon up abreast of the spot. This bird arose near the opposite edge of the cover and, although I risked a long shot, I failed to score.

When we arrived at the upper end the birds seemed more numerous, but the patch of cover was wider, and they would sometimes get up out of range. I missed a couple of good shots, but taking it all together, shot well. How I did enjoy it! There was a great novelty in standing in that elevated position and having the birds rise clear of all brush. The only trouble was that they would sometimes go down again so quickly that I could not cover them. But this difficulty only added zest to the sport.

Lope worked remarkably well, and, I think, flushed only one bird without first pointing. He did his retrieving finely, and excelled in this instance. A bird was shot and fell, lodging in the fork of a willow about seven feet from the ground. From my elevated perch I could just see it in the thick leaves, hanging dead. Lope, on being ordered to fetch, spent a long time nosing around before he located it. He stopped under the willow for some moments as if studying the situation, and then I could tell from the shaking of the brush that he was trying to reach the bird by jumping, but it was too high for him. I thought he would have to give it up, but presently I saw the willow in which the bird hung more violently agitated than before, and all at once a brown head rose slowly into view. The old rascal was actually climbing the tree. He had jumped and hooked his fore paws over the branch in which the cock had lodged, and drawing himself up, his hind feet had found a resting-place on a branch further down. But he was unable to get any higher, and hung tenaciously there, whining piteously, with the object of his exertions within two feet of his nose. All at once the limb to which he clung broke and let him down with an audible thump to the ground; but the bird had fallen too, and soon he appeared with it in his mouth and wagging his tail in triumph.

We moved all around the patch of willows, and the scheme of the wagon and the box worked finely. The old man entered into the sport with a vim. He would rush back to bring up the wagon, when, after following abreast of Lope down the edge of the willows, the bell would be silent and we knew there was a point to be investigated. I can imagine I see him now, puffing, pushing, and blowing at the rear of that wagon, his gray hair floating in the breeze, and his kindly old face reeking with perspiration and beaming with delight. Sometimes when I was going to shoot he would climb upon the box beside me, or would stand by the wagon and await anxiously the result.

After we had made the entire circuit of the covert, and Lope, after hunting industriously all over it for half an hour, had failed to find another bird, we went back to the house. I found that I had killed twelve birds from the box and wagon, which, with the brace bagged in the morning, made fourteen for the day. And a pretty picture they made all laid out in a row on the grass, their soft brown feathers carefully smoothed and their beautiful mottled and brown markings forming a pleasing contrast to the green of their resting-place.

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TEMECULA CANYON.

BY T. S. VAN DYKE.

BEFORE the railroad went through Temecula Canyon in San Diego county, California, many a deer spent the day there in summer. This canyon is a narrow water-way several hundred feet deep, through rolling hills in which deer are abundant. In places walls of granite line its sides, but most of the slopes are not difficult to scale, and there are few that a deer cannot bound up in a way that will puzzle many a good shot with the rifle.

Why the deer prefer this canyon in the heat of the day I never could divine, for its densest shade is not so cool as that of the breezy hills above, where there is plenty of shade under the solid green of the sumac, the heteromeles or lilac, and where dark green groves of live oak flourish along the sides and around the heads of the gulches. Many deer do spend the day in such places and the hunting is often good enough on the hills, but in hot weather the bottom of the canyon is a surer place to find them and will furnish all the amusement desired. Often a single deer will give a sportsman enough to talk over for the rest of the day, and think about during the night spent beneath the tent of starlit sky.

Along the waters of the creek in the shade of the overhanging alders, or where the wild grape festooned the sycamore, the cottonwood outspread its arms above the elder, the clematis twined about the willow, or hung out the plumous tails of its seed over clumps of gigantic nettles, the deer loved to lie in silence almost unbroken save by the rippling of the stream or the soft sigh of the unfailing sea-breeze through the leaves above.

Sometimes he lay near the foot of the hill where the red or cream-colored trumpets of the mimulus blew the long summer through from the chinks in the piles of granite boulders, and the broad evergreen head of the sumac shaded the space between them, but generally he preferred the bottom near the water. From the hillsides above or the deep shades about him rang often the call of the quail, but he cared as little for it as for the scream of the hawk in the upper air. Cattle and horses as wild almost as himself strayed along at times, but they never disturbed his rest unless the different tread of a horse showed that a man was on his back, a little difference that deer seem to learn very quickly.

To find deer in this canyon on any hot day was once an easy matter, but to see them before they see you is next to impossible; while the numerous dead sticks, all dry and crackling under the slightest tread, make it impossible to approach without being heard. To avoid the keen nose is easy, for the sea-breeze blows always one way, but their ears and eyes have the advantage of you, and about the only chance to shoot is when they go bounding up the hillside.

In the dense chaparral of the hills the deer often hides and allows you to pass within a few feet, well knowing that you do not see him. But in the bottom he rarely resorts to this strategy. Lying there in calm content, he still keeps constant watch with head well up and large flaring ears all attention. The first thing you see is a whirl of white and gray

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and big ears, accompanied by the crack of brush and the thump of hoofs upon the ground. But quite as often you see nothing, and the heavy thump of hoofs or crack of brush is the only intimation that the game is started.

It is generally best and often necessary for two to hunt together, each one on a side of the canyon. A yell from either or the report of a rifle is the signal to the other that the game is up. And then wild scrambling often follows for a position on the hillside that commands a view of the situation, with a delightful uncertainty about the course the deer will take, whether down the bottom and out of sight until too far to shoot, or up some little side ravine, leaving you pondering on the vanity of earthly hopes, or whether he will go bounding up the opposite hillside in full view in case you gain a point above the timber in the canyon.

By good skirmishing it is quite possible to reach a position on one hillside that gives a shot. And what a shot it generally is! Sometimes, with that fatal curiosity that even the wildest have, the deer stops and looks back to see what alarmed him; but more often he is in no hurry to learn until well out of danger, and then the only chance is to catch him while bounding up the hillside. Up the steepest hill he often speeds as if slopes were made for him to play with, and over big granite boulders, as if they were holes in the ground. The stiff and ragged red arms of the manzanita are to him as a shaven lawn, and through the toughest and thorniest of the wild lilac he sails as though it were a shadow. And all this with a perfect bound in which all four feet strike the ground together, sending the deer aloft like a ball, with all four legs grouped together beneath his body ready to strike the ground again with heavy thump at the descent and rise again lightly as a sunbeam from the glistening boulder beside him. How an animal of such size, yet so light of limb, can hold such a gait, clearing from ten to fifteen feet and over at a bound, on a slope that the toughest hunter often hesitates about climbing, is a mystery. Yet hold it he will, and up a thousand feet or more of the steepest hillside among rocks and brush of all kinds without ever missing a step.

Vainly the bullets hiss and splash from the smooth rocks around the flying game, or tear up the dirt just ahead of or behind it. Often you raise the rifle with its sights so exactly in line with the shining whirl as it curves in air above some boulder that you cannot resist the impulse to pull the trigger; and yet by the time the ball reaches the spot the glistening fur is not there but a whole leap ahead, and you have only the satisfaction of seeing the dry dust fly from beyond the point of space at which you aimed, while the target is rising from another bound as deceptive in its speed and curve as the last. And how nobly you determine to correct the error at the next shot, and how philosophically, in the brief instant allowed, you hold the sights of the rifle just the right distance ahead of the massive breast that is smashing so grandly through the brush!

Bang goes the rifle and *wheee-ooo* sings the ball away over the rim of the hill beyond, and a puff of dry dirt from the ground just in line and not an inch ahead of the descending curve of gray you thought to intercept, tells you made a good shot. In the little time allowed for reflection you draw what consolation you can; and well you may, for perhaps it is the last you see of your game in available shape.

Few of the tricks and pranks of the deer that, for steady amusement, make him the most attractive of all big game to the lover of the rifle, equal the ease with which he can disappear about the precise moment you think you have him. Just as you measure his jump, gauge his speed, and guess the time it takes your bullet to get to the point where he will be when it travels over that distance; just as you correct your former errors, and with the eye of faith see the next curve descending into the path of the ball, the gray vanishes from sight.

Where did it go? But a second ago it was in plain sight, rising in a graceful curve, and none of the brush or rocks around the place seem over a foot high. Yet the end of that curve is the end of all there is to shoot at on that hillside, and where that end is gone you know not. Perhaps it ended in a little ravine that, from the distance at which you are, seems but a wrinkle in the earth. And perhaps it tired of ricochet motion and simply dropped its

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head and walked off in brush that from where you are seems not a foot high. Perhaps you hit it, and often you flatter yourself you did, and lose an hour thrashing about in the hot sun on the steep, brushy hillside, only to find the tracks leading away with feet well placed and the outline of each hoof in the dry dirt, all in the proper form of a deer walking in perfect health. Then suddenly, perhaps when the trail reaches some little ravine, it breaks into spots four or five yards apart where the ground is ploughed up by four sharp hoofs descending almost together.

Bitter disappointment that, some would think; but there is more amusement in missing game under some circumstances than in killing it under others. But the hunt is by no means over, for it was no uncommon thing a few years ago to find a dozen or more deer in this canyon in a mile or so of its length. And you may start another much nearer than you imagine, for they often care little or nothing for such noise as your rifle has just made, and if they did care the conformation of the hills would make it very puzzling for them to locate the cause of the disturbance. Hence you may at once keep both eyes and ears open as you again start down the canyon.

Perhaps you go not three hundred yards before you hear the report of your companion's rifle from the other side of the bottom, and away you dash for the hill on your side. Funny work this, running away from the game to get a shot at it, but it is your only chance. Your friend will dash for the hillside, up which the game has gone, but you never could cross even this narrow bottom in time to see anything to shoot at, and your only hope is a shot across the canyon. You reach a place where, over the trees, you see a massive buck, with glistening horns proudly erect, bounding gaily up the slope with easy pace as if in no haste. And before you can raise your rifle he stops and turns half around, and with that fatal curiosity that will often betray the wildest of game, looks back to see what the noise is about.

What a trifling difference there often is between a good shot and none at all! Had he stopped first, he would certainly have seen you, for a deer's eyes are marvelously quick to detect a motion. But as you were at rest when he turned around, you have the advantage, because a deer's eyes are as slow to detect an object at rest as they are quick to notice it when in motion. Never does the deer show better than on a steep hillside in the bright sunlight, and never does he strike an attitude so picturesque as when roused from his bed he runs a bit, and then, concluding that he has been scared at nothing, turns around to see what it was. Little trace of alarm is there in the majesty of repose with which he stands with great ears expanded and turned full forward with the sun glittering on all the polished tines of his horns, his thick neck erect, and his whole dark, gray coat sleek with fatness down to the trim legs that are so springy when occasion requires. Not at you are his big gray ears aimed, and the black nose is turned down the side of the canyon toward the point from which he came. He is watching your comrade and does not see you, and never was there a better chance for a good broadside shot, though to tell the truth the distance is rather great and you must do some fine shooting.

As a little good fortune often changes the whole character of a hunt, a little ill fortune quite as often changes it the other way. As you raise the rifle upon the glossy coat it springs aloft with a bound that carries it out of sight behind a sumac bush, just as you hear the crack of your comrade's rifle on the other side of the timber. The deer had the same advantage over him that you just had over it, that of being at rest while the other was in motion. Your friend was seen the instant he appeared above the brow of the hill, and the snap-shot with which he had to content himself was too hasty to be accurate.

Out comes the deer from behind the bush, clearing a boulder as lightly as a sunbeam skips over the morning hills, and down he goes into a mass of brush that seems heavy enough to hide him forever. But up again he comes in a curve of glistening fur, making one of the prettiest of targets for you to shoot at, provided you knew it was coming, and knew the spot into which it was coming. Then you might get a bullet under way in time to catch the fur when it arrived at the top of the curve. But as it is it makes a mark so tempting that it often misleads the best of shots.

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Before you can resist the impulse you fire directly at it. The result could be predicted from the laws of motion. Your bullet throws up the dirt from the hillside, apparently in exact line with the center of the place the gray occupied a second before and just as it vanishes in the brush on the side.

Your comrade is evidently too far down the hill to see the game, and its capture devolves upon you. At such a distance and at a target with such irregular motion, speed of fire is your main reliance, and yet it must be used with great discretion. The game is moving forward and up and down at the same time, and its distance is so great that just so surely as you shoot directly at the animal just so surely will it be out of that place by the time the ball arrives. Your best hope is to fire at the place where it will strike the ground from the next spring, and fire about the time it fairly rises in that spring. If you wait till it makes the top of the curve you may be too late.

But before you have time to reason, and before the swiftest motion of the lever of your repeating rifle can reload it, an arch of gray rises again above the brush. You mark the place where it went down, and throwing the sights of the rifle well ahead of it, wait for the next bound. Not an instant do you have to delay, for up it comes again a surging line with big ears and glittering antlers pointed skyward on the high held head. Five feet or more ahead of it and below the top of the brush you aim the rifle and, with a feeling of grand confidence, pull the trigger.

There is a whirl of something in the brush, you plainly hear it crack; and out from its lower edge comes your buck as if equipped with the wings of light. But no more with high, sweeping bound and haughty head proudly aloft. With head low and outstretched, and hugging the ground like a racer on the home stretch, he comes in full gallop directly toward you. Bang! goes your rifle again, aimed full at his head, but the bullet tears up the dirt a yard behind, and on he comes. Bang! goes another shot and the lead from that too he leaves behind, and splashing from a rock it goes hissing away up the hill. Right toward your companion he goes and from behind a bush his rifle rings along the hills, but the deer pays no attention to it, and goes right toward him as if he would impale him on those outstretched glittering tines. A good shot your friend is, but such a target has fooled many a better one, and his next bullet whizzes above the buck's back about an inch, while another from your rifle ploughs the earth again behind him, and still on he comes as if bound to run over both of you. You were surprised before to see the speed he could make up hill, but it is nothing to the pace directly down the hill. And the strange part of it is that the deer is practically dead and running with a single breath. Before you can fire again, and without your detecting a slip in his step or the slightest sign of faltering, he goes headlong forward through a large sumac bush, and on the other side of it turns a somersault almost at your friend's feet.

SONNET TO NATURE'S MUSIC.

I ASK not meat, a little bread will do,
And cup of water dipped from some clear stream
Where lazily the ripples croon and dream
Adown, the shining cresses slipping through:
No more than this, for when Pan comes to woo
The silence with his pipings, then I seem
To lose myself in rapture, as I deem
Were lost, long since, Ulysses and his crew;
For as the western winds go rustling by
O'er treetops tall and rushes gently bent,
And herd-boy brown with willow whistle dry
Shrills out his tunes, through the lone meadows sent,
Then fill mine eyes to blindness there,—but when I
Hear Nature's music, I can rest content.

ERNEST MCGAFFEY.

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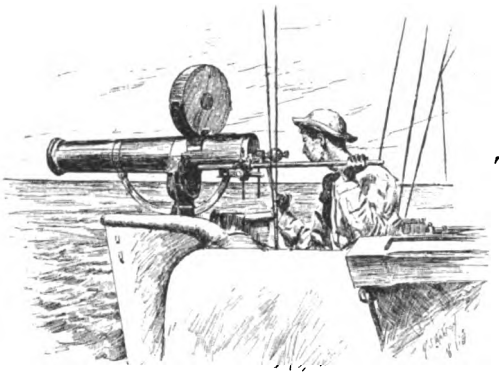
OUR SAILOR SOLDIERS.



A Story of The Naval Militia Movement.

BY

EVERETT B. MERO.

Second paper.

A BRIEF story of a week's tour of duty of the Massachusetts battalion will perhaps give the best idea of the work and pleasure which fall to the lot of our sailor soldiers.

The men make their headquarters on board the U. S. S. *Wabash*, receiving ship at Charlestown, going to and from the men-of-war, anchored a short distance away, in small boats, for drill. In New York the receiving ship *New Hampshire*, stationed there, or a leased steamer, is used. When they go on board the first day quarters are assigned. Then comes the order "shift to white," which, in the language of the landsman, means to change from the blue uniform to the cool looking white duck working clothes. Hammocks are served out and the boys have their hands full during the next two hours slinging them as they should be slung. It is slow work to the inexperienced, even if the regulars attached to the ship do good-naturedly take hold and show how to get the right "strings" into proper "holes," and how and where to hang the hammocks to properly serve as beds at night.

However grim and forbidding the old frigate may look from the outside, there is nothing so frightfully warlike about the interior. Soon the men have visited all parts of the ship under the guidance of the "jolly tars" belonging there, or of companions who have been there before. It is not long before the amateur sailors are able to dispense with going "up stairs" and "down stairs," and content themselves with going "on deck" and "below" in real sailor fashion. But to learn the difference between the "spar deck," "gun deck," "berth deck," etc., and the rule that none but officers are allowed on the "quarter deck," also the many other details, requires a longer time. Supper call is welcome, but the supper, prepared and served by a caterer, is preferable. The men are served at long tables on one of the decks, and the officers "mess" apart in one of the cabins. After supper comes the order "shift to blue." In a short time the men are ready for dress parade on shore. This ceremony over, back they go to the ship, change again to white, and have an hour or more for recreation, while the band entertains at a concert. Then comes "hammock call." Hammocks are brought out, hung up on the gun deck, and at "tattoo," sounded at 9:50, the men turn in. At 10 o'clock come "taps," and quiet is supposed to reign for the rest of the night. Usually it does, for the men as a rule are tired enough to sleep. The young man who is having his first experience at sleeping in a bed that is not a bed, is not likely to get much more sleep than he needs, even if he succeeds in remaining in his hammock, but this he will overcome by the second night. The officers sleep in berths or beds in staterooms.

The second day begins with reveille at 6 A. M. Hammocks stowed away, some go in for a swim; others perform their morning ablutions on deck. Then, dressed in their white service clothes, they are ready for breakfast. This duty faithfully attended to, comes muster,

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CASTING THE LEAD.

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followed by drill-call. Small boats are manned, and, at command, all embark and pull away for the vessels of the navy, which are anchored near by awaiting the coming of the militiamen. The men of the battalion are distributed among the warships and for two hours they work with the regular crews, learning the interior construction and location and uses of the various things about the ships. Then the two bodies are drilled together at the great guns or main batteries by the ship's officers. Thorough instruction they receive, too. At 4:30 the battalion returns to the *Wabash*. This night the officers of the battalion entertain the officers of the squadron at dinner.

FIRST DIVISION, FIRST BATTALION, N. M. S. N. Y.

SECOND DIVISION, FIRST BATTALION, N. M. S. N. Y.

The third day is very like unto the second, except that the militiamen are assigned to duty independent of the regular crews and go through the drill under their own officers. In the afternoon comes a boat drill. From six to twenty sailors, militiamen and marines board each of the small boats, and at command, sent by means of the signal flags from the flagship, all move out into one straight line. "By the right flank," comes an order. Each boat makes a quarter turn to the right. The movement repeated, and the fleet is turned about. After a series of moves, the signaled order to "come alongside" is obeyed by each boat returning to its ship for dismissal. The maneuvering of the fleet of boats, full of white and blue uniformed men, in line, with

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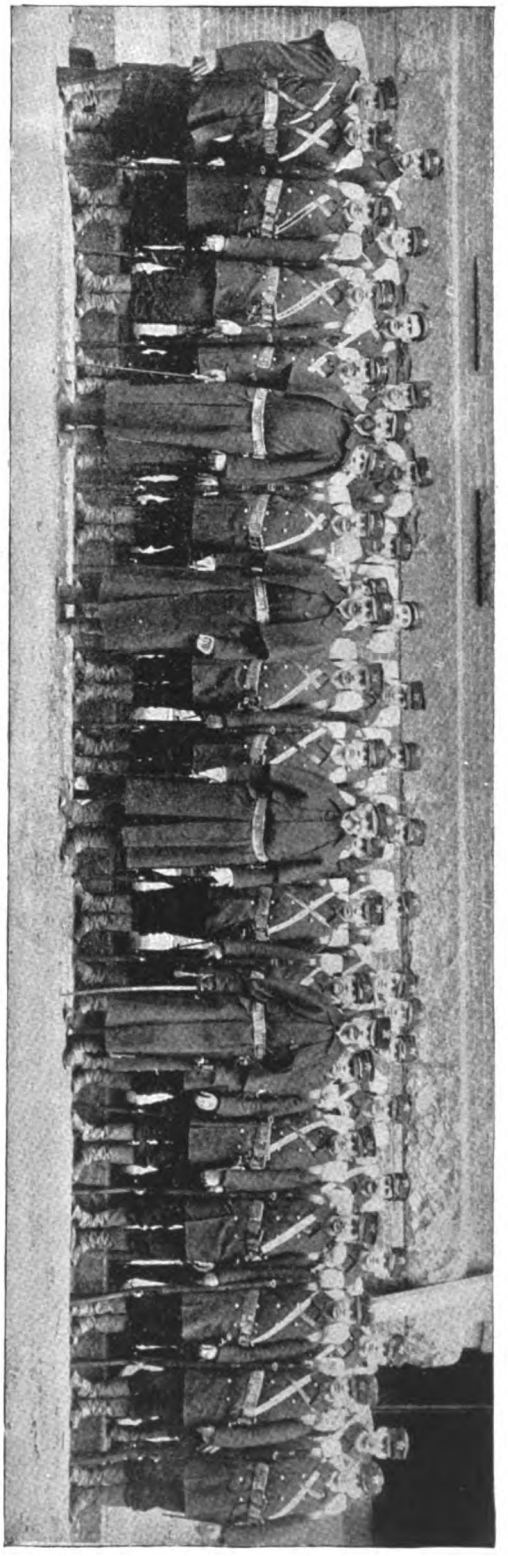
almost the steadiness of a regiment at company front, in response to the signal flags and bugled orders, makes a pretty and effective picture.

The day is rounded out by a twelve-oared boat race between picked crews representing the battalion and the squadron. It is an event in which great interest is taken by every man, from Admiral down to the battalion's third cook's assistant, besides hundreds of landsmen, who crowd all sorts of craft, anchored and floating. In the first race, in 1891, a battalion crew won from the crew of the Admiral's barge, and there was great rejoicing accordingly, but the next year a navy crew carried off the trophy.

The next day the squadron carries the militiamen off down the harbor. Target practice with a Springfield rifle is often a welcome relief from the monotony of camp life for the land militia, but target practice with a six or eight-inch gun firing one hundred or two hundred pound shells costing seventy dollars or more apiece, a couple of miles, is diversion on a somewhat larger scale. But that is the programme for this day.

Many visitors—the Governor and his staff, the Mayor and members of the city government and military men—accompany the battalion down the harbor. Fifteen miles or so off shore the target is placed. The ships pass along in line, the base of a triangle, and each gun is discharged at the target placed at the apex of the triangle, fifteen hundred yards away. The instruction the militiamen have received before, tells for much in a practical demonstration like this.

The next move is a night attack, between nine and ten o'clock. The warships are supposed to be an enemy's fleet at anchor, and the battalion is to blow them up with imaginary torpedoes. Every light on the fleet is extinguished at nine o'clock. The moon is behind clouds. A weird and picturesque scene is presented. The lights on shore only serve to throw shadowy outlines, seen indistinctly in the darkness. The splash of oars and the sound of subdued voices come from the water as the boat loads of spectators row about waiting for the "show" to begin, in utter disregard of the orders from police-boats and naval officers to "keep out of the way."



COMPANY B, BOSTON.—M. V. M.

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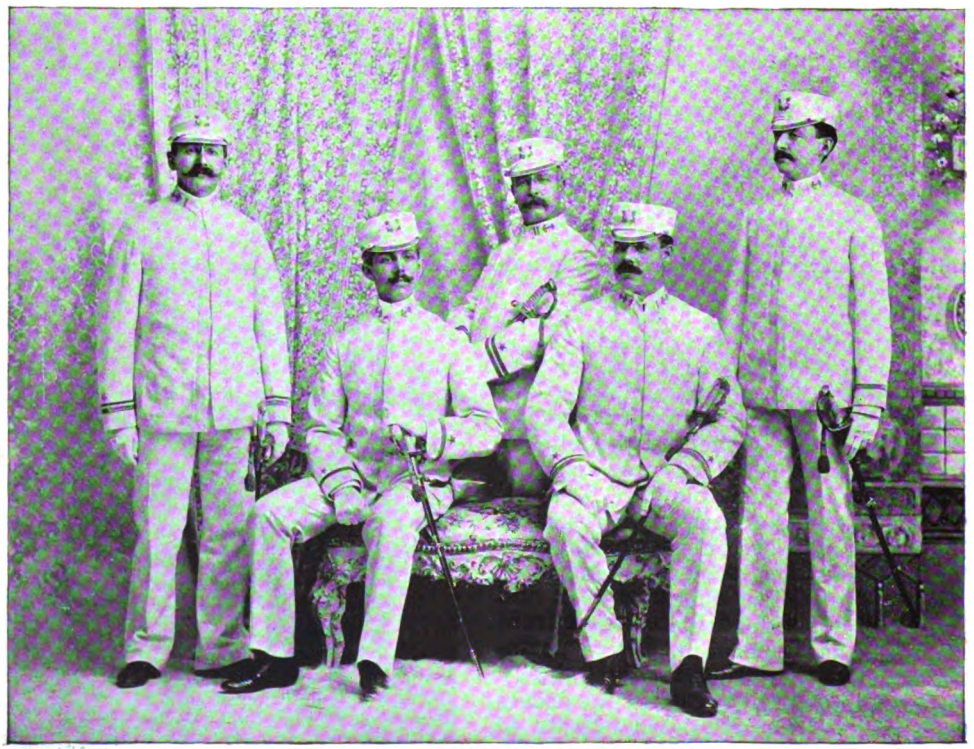
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

1. LIEUT. HENRY N. SWEET, Ordnance Officer. 2. LIEUT. GEO. E. NORRIS, Paymaster. 3. LIEUT. FRANKLIN D. WILLIAMS, Brigade Adjutant. 4. LIEUT. COMMANDER ARTHUR B. DENNY, 2d Battalion. 5. CAPTAIN J. C. SOLEY, Chief of Brigade. 6. LIEUT. ALFRED B. FRY, Engineer Officer. 7. LIEUT. COMMANDER JOHN W. WEEKS, 1st Battalion. 8. LIEUT. (Junior Grade) WM. S. BLISS, Aide. 9. LIEUT. WM. M. PAUL, B Company.

OFFICERS NAVAL BRIGADE, M. V. M.



HENRY S. CROSSMAN, Lieut., J. G. WM. O. COHN, Ensign. J. K. DEXTER, Lt. and Chief of Com'y. FRED. H. WATSON, Lieut., J. G. WALTER S. BARR, Ensign.

OFFICERS OF CO. H OF SPRINGFIELD, MASS.—NAVAL BRIGADE, M. V. M.

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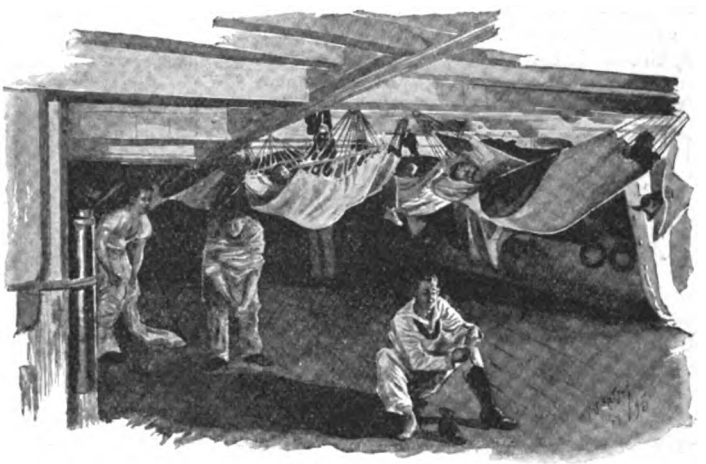
A signal rocket goes up hissing into the air. The powerful search lights are turned on. The great bars of light cut pathways through the inky darkness, showing plainly to the gunners on shipboard every boat and its occupants. The militia crews meanwhile row about endeavoring to keep out of range of the search lights and work up close enough to torpedo the ships. The watchful gunners see a steam launch coming up on the port side. The order is given and in an instant a broadside is poured down into the boat that would have sunk it in short order if anything but powder had been in the guns. The firing is taken up on the other ships. Round after round, varied by an occasional broadside, follow in rapid succession. Frequent sharp reports from the marines' rifles, as they pick off the boatmen, adds finish to the warlike picture. Boat after boat is declared out of the attack by the umpires, one being on each ship. The search light flashes about in a lively fashion, and it must be a shrewd boat's crew that can keep in the dark.

Probably to most of the spectators this sham attack was only a sort of pyrotechnic display or Fourth of July celebration on a grand scale. To the naval militiamen, and to the marines and sailors, it was something more than a brilliant spectacle. The real value of such demonstrations lies in the experience the men and officers get in handling boats and weapons under much the same conditions as would arise in actual warfare.

It is the middle of the forenoon the next day, when the warships get up anchor and steam down the harbor with the naval militia on board. Three quarters of a mile off an island beach they come to anchor and prepare for a sham attack. The marines of the fleet form the defence on the island and the militiamen and the ship's crews the attacking party. The militiamen embark in small boats and row up to within five hundred yards of the beach, when the skirmishers on shore open fire on them. Now the ship's secondary batteries open fire, and under this protection the attacking force advances. As soon as the bows of the boats strike the beach, overboard go the crews, regardless of the fact that the water is wet; and holding rifles and ammunition high and dry, they drag the boats up on to the beach, until the whole beach seems to swarm with white jackets. Quickly forming in line, they advance to the attack.



NIGHT QUARTERS.

A grand ball, given by the petty officers and men on the receiving ship the last evening, brings to a close a week of work and pleasure. Officers and men invite the ladies of their acquaintance, and State and city officials are present as guests, and it always proves to the men, at least, one of the most pleasurable events of the week's tour of duty.

The last day is ushered in by 6 o'clock reveille, notwithstanding that most of

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the men dropped into their hammocks but five hours before. Naval discipline rules; pleasure is not allowed to interfere with routine. At noon the militiamen march back to the city.

What good has all this work, display and expenditure of money done? Is it anything more than a big holiday for the boys? The same question has been asked, and is still, in reference to the summer encampments of the land militia. Everybody who has investigated the matter knows that it does amount to something. Whether the same or better results might be attained in other ways is an open question. With the naval militia, the drill on these summer tours of duty is all in the nature of practical work; just what would be required in actual service. The same routine is observed as by the regular navy. It is true that the men do have a good time, but pleasure is not allowed to interfere with work.

NOTE.—An attempt to give the history of the naval militia movement and an idea of the work and pleasures, within the limits of a magazine article, must necessarily be incomplete. The object is to give those who know little of the latest branch of the militia system and its ways, more information. The Massachusetts body are principally dealt with for the reason that it is the original organization, and a history of it is typical history of the whole movement. Other articles will follow.

A SEAL HUNT ON THE BLASKET ISLANDS.

BY R. F. WALSH.

"AAR angus bi sugach" (come and be merry) were words spoken to me in the dining-room of Hallissey's Hotel at Ventry, County Kerry. Who spake them? . . . An old man, grown gray in the enjoyment of his favorite sport, who knew every nook and cranny on the Blasket Islands, and to whose skillful arm and unerring eye the fashionable world is indebted for many and many a sealskin.

I was "doing" Kerry, and now the loadstone of curiosity had brought me to the railwayless, out-of-the-world town of Ventry. I had heard of the Blasket Islands and of the sport that could be enjoyed there — "sealing for the seals," as the natives put it. I positively pined for a seal hunt in a more comfortable climate than Alaska or Greenland, and I arrived at Ventry from Tralee en route to the hunting-ground on the Blaskets.

Miles O'Brien, the old man whose Gaelic invitation introduces this story, had long lived at Hallissey's, and when I told him of my desire to "try for seals," he became positively affectionate in his attentions, and planned an excursion of seal-killing for the following day. I was not displeased when, at early morning, the old gentleman knocked at my bedroom door and cried out, "Come and be merry!"

We boarded an "outside car" (jaunting-car) and enjoyed our *rocky* drive and pipes as the good horse sped towards Dunquin. Over the uneven road that Kerry horse made good time, for in less than an hour we were bowling past the coastguard station, and were soon at the slip.

O'Brien made arrangements with a boatman, and our belongings and our good selves were on board a "yawl" and buffeting the waters of the sound in brief time. It was a glorious morning; the air was crisp and bracing, as April mornings always are in Ireland, and as we passed Beginish (the small island) the view was beautiful. Kilbreeda, Stookeen, Carrigfadda, Young's Island and Illaunboy, and tens of other islets, stood sentinels of this seal home.

Soon we were close to Garraun Point, and a discussion arose between O'Brien and the boatmen; and when decided on something he turned to me and said, "I think it is better to wait until the afternoon, unless we go over to Inishtooskert, for the men say that the seals rarely come out on the Great Blasket until evening." "As you please," I replied, for I knew nothing of the locality nor of the habits of the seal. But

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O'Brien was impatient, and addressing some words in Irish to the boatmen, we turned towards Illaunboy, left the great island on the south, and were shortly beside the curious rock known as Illaunboy.

This little island is cave-eaten all around, and rises, at its center, to a height of nearly three hundred feet. In some parts of it the caves go right through; and it is a strange sensation to hear the waters thundering against the cavern walls. But O'Brien cared not for the natural beauty of the place nor the strange formation of the rocks. He could not find any seals; so again the oars dipped into the water and we ploughed along towards Inishtooskert.

Here we advanced slowly toward the southwest, and leaving the little rocklet of Carrigduff on the left, we rounded the point and paddled quietly under the stupendous cliffs that support the old ruins of St. Brendan's oratory and give shelter to so many of the seal family. The oars dipped slowly, and O'Brien's eyes were fixed on the caves, and the boatmen sung, in unison, a weird, wild song in a kind of undertone. To me this seemed a curious accompaniment to a seal hunt. But I was still more surprised when one of the men produced a flute, and played on it a quaint sympathetic air that echoed and re-echoed among the caves.

The effects were marvelous. But I turned to O'Brien and asked, "What is the meaning of this music?" "Oh, it is to attract the seals. Did you not know how they love music? In a few minutes you will see them basking on the water and on the ledges, charmed almost to unconsciousness by the music." And so it happened. For underneath Carraig Mhor (the Great Rock), on "an easy ledge," we saw two seals of the common order—*Phoca vitulina*—scramble up and lie quietly listening.

"Now is our time," said O'Brien, and the boatmen gently rowed toward the facinated seals, the flute-player still continuing his tune.

Without gun or spear my friend sprang to the rocky ledge. He had with him only a bludgeon and a long knife. Noiselessly advancing upon the seals, he dealt one a terrific blow on the nose, then slid (for it was very slippery) forward and plunged his knife into the neck of the poor animal. There was a cry, as of a young calf, a shudder, and our first capture was made. The dead seal's mate plunged into the waves the moment the bludgeon reached its victim.

We fastened our trophy to a rope and rowed away from the cave. "Why not shoot the poor brutes and so end the affair?" I asked. But O'Brien laughed as he replied, "My dear sir, it is impossible; and I shall prove it to you. You have your rifle with you. Well, the next time we meet a seal I shall allow you to do the murderous part of the work with your powder and ball, and we shall see how you fare." For full an hour we paddled beside the caves, but no seals appeared. Then we went over to Carrigduff and endeavored, by music, to inveigle them. And we were rewarded, for, far within "the great cave," there appeared a splendid male, much larger than those we had seen—not a common seal, but one of the large bearded seals (*Phoca barbata*). He was, to all appearance, unconscious of our approach. The flute-player continued his tune, and the oars pushed the waters as noiselessly as possible, until we were within a few yards of the game. "Now try your gun," whispered O'Brien, and, climbing out of the yawl, I got close to the seal. I feared to get too close, lest I warn him off the ledge; so I rested against the slimy rock and, taking careful aim at a point between his shoulders, fired.

The din was awful. It seemed as if the little island was being blown to pieces by some modern battery.

I became aware, too soon, that my shot had not killed the animal, and that, by a series of curious spine-made movements, he had come close to me and caught my ankle in his powerful jaws. I nearly fell. I was too fear-stricken to cry out. All this happened in a moment. I felt my ankle crunch as though the foot would come off. Swiftly as possible I reloaded. I could scarcely see the brute that held on to my ankle, so blinded was I from pain. And I could not understand why it was that O'Brien had not come to my rescue. But there was no time to lose—I had to either lose my leg or kill the seal. Placing the muzzle of the rifle against what seemed to be the shoulder of the seal, I fired. The hold on my ankle relaxed for an

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instant, then came a more angry bite on the thick part of my leg, and I became conscious of some one near me. A dull blow sounded and I fainted.

It appears that O'Brien, who was looking on all the while, clambered on the rock where I was engaged with the seal, and with a blow of his bludgeon ended the battle. In all likelihood he saved me from, perhaps, death—for, had I fallen from the ledge, the hungry waters of the "great cave" would have been unwilling to deliver me up.

When I recovered consciousness I found myself lying on a rude couch in a house of some kind. Beside me, watching with nervous anxiety, was Miles O'Brien. "Where am I?" was my first exclamation.

"You're all right," said O'Brien. "That seal nearly did for you. But we fixed him, and brought you here."

"What is this place? Where is it?" I inquired.

"You are on Great Blasket; but you must keep quiet. Your leg is rather sore."

I became aware that my seal hunt had not been a particularly pleasant one, but I had captured a seal. Thanks to the skill of a dear old lady of the house I was soon able to sit up, but return to Ventry that evening I could not. I was obliged to accept the hospitality of Mrs. Donovan for whatever time it would take to heal my wounds.

Nor was I sorry for this enforced sojourn on the Blasket Islands, for I learned many interesting things. Not far from the mainland, belonging to the same race—Irish to the core—these islanders are yet a distinct people in themselves. As are the Cossacks of southeastern Russia, exempt from government control, so are the Blasket Islanders. They pay no rents. The government *cannot* collect taxes from them. In a word, they live their lives in rude freedom.

Every day Miles O'Brien came to see me, and his eyes sparkled with pleasure when he saw me improve; until finally there came a day when he said, "I think you might try a walk through the village on my arm."

In a short time my injured leg was well enough to travel, and I begged to go back to the mainland.

I shall not soon forget the morning when I bade Mrs. Donovan adieu, and, taking Miles O'Brien's arm, climbed down to the yawl he had in waiting. It had been to me a very interesting week.

But when we reached the boat, I noticed that Miles had brought with him the implements that constitute the Blasket seal-hunter's outfit. In the stern was a bludgeon, a long knife and several "tow ropes."

"Surely you are not going seal-hunting Mr. O'Brien?"

"Surely am I," he answered, "but you need not fear. You came to see a seal hunt, and, without being able to spoil it, you'll see one." And then we entered the boat and rowed along the island as far as the Boss—a point situated exactly in the middle of the Great Blasket on the eastern side. Right below this there are numerous caves, and here is the western Irish home of the common seal. It seemed that thousands of them had gathered to frolic and splash the waters along the cave-lined coast. There were certainly hundreds, and when we suddenly turned our boat's prow and noiselessly glided into a huge unearthly looking cavern, they seemed not affrighted, but lay on the ledges or splashed the waters in utter indifference.

"Now," said Miles O'Brien, "I'll show you what seal hunting is." And, so saying, he sprang from the boat armed only with his bludgeon and long knife. It was a moment of anxiety, for the place where he landed was steep and slippery, and three seals were above him on a dry ledge of rock. But O'Brien loved the sport. Fearlessly he crept along and upward, and at last he raised his bludgeon and into the water splashed the three seals. But not all three safely. One had received his death-blow, and in a moment the gray-furred belly floated uppermost on the dark water of the cave. And thus we went from cave to cave, now coming on seals unawares, now charming them by music, until eight tow-lines were straining behind us with as many seals.

I watched the performances almost greedily, but I question if I could, even after practice, develop the dexterity with which Miles O'Brien killed his quarries, often in most dangerous-looking places. He knew the way—I did not, and I felt almost annoyed that, with my seal-bitten leg, I was powerless to share the fun.

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THROUGH ERIN AWHEEL.

BY

GRACE E. DENISON.

Concluded.

IT was nearly midnight and as dark as Tophet when we cleared the town of Tipperary, and our wheels sped along the road at the rate of fifteen miles an hour.

I could see Tim's big back and pawing legs ahead of me, but no sign of his wheel, and he appeared to be romping through the air, like some playful monster. My skirts blew up to the handle-bar, my feet flew, scarcely pressing the whirling pedals. My hair, loosened by a siesta on the Dobbyn lounge, streamed in little wisps on my cheeks. It was a glorious, wild, reckless ride, but it was dark—*à bas* the proprieties—and on we fled. One funny little episode of this midnight escapade made us laugh often. We saw three dim forms ahead of us, and believing they were cows, Tim gave an unearthly Irish yell as we came near them. A chorus of squalls arose from three terrified women, and they promptly fell on their knees by the roadside, calling on all their saints to come to their aid against the devil and his imp. I rang the bell then, you may be sure, and with roars of laughter we sped past them into the darkness; but the wind bore their cries and groans after us for a long distance, and if Tipperary folk gave me a fright in the afternoon, I flatter myself I got even with three of them the same night. After that we simply rode blindly on, over a prime road, with only the wind for our guide. "Keep it always in your backs," the bagman had cautioned us, and we were only too happy to do so. I was not a bit tired, much to my surprise, and when we finally struck the railroad and saw the lights of the tiny station, I felt as though I could have ridden all the long stretch to Killarney without a pause. "It will soon be light now," said Tim, as he divided a box of chocolate bars with me, and we sprawled on the station benches waiting for the

RIDING OUT THE GALE.

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train. "This train gets to Killarney at twenty minutes to four. I'll bet you've had enough riding by this time."

It is wonderful how soon one gets stiff and chilled. By the time the train arrived in Killarney I was shivering, and so sleepy that I could scarcely crawl into the carriage. A bride and groom (ubiquitous torments!) looked swords and daggers at us as we charged in upon them, but who cared for their indignation or ire? We were played out — at least I was — and with scant ceremony we stretched ourselves as well as we could, and were speedily sound asleep. I think no volumes could tell more plainly the benefits of health and hardiness we had reaped from our ride than this peaceful sleep on the narrow, uncomfortable seats of an Irish railway carriage. We positively slept soundly, so soundly that we barely wakened up in time to see the sun rise over the sweet Kerry Mountains, and to spend a blissful hour between the scented hedges near Killarney. How shall I meetly describe the beauty of the early day? the hills wrapped in sleeping-robes of clouds, which the golden sun melted magically away; the woodbine in the hedges, heavy with honeyed breath; the pale wild roses wanly glancing from the dark green, and wasting their sweetness—not quite wasting it, however, for it delighted the alien who skimmed over the stony ways of her own fatherland, and felt in her heart that tugging of the strings, and in her eyes that moistening, and in her soul that sense of satisfaction which told her of inherited love for Kerry above all the corners of the earth!

THE GAP OF DUNLOE.

The Kerry Mountains are to the Wicklow Hills as is a beautiful girl to a battle-scarred veteran; their tender and touching beauty has a softer, more subtle charm than graces the bold weirdness of the Scalp or the lofty pride of "Sugar Loaf." All about the little town of Killarney they lovingly circle, guarding this beauty spot on Erin's fair face with jealous affection. And between smiling and weeping — ever so weary, but not thinking of my weariness — wrapt in fancies so vague that I cannot give them form, too tired to talk, too happy to keep still, I came to Killarney. The ride we had set ourselves to take was over, and can my readers who have followed it from start to finish doubt that it had been a ride full of interest and enjoyment, as well as of health and strength and vigor?

The roads around Killarney are ideal! From the lakes, down the west coast, to Glengariff — that Mecca of beauty-lovers — and on by Bantry Bay to Bantry; then across, via Macroom, to Cork; to Blarney, to Mallow — words are not mine to tell of the delight of such a ride. Don't tell me of jaunting-cars, that swing along merrily on the romantic, lovely road round the lakes! The swift, silent wheel is ahead! With the route-book strapped open on the modest cycling kit one skims through paradise! Here, the first five minutes, is Ross Castle, and the lower lake, with its myriad legends and fairy fancies. Following the tourist's road, one passes the handsome domain of Lord Kenmare; the palatial Hotel Victoria, where are sure to be wheels and cyclists galore; one flits through the solemn stillness of the Gap of Dunloe—and here, surely, is beautiful Muckross Abbey, where my

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grandmother stood, amid those ruined walls, with her bridesmaids, and was married to her soldier husband, while his regiment formed up in line there on the fair, green turf, and gave three ringing cheers for the sweet, young bride and the gallant captain who had won her hand. All the country round has been mine in nursery lore. I know the trout streams and the shooting; I recognize the glens and the oft-imagined mountain heights.

Sudden storms come upon wheelmen in these Edens, with lightning and growling thunder and low-hanging, wind-racked clouds, that sometimes mean and do mischief. Just one fortnight after we left Killarney a sister wheel and her husband pedaled swiftly along that exquisite road from Kenmare to Glengariff. A mountain storm came down upon them, a flash of red light, a crash of thunder, and lo! a wreck of woman and wheel, and a bright, merry face still in death!

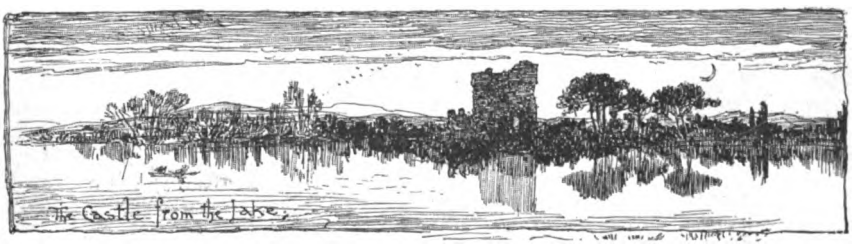
Always when a sweet vision of smiling sea and scented hedgerow comes to me, I seem to see as in a dream that gathering storm, the scurrying clouds, the merry, fearless girl, and then the horrified man bending over her in the blinding rain, and the hoarse chuckle of the thunder over the ruin that was wrought! Alas, alas! But I trust that any reader of OUTING who may be tempted to reach the heart of Ireland as we did may chance upon our happier way. It is a cheap, delightful and healthful summer outing.

There are always good bread and butter, delicious tea, and nearly always a capital joint and a ham on the coffee-room table. The landlords are kind, and usually very sensible and knowing. If you have your route mapped out upon your cycling map, they can often give you some local hints that help to speed the wheel. Even on Irish roads one may have a fall and bend a pedal or wrench a wheel; but there is a handy man in every town, and almost in every village, who mends bicycles and charges next to nothing. I have just paid a bill for the mending of a wrecked wheel, which is five times the amount I paid for an exactly similar service in Kilkenny.

One little point about Killarney. It is a good plan to board by the week at one of the clean little respectable homes, whose owners take in one or more boarders during the season. Mrs. Moriarty and Mrs. Thompson are two such decent bodies, who will provide a lavender-scented room, cool linen sheets, dainty dimity hangings and three meals a day, for a week, for the same amount one pays at the great big stylish hotel, built adjoining the railway station, for two days' accommodation: that is to say, for thirty English shillings.

The sweetest of Irish widows, a Mrs. O'Connell, whose husband was a direct descendant of the famous patriot, was my informant on this and other matters. A week with a wheel at Killarney should put one well up in the beauty and history of the lakes and glens. A fine book to read on the voyage over is Lever's "The O'Donoughue."

On that first entry into the little curious town of Killarney, Tim and I were in no mood to rave over its scenery. Bed, bed, bed we craved, and almost fell asleep while waiting for the drowsy night-porter to assign us our rooms. There was no elevator, and at the first landing I positively refused to climb further; so the porter and Tim made the best of the dilemma and carried me up, up to the altitude the fiendish wretch considered proper for such a haggard and dusty creature. I nearly went to bed with my hat on, having lost track of it in my drowsy struggle out of my clothes; but for the sleep-burdened cyclist I must say I managed to drag out the long hat-pin and pitch it and the hat into the middle of the floor before I sank into the sleep I had been owing myself for the last twelve hours. No dreams came to me. I had realized them all. Nothing remains but to say to my sister wheels, "Go and do likewise."



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McNEAR,
CAPT. ORIONS, 1886.
H. B. UNIV'Y, 1888.

MAGEE,
F. B. UNIV'Y TEAM,
1886.

EGBERT,
R. G. POSEN TEAM.

FOOTBALL ON THE PACIFIC SLOPE.

BY JOHN CRAIG.

CAPT. HUNT, R. H. B. U. C.

CALIFORNIA has for many years been a paradise for the athlete. Amateur sports each year find a fresh awakening of interest in them in the public mind, and football stands distinctive above all.

The climate of the Golden State offers advantages for athletic training perhaps unequaled elsewhere, as out-of-door work can be done in every month of the year, and this is particularly desirable to the men who make up the football elevens.

While the press of the country records from time to time the brilliant intercollegiate games of the East little has been told, outside of the local papers of the section, of the sturdy wearers of the canvas jacket on the Pacific side, although many games have been played there that for exhibitions of strength and skill would compare favorably with the contests on the other slope.

Football on the Pacific slope has not seen many years of life; it is yet in its infancy, and perhaps not more than ten years have seen the game in progress there. About the first clubs to organize were the Phœnix and Wanderers. These were composed, in the main, of grown men—the Wanderers principally from the English residents—and all their matches were under the Rugby rules. Some exciting games were played at the old Recreation Grounds, in San Francisco, in the Fall and Winter of 1880-81, the "punting" of Nicholson, captain of the Wanderers, and the "tackling" of Coubrough and Woolrich of the same club, with the clock-work "passing" and the running of Dean and Sime, of the Phœnix team, being the features of these contests. The two last named played together like parts of a machine, one always following a few yards behind

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LYON, MCGUIRE, CODE, Quarter; P. DOWNING, Right Guard; HARRELSON, BARNHISEL, Centre; BRIGGS, Left Guard; FRANKENHEIMER, Left End; COCHRANE, Left Tackle; MCLAINE, WILSON, WALTON, Right Half; LUNT, CLEMANS, Left Half; RICH, Right Tackle; MCKAY, KENNEDY, Full Back; WEBER, Right End; ORCUTT, FIELD, WHITTEMORE, CAPRON, F. DOWNING, FRY.

LELAND STANFORD, JR., FOOTBALL UNIVERSITY TEAM.

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SAN FRANCISCO BOYS' HIGH SCHOOL, 1892-3.

the other, each invariably "passing" the ball before or on being "tackled." Sime was a wonderful runner, doing 100 yards very close to 10 seconds, and was selected by the Olympic Club of San Francisco, with Belcher and R. B. Haley, for whom a record of 9⅘ seconds for 100 yards is claimed, to represent that club at the championship games in the East several years ago.

Not long after this a number of other clubs entered the field The Merion Cricket Club organized a team, and then the Union Club was formed from members of the San Francisco Boys' High School. The Unions soon showed the great advantage of constant practice which, as school boys, they were enabled to get, and in a game with the Merions at the Presidio of San Francisco, early in 1882, easily defeated their older opponents.

The Unions had a heavy team, and many brilliant players. Edgar Foster, the captain and "half-back," proved himself a wonder in the foot-ball line, and seldom failed to carry the ball from fifteen to twenty yards with each run. Booth, the full-back of this team, developed into a formidable player, and his dodging and tackling were superb. Among other good men who played on the Union team were Perkins, Wm. Hughes, Robert La Motte, Irving Lyons and Beverly Letcher. The Unions were especially strong in "tackling" and "blocking," a trait that they handed down to The Wasps,—of which we will speak later on,—a team that many of the Unions joined in after years.

After defeating the Merions, the Unions decided to try conclusions with the older clubs, which were composed in the main of grown men, and which had in consequence a decided advantage over their younger rivals in the matter of weight, an important factor in the Rugby game, with its "push scrimmage." In two very close games played early in 1882 with, first the Phœnix team, and then the Wanderers, the younger men were defeated, though in each game they contested stubbornly every inch of the ground, and surprised their heavy opponents with their wonderful "tackling" and running. Their

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WILDEZ, P. BENSON, Quarter Back; BRANN, Manager; HUNT, Left Half Back; CHAS. BRADLEY, OSCAR TAYLOR, Full Back; MORSE, Right Half Back; FRED HERMAN, W. HENRY, Right End; BURR, Right Tackle; A. B. PIERCE, Right Guard; JOE PIERCE, Center Rush; SHERMAN, Left Guard; WACHHORST, HASKINS, Left End; FOULKS, Left Tackle.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA FOOTBALL TEAM.

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JORDAN, 3d Sub.; M. TAYLOR, 2d Sub.; RICKETTS, F. B.; TOBIN, R. H. B.; SHERRARD, Captain, L. H.; ROTTANZI, 1st Sub.; FRICK, L. T.; F. TAYLOR, L. H. B.; WILCOX, R. E.; FLAGLER, R. G.; CROFTON, C.; WOOD, L. G.; GRAHAM, L. T.; PUGH, Q. B.

THE OLYMPIC CLUB TEAM.

THE WEDGE, U. C. TEAM.

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weakness showed in the scrimmages, and in their lack of men who were able to kick a good "punt" at the right time.

The next game played on this coast was at San Mateo, in the fall of 1882, between the Union team and one from Brewer's Academy. The town turned out *en masse* to witness the contest, which proved very close and exciting, finally ending in a victory for the San Francisco club. The Academy team had some good men and were well up in their team work. Ravekes and Brewer, of the Academy team, played in splendid form; the first named repeatedly ran through his opponents, notwithstanding the fact that he had his arm broken early in the game. Foster, of the Unions, did some brilliant playing, and made the "touchdowns" that carried his club to victory. This was the last match the Union team played, as on leaving school many of its members engaged in business pursuits, which precluded their giving the proper time for training and practice.

The University of California now began to manifest considerable interest in football, and the Merion team soon tried conclusions with the "U. C.s" on the campus at Berkeley, in a game wherein the University team made a wonderful showing. Soon after, they were able to defeat all comers, among them the crack Phœnix team.

FELTON TAYLOR,
H. B. OLYMPIC CLUB TEAM.

Though the "Phœnix never dies," the football club did, and with it its rival, the Wanderers, and for some time after 1883 the only contests were between the University and Merion teams, and these were few and far between. Gaston Ashe, Finlayson, Theabald and Palache did the best work for the last named club, and Robert Gibson, a crack San Francisco runner of some years back, also played a good running game while on the Merion team.

Early in 1885 a number of ex-Union men organized The Wasps, a powerful organization, which afterwards became the pride of San Francisco football enthusiasts. This club soon had a large and active membership, and did much to revive the declining interest in the game. At the outset it was captained by Kenneth Mount McKay, with Felton Taylor as vice-captain, but later Frank Hittell took the club in hand, and Taylor organized the Reliance team of Oakland.

In February of 1885, The Wasps met the University team on the college campus, and here took place probably as brilliant a game of football as was ever witnessed. The game was played under the Rugby Union Rules, but not a "goal" was kicked nor a "touchdown" made by either side, although the game was characterized throughout by brilliant plays on the part of both teams. The "passing," running and dodging of the University men, particularly of Sutton, Ramm, Woolsey, Blanchard and Bosse was perfect; but the kicking of The Wasps, and the precision with which they "tackled," prevented the University Club from ever getting the ball past The Wasps' half-backs, and forced the former club to "touch-for-safety" a number of times; but this, under the Rugby rules, did not count a point. The play was fast and furious, and the "U.C." men worked like demons, but without scoring. A return match was played a few weeks later and again no goal was kicked nor "touch-down" made, though at the last moment, on call of time, the University men claimed a "touch-down" in "touch-in-goal," which was not allowed, and the score once more was *nil*.

The Reliance Club had by this time formed a football team, and a good one too, nearly all of its men being fine athletes in other lines. All were very heavy men, the "rush-line" averaging over 180 pounds to each man, while Felton

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J. HUNTER HARRISON.

Taylor, one of their half-backs, weighed 190 pounds when in condition. This team soon threw down the gauntlet to The Wasps, and a contest was played on the Oakland grounds, resulting in a victory for The Wasps by a score of 10-0.

The public now began to take great interest in football, for it had found these games full of excitement, and the season of 1886 found five clubs in the field — the University, The Wasps, Orions, Reliance and Law College teams. These organized the California Football League, and for the first time on the Pacific coast the game was played by eleven men instead of fifteen, though at first the intercollegiate rules were not adopted as a whole.

A series of twenty games was played by the league teams in 1886, and they proved to be the greatest treat yet offered to the public in the way of out-door sports. From 4,000 to 5,000 spectators would fill the grand stand each Saturday at Fourteenth and Centre streets, Oakland, to witness the contests; among the fair sex there was never before on the Pacific coast so much interest manifested in athletic games.

At the outset of the series the Orions, though all younger and lighter men than on the other teams, took everything by storm, but The Wasps and the University men soon forged ahead and came out with an equal number of games to their credit. The University won the series through The Wasps being obliged to let the concluding game go by default, for the reason that all their "backs" were damaged in the game with the heavy Reliance team on the previous Saturday, which The Wasps won by a score of 4–0.

In this game Hittell, then captain of The Wasps, had his shoulder injured by one of the Reliance men, and in this condition played a brilliant game, running with the ball from one goal to the other, carrying his club to victory. Hittell was certainly one of the best players that ever stepped on the football field, at one time the best amateur light-weight wrestler on the coast, beside doing 100 yards very close to 10¾ seconds, and a mile or five miles in good time. He combines the qualities of an ideal player. When conditioned for the game he does not weigh over 140 pounds, but is as difficult to catch as a well-greased eel and as hard to stop as a battering ram. Hittell does not kick as well as some others, but plays a holding game, and his running and dodging are superb. He, with Groth, Keith, Stewart and Rottanzi of The Wasps; Lang and McNear of the Orions; Felton Taylor, Downey and Snook, of the Reliance; and Turner, Magee, Reed and Shafter Howard of the University team, proved the leading players of the League series, delighting the excited spectators with the brilliancy of their plays. One of the best contested games of the season was between the University and Reliance teams, resulting in a score of 10–10.

In 1887 another league was organized among younger players than those who formed the teams of the previous season, and was in consequence dubbed the "Little League." These clubs were, however, not very far behind their predecessors in any particular, and many large audiences witnessed the contests. The teams represented were the Unions, Alerts, Orients and Wideawakes, and they developed some good men in Montill Taylor, a brother to the heavyweight Reliance half-back; Oscar Taylor, a young Australian, who kicked many a "drop" over the goal from the center of the field; Frank Gamble, afterwards full-back of the Volunteer and Posen teams; Wakeman, the Alerts' captain, with several other very clever players.

The third league series, in 1888, in which the Posens, with Nourse as captain, carried off the honors, brought out new teams and new men, and Pugh, Nourse, Sherrard and Wellington were among them, while J. Hunter Harrison did the best work for the San Francisco team, and Bremner, Lewis, Brewer and Dr. Bowhill showed up in good form for this club. Nourse, as captain of the Posens, handled his men with better judgment and showed closer knowledge

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of the game than did any other captain who had previously played with the Western teams. Nourse is an Amherst man. He afterwards played on the San Francisco team, which organized late in 1889, and numbered among its players some of the best men that ever wore the canvas jacket or made a "try." Shafter Howard, of Harvard; Joseph Tobin, of the Georgetown team; Ricketts, of Princeton, with Hittell, Felton Taylor, Rottanzi, Wellington, Sherrard, Pugh and Harrison from the old local clubs, were members of the San Francisco team.

When Joseph Tobin came home from Georgetown College in 1890, he brought with him the latest tactics in vogue with the crack 'varsity teams of the East. He soon introduced the close play of the Eastern elevens into the work of the San Francisco team of which he was captain. Before this time the coast teams had played the half-backs and full-back many yards behind the rush-line, relying on a long pass from the quarter to give them opportunities for gaining headway in going around the "end." The close play and center-rushing tactics introduced by Tobin soon showed the inferiority of the old-time method, and a game between the San Francisco and University teams resulted in a victory for the former by a score of 44—0. The "long pass" game has never been used on the coast since.

P. BENSON, Q. B.

In November of 1891, the San Francisco team reorganized under the auspices of the Olympic Athletic Club, taking the name of that organization. It proved the victor in all of the five games played by it during the season of 1891–2. The first game of the season was played at San Francisco between the Olympics and the Los Angeles team, in which the visitors were defeated by a score of 22–0. The Napa College team was the next to succumb to the Olympics, who were then playing first-class football under Tobin's tuition, and the college boys went home to the Valley of Vines with a score of 44–0 against them to think about on the way. The only team that succeded in scoring against the victorious Olympics was the eleven of the Leland Stanford, Junior, University — the new university at Palo Alto that has since done so much to develop football and bring it into favor in California. On February 13, 1892, their team gave the Olympics a hard battle. The University of California next went against the sturdy Olympic athletes, but failed to score against them, while the local team had six points to their credit when time was called. The final game was played with the team from the United States Cruiser *Charleston*, at whose hands the Olympics, when known as the San Franciscos, had suffered defeat the previous year. This time they turned the tables on the blue-jackets, who were captained by Catlin, formerly of the Annapolis Naval Academy team—winning the game by 16–0.

The great game of the season was yet to be played. When the new university at Palo Alto sprang into life, there was naturally an intense rivalry between it and the University of California in all matters pertaining to athletics. On

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March 19, 1892, the teams from the rival colleges met at the Haight Street Grounds in San Francisco. This was the first inter-collegiate game played on the coast, and the throngs who witnessed it attested the esteem in which football is now held in the West. The Berkeley men were much heavier and relied entirely on a "wedge" game, while the wiry boys in red from Palo Alto played an "end" game that won the day. Clemans and Kennedy of Stanford did some very clever work, and the tackling of their team was superior to that of Berkeley's. Hunt, Sherman and Morrow did the heavy work for the University of California. When the Stanford men won by a score of 14–10, the rivalry between the two universities increased to such a degree that their efforts this year brought football into a more prominent place in the public mind here than it has ever held before. To the enterprise displayed by the managers of these two elevens is due entirely the interest shown by sport-loving people during the football season just closed.

The football season of 1892–3 opened with a game between the Olympic Football Team and the eleven from the University of California. The former team out-weighted their opponents and won the game handily by a score of 20–10. Morse of the University did some excellent work in this game, making some brilliant 45-yard runs. He is an erratic player, at times brilliant and at others cannot be relied upon, as he makes some inexcusable fumbles. Hunt, the captain of the same team, is by far the best player in it; he is a heavy man and a capital "line-bucker." Sherrard, Pugh, Porter and Felton Taylor, of the Olympics, did the brunt of the work for their team in this game. They are all old players and fill their respective positions well.

Joseph Tobin and Basil Ricketts of this team are also among its best men. Captain Sherrard, who has taken Tobin's place, is as sure a tackle as ever stepped on a football field, and reminds one of the great tackling done by The Wasps, at which work no team that has played in the West has ever equaled them.

The next game of the season was played on November fifth, when the University men turned the tables on their opponents, winning by a score of 16–0. They also took the next game from the Olympics, who lost these last matches by reason of entire lack of training and poor team work. The Olympics have, by long odds, the best individual players on the coast; but the necessity of proper and constant training, which all college men have, was clearly demonstrated by their poor form.

Soon after the Olympics tried conclusions with the eleven from the Stanford University. The defeat of the Olympics by the men from Berkeley had the effect of waking them up, for they put in a much better game than in the two previous matches. The game resulted in a tie score, 14–14.

It was not until December seventeenth last, when the two rival universities of the State met, that the great game of the year was played. The managers of these teams were enterprising enough to secure the services of Walter Camp and Thomas Lee McClung, of Yale, to act as coaches for their teams; the first named to teach the boys of Palo Alto how to play football according to the most approved methods, and McClung to act as coach for the State University. Immediately after the Yale-Harvard Thanksgiving Day game, these two celebrated lights of the football world left for the coast. Their coaching soon demonstrated that both teams had much to learn, for while they contained many good individual players, their team work was poor, and their play slow and lacking in snap. Fully 15,000 people assembled to witness the great game, by far the largest gathering of its kind in the West, and the charities that received the proceeds are many thousands of dollars richer. The Berkeley men once more had a decided advantage in weight, which was their only salvation, as it gained them ground on their wedge plays, while the boys in red outplayed them in every other particular.

The play throughout was snappy and quick. The Berkeley men relied solely upon the "wedge," and Hunt did some very clever "line bucking." Oscar Taylor did good work for the "U. C." team, and his was the only punting in the entire game. Henry, of the same team, did some clever tackling, and one of his plays was one of the most brilliant of the day. Clemans and Walton, the Stanford

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BLANCHARD,
C. R. Un'y Team 1886.

half-back, did some wonderful work in going around the ends, making brilliant runs of forty (40) and fifty (50) yards, and each gaining a touchdown. Code, the little quarter back of the Stanfords, deserves special praise for his steady and quick work in that position; his tackling, too, was something phenomenal. In interference and tackling the Stanford men were the better, and twice they used the Dellant Flying Wedge with good results. At the end of the first half the score stood 6–0 in favor of Stanford, and it began to look as though the blue and gold would once again be draped in black, but when time was called at the end of the second half their whirling wedges and center-rushing had told; the score stood 10–10, and the trophy to be presented to the victor by the University Club of San Francisco was to remain in the club rooms for another year.

G. STONEY,
H. B. Un'y
Team 1887.

After the game between the universities, the Stanford team made a tour of the State, defeating the teams at Los Angeles, Pasadena, Colton and San José. The eleven at the last named place was the only one that really showed any form against the boys in red, and promises to develop into a formidable rival of some of the leading clubs of the State.

The winter and spring months in California are so different from those of the East that it is possible to keep up the interest in football far into the spring months. After the close of the football season proper with the great game between the two universities last December, its devotees arranged other matches which were not without public interest. Principal among these was the charity game at the High Street Grounds in San Francisco, between the two teams styled respectively the University Veterans and the Army team. While neither were composed strictly of old 'varsity men or players from the Army posts about, they were made up of splendid material, and a vast throng witnessed the game. For the Army team, Lieutenants Wood, Crofton and Flagler did excellent work, as did also Basil Ricketts of the Olympic team. Joe Tobin, Kennedy and Frankenheimer did their share for the University Veterans, and aided in giving the boys who wore the red, white and blue uniforms a hard fight.

FRANK T. HITTELL,
Capt. of The Wasps.

The next game played here under intercollegiate rules, was that between the football men who were members of the various tennis clubs about San Francisco and Oakland. Very poor football was played, but the game succeeded in bringing out the leading lights of the social world to witness it, and aided in creating sentiment in favor of the game here. McNear and Ransome, of the Oakland Tennis clubs,

SHAFTER HOWARD.

both clever football men, repeatedly ran through their opponents, in

GEO. J. WELLINGTON,
L. E. Olympic Team 1891-2.

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spite of the fact that the veteran Tobin played full-back for the San Francisco Tennis team. This was the last match for the season of 1892–93.

The three leading football teams of California are now in active preparation for the coming games, which begin early in the autumn. The Olympic team has secured the services of Laurie Bliss as coach, and for weeks past he has been carefully training the men at the Olympic Club's grounds. Heretofore this team has never had a proper coach or team practice of any kind, though it possesses the best individual players on the coast. It is too soon to hazard an opinion as to who will compose the eleven that will play against the University of California and the Stanford University, but without doubt Felton Taylor, Sherrard Tobin, Graham, Cassidy and Porter will be on the team. Cassidy is one of the fastest 100-yard men in the West, and is developing into a good half-back. Bliss's coaching has already done much for the Olympic boys, and they should prove the victors in the triangular battle if they keep up their enthusiasm. The Palo Alto team has secured the services of Laurie Bliss's brother, and it will be interesting to see which of the great Yale halfbacks turns out the better team.

Heffelfinger, the famous guard of McClung's Yale team, will coach the U. C. boys for the coming season. With Pop Bliss teaching the Stanford men how to play football, Laurie Bliss the Olympics, and the only "Heff" the U. C. men, there should be some great football in the far West.

Hunt will be behind the line for the U. C. team once more, and Oscar Taylor will probably play at full, but to say just what the make-up of the team will be is now impossible. Clemans, Kennedy, Walton and Code will undoubtedly be behind the line for the Stanford team, and possibly Frankenheimer may show good enough form to play at half.

The securing of crack Eastern players as coaches for our coast teams has done more to bring the game here on a level of that played by the Eastern 'varsity teams than all the former years of playing, and it is not too much to expect that before another year the leading teams of the East and West may meet on the football field.

There are, besides the teams mentioned, football clubs in Los Angeles, Pasadena, Stockton, Napa and San José. The Amateur Academic Athletic Association, formed by members of the preparatory schools about San Francisco, maintain a Football League, of which the Hopkins Academy carried away the pennant in '91, and the Oakland High School in '92.

The game has now taken such a solid hold upon the affections of the Western people that the future will see teams on the coast that will rival those of the Eastern universities.

Until within the past year this coast has seen nothing of Gaelic football, but the several teams formed early in the year among the Scotch and Irish residents soon developed an interest in the game among that class. The Pacific Coast Gaelic Football Association was formed, and the following teams contested for the championship pennant: Pacific Wanderers, Parnells, Scotch Thistles, Emmetts, Sarsfields, Wm. O'Briens and Sheridans. The Emmetts succeeded in carrying off the prize, after a series of some thirty games, together with the trophy offered by the *Examiner*, the San Francisco daily that did the most to foster interest in the sport. The coming winter will see much greater interest in this style of football, but it will never have the same hold upon the public as the intercollegiate game. Its players have not the same facilities for training and practice as the intercollegiate players of the universities and athletic clubs.

Only those, remarks a recent writer, who have sat for hours on a hard bench and watched Felton Taylor or Leroy Hunt "buck the center" for a fifteen-yard gain, or a Hittell or a Clemans run around the end; only those who have seen Henry get down under a punt by Oscar Taylor, or seen a long return by Tobin, while cold chills chased each other delightfully up and down the thousands of vertebral columns to the accompaniment of a pandemonium band of anything that will blow, ring or rattle, while the air is filled with red and white, cardinal, or blue and gold,—only those who have been there can understand the strong hold that football is taking on the fancies of the public on this coast. It is an imported infection, whose germs have been very carefully

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propagated by Camp and McClung, though the disease has long lurked in the blood, and broken out in more or less violent attacks for the last ten years.

Besides the University, Stanford and Olympic teams, there were in the field during the last year several others which contained many good individual players, but which were defective in team-work, and too light in the rush-line to withstand the heavier men of the teams referred to. Among these were the elevens of Cogswell Polytechnic School, Hopkins Academy of Oakland, Boys' High School of San Francisco, and Berkeley Gymnasium.

The tendency of the game in the West has been to produce hardy, manly men. Among the students the brightest have been members of the teams—Beard, Sutton, Blanchard, Turner, Woolsey, Bosse and Magee, of the University of California, being particular instances.

Farther up the coast, at Victoria, British Columbia, our English brothers cling to the Rugby game, and the Beacon Hill and Victoria teams are regular in their practice and games.

Several teams have organized among the English and Scotch residents about San Francisco to play the association game, but the public has never manifested any great interest in that game.

A TUNISIAN JEWISH WEDDING.

IT was my good fortune a few years ago to spend some very pleasant and, to me, ever memorable days in Tunis, during which I received much courteous attention and social hospitality from the Jews, whose homes were thrown open with a freedom and welcome which contrasted strongly with the jealous isolation in which the Mohammedan secludes his household. Very pleasant were those social occasions, and very laudable the efforts of all the parties to overcome the barrier which languages so remote as American and Arabic imposed. Our circle of knowledge of the domestic life of Tunis was sensibly widened by the opportunities we thereby had of observing many phases of life, some of which I have previously described in OUTING.*

Before leaving the city we were glad to accept an invitation to a Jewish wedding. On a favorable afternoon we strolled around to the synagogue—a small building with a stone floor, tile wainscoting, light-blue, wide benches, with matting on them for squatting worshipers; white pillars with blue capitals and white arches supporting bare beams and the roof. A small gallery, screened by close lattice work, had been provided for women, none ever using the main portion of the hall. A dozen descendants of Methuselah were praying and studying the scriptures in the dimness, the floating wicks in the goblets of oil not having been lighted for the wedding. We had time for a call upon the groom, whom we found at home going through the ordeal of preparation at the hands of all his kin and acquaintances, male and female. This ended, a band of four or five boys commenced a wild chant and led the way to the synagogue, singing as they went, the houses on the line emptying themselves in honor of the occasion. Near the band marched the bold man of the day, followed by his male cronies, all dressed in light-blue cloth, embroidered in dark blue, and all wearing short slippers, long white stockings and a red fez with blue tassel, the groom being distinguished by his victor smile and his black-striped white scarf. In the synagogue he took a red-cushioned seat and drew his scarf so as to show only his face. After listening to the chant of the rabbi and assistants, he faced the wall and uttered a short prayer. The procession then reformed as before, and to the same music gained the bride's house.

In the center we found the square, open Moorish court with the usual gallery on every side, the latter and the roofs expectantly filled with people. Soon we had the pleasure of greeting the bride, blushing by nature and with paint, as she was assisted up to a chair which had been placed on top of an ordinary table, near the middle of the court, her future husband's chair standing at our level and on her left. The ceremony consisted of the rabbi's chanting, the groom's placing of a ring on the bride's finger, the drawing of his scarf so that it rested partly on each of the contracting parties, and the sipping of wine from a large glass, first by the bride, then the groom, then the rabbi,

*July, 1890.

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then the lady's mother, then the relatives, down to the dregs for the most distant or possibly the poorest. The bridal reception took place immediately in a room off the court, the groom wandering about in a strangely negative manner. But it's so like a man to tell all this before telling how she, the all-important she, looked. Well, her eyes were large and black, and her eyebrows had been deeply blackened and made to join and to form a single heavy arch across her forehead. We were not satisfied with either the regularity of her features or the clearness of her complexion, and, trusting that this account will never be translated into her own Arabic, we don't mind saying that the bridesmaids were prettier than she.

All the ladies were gloveless, but her fingers were brown with the stain of henna and were loaded with rings. She carried, indeed, a great weight of gold besides, for all the family heirlooms, in earrings, chains, necklaces and other ornaments, had been brought forth for her adornment. The jewelry and the gossamer silk veil hanging from her high-pointed cap, nearly concealed her pale-green velvet jacket, while her trousers, of the same material, were so covered by embroidery as to produce an effect of gold rather than of green.

J. HOWARD COWPERTHWAIT.

WHEELS AND WHEELS.

THE maiden with her wheel of old
Sat by the fire to spin,
While lightly through her careful hold
The flax slid out and in.

To-day, her distaff, rock and reel
Far out of sight are hurled,
For now the maiden with her wheel
Goes spinning round the world.

MADELINE S. BRIDGES.

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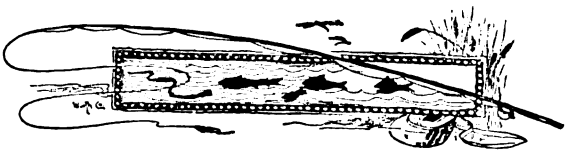

ONE CAST IN THE RIO GRANDE.

BY C. E. HARRINGTON.

ONLY a double; that's all. Two radiant, muscular mountain trout. But one weighed five and a half, the other three and one-quarter pounds. Nothing more — save the getting of them.

It was before the railroad had climbed the foot hills and sinuously slid into the San Luis valley on its way to the Pacific slope; before public confidence in the rosy representations of Colorado enthusiasts had become unshakably fixed; before the vast herds were browsing in San Luis Park, or the great army of adventurers had more than begun its movement into mysterious and rich southwestern Colorado. Then the pathways up and down the mountains were little more than trails, and there was an air of primeval freshness over nature's rugged face.

Those who see that region to-day, as from a car window, quickly, catch little more than the fleeting foreground and far-reaching whirl of rocky perspective; they gaze on panorama only, and do not partake of the invigorating pleasures that come from direct combat with far-reaching plains, or roaring torrents fresh from fields of ever melting, never melted ice.

The man who in those days struggled over precipitous passes in army wagon, or mounted, or who paced the weary miles from the Missouri to the foot-hills with feet bleeding from cactus wounds and alkali cracks, swinging his big bull whip meanwhile over the dusty sides of patient steers, that man had the beauties as well as the blemishes of that country worked into his very being in a way he will never forget.

We had started for the Los Pinos Agency of the Ute Indians one fine September day, the Governor, Edwin M. McCook, John McDonald, of St. Louis, John D. Lang, of Maine, and the writer. Impending trouble in the San Juan region, growing out of the discovery of gold there and the pre-emption of mining claims by whites, had led the government to take steps to recover this big strip from the Indians. It formed the larger part of the southern end of the Ute reservation, covering several million acres west of the San Luis Park and south of the Uncompahgre. The Utes insisted upon the preservation of its integrity as a reservation and hunting preserve; the white men persisted that so long as there was gold and silver there, the government had no right to include it in an Indian's preserve, and so they occupied the land. Result, bloodshed. Then a commission was appointed by the President to confer with the Utes, and empowered to secure by purchase and indefinite annuities the section in question. To this end we were making our way into southwestern Colorado, the Ute nation at the same time concentrating at the Los Pinos Agency, where the council was to be held.

Besides the commission there was a strong escort of United States soldiers under Major Alexander, of the Eighth Cavalry, then commanding at Fort Garland. Altogether the party, though bent on peace, presented a somewhat warlike appearance, its mounted soldiers, two abreast, scattered well along the road, and flanking the three comfortable ambulances rigged for mountain travel and occupied by the commission and the commandant. Well toward the front, also, six stout mules accustomed to such duty trudged along drawing a heavy wagon laden with tents, tent-poles, camp kitchen, and the other heavy luggage that always forms part of such an expedition.

But it is not the intention here to touch upon more than a single phase of that memorable trip. Its result is a matter of record of the Interior Department; its detail of sporting incident and pleasurable experience is a matter of memory only with those who are left to recall it. We had jointed our rods and

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cast our flies when coming down the Sangre de Cristo four days before. With the exception of Friend Lang, all perhaps were strongly imbued with the love for field sports, whether with gun and dogs or with fishing tackle. So when the purling stream that merrily dances down that westward-sloping mountain pass was met, the angling instincts of the little party found full sway and some splendid catches were made. Even the sluggish Quaker blood finally became infected when an artificial pond caused by a beaver dam was met with, and before a half-hour had passed the old man was engaged in an amateur fishing bout, taking a trout at every cast and becoming so excited at the work that he flung them from the hook far afield with impulsive force. But angling in the Sangre de Cristo, while it brought plentiful returns, yielded no large trout. "Wait until we reach the Rio Grande," said McCook, who had had experience in that region; "you'll find something there to amuse you."

We camped next day at a point where the Rio Grande made a sharp bend, and a clump of cottonwoods threw a welcoming shade across several acres of luxuriant grass. A few rods below the camping ground the bank was of easy declivity to the river's edge, while for fifty feet or more a bar ran out perhaps two feet below the surface, then dropped away suddenly, and in the bight of the bank across was a foaming pool, deep, dark, inviting. The current was stiff; the river about one hundred and fifty feet wide. It was perhaps five o'clock when camp was made; the sun was near to the snow crests of the range and the shadows fast lengthening.

Before the first mule was unharnessed the implements of the two civilian rodsters were out of their cases and ready for the cast. I was the possessor of a seven-ounce, lancewood fly rod, that had seen service, and was eager to prove it with such finny game as this stream could offer. The Governor had a lancewood of slightly greater weight, which he was wont to boast of as equal to any emergency. I already had a stanch, yet fragile-looking six-foot leader bent upon my silk line, when I saw the Governor searching his fly-book for a suitable lure for trout.

Just then my foot started up several grasshoppers. Throwing down the rod I captured several, put them into my pocket, bent on two No. 5 sproats, three feet apart, impaled a 'hopper on each, and ran down the sloping beach to near the river's edge. Quickly scanning the water I drew the line out for a preliminary cast, and the next moment the leaders laid the kicking grasshoppers straight down the stream, just off the edge of the bar. There was not yet enough line out to please me, but as I drew a couple of feet of slack off the reel and lifted the tip for the backward cast, there was a boiling of the ruffly surface, and I marked what seemed to be a dorsal fin six inches long. There was not an instant to be lost; the game was there, only the bait and the opportunity were needed to perfect the combination. The next moment the quick movement of the wrist had whipped the 'hoppers lightly on the deep pool's edge.

A geyser suddenly puncturing the river bottom could hardly have caused more disturbance than followed. The water boiled, the line twanged, and then another geyser broke loose!

"Sufferin' cats!" came from the excited lips of the plain-spoken General, who was standing on the bank. He waved his hat frantically and shouted "Pull him in, —— him! You've got him; pull him in!"

And on the opposite side of my vantage ground the towering form of Friend Lang stood, face impassive, yet his eyes twinkled as he cried:

"Thee has him; pull him in!"

The Governor had dropped his fly-book and abandoned his quest after suitable lures to watch the struggle, too true an angler to wet a line while the game of his friend was yet unsecured. Then came the major, the lieutenant, the sergeant, the corporal, privates, bugler —all dropping work, forgetting camp-making and army discipline.

There was a mad rush up the river, straight as an arrow sped from a savage's bow, and with it went more of the faithful silken cord and lower bent the tip of the rod, now transferred to the left hand, the right free to give or retrieve the line. Then a sudden slacking of pace, and next what seemed a shining silver crescent in air; but somehow the leader did not entirely lift with it from the surface and there was the same strain as before upon the tip. Then with the river's current went the

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frightened, now desperate prisoner, like the lightning's flash, out into the deeper water. Less line then, and more resilient force from the rod, a firmer suggestion of limitation from the reel, and a stronger insistence upon more perfect subjection.

"Steady, boy," spoke the General, as his beaming glance rested upon the swaying rod and his ears caught the music of the swishing silk as it sliced the water right and left. "Steady; he's well hooked; look to it that he does not smash your tackle or steal your slack. Steady! This is worth tramping for all the way from the Divide and back. Look out!"

"I'd resign my internal-revenue collectorship for one minute at the big end of that pole," broke in the General; "but for the Lord's sake don't let that fish get away! If you do, and old Ouray hears of it, over the range yonder, this commission's jig is up. Swing it around here and I'll yank it in for you."

"Friend, doesn't thee think thee had better reel in a little more line, and hadn't thee better set the butt a little more firmly 'gainst thy forearm? There! And now he might break thy line with his devious devices and sinewy tail. That was beautiful!"

As the earnest, now enthusiastic Quaker spoke the words there was another scintillation and prismatic panorama, another futile effort to escape. Next came a struggle, right, left, left, right, then sounding the depths, the click reel holding its advantage, now yielding inch by inch to the stubborn tugging of the fish. What furious, forceful rushes, yet how strong the hold upon the watery giant of that fragile, pliant tool! What curves it took, and yet how resolutely, how unfailing it asserted its integrity.

But what was that? A swifter sweep of the fish, a louder swish of the loyal silken tether, a momentary relaxation of the telling strain, and *two* great shapes vaulted into air, circled like dolphins at play, and clove the troubled, foam-flecked pool.

"A double, by all that's good!" yelled the Governor.

"Two of 'em, by all that's wonderful!" shouted the General, jumping down the embankment and landing in two feet of water.

"Thee has twain, but pray keep thy hand true and thy good pole firm!" came the warning from Maine.

"A fine pair to draw to," broke in the Lieutenant, "and they're aces at that!"

Indeed there was a pair of as fine trout as the eye of angler ever rested upon, tugging, straining, using every artifice known to trout to gain their freedom.

"One of 'em's a yard long," said the General, as the water squirted out of his shoes.

"They'll weigh thirty pounds, if an ounce," suggested the Lieutenant.

"Friend, thee'd better let them have a little more of the butt," significantly remarked the Quaker; "it would, indeed, be a pity to lose such excellent fish."

It was the work of a good half-hour to bring the pair under moderate control. The current, the danger of doubling a log that lay not far down the stream, the anxiety of the situation, the desire to save both, the fear of flaw in tackle—all these gave zest to the occasion. But when at last the muscular tails had weakened through brave efforts to escape, and the belly of each turned toward the sky, it was found that the landing net was not at hand, and there was no gaff. What was to be done? A private solved the problem by jumping forward with a tent-fly, which he and two others unrolled, and as the fish were slowly, surely drawn out of the current into the quieter water within a dozen feet of shore, the soldiers deftly jumped outside, slipped the canvas behind the captives, and the next moment lifted them on to the bank.

As they lay gasping on the shingly shore we gathered round the pair of mountain trout, whose dark spots and chromatic sides made them most beautiful to behold. The trusty steelyards of the soldier cook gave the gratifying assurance of five and a half pounds for one and three pounds four and a half ounces for its mate.

"I'll not cast a fly there to-night," said the Governor, with dignified courtesy. "Such record is good enough for an entire journey of the continent. We'll let it stand as it is, and not be so particular about flies when we reach the Saguache to-morrow."

And he wasn't.

This was my first and only cast in the Rio Grande. The sun had not lifted itself above Sierra Blanca, next morning, when we were on the march.

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BY CANOE FROM LAKE GEORGE TO THE ATLANTIC.

BY WILLIAM JOHN WARBURTON.

ON the eighth of September, a certain humble canoeist turned his back regretfully upon the well-known points and islands about Hulett's Landing, Lake George, intent on a two hundred and fifty mile voyage to New York. His tiny craft found ample acommodation under its after-hatch for the waterproof dunnage-bag, while a rolled blanket and two or three cushions stuffed with corkdust offered an inviting seat in the cockpit. Under the deck, forward of the foot steering-gear, was a genuine *multum in parvo*, for there reposed the necessary assortment of cooking utensils, with store of coffee, bacon, and canned meats, leaving room for such additional edibles as the cast-iron laws of trampdom might permit. For the cruiser had determined to rough it in the most approved "tramp" style—to abjure boiled shirts and feather beds and dainty food, and even good grammar, until such time as the wheel of Fortune might perambulate him into the metropolis. And the cruise would lead for a score of miles through lovely Lake George waters, then between the green banks of the Northern Canal, and so to the seaward-rolling Hudson. Such would be the fitting end to a month of delightful camp-life—to journey homeward, not by train or steamer or any such modern improvement, but by the most primitive method of travel, a frail canoe, propelled only by the paddle-wielding arms of its lone occupant.

It was about an hour before sundown, though Old Sol was creeping to his rest, unobserved, behind ominous clouds. The fresh autumn breeze blew steadily toward the north, soon to return bearing winter on its pinions. Far up on the hillsides the bright yellow and scarlet of the maples, distinct against a dark pine forest, repeated the tale that deserted hotels had already told, of a departure too long delayed and of the gloomy days that were to come. So the lone voyager headed southward for a ten-mile race with fast approaching darkness. Who that has known Lake George in all its changing moods, cannot remember when the darkened waters, tumbling and white-crested, have lost their wondrous iridescent blue; when the pine boughs bend and sough in the breeze, and the shadows lie deep between the rugged shore and the islands with their bare rocks and scraggy bushes? And then the night comes down intense and heavy, so that beneath its weight the wind is crushed into stillness. Across the unruffled waters comes the chorus of forest sounds, and sometimes a glint from a distant light on the shore, the cheering tones of the human voice, or the bark of a watchful dog. And in unison sounds the steady dip, dip of the double-bladed paddle, with its tireless sweep, till Bolton lights shine out in glad welcome through the darkness. To moor beneath the tempting gleam of those cheerful lamps and seek the hospitality of some hotel, would be to violate the canoeist's principles at the very beginning; so the Tramp peered again into the night, to find an inviting retreat in a waterside summerhouse. And then the rains descended and the floods came and beat upon his bed of blankets, but the weary sailorman, retreating, head and all, into his nest, fell into deep slumber.

"Wall, it hain't got no call to rain for three weeks yit, but there's no tellin'," reckoned the weather-wise villager next morning, and with this uncertain information the canoe was launched, and then away, breakfastless, for Caldwell. Not that there was any approaching darkness to race with this time, but the morning steamer would soon be treading on one's heels, and with its arrival at the head of the lake the train would take departure, passing through Fort Edward, the nearest accessible point on the canal. It may be valuable experience, but it is very poor fun, this long, hungry paddle through a permeating drizzle, with the vast lungs of one's steam-propelled rival puffing away close in the wake. But the train was in no particular hurry that morning, and delayed until the *Jay-Jay* and its crew

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were safe on board. Then a silent farewell to Lake George and to all the jollities of a summer vacation, and away through the few miles of uninteresting scenery that must intervene before a second launching of the ship. According to the lord-high-something of the D. & H. road at Albany, canoes are carried as the baggage of their accompanying owners. But according to the presiding genius of that particular train, that particular canoe should not go as baggage unless his private greed was satisfied. Of course, a sop of coins was thrown to Cerberus, but these petty extortions leave a bad taste in one's mouth.

Afloat at last in the canal, paddling in and out among the huge boats that lie moored by the town, with the high towpath bounding the horizon on one side and the rank eel-grass on the other, and the rain as enthusiastic as ever! A vivid recollection remains that when the canal began externally, the "blues" began internally; and as cheerfulness is essential on a cruise, the Tramp proceeded to indulge in an analysis of his emotions, while the canoe never paused in its onward gliding. He could look back to an exceptionally bright past, the future promised fair, and the intervening present, *i.e.*, the cruise, was the result of a longing for hermetic pleasure, muscle, and—yes, the gratification of obstinacy. The pleasure would come when the rain ceased, the muscle would come rain or shine, and as for the obstinacy—stay, fair voyager, 'tis high afternoon, and appetite should call a halt. But no, the wind on the canal's bank would not suffer an alcohol flame to heat the coffee, so a scant crust of bread and again *en voyage*.

As the rain cleared away before evening, the canal scenery proved not uninteresting. There were grassy slopes and harvested fields, many a group of solemn-faced cows, and many a red barn, as red as the traditional red barn of every rural sketch. Occasionally one can catch a glimpse, over the bank, of the river below, the shallow picturesque stream of the upper Hudson. Beyond are low hills, densely wooded, and further westward fields and pastures to the horizon. Here is the first lock, and the "captain"—every man on the canal has attained to that commanding rank—proceeds with alacrity and good will to open his sluices and lower us to the interior level. He doesn't often handle such small canal-boats, he admits, and he peers curiously over the edge as we sink slowly down, down, with the bubbling water. It is an odd sensation one experiences sitting there in so tiny a craft, while the great wet walls seem to rise up above like growing things, and little streams spout out from their crevices. Only in such a way can one appreciate the awful death of Rogue Riderhood and the desperate schoolmaster, as they fell struggling into the smooth pit, where no answer would come to a despairing cry. The lower gates open slowly, and the green canal banks appear beyond, and then for a steady paddle over the next level until another lock is reached, with four or five more at irregular distances beyond. Again night closes down black and threatening, but the Schuylersville lights are already shining cheerily across the dark still water.

Throughout the experience of this and of other trips, the "canalers" were found to be a good-natured and kind-hearted set of men. Every captain had spoken a pleasant word, and every lock-keeper had wished good luck as the craft went out through the gates with the seething water. But when our canoeist paused in the darkness by the towing-line barn at Schuylersville, and the agent himself came out and helped to carry the canoe within doors, and built a big fire in his stove and drove nails in the wall to hang up the Tramp's wet clothes and bade him welcome to the office, that dripping worthy concluded that canal-life turns out some of the best of good fellows. Only clothe yourself in the garment of democracy, and you may find a sure approach to their hearts. So a pie from the baker's made a good supper, and well-warmed blankets made a good bed on the floor, and then came old Joe, the wooden-legged driver, who had been out after Custer, and lulled to slumber with his weird tales of war.

Dawn came, gray and cheerless, with never-ceasing rain, but the glowing stove and well-filled coffee-pot and frying-pan made life worth living, nevertheless. The agent, after his all-night vigil, was relieved and departed, but his successor was also a good fellow, who kept the welcome warm, and discussed

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breakfast and points of English history with equal apparent interest. Occasionally a driver would come in from the outer barn and obtain from the agent a pair of boots, an oil-skin suit, a paper of tobacco, or some such requisite, for all of which the company, or rather its canal superintendent, charges the most extravagant prices, often more than double the value. But there is no help for the penniless drivers, for this is their only means of obtaining credit. The sum of these items is subtracted from their wages, which are paid in a "lump" at the end of the towing season. At each meal time, eating-tickets were doled out to all hands in the stable, and the men wended their way to a neighboring boarding-house. These drivers are a most peculiar set of men. Rough, frightfully profane, and intoxicated at every opportunity, they are yet light-hearted and good-natured, and in many cases possessed of an unfailing fund of humor. They have actually graduated from the whiskey stage of drunkenness, and now prefer alcohol diluted with water, a fiery compound, the effectiveness of which can be imagined. It is very amusing to hear the men addressing their mules, as they move from stall to stall, now commanding, now remonstrating, now pleading, more often overwhelming with invectives. Their remarkable skill in the use of expletives is probably due to the peculiar nature of this treacherous beast—their most frequent companion. Indeed, it is a hard life these drivers lead, walking with their animals for five or six hours at a stretch, alike night or day, rain or shine. But there is a reward for temperance, perseverance and efficiency, for the driver possessed of these traits may find himself presently in the comfortable position of a station agent, perhaps to rise yet higher in the service. Indeed, the most important officers of the company are men who have served their time behind the mules. There are cripples of all kinds on the tow-path, but among them one-legged men form the great majority. Actually, at one time there were five wooden legs gathered in an amicable group by the office door. It may be said that a wooden leg is of advantage to its possessor, for when some unruly mule delivers a sudden kick, the fortunate driver, using his artificial member as a pivot, can swing himself into safety. Old Joe will show you a deep indentation in his "off" leg, recently made when his long-eared pet was mistaken in its aim.

Amused by the queer sayings of these singular men, and by their oddly-told tales of canal life, the Tramp heeded not the passing hours, until, late in the afternoon, the pertinacity of that rain exhausted his patience, and the *Jay-Jay* was launched in the midst of a very hard downpour. Two hours before, a "liner" had passed southward, a boat towed by the company's mule-relays, and traveling day and night. Once having overtaken the boat the voyager would be sure of a comfortable bunk, but meanwhile there was a wet bit of paddling to be performed. There were still similar green slopes and harvested fields, red barns, and solemn bovines, but through a veil of raindrops the landscape was very cheerless. At the end of a five-mile chase the slow-moving canal boat was overtaken, and two miles further on was another barn, where the boat would pause for fresh mules. Naturally enough the canoe got there first, and its crew was warming his chilled body by the fire when the yellow oilskins of that precocious young driver, "the Jersey Lily," loomed up through the darkness, and the boat's lights appeared not far behind. It was but the work of a moment to drag the canoe upon the path and raise it thence to the *Crippen's* deck, where the captain stood, with a hearty word of welcome on his lips. The cabin was well-filled with his numerous family, but a smoky glow shone from the tiny hatchway forward, and easy was the descent to that Avernus. The fo'castle was certainly rather small, not quite five feet high, and there was just room for the stove, the deck-hand and the Tramp, if the two latter were content not to move about much. So coffee was made and clothes were dried, and thanks were returned that one could proceed on his way without regard to the detestable weather. Captain H., it appeared from conversation, was "own cousin" to another canal man of the passenger's acquaintance, on whose boat he had received hospitality during a northward cruise in early August. Oh, the memory of those balmy starlit nights, when "Brutus" and "Cassius" might lie upon the deck in jolly fellowship, smoking

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the pipe of peace or indulging in some wonderful duets. But old Pluvius wouldn't permit such familiarities a second time, and these equinoctial rains made firelight a welcome substitute for starlight. Emile, the deckhand, was a native of lower Canada; so the fo'castle contingent learnedly compared *patois* and "France French" until bedtime, and after a long slumber awoke to find the bright sun stealing through chinks in the hatch. A glorious morning, indeed, and our energetic captain had passed the canal and was locking down into the river at Troy. Incidentally, we find that a canal captain displays much more celerity when paid by the trip than when drawing a regular stipend per diem. By noon, with a clear sky and a fast steam tug, the *Crippen* made Albany, and some letters at the post-office came like a whiff of metropolitan civilization. After rain and roughing-it, culinary operations and queer sleeping places, the wanderer's clothes did not warrant a hotel dinner. He was invited, however, into a small waterside hostelry, and seated at a long table among a party of horny-handed sons of toil. So good digestion waited on appetite, and a stout lady of great antiquity waited on table, dispensing nutritive dishes.

When the big tow to which our hospitable barge was attached left Albany at seven o'clock, the water-works were again in full play, and the Tramp looked gloomily forward to the prospect of a wet paddle ashore at Catskill. For there the little *Jay-Jay* was to await an expected addition to its crew. After a frugal meal in the cabin and an interesting conversation on the dangers of canaling, the captain set his alarm clock for his guest's benefit, and sought the arms of Morpheus, while the Tramp followed suit on a bench in the fo'castle. About half-past two a resounding summons down the hatchway brought the *Jay-Jay's* sleepy crew on deck. The tow was then, our captain judged, eyeing certain eastward lights through the incessant drizzle, about opposite Hudson and, therefore, Catskill could not be far distant. So the canoe was carried across an intervening lumber-boat, and shot off into the foaming water. The crew descended with some difficulty, the painter was cast off, and the tow rapidly disappeared in the night.

Out on the great dark river, with shore lights but dimly visible through the rain, one could imagine himself a veritable Ancient Mariner, "alone on a wide, wide sea." So a long pull and a strong pull, cleaving the darkness and the dampness, while the western lights twinkled cheerily nearer and nearer. As good luck would have it, there was a little boat house on the shore, half hidden in the shadow of a huge ice-house. The dim lamp in the living room discovered a tumbled bed, but no occupant, and all was as still as still could be. Is there not an Eastern tale that tells of some wandering prince dropped at night into an unknown city? Well, this modern adventurer, equally ignorant of the local geography, tramped the wet streets in vain, meeting no belated citizen to enlighten him as to his whereabouts. But the boatman, who had regained his shanty when the fruitless search was ended, ventured the information that this town was Athens, and offered the floor to me for a resting-place.

Up with the misty dawn and five miles run down to Catskill as an appetizer. The lighthouse lamps flickered with sickly yellow against a gray morning, and the huge ice-houses, familiar to every traveler on the Hudson, loomed up darkly, like deserted castles. A chilly wind was moaning through the sedges along Catskill creek, and the clouds, awakening to a sense of duty delayed, began again their tireless labor. Catskill will be memorable for a disappointing telegram from the expected recruit, and for a long day of rain, wearily witnessed by the little group in the boat-house.

When night had drawn down, and culinary labors and pleasures were over, the lamplight peered out at the white mist on the creek, and discovered blue pipe-smoke curling lazily upward from the doorway and losing itself in the darkness. Now comes a belated duck hunter, weary and disgusted with abundance of wetting and scarcity of shooting. The shoreward doors of the boat-house are locked, so, unable to pass through, he paddles his skiff to land; but wishing something from the house, endeavors to swing over to the float on the Tramp's outstretched hand. Alas for human miscalculations! As he careened wildly backward, fortune placed in his way a duck-boat about half-filled

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with rain water, and in it he lay down incontinently. The Tramp, following somewhat precipitately, by a desperate leap spread himself over the prostrate huntsman. Little is required to amuse a solitary, only wishing for something to support his spirits, and the old boat-house rang with laughter.

On Saturday morning old Sol had his watch on deck, and a stiff southerly wind was rolling the clouds over and over each other in precipitate flight. Then away with a steady swing down the river, past low-lying islands with their crop of rank grass, past ice-houses and yet other ice-houses, past hovels on the waterside and mansions on the hill-tops, yet always accompanied by that interminable line of black railway. What though the day proved faithless to its bright promises, and sent down shower after shower, with brief spaces of burning sunshine between? What though the strong head-wind grew stronger and stronger as the day advanced, and its big white-caps broke remorselessly against the bow? On and on, against wind or tide, rain or sun, for we have delayed too long already. On and on, for eleven consecutive hours of steady paddling, lying low in the canoe to escape the force of the head-wind. Sweeping around a beautiful bend in the river, with one backward glance, we find the northerly passage hid in gloomy gray. Nearer at hand the great columns of rain are drawing rapidly across the river, bending and swaying like sand pillars in a Sahara simoon. The sun sinks westward in a glory of crimson and purple, but night spreads a pall of intense black over the waters. A single star peers anxiously out between the sweeping clouds that threaten to quench its light. But cold comfort is that gleam, and the shore lights ahead, though they seem equally distant, offer more incentive to a toil that must not be relaxed, for the wind has freshened to a gale. Occasionally a flash of lightning breaks from the clouds and reveals the dark, heaving waters, and we see a great wave, huge it seems in the momentary light, rolling forward with foamy crest. So on and on through the darkness until Rhinecliff is reached, and kind-hearted ferrymen pull the voyager and his craft ashore.

Next morning, with a gale lashing the river into foam, a gloomy, threatening sky, and a badly strained muscle to back these substantial arguments, the Tramp concluded that discretion was the better part of valor, and headed across the river. A dull morning aboard the brick barges off Kingston Point made it painfully apparent that the big Albany tows had already passed, so there was nothing for it but to bid farewell to beloved trampdom, and conclude the voyage on that evening's steamer. Rondout, with its deserted streets and piers, does not present an enlivening scene on the first day of the week, though the rickety little tub of a ferryboat, drawn by cable across the creek, might amuse a humorously-inclined visitor for hours. The pretty but seldom-used house of the Rondout Canoe Club was opened for inspection by its aged janitor, who bewailed the bygone days of cruises and regattas.

Down the night-shrouded river steamed the ex-Tramp, gradually habituating himself to the usages of civilized society. And so under the long Poughkeepsie bridge, and past the occasional shore lights, and past bed-time; and then, nestling in the unwonted comfort of a mattress, through the highways and byways of dreamland, until gray dawn made the world conscious of more mist and rain—nothing but mist and rain in every direction from that downtown pier. But we must hasten to catch the last hour of flood-tide, so the paddle swings boldly out into the fog. The ferry-boats and tugs are whistling their notes of warning in all the gamut of hoarse sounds, and churning into foam those never quiet waters. Then on past the long, black docks, not yet roused to the day's activity, and we count the streets as they number higher and higher. There are the great anchored men of war, looming up like gray ghosts through the fog, while their bells toll mournfully over the waters, as it were a knell for the dead. To the west there is nothing but the gray veil; but to the east, docks, and docks, and docks, until we hail with delight the hospitable Columbia Yacht Club, from whose float a well-remembered northward cruise had taken its beginning seven weeks before. A backward glance at the gray Hudson and the pleasures of the past, and the tramp cruise was over; but the rain—ah, the rain!

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A WOLF-HUNT.

BY PATTY M. F. SELMES.

"BEHIND my saddle I carried a blanket for bedding and an oil-skin coat to ward off the wet; a large metal cup with the handle riveted, not soldered on, so that water could be boiled in it; a little tea and salt and some biscuits, and a small water-proof bag containing my half-dozen personal necessaries, not forgetting a book." Slowly, and as if she knew and loved them all, the name of each article fell from Mrs. T.'s lips.

She closed her book and looked at the men who sat near her, one reading, one recapping brass shells and the third playing with the dogs. "Well, what would you know?" said the reader as he closed his book.

"Why any of you are here? That is what I would like to know. You don't appreciate what it is to be a man and able to start off like that. Think of being able not only to enjoy solitude, but that added delight of far-offness from places and people. You don't appreciate it as I would, who never can enjoy it, because, in addition to the cup with the riveted handle, the tea, salt and book, I should have to take along a man of some kind; and though I prefer, as a general thing, having a charming companion, to whom I can say 'How lovely is solitude!' there are times when I long for the real thing —the feeling which comes not alone from absence of men and women, but of everything belonging to them— houses, chairs, forks and soap."

"We would offer to take ourselves off, oh lover of solitude! but with the house and furniture remaining, and probably the dogs, your relief would only be partial; so we might as well continue to enjoy what makes us happy," and the speaker proceeded to recap more shells.

"I said nothing about *dogs;* for even solitude has little niches into which they fit, hasn't it, Spy?"

Mrs. T. took the hound's head between her hands and looked into the large, tender, brown eyes, which seemed to ask: "Could there be a time when you would not want me?" Reassured, the delicate, chiseled nose was laid gently on his mistress' knee, with a long, soft sigh of pleasure.

The sigh was hardly ended, when a shadow which passed across the window, and the noise of hoofs on the sun-baked ground, transformed Spy, as if by electricity, from sighing happiness to quivering alertness. The small, fine ears said, "Listen!" and the beautiful eyes, "See!" while his weight seemed nothing, so easily did the delicate, visible muscles shift it from one slender foreleg to the other with a little impatient, restrained prance. A step, a jingle, a knock—the last being an unusual sound in the shack—every one shouted, "Come in!" and the dogs made a rush.

The opening of the door made a picture, the figure, background and frame of which were in perfect keeping.

A strong-looking, brown young man, wearing a broad-brimmed, gray felt hat, blue shirt, brown leather "chaps," fringed up the sides, rather high-heeled boots, big spurs and a bright-red handkerchief about his neck. Behind him the soft lines and colors of a Dakota River valley, around him the rough frame of a shack-door. The picture was spoiled, however, by the young man rushing forward with a "Well, by Jove! this is great!"

The hands of all the family had been shaken and the heads of all the dogs patted when T. said, "Well, Morris, I'm glad to see you, but had no idea you were nearer than the Bad Lands."

"I wasn't till yesterday, but I'm subpœnaed in this murder trial; it's a nuisance, too, because I can't spare the time. We are putting up hay, rushing everything, and I know the case won't be called before Wednesday. I wanted to see you all and I couldn't stand B——, so I hired a buzzard-head and came down flying light. Excuse my slang, Mrs. T. I've been out here so long that I've got in the way of it."

T. rolled a cigarette and handed the round, red tobacco can to his friend.

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"They'll get that chap off, won't they, Morris?"

"Oh, yes! certainly; and it won't be as expensive as it would have been two years ago. Everything has come down—judges and jurors—with real estate and cattle. Dakota courts are pretty cheap now. If you have any killing to do now is your time."

"Excuse me for not thinking before, Mr. Morris; you must be very hungry after your ride?"

"How can you think so, my dear lady, when you know I have come from the Sherman House? Yes; I am very hungry."

"Please tell them to let us have lunch earlier." And Mrs. T. turned from her husband to the newcomer with a smile which ran from her eyes down into the corners of her mouth, as she said:

"I have stopped at the celebrated inn, and I once asked a friend of mine the question I just asked you. She replied: 'Yes, I am starving; I spent the night at the Sherman Hotel,and those haughty ladies in stiff pink gowns would give me nothing.' We always call them haughty ladies now.'"

"'Haughty ladies' is good. I wish I had had these dogs about half a mile back from the head of this big coulèe. I met a fine coyote. I plugged away at him with my six-shooter, but didn't hit him. By Jove! what a chase we could have had!"

The madam stood up. "Here, Mud; here, Spy—come here, pretty men; would you like to catch a wolf; would you fight him and kill him? Down! down!" as a big paw touched her cheek.

When T. returned he was told of the coyote, and they fell to discussing what they would ride.

Morris said his buzzard-head was a bird, a retired O. K. brand cow-pony and good for a week. T. decided to ride Peggy and suggested Chaska-de-Pop for his wife.

"What a great name — Chaska-de-Pop! What does it mean?"

The madam looked wise and thoughtful. "Let me see. 'Chaska' means 'eldest son' in Sioux, and 'de-Pop' is French and slang for 'of his father'—'eldest son of his father'—at least that is the translation the half-breed who raised the pony gave us."

They were all sitting in the hall, which went through the shack from front to back around the red brick fireplace, where there had been a fire.

A great buffalo-head hung on the chimney above them. It seemed to look out from the past, and always said with resignation and pity to the madam, as she sat in the twilight, "Enjoy yourselves in my country; you can never have it at its best, because it was best without you. You have driven me across to the country which you will one day settle up, whether you wish to or not. Your claims have been staked out since the beginning, and your ranges are fast being stocked with the cattle you put in my place." It made her sad.

From around the walls gentle, startled-looking white and black-tailed bucks looked down. A great blue heron, a curlew and some chickens hung by their legs in life-like dead attitudes against the wall, and a dining-table stood near the door.

This door opened now, and the honest-looking, black right-hand of the ranch came in to set the table for luncheon.

The shell-capper rose, gathered up his machine, and walked over to the gun-rack.

Mrs. T. went to her room to put on her riding clothes, and the rest of the party, at T.'s suggestion, stood near a shelf, upon which was a decanter and glasses, while they took a drink of whiskey.

Whiskey, the *eau de vie et mort* of Dakota! It makes drinkable the alkaline water; keeps men warm in its blizzards and cool in its Chinooks; cures and creates most of its illnesses; makes the poor rich and the rich happy (for the time); sends bullets through heads and knives into hearts; renders the deadly rattlesnake, with most of the inhabitants, as harmless as a dove, and has many other murderous and life-giving qualities when one stops to think of them.

"I tell you that cinch is too far back; Chaska will kick, and I will not get on until it is changed."

Luncheon was over, and they were all in front of the shack, with the dogs and horses, ready to start after the wolf. Mrs. T. insisted, as usual, that her saddle was not put on properly, and her husband that it was. After much cinching and uncinching, folding of blankets, etc., they were up.

The dogs knew everything. Mud, the

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shaggy deerhound, made little jumps of delight at the horses' heads, and, in short, sharp barks told them what he was going to do.

Black Jack, little Dan's pride, "part shepherd and the rest just dog," was taken because he was slow, easy to see, and could smell enough to follow the fast dogs' trail.

Gentleman Spy arched his neck, his back and his ears; the sun shone on his brown tiger stripes, and his fine, strong feet touched the ground with a just-as-little-as-possible motion.

Mrs. T.'s eyes moved over him with admiring affection as she rode between T. and Morris up the long coulèe.

"I wish my mind moved like that. I never saw ease, grace and strength so combined as in that dog. Can you believe, Mr. Morris, that there lives a man, even a cowboy, so unappreciative as to speak to me of Spy as 'That there brindle perp er yourn?'"

"I don't think it a lack of appreciation—only their way of putting things. For instance, they speak of you as 'T.'s woman,' and I am sure they have the highest appreciation of you."

"They are good-hearted fellows, these rough men out here, and particularly kind and thoughtful of a lady. They are great friends of mine." The madam let her stirrup out a hole, and stood in it to bring it down.

"That makes me think of something I always intended to tell you. The last time Steve was in town he got very happy, and in his enthusiasm offered to bet everything he had, and his shirt, that you could jump your Kentucky mare, Miss May, 'further and higher than anything in the Territory of Dakoty, 'en he couldn't do more if he weighed three hundred.'"

"Yes; Steve has a great idea of my ability and Miss May's as jumpers. Once we were looking for a place to put the lower shack. We had the dogs, and some antelopes got up in front of us. I was a tenderfoot then, and didn't know what to expect from the lay of the land. The antelopes ran off, and so did May. As we went down the butte, I heard Steve yelling and swearing, but I didn't know what he meant until I saw a long alkaline hole full of black, wicked-looking water. I couldn't stop May; so over we went, and she skimmed it like a swallow. The funny part was to see Steve on old Joe; he went over, but seemed to be about twenty feet up in the air. When I saw him I was hardly well over myself, but I thought of Baron Munchausen lifting himself up by his pigtail." Mrs. T. laughed.

"That was very funny, Morris, but there is a funnier part still: after all this mad riding and jumping, when the dogs caught the antelope Mrs. T. shrieked to me to pull them off, and sat on her horse and ——"

"I did *not* cry, but, Mr. Morris, when that poor thing began to baa, it wasn't a wild beast to hunt any longer, but a poor, pitiful, caught sheep. Every baa that came out of its throat stuck in mine—you understand what I mean ——"

The madam looked ahead, and then said slowly: "The fun of things is the running and jumping, any way; we generally think the antelope we have been chasing a sheep, and cry when we get it."

"Those are happy reflections as a starter for a hunt."

Morris raised himself in his big stirrups and leaned over the pommel. "I'll bet our wolves don't turn to grandmothers, any way; but it was the other way, wasn't it? He ate up Little Red Riding Hood, though, and we'll make him pay for it, won't we, Spy, old man?"

They had reached the top of the long coulèe, and the sight to be seen made Morris stand in his stirrups again.

"Isn't it fine? Mrs. T., you are in luck to have such a view."

"If the curve is the line of beauty, this land deserves to be called beautiful, indeed. Just look over there; did you ever see anything like the way those brown curves meet and melt into each other until they seem one sea of great land-waves, and distance turns them blue? I like to live out here, with distance and space everywhere; on a good horse I feel a part of them, and everything disagreeable in life seems under our hoofs."

"Here, Morris! come this way," and T. pointed toward a line of buttes battlemented on top with rough brown stone.

"The coyotes live in these. Get back, Spy! Get back, Mud! I lost a fine one once because the dogs were too far ahead, and when I yelled they went in the wrong direction."

Morris took a long, keen look all

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around. "Keep your eyes skinned. We ought to have a looking-glass to pipe off the country with. Mine is on my saddle, so I never have it away from home."

Sustained by the ever-present hope of what might be on the other side and talking as they went, they rode over the long line of buttes, made the turn, and were headed toward home, when Morris' keen, long-trained blue eyes saw a difference in what, until that moment, had seemed a lot of gray boulders.

It was not a movement, but that indescribable difference to a hunter between anything else and game.

The riders stopped short, the dogs were close behind, the boulder moved! it ran!

"By Jove, it's one!" And with a yell, which affected the dogs much as powder does a bullet, Morris dug the spurs into his buzzard-head. At the start they were a hundred yards from the wolf, with a deep, alkaline draw to cross about half-way.

Morris led at the start, with Mrs. T. a length behind and T. a gaining third.

The coyote's first effort was a maddening little canter, which, by the way it covered the ground, made them think of a jack-rabbit, and told a tale of what he could do when pushed.

Spy seemed a brown streak hardly distinguishable from the grass, and with no motion except that of a railroad train at full speed—straight ahead. Mud gave evidence of legs and was fifty feet behind. Black Jack brought up the rear.

They rode hard; the dogs are in the draw; the dogs are out; down they go; the horses hate to cross what looks like light, weird snow with sickly grass growing through it. They know it well—slip, cloughp, cloughp. They are over; T.'s horse stumbles. "I've lost my revolver." "Let it go. Yough! yough!" yelled Morris as they reached the level. The coyote is working, the dogs gaining fast, the horses *ventre a terre*.

The madam, like the others, sits a trifle forward, elbows keeping time to the stride, muscles loose—true cowboy style. There goes her hat. Where has Spy concealed his wings all this time? "Yough! yough!" what a throat that man has! Spy is gaining. What an open stretch for a run. Not a moment of the fun lost! Spy has him! only a nip; Spy has him again! now he has thrown him! They are rolling together; ride harder, harder! What a fight! Mud has him by the throat. Spy holds to the hindleg; he is stretched. Morris is up and off; T. is off; the madam arrives.

"Oh, Mr. Morris, shoot him; the dogs are so tired, and he has bitten a hole in Spy's head—look! in his leg, too—please shoot him!"

The sight of blood on her beloved dog and the rate at which her own was running made the lady's voice tremble, and T. asked anxiously, "Are you sick? Don't look at them if you feel so—remember the deer."

"Not a bit; it doesn't baa, and its eyelashes are not long enough; but I don't want the dogs torn to pieces."

"They had better finish it up." Morris stood looking on, his thumbs in his belt. "It will give them confidence; teach them to take hold." The wolf tried to turn inside of its skin and bite Mud, who still held its throat, but it was a weak attempt and the fight nearly over.

"I think I had better stick him now; the dogs are used up." Morris took his knife from its sheath, and with a quick motion, which Mrs. T. did not care to see, ended the coyote.

The dogs stretched themselves, panting, on the ground, but they kept a watchful eye on their prize, and when T. held it up they were on him in a moment.

"Hold it up again," laughed the madam. "With the dogs there you look like the gentleman with the fox on the blue anchovy-sauce jars."

"I'll put him down then. Morris, you had better tie him behind you; your strings are longer than mine, and I don't think Peggy will pack meat. I'll go back for the hat and my revolver."

"Up he goes! That is what I call sport. I'd give five horses for those dogs." Morris looked admiringly at them as he tied on the wolf.

"Would you, indeed?" Mrs. T. did not repress her scorn. "A *gros-ventre* buck offered me five for Spy once."

"He probably stole his, and could afford to pay a high price."

T. rode up, the madam put on her hat, and looked toward the sun.

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"We shall be late for dinner, and when Jane saw you, Mr. Morris, she announced her intention of putting 'de big pot in de little one—dish-rag and all," which means great things."

They struck the trail leading from town, and had reached a round, marshy spot, bright green, and called in these parts the lake-bed. In spring it was full of water, and made a wayside inn for traveling ducks.

They were jogging along, discussing the chase with the minute-loving interest of chasers, when Mrs. T. said in a suppressed, intense voice:

"It's another—look! Across the lake! Oh! we must have it!"

She leaned forward, yelled to the dogs and was gone.

This wolf had a long start, as they had to go around the low ground, and the dogs, horses and riders thought they were tired before the game got up; perhaps the horses thought so still.

They were near the breaks of the Heart River; the wolf knew it and made straight for them across the open. How they all worked! The coyote reached the broken, rough ravines, and was out of sight; Spy disappeared, and Mud. T. went flying past, yelling:

"Follow the black dog!"

They were gone. What going! over boulders, down steep ravines, through brush, across, up the other side.

For a moment, on the rise, Mrs. T. saw the wolf hard pressed by the dogs. He disappeared; he must have doubled to be so near her. Surely the dogs would have him in the next ravine! and she would be the first in.

This thought entered the lady's heel and whip-hand at the same moment as her brain, and down she went, all sail set for the jump across the stony water-course at the bottom.

She had had no occasion to jump Chaska-de-Pop before, and when this occasion, or washout, was reached, there came to her one of those curious, momentary insights into character which are the lightning flashes of human and animal intercourse.

Going at full speed, on the very brink, the lady realized that it was her horse's nature to look before he leaped—realized it from a height of about two feet above the saddle, realized it still more fully as she came down, on top of, and a little in advance of the pommels. She balanced, wavered, clung to the mane, neck, saddle—everything—and finally got back where she was started from.

"Oh, you brute!"

Was there ever anything so maddening as caution, and at such a time?

Little Chaska took the jump well when he had looked it all over, and well did he scramble up the other side among the gnarled scrub-oaks and boulders, which looked like great brown, sunburnt knees worn through the poor clothing of the scanty grass. Mrs. T. was right. She found the dogs and their relative (not their favorite relative, however) in the next ravine, in a dry water-course. Backed against and under a ledge of brown stone, which in the spring made a little fall of the snow water on its way to the river, stood "ole Brer Wolf;" before him, forefeet apart, and heads down, their long red dripping tongues almost touching the ground, stood the two dogs.

Their sides seemed to come together and rebound with the violence of their panting, but not the slightest movement of the wolf escaped their blood-shot eyes. If he swerved to the right, so did they; if he showed a fine set of sharp, white teeth under his curling, snarling lips, they tried to do the same, but only succeeded in gulping in their tongues for an instant.

"If I only had a gun," thought the madam, as she sat watching this hopeless fencing without foils and without strength; and as she thought, a throat-splitting yell from Morris made her look up. He had arrived at the top of the coulèe, taken in the situation, abandoned the buzzard-head, and was coming down as fast as boulders, "chaps," spurs and distance would allow, taking his revolver out as he came. Bang! One would have thought the bullet had gone through wolf and dogs at the same instant — the three sank to the ground simultaneously, the wolf in death, and the dogs in utter exhaustion.

T. arrived, and a little later Black Jack rushed in and cast himself down between Mud and Spy, panting louder than either, with that abandon of fatigue common to those who have been of no use, but are just as tired as if they had, and wish the fact thoroughly understood.

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"'Ray for the wolf! 'ray for the dogs and 'ray for the lady who got in first! Give us your hand, T. Shake, madam!" and Morris went jumping and yelling about like a great boy, until even the tired dogs pricked their ears.

"Do you know, madam, this is barbarous? but who wouldn't be barbarous to have his blood jump like this, and feel as if the wind, sunshine and speed had somehow gotten into his veins and soul? My old nag blew like a blizzard that last run, and I had to work the spurs like missionaries."

"The dogs want water. Spy's head is very bad; there is a little chunk of meat entirely gone." The lady's voice came from the ground, where she sat holding her beloved's head on her knee, and gently pulling his soft ears through her fingers. "Yes, the dogs must get water; the nearest is the river, down the Sinton coulèe."

T. picked up the wolf.

"Slap him on top of the other one; I'll take him," and Morris began to untie the strings behind his saddle.

Chaska, acting upon the one idea of a pony, was eating grass, dragging the bridle carefully along without stepping on it.

His mistress caught him, threw the reins over his head, turned him around, mounted from the upper side of the hill, and in a sympathetic, coaxing voice called the tired dogs to follow as they started slowly toward the river.

When it was reached what a bath the poor creatures had!

They rushed in, poking their noses ahead in the water, and reaching the middle of this shallow Heart, sat down, with their heads up-stream, opened their hot, tired mouths, and let the water, reddened to wine by the sunset sky, flow gently in and over them.

The horses, after their drink, stood looking at the dogs.

"Chaska, would you like a bath? because if you would, don't hesitate on my account," and Mrs. T. patted the hot, black neck. "But we must go; dinner is ready and so am I."

Reluctantly, without a shake, letting the water trickle down their legs, the dogs followed.

It was pleasant—loping over the flats from ford to ford, the cool evening air in their faces, the wolves they had caught well tied on, and the sun's red danger signal, warning them not to run into the night, hung high over their heads. Morris yelled, as much to express his own feelings as to excite the dogs, who leaped up and plunged into the bullberry bushes by the river.

"T., wouldn't you like to see them tackle a timber wolf—one of those big buffalo wolves? I believe they would be a match for him. I'd bet on them. I never saw such pluck and sand in a greyhound. Bring 'em up, old man; we will give 'em a try."

Morris was growing enthusiastic.

T. rode off after the dogs.

"Isn't this grand? Just look at the bluffs. The shadows on those buttes are—." He turned and looked at the madam. "Good heavens! What's the matter?"

"Nothing—I don't know; I feel sick, and I have been smelling something very bad ever since we started."

Mrs. T. swayed a little in her saddle, gripped the pommel, and looked white through her sun-burn.

Morris jumped off his horse.

T. galloped up, calling "What's the matter?"

"Give me your flask. Mrs. T. is sick. It's my fault, too. I'm a brutal fool—it's the wolves. I let her ride on the wrong side, and the wind blew off them in her face. I'm very sorry; I didn't think."

The swallow of whiskey was taken, and the awful moment of faint, or not faint, passed, while Morris screwed on the top of the flask.

"Let me lift you off, and lie down a moment." T. held up his arms.

"No; I'm all right now. Let's go."

They rode home in silence. As Morris lifted Mrs. T. off, she said, weakly:

"They were *very* bad!"

"Yes; they don't smell like peaches." He held the door open.

The madam did not appear at dinner, but reassured those who did by saying with her usual amount of voice:

"Leave the door open, Jane, so I can hear them tell about it."

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ANITA.

BY C. S.

HE stood looking down at her in the moonlight. She was such a dainty, well-poised little girl, with such glorious coloring and eyes; just now so sad and dark with feeling. He laid one hand over hers as it rested on the piazza railing; it sent an odd thrill through his veins and made him pause a moment in his speech. She kept her gaze resolutely turned seaward, where ships were sailing directly across the broad path of silvery moonlight, and they seemed to possess a wonderful interest for her. Somehow it gave him a sorrowful sort of satisfaction that she should be so silent and distrait on this their last evening together. He had not known her so very long, but long enough for her to have colored his whole summer, and made the outside world—that world beyond this quiet watering-place that he knew apart from her—bleak and commonplace by comparison.

It was late August. To-morrow he was to depart for a few weeks' yachting cruise before he went back to college for his junior year, and after that? Well, it was not very clear to him just yet, but he knew in his heart that her image would be there for always. In the hazy future that stretched out before him, nothing was distinct except her face.

It was an exceedingly fair face; small, blond, patrician, a straight, pretty nose, and delicately marked brows over the blue eyes.

As for her, she did not tell herself that she was in love with this tall collegian. She was very young, just out of school, in fact, and had not rejoiced in any of those small romances that she had heard in endless variety from other girls. She was a little timid about rushing into love; she was not at all sure that she knew what it was. Their ways had fallen together since she had first arrived at the seashore one hot afternoon and found him lounging in tennis-flannels at the station. It had not been love at first sight; she scorned such nonsense, and Bert would have shrugged his broad shoulders and laughed heartily: that he, who hitherto had dealt only with boys at Andover and men at Harvard; whose mind had been filled solely with college events, athletics, and larks generally; that he, the idolized stroke of his crew, should be guilty of falling in love at first sight with a small girl in a tailor-made gown and a sailor hat, and a well-arched instep in her russet shoe, was an idea only worthy to be laughed at. But it had been a pleasant summer; they both admitted it, standing there by the railing in the shadows of the veranda. She would not have enjoyed her rows all over the picturesque old bay if his hand had not pulled the oar. It was he who drove her along the sands in the late afternoon in his tiny, red-wheeled trap; it was he who had always been delivered to her tender mercies on the innumerable pleasure excursions arranged by the young people at the hotel. The other girls never disputed her right, he seemed to fall to her lot quite naturally; nor did they ever question why they were always assigned to each other, or sigh for any other combination. And now he was going away. Long before her appearance in the morning he would be whirling across the country in a Pullman. There would be plenty of others to hurry forward for the honor of the vacant place, but they would not be the same; she did not believe she would care to row across the bay in the *Polly*, into the familiar old creeks and sand-bars, with any one else. No: those rows and drives were sacred to him—and now he was going away from it all.

"You won't forget me?" he said, hesitatingly, still with his eyes on her clear-cut profile. They were not original words, but he meant them and nothing else, and after all he was very boyish. "You won't forget me, Anita, because I —I shall think of you always and associate you with the happiest summer of my life. You and I are going to be very far apart after to-night. I do not know when I shall see you again—sooner, I hope, than seems probable now; but remember you have promised to come to the Junior ball. I shall expect you." They walked together to the foot of the staircase; it was growing late and the veranda was deserted. He held her hand a moment and their eyes met,

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both betraying more pain than either knew; then she trailed slowly up the long flight, and stopped just once to look back at him as she turned at the landing.

* * * The Van Doerans went abroad in October. It was quite an unexpected departure, and it changed Anita's plans considerably. For one thing she had been heralded as a *débutante* of the coming winter—whole paragraphs had been devoted to her beauty, her accomplishments, her clothes, and the wealth of her father; and then, she could not go to the Junior ball at Cambridge. She had received the invitation from him and had written a kind little note of acknowledgment expressing her regret. They did not correspond; Anita's mother was a matron of the old school and refused to countenance any such impropriety. Correspond with a man not her *fiancé*, and withal, a "summer acquaintance!" Mrs. Van Doeran had bestowed that title upon him, and Anita listened and obeyed.

They did not return to America until April. It was during the week that Harvard was amusing New York society with an operetta on an amateur stage. Society went *en masse*, and Anita accepted an invitation to a box-party and was given a corner seat, from which she viewed the performance in one of her prettiest Paris gowns and a fetching little toque on her golden hair.

She had not expected to see him there. Nothing had been further from her thoughts. When the curtain went up she saw him standing, the center of a group, in his ridiculous "make-up," and gave a little gasp of astonishment. He turned about before long and looked squarely at her. There was no surprise in his glance; it was a look of simple recognition, and she knew that he had seen her sitting there from behind the scenes before she had been aware of his presence in the house. She leaned forward and bowed smilingly, and he smiled at her in return across the green glare of the footlights. Then she drew back, breathing quickly, and stooped to pick up a programme that had fallen to the floor, the exertion sending a bright flush over her face.

When she was once more in the solitude of her own room, she thought it all over. Why had she not sent a penciled card around to him, telling him of the hotel at which they were stopping since their return, and asking him to call. Would it have been proper, she wondered, standing before the long mirror and drawing off her gloves, or would her ever-careful mother have regarded it as a dreadful breach of etiquette?—and then, after all, he might not have come!

A few weeks later Anita's father died, and his widow immediately resolved to sail again for Europe and spend her period of mourning in foreign travel. It was useless for Anita to demur; her objections had always been frowned down and her mother's word was law. So on one June morning the *Servia*, outward bound, carried the Van Doerans, mother and daughter, to other scenes, where they might forget their loss. It was over three years before they returned. The climate of the Riviera agreed with the elder woman, and there they wintered, going for the summer months to Homburg or Aix; they did not regret, however, to turn their faces homeward at last. Mrs. Van Doeran had been a woman of fashion all her life, and had not shone as socially bright when transplanted as on her own native heath; besides, she felt it was time that Anita should take up her position at home.

Walking along on the deck in the sunlight, the first day out from Liverpool, Anita came quite suddenly upon a familiar face. She stopped for a moment, then held out her hand with a little friendly flutter of delight.

"You!" That was all he said, holding her hand and smiling down at the face grown even prettier since he had seen it four years ago—then, "You have been away from home some time, I think?"

"Since my father's death; it is three years now."

"Ah, yes; I heard of it. I felt very deeply for you. I——" He paused rather uncertainly. Some one came up to his side just then. She was a slender, striking-looking girl, not strictly pretty, but with a clever face and dark, brilliant eyes. "I have been looking for you everywhere, Bert; where——?"

He turned and laid his hand upon her arm. "Angela, this is a very old friend of mine—a very dear friend, if she will allow me to say so, of my college days: Miss Van Doeran—*my wife*."

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AMATEUR SPORTS AND PASTIMES

Outing MONTHLY RECORD

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications should be addressed to "The Editor." Letters and inquiries from anonymous correspondents do not receive attention.

OUTING will in this department record all important events within the domain of pastimes and of strictly amateur sport; therefore these pages are open to members of organized clubs engaged in the reputable sports of the period. The editors of OUTING RECORD cordially invite full reports of contests and events of interest to officers and members of amateur clubs and associations.

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"STARTING."

SEVERAL facts with regard to "starting" have come to my notice since I wrote the article on "Starting and Starters," which appeared in the May issue of OUTING, page 151. I have shown in that article that attention and practice *reduce* the time required for the mind to react upon the pistol, but I omitted to caution the starter against such things as tend to *increase* the reaction time. Of these many exist. Some starters maintain that loss of sleep sets the nerves on edge and makes the mind act more quickly. In rare cases loss of sleep may be of advantage to phlegmatic natures; but even for these it is at best a kill-or-cure remedy, which no competent trainer would countenance. Where in one case it would succeed, in nine others it would make the phlegmatic mind duller than ever. The use of stimulants should be avoided above all things, for they weaken the nerves, making the mind slow to react. I once knew a starter of the very greatest promise who ruined his nerves by using strong coffee to keep him awake for long-continued study and as a mental stimulant before races. Another case in point is that of John L. Sullivan, who, though a man of extreme quickness when in training, so deteriorated his mind by the use of stimulants that, as the psychologist's experiments showed, he was, when out of training, one of the slowest strikers examined.

With regard to the relation between starting and sprinting, an interesting fact has come to light. It will be remembered that T. R. Fearing is a middle and long distance runner of the highest possibilities, and that he is one of the strongest candidates at present for the Harvard 'Varsity crew. Nevertheless, in a sprint race he "breaks" at thirty yards, when his stride goes to pieces obviously, the difference in his strides being even audible to men ahead of him in the race; and, though a quick starter, he is from this point as much out of a sprint race as Green and Harding are at seventy-five yards. With regard to Harding, too, it will be remembered that he is an excellent man for the two-twenty-yard hurdle race. Accordingly, though jumping and running do not seem to be incompatible, starting and sprinting may be. At any rate, the problem here suggested is of extreme interest scientifically and of no slight importance to the athletic trainer.

I should point out, in conclusion, that the illustration of E. B. Bloss, on page 153, of my article in OUTING for May, is of that gentleman in "the theoretical start."

JOHN CORBIN.

BASEBALL.

THE scheme of the recent National Intercollegiate baseball series at Chicago has been severely censured. It has been called a side-show to the World's Fair, got up more for gate money than in the interest of amateur sport. It has been urged that for the colleges to accept their expenses of the Chicago Management was a decided step towards professionalism; and that if such a championship was held, it ought for this reason to have been managed by the colleges themselves. Beyond question there is a kernel of truth in each of these charges. Yet I am inclined to think that, as the series resulted, it did no harm to amateur baseball. The fact that it was a side-show to the World's Fair was by no means against it, provided that it was not identified with any of the catch-penny side-shows; and in point of fact it paid so poorly that the managers were hard pressed to raise the money to hold the deciding game of the series. As for the management, it takes two to make a professional bargain; and as yet there is no reason to suspect either Mr. Stagg and his supporters or the colleges competing. Finally, in view of the fact that the colleges have never yet shown themselves able to manage even their private series peaceably, it appears an act of public spirit for an outsider to conduct a national tournament. The most valid objection, it seems to me, has yet to be raised, namely, that unless a large number of representative teams entered, the championship should not have been held. The absence of Harvard, Princeton, Cornell, and the Universities of Pennsylvania and Michigan was a very serious flaw.

The defects of the tournament are accordingly of a doubtful or negative kind. Not so with its virtues. The champions of the South have met and defeated their rivals of the West; and though the leading nine of the East was absent, both Yale and Amherst defeated all opponents from outside of New England. Thus the supremacy of the East is established beyond a doubt. This fact is in itself, of course, of minor importance; but to the true sportsman there is no incentive like square defeat; and it will be strange if the rising athletic spirit of the West and South is not aroused to the utmost. And now that the idea of such a championship series has been broached and put in practice, however feebly, it will not fail to suggest itself again at the first opportunity; and in the light of the experience of the present season cannot fail of a far better realization. Not that an annual national championship is possible or even desirable. Far be it from any true lover of sport to increase the already too jealous rivalry of American colleges. All that I look for is now and then a series of games, like the one just

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past, that will bring the leading colleges of the country together on a friendly basis, give a proper stimulus to sport in the less athletic colleges, and, above all, teach each college a hearty and genuine respect for its fellows, near and far.

The tournament consisted of two series — the first between the colleges of the West and South, whose earlier season permitted them to finish their local championships first; and the second between the winners of this series and the nines from New England. In the first series the universities of Virginia, Illinois, Wisconsin, and Vanderbilt University finished in the order named, Virginia winning all three of her games. In the second series, Virginia competed with Yale, Amherst, Wesleyan and the University of Vermont. In the first game Yale, in the absence of Carter, was defeated by the University of Vermont, and was forced to telegraph East for her favorite pitcher. Then followed a royal struggle with Amherst and Virginia. Virginia was beaten by both Yale and Amherst, and then Yale won from Amherst. This made the two New England colleges a tie for first place. In the deciding game Yale beat Amherst 9–0. Although Amherst won the only game with Virginia, and was undoubtedly second to Yale in the second series, Virginia has generally been given second place in the tournament, because her three straight victories in the first series gave her the higher percentage of games won.

A scheme similar to that of the National Intercollegiate Championship is embodied in the proposal of the Chicago Athletic Club to decide the National Athletic Club Championship at Chicago. The leading nines of the West are those of the Detroit and the Cleveland Athletic Clubs, which, having beaten all other rivals, came out a tie for first place, after playing four games. The deciding game has not been played as we go to press. In the East the want of leagues is as marked among the athletic clubs as among the colleges, but the winner of the New York amateur league series, the final game of which is to be played on the fourth of September, is best entitled to represent the Atlantic Slope. According to the present plans these two nines are to meet in Chicago on the fifteenth of September, the day before the World's Athletic meeting, to decide the club championship of America.

ATHLETICS.

SINCE it was decided to hold a World's Championship contest at the Columbian Exposition instead of the customary American Championship, the athletic world has looked forward to a hard fought international contest like that held a year or two ago in England, at which the old Manhattan Athletic Club team carried off the honors. But from present indications the entries from without America will be limited to two or three athletes at most; while the majority even of the American Intercollegiate champions will not compete. Accordingly we shall have practically one American Championship contest in which the winners will be styled World's Champions; and the question of international supremacy will be precisely where the team of the defunct Manhattans left it.

This discrepancy is, of course, not due to the managers of the scheme. The new Chicago Athletic Club, in the person of Mr. Cornish, recently of the Boston Athletic Association, is exerting itself to the utmost. The prizes are costlier than ever before; and what is more noteworthy, have greater artistic pretensions. Moreover, two events, namely, the pole vault for distance and the 56lb. weight for height, have been added to the programme. If it were not for its oversized name the coming contest might justly be heralded as the best of its kind ever seen in America.

In the sprints the contest will be sharp, and it will be strange if the record is not equaled or broken in at least one of the races. The most prominent candidate for the short dash is W. T. Macpherson, of New Zealand, who in 1891 equaled Owen's record of 9 4–5s., though it is not yet certain that Macpherson will compete. As neither Owen or Cary will enter, the most prominent American for the short dash is Jewett, of the Detroit Athletic Club, who won the event last year in even time. Carey Spence, of the Columbia Athletic Club, Washington, finished third last year, and is not unlikely to give Jewett a hard race. Richards, of Yale, who won both dashes at the Intercollegiate last spring, will run for the New York Athletic Club; and if he is equal to his practice form in the race, will make the winner do better than even time. Either Stage, of the Cleveland Athletic Club, or Skillinger, of the Chicago Athletic Club, may prove a dark horse.

In the long dash Jewett should certainly win, for he has repeatedly bettered even time, and his World's record of 21 3–5s has never been equaled. Spence ran second in this event last year, beating Cary; and prophets are not lacking who predict that he will take at least one of the sprints from Jewett. He will be hard pushed, moreover, by Richards, Stage and Skillinger.

In the quarter the competition will not be so great. Downs, who has won the event for three years, will not enter. This leaves Coombs, of the Boston Athletic Association, who was second to Downs last year, the most prominent candidate. He will, however, have a very dangerous rival in his club-mate Merrill, who made such an excellent showing in the Yale-Harvard games last spring. Either of these men is capable of bettering 51s. Waldron, the Montreal half-mile runner, and Turner, late of Princeton, frequently enter the quarter before their regular races, and either of them is good for a third place.

In the half, Turner, who won the event last year in 1m. 58½s. is the most likely man. He will probably represent the Chicago Athletic Club. However, Waldron of the Montreal Athletic Association, has beaten Turner; and Winslow, N. Y. A. C., is by no means an inferior man when in proper training. Morris, of the Philadelphia Y. M. C. A., finished just behind these men last year, and has been bettering two minutes during the past summer.

In the mile and the five mile runs F. Bacon, the English champion of the present year, for one and four miles, will compete; and in view of the excellence of the American material, the competition should be stronger in both of these events than anywhere outside of the sprints.

For the shorter distance the most prominent

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man is Orton, of the Toronto Lacrosse Club, the present Canadian and American champion, who won his race in Montreal last year in 4m. 21 3-5s. As Orton is still in his very early twenties, he may be looked to for further improvement. He will be hard pushed, however, by Conneff, who held the championship in 1891, and by Hjestberg, of the New Jersey A. C., who has beaten 4m. 30s. in a handicap race on a thirteen-lap track. Any of these men should give Bacon a very hard rub. Walsh, of the Xavier Athletic Club, who was third last year, is also a strong man.

In the longer race the competition is likely to be equally sharp. W. D. Day, New Jersey A. C., won the event last year in 25m. 54 2-5s. E. C. Carter, N. Y. A. C., who was five seconds behind Day, won the championship in both '86 and '87, in the latter of which years his time was 25m. 28 3-5s, or almost half a minute better than Day's. Carter is also the American cross country champion of the present year. Conneff, who held the five-mile championship during the five years between Carter's years and Day's, has also beaten Day's time. Both Carter and Conneff have the reputation of being better racers than Day, and are consequently much more likely to beat Bacon.

Both high and low hurdles ought to go this year, as last, to Puffer, of the N. J. A. C.; and if hard pushed, Puffer ought to beat 15 4-5s. for the shorter race. Morrell, who last year won second and third places respectively in these events, is not running; nor is Harding, who won third in the high hurdles. Schwegler, who was second in the low hurdles, will run. Goff, the all-round champion of the present year, is the chief candidate for third place.

Shearman, who won the mile walk last year, and Liebgold, who won second in the mile, and first in the three mile, will compete again in both events. F. P. Murray, who has held the championship in both events intermittently for the past ten years, will appear in the three mile walk. Meek, of the Columbia A. C., who was third last year in the mile, will also enter.

If the record is not broken in the broad jump, it will not be for lack of first-rate contestants. Reber, of the Pastime A. C., who holds the present record of 23 ft. 6½ in., ought to win the event; but he will be hard pushed by Schifferstein, of the Olympia A. C., champion of 1888, who has cleared upward of 23 ft. 3 in.; by Bloss, of the Harvard Athletic Association, and by Sheldon, of Yale, both of whom have equaled this in practice. Goff and Schwegler, moreover, who won first and second last year, are capable of clearing twenty-three feet.

In the high jump Sweeney is likely to break his own World's record. Herrick, N. Y. A. C., and Heywood, B. A. A., who were second and third to Sweeney last year, are both at their best six-feet men. Goff cleared 6 ft. ½ in. at the all-round championship, and Reber is able to do the same. Norman Leslie, of the University of Pennsylvania, is erratic, but capable at times of rising well above six feet. A. H. Green, who will represent the Chicago A. C., is a scant six-foot man.

In the pole vault, Luce, Detroit A. C., champion of the two years past, who last year cleared 11 feet, is the most prominent candidate, though he will be hard pushed by Buckholz, who broke the Intercollegiate record last spring. It is not unlikely, moreover, that Meldner, of the Michigan A. C., will cling close to these men.

In the pole vault for distance the only prominent man is A. H. Green, Chicago A. C., who holds the World's record, 26 ft. 4½ in. However, as this event has never before been contested in an out-door championship meeting, it is not impossible that more than one of the contestants may excel this record.

G. R. Gray, who has for five years won the shot for the New York Athletic Club, and who holds the World's record of 46 ft. 7¾ in., is scarcely to be surpassed in his event. It is commonly reported that he can put the shot 48 to 50 feet at will, and will continue to break the record by inches until he has reached his limit. Mitchell and Gianni, of the New York A. C., and Barrett, of the Xavier A. C., will compete for the second and third places.

The hammer and the 56 lb. weight, for both height and distance, ought to go to Mitchell, of the New York A. C., who holds the World's record in all three events, and has won six American championship firsts in the weights. It is rumored that Queckberner, the great champion of the decade before Mitchell appeared, will compete again, and if so he ought to win a second in all three events, and possibly a first in the event for height. In Queckberner's absence Riddle, of the Chicago A. C., is most likely to take second in the hammer and in the weight for height; and Long, of the Boston A. C., second in the weight for distance.

A summary of events will show that the New York Athletic Club has by far the largest number of probable winners, and that the New Jersey and Detroit and Chicago Athletic Clubs are close rivals for second place.

JOHN CORBIN.

FOOTBALL.

East, west, north and south the air is full of the preparations for football, and such football as has not before been seen may be confidently expected, not only from the zeal which is actuating in a more than usually intense degree, the various historical teams, but still more from the care with which teams hitherto left more or less to their own devices and intuition, are being coached under expert and responsible teachers. Never before has the demand for such, as OUTING has good reason to know from the number of applications made to it, been anything like approached. The result in team work will be of great advantage, whilst the improvement of the physical condition of those who are fortunate enough to receive the benefit of the accumulated experience of those who have imbibed the traditions and are thoroughly versed in the practice of the Eastern cracks, cannot be overestimated. It is a healthy sign that this demand for discreet and perfected coaches should have permeated through the universities and schools of the whole country, for it is in the hands of these that the future lies; the youth of the nation are trustees for posterity, and for them to acquire an impetus in the right direction is to ensure the growth of football on lines which will be permanent. It is for this that OUTING has been contending for years, and the triumph of facts is to it a justification and a source of pride.

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I WRITE this month's record from Chicago, and cannot be expected to write of anything but photography at the Fair; and there photography everywhere obtrudes itself on the attention of the visitor.

In all seriousness, if there is any one thing more prominent than another, or than all the others, it is photography. It appears in the State houses as the work of the people of the State, in illustration of the practices and products, and not infrequently, of the geology and mineralogy of the State. In connection with exhibits of almost all kinds, photography takes the place of written or printed description, and does it, of course, much better. Almost every nation on the face of the earth is represented, and each seems more anxious than the other to show its own beauties and advantages, and, finding that they can do this better by photographs than by written or printed description, photography is everywhere present.

But with those, that may be called "matter-of-fact," or simply illustrative photographs, I do not now want to deal, as I am anxious to point out what may be learned from the exhibitions of photography pure and simple, and as such, by the two nearest competitors, America and England, as seen in the American and British sections.

Taking the American exhibit first, as it is found in the northeast corner of the "Manufactures' Building"—and here I may say that the Executive of the World's Fair made one more of their many foolish arrangements in connection with photography, in classing it with manufactures, instead of with fine art—I must say that it is not to the credit of the craft of such a great country that less than half a hundred photographers have thought it worth their while to show what they can do, and that if those few may be taken as our representative men, American photography is far, very far, from being what it ought to be.

There are, no doubt, some good pictures in the collection. Jackson, of Denver, shows a few panoramic and ordinary angle landscapes that would be a credit to any country. Steckel, of Los Angeles, has some splendid work in platinotype. Gutekunst, of Philadelphia, is unapproachable in his portraits; and Willis & Clements, in their platinotype display, have some pictures by a lady that are sufficient to satisfy any candid mind that photography is capable of producing works of fine art. The same may be said of the exhibit of McMichael, of Buffalo, and Pach, of N. Y., but that is nearly all. Taking the exhibition all in all, it does not speak well of the art as practiced in this country at the present time. The general tendency is to a stagy, theatrical, grotesque delineation of the human figure, using it apparently merely as a lay figure to be twisted about at will for the purpose of displaying drapery, not in the folds of natural beauty, so well known and well managed by painters of Grecian figures, but in twists and swirls altogether foreign to nature.

Why is it that of probably ten thousand professional photographers less than half a hundred have sent pictures to the great World's Fair, and why, of the probably ten times that number of amateurs, not one has sent a contribution? It may be modesty, and if so I have some hope of improvement; but more likely it is either carelessness, or a knowledge that the others had nothing worth showing to send.

Turning to the English exhibit, which is located near the center of the east gallery, there is a very different story to tell. The number of exhibitors are probably about the same as that of those from the United States, but the number of pictures is much less. Each exhibitor has wisely selected a few of his best, and the result is a collection in which it is difficult to find a faulty picture.

The amateur and professional are here side by side, and I really cannot say which has the best of it. One thing is prominently evident, the English, or rather British exhibitors, the best of them at least, fight shy of glossy surface printing methods. Platinum, and that sometimes on *very* rough paper, carbon, and other matt surface prints, make up the bulk of the show, and such a show as is worth going from one end of the country to the other to see.

To readers of OUTING who are photographers, and who may visit the World's Fair, I would say seek out the English exhibit, and sit down before the pictures of Lafayette, of Dublin; Warneuke, of Glasgow; Crooke, of Edinburgh, and Byrne & Co., of London, and study each picture individually. Not that they are better than, or perhaps even as good as some of the others, but there is a variety and individuality about them that, as object lessons, makes them invaluable.

A careful study of this exhibit, and the comparing of it, not only with the best of the American photography, not in the Fair only, but that I have at any time seen, forces me to the unwelcome conclusion that somebody—I think it was Alfred Stieglitz—was just about right, when in speaking of the late Philadelphia Exhibition, in reference to the quality of the work of the two nations, he said, "America is not in it." True patriotism doesn't consist in boasting *without cause*, but in recognizing our inferiority where it exists, and resolving to wipe away the reproach as soon as possible.

English landscape photographers have a very decided advantage over us in their cloudy and often hazy atmosphere, that, in the hands of the true artist, lends itself so readily to artistic work; but in portraiture in the studio, where we are on equal terms, it is not creditable to let ourselves be so far behind.

Special attention should also be given to the pictures shown by Carbutt and Cramer in their respective exhibits I refer especially to the pictures in each exhibit that are shown in duplicate, the one from a negative on an ordinary plate, the other from one on an orthochromatic plate. I think I have already, in a previous "Record," spoken of orthochromatisation, and wondered why any photographer should continue to employ plates not orthochromatic.

JAY SEE.

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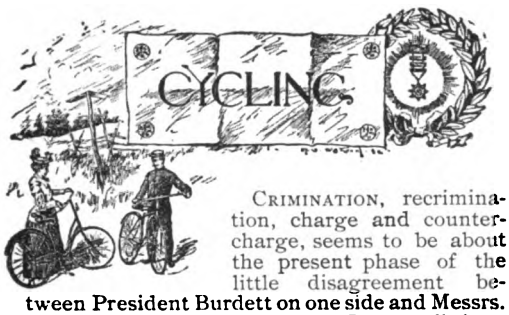

CRIMINATION, recrimination, charge and countercharge, seems to be about the present phase of the little disagreement between President Burdett on one side and Messrs. Post andPerkins on the other. I gave all these gentlemen credit for more sense than to air their grievances before the time comes at the special meeting to be held in Buffalo next month. Messrs. Burdett and Post certainly have been talking too much in public, or at least they have been credited with talking by the enterprising newspaper men. Wait until the convention and then open wide the gates of eloquence, and let the truth and right prevail always. As I understand it, the meeting is called to discuss and decide on the future business policy of the League and to define and curtail, if found to be advisable, the powers of the executive committee. A very harmless businesslike apparent motive surely, and no personal reflections intended. If the real motive proves to be one of personality, then the whole affair will fall of its own weight. I am a calm but interested outside spectator of the fracas, and am content to wait a bit longer before expressing an opinion; but at this moment I am free to confess the controversy has taken on an acrimonious tinge which bodes no good for the organization.

Mr. Henry Sturmey, of Coventry, England, has of late achieved prominence as one of Great Britain's leading humorists. Mr. Sturmey has heretofore been known as a steady, serious representative of the very best element in English cycledom, and therefore his sudden and unexpected appearance as a humorist is all the more remarkable, for no one suspected him of possessing the necessary traits to successfully joke. We all know the most telling "jokist" is the one who can, with all apparent seriousness, put forth the most ridiculous suggestion. Hence, when Mr. Sturmey tells us that Walter Casper Sanger, of Milwaukee, U. S., will represent England at the International races, in Chicago, the cycling fraternity of the country burst into a loud guffaw of genine amusement. *Punch* never got off anything so deliciously funny, and if the managers of that ancient and most honorable alleged comic paper know their business, they will at once engage Mr. Sturmey as a life contributor. It may be, however, that Mr. Sturmey will hesitate to jeopardize the sudden notoriety as a jokist which he has achieved, as it is not certain that he can ever be so funny again—all at once!

There must be something in the air of England which just now is productive of a humorous element in the usually stolid Saxon, and though the worthy Assistant Secretary of the N. C. U. cannot hope to equal Mr. Sturmey as a first-class humorist, he nevertheless makes a very pretty effort to establish himself as a writer in the comic vein when he, apparently in all seriousness, writes Chairman Raymond of the L. A. W. Racing Board to the effect that the English organization proposes to deal with Mr. Zimmerman's amateur status based on charges collected and made by Mr. Elderfield, the aforesaid Assistant Secretary. There evidently is a lack of humor in the makeup of Mr. Raymond, for instead of treating the position of the N. C. U. as a huge joke, he very seriously replies to the Assistant Secretary of that Association, to the effect that Mr. Zimmerman's status will be dealt with by the L. A. W. only, and that any action taken by the N. C. U. in the matter would be looked upon by the American Association as being non-effective. Charges made by Mr. Elderfield have been taken under advisement by Chairman Raymond, and Mr. Zimmerman will be allowed to answer these charges, but it is necessary that he should receive certain evidence from England before he can do so satisfactorily. The action of the L. A. W. Racing Board will therefore be held in abeyance until such time as Mr. Zimmerman can receive his evidence from the other side.

The principal charge that has been made is that two hundred shares in the Raleigh Company were allotted to him at par when the shares were selling at a premium, thus making Mr. Zimmerman a present of the premium. The N. C. U. also charge that the Raleigh Company are paying Zimmerman the whole of the profits of the advertisements and sales of the book called "Zimmerman on Training," which they claim is published by the Raleigh Company, but the copy which I have before me does not show that this claim has any substance. It remains to be seen whether on this flimsy basis (as I take it for granted that Zimmerman paid par value for the stock, a claim not being made to the contrary) a case can be established against Mr. Zimmerman. However, the N. C. U. will undoubtedly understand by Mr. Raymond's reply, that the L. A. W. propose to pass judgment on its own men, and that such judgment will be final, irrespective of the Union's claims or actions.

Before leaving this subject, which is one of great importance, it would be well for me to reproduce that portion of Mr. Raymond's letter which it seems to me hits the nail squarely on the head:

"Your jurisdiction began when Mr. A. A. Zimmerman applied for a license, it ended when *he* refused same owing to conditions attached. If the N. C. U. have substantial and well-founded charges, their only course lies, in all international comity, to send them to the governing body over cycling of the country to which the man belongs, and to which he alone owes allegiance.

"If you endeavor to assume jurisdiction in countries where the rules of your body have no force, you will undoubtedly be met by firm but courteous denial of your right to assume such jurisdiction.

"Where any man affiliated with your body or your country is concerned, we grant you full power, and will be the last to dictate or to violate any international courtesy, and will recognize your full right to declare him what you will. We must reserve to ourselves the same privilege, and refuse to recognize your further actions in this matter save through one channel, our National Racing Board."

I think that in one of my former letters I have

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spoken of the wonderful electric timing instrument which divides the seconds into sixtieths. This instrument was invented by that clever mechanic, Mr. Sterling Elliott. At the initial trials it did not work satisfactorily; since then Mr. Elliott has devoted his entire time to perfecting it and now the apparatus has proved satisfactory. It will be used at Chicago. If this machine can be made to work accurately we shall see records reduced by sixtieths of seconds instead of fifths. This is about as fine as one would care to get it.

The flurry caused by the cut made by one of the cycle manufacturing companies has almost passed away, and although the trade has lost considerable through the demoralizing effects of the cut, it has once more settled down to the realization that there was a good deal more scare than harm. The outside press and the riding public will find next year that their prophecies that high grade bicycles of every description can be bought for $100 and less, are entirely mistaken. In the meantime it behooves the trade to pull itself together, and there is printed in some of the cycling press a call for the manufacturers to meet together, and decide on some concerted action in regard to next year's business and the price on machines.

The failures in the trade so far this year have been few comparatively. The outlook for some of the smaller fry, who have gone into the business with limited capital expecting to make enormous profits, is not encouraging, and some of these will fall by the wayside. In one case under my notice of a recent failure, I have it on good authority that the party who embarked in the manufacture of bicycles did not find such enormous profits on same. This ought to be a pretty good answer to the croakers, who are constantly crying out as to the "extortion of bicycle manufacturers." THE PROWLER.

AT TOLEDO, OHIO.

On July 8th and 9th the Toledo Cycling Club held its tournament on the new track at the Exposition grounds. The attendance was large and the meet made specially interesting by the meeting of Johnson and Sanger, each one scoring a win on a close finish.

SUMMARIES. JULY 8TH.

One mile novice—A. G. Herman, first; M. R. Wood, second; F. G. Silvers, third; R. Lindmueller, fourth. Time, 2m 55 1-5s.

Half mile, safety—W. C. Sanger, first; J. S. Johnson and J. P. Bliss tied for second; F. H. Tuttle, fourth. Time, 1m. 17 2-5s.

Two mile handicap—G. A Banker (60 yds.), first; A. T. Crooks (60 yds.), second; O. L. Brailey, (300 yds.), third. Time, 4m 56 1-5s.

One mile, Toledo wheelmen only—O. P. Barnhart, first; F. B. Rigby, second. Time, 2m. 34 2-5s.

One-third mile open—F. H. Tuttle, first; G.K. Barrett, second; A. I. Brown, third Time, 46s.

One mile open—J. S Johnson, first; W. C. Sanger, second; E. A. McDuffee, third. Time, 2m. 23s.

One mile, 2m. 40s. class—F. H. Tuttle, first; E. C. Johnson, second; R. F. Goetz, third. Time, 3m. 9 1-5s.

Three mile lap—E. A McDuffee (23 points), first; A. T. Crooks (22 points), second; H. A. Githens, third. Time, 9m. 21 4-5s.

JULY 9TH.

One mile handicap—G. B. Comstock, first; Wait St. John, second. Time, 2m. 23 2-5s.

Quarter mile open—J. S. Johnson, first; G. A. Banker, second; H. A. Githens, third; G. K. Barrett, fourth. Time, 35 1-5s.

Half mile, 1m. 10s. class—A. I. Brown, first; R. F. Goetz, second. Time, 1m. 21s.

One mile open—W. C. Sanger, first; J. S. Johnson, second; J. P. Bliss, third; G. K. Barrett, fourth. Time, 2m. 28 1-5s.

One-third mile boys—S. J. Clark Garrett, first; E. D. Reel, second. Time, 53 4-5s.

Half mile handicap—F. J. Heazlit, first; R. Cuddenbach, second. Time, 1m. 5 2-5s.

One mile, 2m. 40s. class—F. H. Tuttle, first; R. F. Goetz, second. Time, 2m. 34 4-5s.

Two-thirds mile—H. A. Githens, first; J. P. Bliss, second; A. T. Crooks, third. Time, and world's record for two-thirds mile, 1m. 50s.

AT MILWAUKEE, WIS.

On the occasion of Sanger's return to Milwaukee (his home), the local wheelmen celebrated the event by giving a race meet. Sanger acknowledged the honor by making a record, covering the mile from scratch in a handicap race in 2m. 9 4-5s. (Since writing the above I learn that the time is not authentic, and will not be accepted as record by L. A.W.)

SUMMARY.

One mile novice—Final heat. Peterson, first; Howie, second; Rhine, third. Time, 2m. 53 2-5s.

One mile handicap—W. C. Sanger (scratch), first; G. A. Banker (60 yds), second; Willie Sanger (115 yds.), third; C. M. Murphy (50 yds.), fourth. Time, 2m. 9 4-5s.

One mile, 2m. 30s. class—C. Williams, Com. C. C., first; W. Wegner, T. C. C., second; H. Sercombe, T. C. C., third. Time, 2m. 32 4-5s

Half mile handicap, newspaper men's race—Putnam, *Daily News* (60 yds.), first; Harbach, *Journal* (scratch), second; Hooker, *Sentinel* (122 yds.), third; Walthall, *Sentinel* (90 yds.), fourth. Time, 1m. 14 3-5s.

Half mile open, for Banker's trophy—W. C. Sanger, first; C. M. Murphy, second; G. A. Banker, third; J. P. Bliss, fourth. Time, 1m. 12 1-5s.

Two mile handicap—Gus Steele (235 yds), first; C. Williams (250 yds.), second; W. Wegner (235 yds.), third. Time, 4m. 44 4-5s.

One mile, boys' race—W. Schroeder, first; G. Crittendon, second; A. Richards, third. Time, 2m. 59 4-5s.

One mile open, for an upright piano—W. C. Sanger, first; G. A. Banker, second; J. P. Bliss, third; C. M. Murphy, fourth. Time, 2m. 21s.

INTERNATIONAL CIRCUIT.

The international events commenced at Detroit, August 1st and 2d, and the summary is as follows:

AUGUST 1ST.

One mile novice—W. Evans, first; F. M. Brown, second; H. B. Taft, third. Time, 2m. 31 4-5s. Evans was protested successfully.

Quarter mile open, final—Guy Gary, first; H. C. Tyler, second; A. I. Brown, third, E. A.

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Nelson, fourth. Time, 30 4-5s. In this heat Zimmerman started, but broke his chain and had to withdraw.

One mile handicap—J. P. Bliss (30 yds.), first; A. U. French (45 yds.), second; A. T. Crooks (40 yds.), third. Time, 2m. 19 1-5s.

One mile State championship—W. S. Tuber, first; W. Evans, second; F. J. Heazlit, third. Time, 2m. 36 1-5s.

One mile open—This is the race in which Sanger, Zimmerman, Tyler and Taylor started with time limit of 2m. 40s., and as it was ridden in 2m. 46s. it was declared no race. It was ordered run over again, but all but H. R. Steensen and L. D. Munger refused to run. (No race.)

Two mile international—W. C. Sanger, first; H. C. Tyler, second; G. F. Taylor, third; Gary and Bliss fourth and fifth. Time, 5m. 13 1-5s. Zimmerman did not start in this race.

Half mile handicap—A. A. Zimmerman (scratch), first; A. L. Crooks (20 yds.), second; E. A. Nelson (15 yds.), third. Time, 1m. 2s.

Three mile lap race—A. A. Zimmerman, first; James Clark, second; A. T. Crooks, third. Time, 9m. 31 2-5s.

AUGUST 2D.

One mile open—W. C. Sanger, first; A. A. Zimmerman, second; G. F. Taylor, third; A. I Brown, fourth; H. C. Tyler, fifth. Time, 2m. 20 4-5s.

One mile State championship—T. W. Cooper, first; F. J. Heazlit, second.

Two mile handicap—C. L. Berthel (380 yds.), first; P. Patterson (380 yds.), second; Hyslop (130 yds.), third; Bliss (60 yds), fourth; E. A. Nelson (130 yds.), fifth. Time, 4m. 27 3-5s.

Half mile open—Zimmerman, first; Guy Gary, second; G. F. Taylor, third; H. C. Tyler, fourth. Time, 1m. 19 2-5s.

Two mile State championship—W. Steuber, first; Patterson, second. Time, 5m. 14s.

Half mile handicap—Zimmerman, first; M. F. Dirnberger (30 yds.), second; Con Baker (35 yds.), third; Hyslop (30 yds.), fourth. Time, 1m. 3 1-5s.

Quarter mile open—Guy Gary, first; A. I. Brown, second; T. W. Cooper, third; R. F. Goetz, fourth. Time, 33 3-5s.

One mile international—W. C. Sanger, first; G. F. Taylor, second; J. P. Bliss, third; Guy Gary, fourth. Time, 2m. 18s. (Record for all men starting from scratch.)

AT CHICAGO.

The great event of the cycling racing season was inaugurated at Chicago, August 7th. The first day's racing was marred by an accident to Sanger, which, even if he starts in any of the events during the week, will prevent him from winning.

SUMMARY—FINALS. AUGUST 7TH.

One mile open—First final heat, time limit 2m. 40s. W. W. Windle, first; H. C. Tyler, second; A. A. Zimmerman, third; G. F. Taylor, fourth; Hoyland Smith, fifth; H. A. Githens, sixth; M. Dirnberger, seventh; W. A. Rhodes, eighth. Time (by quarters), 50 1-6s., 1m. 34 2-3s., 2m. 14½s., 2m. 45s. No race.—Second final heat—A. A. Zimmerman, first; G. F. Taylor, second; Hoyland Smith, third; H. A. Githens, fourth; M. Dirnberger, fifth. Time, 1m. 20½s. for half, 2m. 6s. for three-quarters, 2m. 38 1-6s. for mile.

Two mile, 5m. 50s. class—G. Steele, first; A. W. Warren, second; O. Grosch, third; A. T. Crooks, M. H. Burt, fourth. Time by miles, 2m. 37 5-8s., 5m. 16 1-8s.

One-third mile open—A. A. Zimmerman, first; H. C. Tyler, second; G. F. Taylor, third; H. Smith, fourth; W. A. Rhodes, fifth; C. W. Davis, sixth; W. W. Windle, seventh; H. A. Githens, eighth. Time, 43 2-3s.

Half mile handicap—A. I. Brown (45 yds.), first; Paul Grosch (50 yds.), second; A. T. Crooks (25 yds.), third; A. A. Zimmerman (scratch), fourth. Time, 1m. 2 1-5s.

One mile novice—J. I. Brandenburg, first; A. V. Jackson, second; F. M. Prencil, third. Time by quarters, 57 1-6s., 1m. 49 2-3s., 2m. 22 1-5s., 3m. 13s.

Half-mile Illinois L A. W. championship—F. H. Tuttle, S. A. C., first; H A. Githens, C. C. C., second. Time, by quarters, 46 7-8s., 21 7-8s.

Two mile Illinois L. A. W. championship for medals—J. P. Bliss, C. C. C., first; C. T. Kniseley, I. C. C., second. Time, 2m. 44 7-8s., 5m. 30 1-3s.

SUMMARY—FINALS. AUGUST 8TH.

Quarter mile open—Final heat. A. A. Zimmerman, first; G. F. Taylor, second; J. S. Johnson, third; H. A. Githens, fourth; E. C. Johnson, of Cleveland, fifth. Time, 30 2-5s.

One mile handicap—M. Dirnberger (75 yds.), first; W. T. Murphy, N. Y. A. C. (60 yds.), second; H. C. Tyler, Springfield B. C. (scratch), third; A. E. Lumsden, C. C. C., fourth; T. L. Baker, Columbus, O., fifth. Time, 2m. 11 1-5s. Meintjes, the South African champion, started in this race, but did not get a place.

One mile three-minute class—J. I. Brandenburg, C. C. C., Chicago, first; M. Nelson, second; E. P. Richardson, L. C. C., Chicago, third. Time, 2m. 51 1-5s. (James finished third, but was disqualified for being pushed over the line at the start before the pistol was fired.)

Two mile lap race—A. A. Zimmerman (17 points), first; Guy Gary (12 points), second; Hoyland Smith (5 points), third; J. P. Clark, fourth; Steensen, fifth. Time, 5m. 37 4-5s.

Two-thirds mile handicap—W. F. Murphy, N. Y. A. C. (50 yds.), first; T. E. Brown, L. C. C., Cleveland (65 yds.), second; P. Grosch, P. A. C., Passaic, N. J. (70 yds.), third; W. W. Windle, Springfield B. C. (15 yds.), fourth. Time, 1m. 23 1-3s.

One mile Illinois L. A. W. championship—J. P. Bliss, C. C. C., first; F. H. Tuttle, S. A. A., second. Time, 2m. 49 1-5s. The race was declared off because it was not run within the time limit of 2m 45s. Second final—Bliss, first; E. C. Bode, second. Time, 2m. 56¾s. (No race.)

Five mile Illinois championship L. A. W.—W. A. Rhodes, first; E. C. Bode, second Time, 13m. 24 2-5s.

Two mile team race—Chicago Cycle Club (F. H. Tuttle, J. P. Bliss and H. A. Githens), first; Illinois Cycle Club (Kniseley, Rhodes, Kennedy), second. Time, 5m. 28 2-5s.

SUMMARY—FINALS. AUGUST 9TH.

One mile novice—G. E. Bicker, Chicago, first; L. O. Wilcoxon, Chicago, second; C. T. Kluystud, third. Time, 2m. 42 4-5s.

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One mile handicap—F. T. Crooks, Press Cycle Club, Buffalo (50 yds.), first; G. W. Ellerthorpe, Sandusky (150 yds), second ; L. S. Meintjes, South Africa (55 yds.) third ; Hoyland Smith, N. Y. A. C., fourth. Time, 2m. 7 1-5s.

Quarter mile national championship—A. A. Zimmerman, first; John S. Johnson, second ; Harry Tyler, third. Time, 31 2-5s.

One mile ordinary championship—A. A. Zimmerman, first ; O. Neiswonger, Oran, O., second ; W. F Murphy, third. Time, 3m. 10s.

Third mile, scratch—A. A. Zimmerman, first ; H. C. Tyler, second; J. S. Johnson, third; Guy Gary, fourth Time, 4m. 4 2-5s.

Two mile handicap—A. T. Crooks (90 yds.), first ; A. D. Kennedy, I. C. C., Chicago (210 yds.), second ; L. W. Campbell (330 yds), third; A E. Lumsden (80 yds.), fourth ; E. C. Bode (180 yds.), fifth. Time, 4m. 33 3-5s.

Five mile national championship—John S. Johnson, first ; A. A. Zimmerman, second ; F. H. Tuttle, fourth. Time, 12m. 41s.

SUMMARY—FINALS. AUGUST 10TH.

Half mile national championship—H. C. Tyler, Springfield Bicycle Club, first ; A. E. Lumsden, Chicago, second ; F. H. Tuttle, Chicago, third. Time, 1m. 12 2-5s.

Mile open—John S. Johnson, Century Cycling Club, first ; H. C. Tyler, second ; George F. Taylor, third. Time, 2m. 41 4-5s. (Time limit exceeded ; no race.) Run over—H. C. Tyler, first ; G. F. Taylor, second ; J. P. Bliss, third ; M. Dirnberger, fourth. Time, 2m. 38 2-5s.

Two mile national championship—G. L. Gary, Boston, first ; A. E. Lumsden, Chicago, second ; Hoyland Smith, New York, third. Time, 5m. 7s.

Quarter mile, open—A. A. Zimmerman, first ; G. F. Taylor, second ; A. I. Brown, third. Time, 31 1-5s.

Mile tandem, national championship—M. Dirnberger and A. T. Crooks, Buffalo, first ; Frank Walker and L. D. Munger, second. Time, 2m. 20s.

Two mile handicap—W. Swendeman, Helena 260 yds.), first ; Frank Walker, Chicago (290 yds.), second ; H. R. Steenson, New York (260 yds.), third ; M. Nesse, Chicago, (325 yds.) fourth ; F. J. Wagner, Chicago (375 yds.), fifth. Time, 4m. 35 1-5s.

Mile national championship—A. A. Zimmerman, first ; J. P. Bliss, Chicago, second ; A. E. Lumsden, Chicago, third. Time, 2m. 39 3-5s.

Half-mile, 1:20 class—James Clarke, Boston, first ; A. T. Crooks, Buffalo, second ; A. D. Kennedy, Jr., Chicago, third. Time, 1m. 14 2-5s.

SUMMARY—FINALS. AUGUST 11TH.

One mile novice—P. Vow Boeckman, Chicago, first ; A. F. Erickson, second ; J. H. Lava, Chicago, third. Time, 2m. 54 2-5s.

Half-mile handicap—G. H. Ellithorpe, Chicago (85 yds.), first ; Con Baker, Columbus (50 yds.), second ; H. A. Githens, Chicago (40 yds.), third ; A. E. Lumsden, Chicago (25 yds.), fourth ; W. A. Rhodes, Chicago (35 yds.), fifth. Time, 1m. 1 3-5s.

One mile, 2m. 30s class—W. A. Rhodes, Chicago, first ; G. L. Gary, Boston, second ; A. D. Kennedy, Chicago, third. Time, 2m. 43 3-5s.

Six mile international championship—A. A. Zimmerman, America, first ; J. P. Bliss, America, second ; John S. Johnson, America, third ; Hoyland Smith, America, fourth ; William Hyslop, Canada, fifth ; L. S. Meintjes, South Africa, sixth. Time, 15m. 33 3-5s.

Three mile handicap—A. D. Kennedy, Chicago (245 yds.), first ; H. A. Githens, Chicago (240 yds.), second ; Con Baker, Columbus (400 yds.), third; A. L. Baker (330 yds.), fourth; C.H. Peck, Chicago (400 yds.), fifth. Time, 7m. 8 3-5s.

Half mile open—A. A. Zimmerman, first ; W. A. Rhodes, Chicago, second ; A. E. Lumsden, Chicago, third. Time, 1m. 8 4-5s.

Third mile, open—H. C. Tyler, first ; H. A. Githens, Chicago, second; Paul Grosch, Passaic, third. Time, 45s.

Two mile team race—A. A. Zimmerman and Hoyland Smith, New York Athletic Club, won by default.

SUMMARY—FINALS. AUGUST 12TH.

Mile handicap—J. P. Bliss, Chicago (50 yds.), first ; H. A. Githens, Chicago (80 yds.), second ; W. Swendeman, Helena, Mont. (135 yds.), third ; C. W. Davis (65 yds.), fourth ; M. Dirnberger. Buffalo (65 yds.), fifth. Time, 2m. 13 4-5s.

Quarter-mile open—A. A. Zimmerman, first ; G. F. Taylor, second ; Paul Grosch and G. L. Gary, dead heat for third. Time, 31 2-5s.

Two-thirds mile handicap—H. A. Githens, Chicago (60 yds.), first ; Con Baker, Columbus (55 yds.), second ; G. F. Taylor, Boston (15 yds.), third ; W. Swendeman, Helena, Mont. (80 yds. fourth. Time, 1m. 26 1-5s.

Mile international championship—A. A. Zimmerman, America, first ; John S. Johnson, America, second ; J. P. Bliss, America, third ; E. Bode, America, fourth ; William Hyslop, Canada, fifth. Time, 2m. 27 2-5s.

Two-thirds of a mile, open—H. C. Tyler, Springfield, first ; George F. Taylor, Boston, second ; A. E. Lumsden, Chicago, third ; W. A. Rhodes, Chicago, fourth. Time 1m. 54 2-5s.

Mile consolation—E. A. Nelson, Springfield, first ; H. R. Warren, Kansas City, second ; J. Levy, Chicago, third. Time, 3m. 7 3-5s.

Mile invitation—J. P. Bliss, Chicago, first ; H. C. Tyler, Springfield, second ; H. A. Githens, third. Time, 2m. 39 1-5s.

Sixty mile international championship—L. S. Meintjes, South Africa, first ; Emil Ullbrecht, Chicago, second. Time. 2h 46m. 12 3-5s.

In this event Meintjes established world and American competition records from eleven miles up to sixty.

LATER.—At the last it was found that the tendons of Sanger's legs and arms were so badly cut as to preclude the possibility of his starting in any of the events. His injuries proved more severe than was at first supposed. Windle went wrong on Wednesday ; Chicago water was the cause, and he had to go home a sick man ; this was another great disappointment to those who witnessed his splendid performances during the early part of the week.

AT last aluminum is introduced in cycle construction, and a concern in the West is now making them so that the frame, the handlebars, brake and other small attachments are all made of this metal, with the proper alloy. What this alloy is is only known to the inventor, as it is put into the molten aluminum in paper parcels by the inventor himself.

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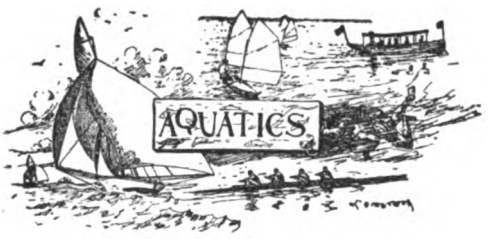

ROWING.

In a recent number of the *Harvard Crimson* there appeared an unsigned letter, in which the suggestion was made that two of the younger members of this year's crew should be sent to England in July, there to practice under the best "coachers" (the plural of that abominable word that seems to be striving hard to displace the much older and more respectable "coach") who could be found among university crews or in the London Rowing Club, the writer correctly believing that much good would be derived from such a course. But I fear the scheme is rather Utopian, however useful the results might be. In the first place, the young Harvard oarsmen might find it difficult to become members of the crew of an English university or London Rowing Club. They have a way in England of having many more experienced applicants for, than there are places in, a crew, and it is hardly likely that the coaches would prefer men who have imbibed notions about rowing radically different from their own, to these tried men. Unless, therefore, seats in these crews could be guaranteed the travelers, it is difficult to see how they could receive the benefit of English coaching, for the coaches would not be apt to give up their time to them individually and apart from their own crews. No, I am afraid the scheme would not work. I would offer another in its place, which, while possibly more costly and calling for greater self-sacrifice, could not fail of greater success. How would it do for some enthusiastic admirer of Harvard to matriculate at some good rowing college at Oxford, say at Brasenose, Magdalen, or New College, this October, and to begin at the bottom round of the Oxford rowing ladder? He would have no difficulty in receiving the coaching of excellent oarsmen—probably university oarsmen—at any of these colleges upon entering his name as a candidate for, and becoming a member of, one of his college "fours." There, on a fixed seat, in a large and heavy boat, he would be taught thoroughly the rudiments of Oxford rowing. If he honestly deserved it by faithful work and merit he would in the winter be sure of a seat—still a "fixed" one—in the "Torpid" of his college, where he would receive still better coaching. Then in the spring, if he were worthy, he would gain a place—now on a sliding seat for the first time—in his college "eight," among the members of which at any of the three colleges I have mentioned, would be almost certainly one or more "blues"—that is, men who had rowed on the university eight against Cambridge. Verily, good company! And as one of his college eight, he would receive some of the best coaching to be found in England, in all likelihood by a man or men who had themselves rowed in a university crew and had coached one, too. If his zeal should hold out he might return in the following October and try for a seat in the university "trials" to be rowed in the following December. He would, in that case, be coached by the varsity president, and would have reached almost the top of the ladder—the last but one rung. If observant and intelligent he would by that time be a master of the Oxford "stroke" and competent to impart it to others. He would have gained many valuable ideas on the subject as well. Apart from the delight of learning the system, he would thoroughly enjoy himself during his "residence." He would have a certain amount of studying to do, but would find that easy enough. Rowing men at Oxford are, in almost nine cases out of ten, "reading" men as well. In the "long vac." he could have returned here in time to give suggestions to his Harvard friends prior to New London. In fact, by that time he would pretty thoroughly understand the Oxford "stroke." If, however, he "went up" again in the next October in order to have a go at the trials, and should be successful, he could return here about Christmas-time and impart his knowledge to the candidates for that year's 'varsity crew. This is the really practical and thorough way of learning the system. It would mean hard and serious work. There is the keenest possible rivalry for places in each one of the crews I have mentioned, and it is the rare exception that a man gets into any of them unless he proves himself superior to his rivals. There no one thinks of begging a man to row. There are too many men only too anxious to be allowed to become members of the rowing crowd. But a man of the right sort would succeed. Of course it would mean graduating from Harvard at a rather later age than if the year and a half were not to be spent at Oxford. Self-sacrifice for the good of Harvard would not be unrecognized, however, if the final results lessened Yale's chances of keeping up her present winning gait. *Experientia docet.* Learn your system not by observation, but from actual experience. Then you will *know* it thoroughly.

The *Crimson's* suggestion that next year's coach ought to be sent, rather than two young oarsmen, is better than its correspondent's. An experienced coach could learn a good deal from observation, having himself been through the mill, where novices could not. But I beg leave to offer my plan as a possible alternative for either the *Crimson's* or its correspondent's.

Henley has come and gone. The College crews and the Leander, the latter being composed of college and university oarsmen, seem to have been largely successful. A notable incident was the appearance of crews from Dublin University. The foreign contingent were "not in it," if I may be pardoned the slang.

Not long after the New London races, I happened to be traveling on the Connecticut Valley Railroad, along the banks of the Connecticut River. I could not help thinking, as I passed different beautiful stretches of broad, straight river, what a pity it was that we had not in this country a genuine rowing regatta, similar in character to Henley. At such a regatta, class crews from various colleges all

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over the country might meet in noble rivalry. Crews from smaller colleges might meet there. Now that yachts and house boats are becoming more and more popular and increasing in number, a properly selected course—selected with an eye to natural beauty and convenient of access from New York and Boston—should be the center of attraction of a week in July or August. The crowds that attend at New London would be duplicated at this course. The cousins, sisters and aunts, not to mention sweethearts, would flock to see their "dear boys" conquer or die. Why should lawn-tennis, a good enough game of itself, absorb *all* the healthy, sport-loving summer community? A regatta of the right sort would immensely popularize the sport, and would benefit it to an unlimited degree. It may all be the dream of an enthusiastic rowing crank. *Quien sabe?*

Of course football, every day in the year except 'Varsity boat-race day, holds the biggest place in the thoughts of the public, lay or college; but it is rather harrowing to devotees of rowing to read newspaper accounts of the training of Harvard football candidates in the spring and summer, seasons of the year utterly unsuited to the game, when year after year we see opportunities of practising upon the water in mild, or only moderately cold days of October and November neglected, or taken advantage of in a half-hearted manner only by crew managers. A week's training on the water is worth months in the gymnasium, fitted though the latter may be with rowing-tank and all the modern appliances. It is better for a man to learn to handle an oar properly in a boat that will not keep on an even keel unless he himself assists in keeping it there. Practical watermanship is what our oarsmen need to learn as much as any other quality.

CHASE MELLEN.

CANOEING.

THERE is no law against changing the name of a canoe, nor is it forbidden to give the same name to several canoes. Doing either, however, results in confusion, and in the case of racing boats it is certainly bad form. The name "Electra" attracts very little attention in the reports of the Milwaukee races, and those of the Western Canoe Association; but under her old name, *Glenwood*, her career would have been followed with interest. In this case there is every reason to believe that the change of name was made to deceive.

Electra was qualified to sail in only one cup race at the W. C. A. meet, and the poor handling by her owner combined with a capsize, lost her this race; but the superiority of this Ruggles canoe over all others was conclusively shown when Mr. Nat Cook sailed her in a race for a special prize, and won it with a very wide margin to spare. It seems a great pity to change the name of such a canoe, especially as she has the International Cup and the Pecowsic Cup in her locker, not to mention many smaller mugs and flags won last year by Mr. Oxholm, of Yonkers.

All the racing events this year have been remarkable in the small number of entries, and also in that no new canoes have appeared in the front rank. The three sailing races of the Marine and Field Club regatta in June were won by Howard's *Aztec*, Butler's *Bee* and Moore's *Torment*, sailed by Schieffelin, all race winners of last year and all sailed by old hands. Barrington won seven prizes in *Torment*, at the Atlantic Division meet at Chimmon's Island in July, and practically had everything his own way. Nat Cook won the Longworth Cup in *Lotus* at the W. C. A. meet, Hansen in *Avis* won the Gardner Cup, and Huntington in *Milwaukee* won the W. C. A. Trophy. The Marine and Field races had eight starters this year and fifteen last. There were only two first class racing canoes at the Eastern Division meet, and ten starters marked high water at the Western meet. It remains to be seen what the A. C. A. will bring forth in August. The outlook is not promising for sport. Howard, Moore, and Butler will be there, however.

The lack of interest in canoeing this year is more apparent than real. The great cost of a modern racing canoe, and the time required to tune it up and sail it properly, naturally limits the racing men to those who have some money and considerable leisure time. The World's Fair and a very tight money market have also had some effect, Most of the clubs have increased their membership roll, and more men than ever before are cruising, sailing and paddling for the fun of the thing and for the health and strength that the sport brings. The racing element at best is but a very small minority of club or association membership, and what this set does or fails to do is really no indication of what is being done by the rank and file.

Mr. Whitlock's new double center-board canoe has not proved a success as yet, but the chances are that it will when properly tuned up. The one sail experiment, mentioned in August OUTING, has not been an entire success. Wonderful speed has been developed and it has been proved that such a rig is feasible; the trouble has been in the details, making gear and boat strong enough to stand the tremendous strain, and in so balancing every part that the canoe can be easily handled and worked.

The success of *Torment* has shown that a lead bulb on the center-board is no disadvantage; but just how much it helps matters has not been proven. The long race between *Pioneer* and *Aztec* on July 4th, which the former won, demonstrated that the cigar of lead pivoted on the center-board is a good thing for a light weight crew. *Aztec's* speed was well known. *Pioneer* had never been raced before on even terms with the flyers, and the result pleased the owner, Ward, and the builder, Ruggles, greatly.

The time is fast approaching when a halt will have to be called in the matter of luxuries provided at the meets. Already the members expect too much and the critics among them talk loudly of what the officers have failed to do. The complaints in almost all cases emanate from those who come to camp for a few hours or days, without canoes, or any intention of doing canoeing; and they expect every convenience and luxury of a first-class summer hotel. The men who do the talking are, as usual, those who have never held office nor are willing to do any of the association work.

C. BOWYER VAUX.

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YACHTING.

THE advent of the *Navahoe* in British waters created quite a stir among our yachting cousins. She arrived on July 10th, having sailed from Boston on June 21st. She was docked at Southampton, where she was fitted with her racing spars and sails, and got in readiness for her maiden race.

There was naturally much curiosity to see how she would compare with the English boats in her class. It will be remembered that while here she had no opportunity of a trial with any modern boat, all her "racing" having been done without a competitor. Thus, when she crossed the line at Cowes on July 31st, in the regatta of the Royal London Yacht Club, she was an untried boat.

The beautiful Solent was crowded with pleasure craft. The United States cruiser *Chicago* was there. The German imperial yacht *Hohenzollern*, the royal yachts *Victoria and Albert* and *Osborne and Alberta* lent *éclat* to the occasion, displaying a mighty cloud of bunting. The sun shone bright in the blue sky. The wind was brisk from the northwest, and in the puffs it had considerable strength. The course was from off Cowes eastward, along the north shore of the Isle of Wight, past Ryde, and round the Warner lightship, then back past Cowes, and to the westward round the Lepe buoy, and back to the starting line two rounds, the distance being 50 knots. The first leg was free; the second, to Lepe buoy, was a beat of 8 miles, then a reach of 4 miles, and a run back to the Warner.

The starters were Lord Dunraven's *Valkyrie*, Mr. J. Jameson's *Iverna*, The Prince of Wales' *Britannia*, Mr. A. D. Clarke's *Satanita*, Mr. Royal Phelps Carroll's *Navahoe*, and Mr. P. Donaldson's *Calluna*, and in the above order the yachts crossed the line. It was not long before the *Navahoe*, skillfully piloted by Tom Diaper, who used to be Lord Dunraven's sailing master, forged ahead, and breaking out her big spinnaker, assumed the lead, to the delight of all the American visitors, of whom there were a goodly number. The first round was timed thus, the starting gun having been fired at 10 A. M.: *Navahoe*, 12h. 48m. 34s.; *Valkyrie*, 12h. 48m. 42s.; *Britannia*, 12h. 49m. 36s.; *Satanita*, 12h. 55m. 35s.; *Calluna*, 12h. 59m. 50s.; *Iverna*, 13h. 58s.

The *Navahoe* maintained her position until the Warner was reached, the times being: *Navahoe*, 2h. 4m. 30s.; *Valkyrie*, 2h. 4m. 33s.; *Britannia*, 2h. 4m. 48s., and *Satanita*, 2h. 9m. 45s. As soon as the yachts hauled on the wind the *Britannia* came up with a great burst of speed, and passed both *Valkyrie* and *Navahoe*, winning the race by 1m. 3s. The times at the finish were: *Britannia*, 3h. 46m. 16s.; *Valkyrie*, 3h. 47m. 19s.; *Navahoe*, 3h. 47m. 12s. The times of *Satanita* and *Calluna* were not reported. The *Iverna* gave up. This performance of the *Navahoe*, which was only beaten 1m. 26s., was quite creditable for a maiden race. The *Valkyrie* and the other English boats had been racing continuously all the season, and might naturally be supposed to be in the very finest of trim. The breeze was such as just allowed the yachts to carry clubtopsails, and in the squalls everything would crack. It was noticed that the *Navahoe* was less stiff than any of the British boats, and the critics came to the conclusion that she was oversparred. Some amusing comments were made by the newspapers. One said that the *Navahoe* was at a considerable disadvantage, because she is steered with a wheel, whereas the English boats are steered with tillers. This authority seems to forget that *Puritan*, *Mayflower* and *Volunteer* have wheels, which did not prevent them from beating *Genesta*, *Galatea* and *Thistle*, which have tillers.

The second race in which the *Navahoe* engaged was in the regatta of the Royal Southampton Yacht Club, on August 1. Her competitors were *Satanita*, *Calluna*, and *Iverna*. *Valkyrie* and *Britannia* did not race, as on that day they sailed for the Queen's Cup. The course was from Netley to and round the Brambles, then to the East Lepe buoy, then again round the Brambles, a distance of forty miles. The wind was light from the southwest and the water was smooth. Spinnakers were set as the yachts crossed the line at 10 A. M. The *Navahoe* went to the front with rapidity, overhauling the *Iverna*, which had got the better of the start. At the East Lepe buoy the *Navahoe* was two minutes ahead of the *Satanita*, with the *Calluna* third and the *Iverna* last. On the return, *Calluna* and *Iverna* withdrew, both being hopelessly out of the contest. The *Navahoe* kept her lead to the last, finishing at 3h. 55m. 30s., while the *Satanita's* time was 4h. 6m.

This race went to show that the *Navahoe's* forte was fine weather. The Cowes yachting experts, who can be numbered by the hundred, all conceded that the American boat had done well. In a match at Dublin a few days before, the *Satanita* had defeated both *Valkyrie* and *Britannia*, and to beat the conqueror of these two craft was certainly a creditable performance.

Mr. G. L. Watson, the designer of the *Valkyrie* and the *Britannia*, when interviewed after this race said he thought that either of these two yachts could hold the *Navahoe* under ordinary conditions. In his opinion she was faster than either *Satanita* or *Calluna*.

Navahoe was less successful in the race for the town prize of £100, held on August 3d. The course was from Cowes to and round the Warner lightship and return, a distance of fifty miles. The starters were *Valkyrie*, *Satanita*, *Calluna* and *Navahoe*. The start was made at 10 A. M., in a strong westerly breeze, which, later on, increased to a gale. The *Navahoe* was in the best position to windward until Lepe shoal was reached, when she was knocked down by a heavy squall, which carried away the jaws of the gaff and completely disabled her. She put back for Southampton, where the crew of the Massachusetts training ship *Enterprise* helped to unbend the mainsail, which was split. The sail was sent ashore for repairs and was bent at daybreak next morning. The *Calluna* was equally unfortunate. She fouled the steam yacht *Cleopatra* off Lepe shoal, and broke her gaff and tore her mainsail.

The *Satanita* and the *Valkyrie*—the latter with topmast housed and with lee rails awash—were thus left to battle for the prize. The *Satanita* likes it better the harder it blows, and gave *Valkyrie* a rattling good beating. The yachts made the quickest time on record over

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the course, the times at the finish being—*Satanita* 1h. 42m. 15s., and *Valkyrie* 1h. 50m. 30s. As *Satanita* allowed *Valkyrie* 2m. 5s., she beat *Valkyrie* on corrected time by 5m. 10s.

This victory was very gratifying to South country yachtsmen, as the winning yacht was designed by Mr. Soper, a Southampton man.

Next day there was a good deal of hypercritical rubbish printed in the English newspapers about the mishap to the *Navahoe*. The *Times* was especially severe and contemptuous, implying that she was practically useless in a stiff breeze.

On August 4th, with her repaired gaff and mainsail and looking as saucy as ever in spite of the caustic and rather unjust and unsound criticisms of the British press, the *Navahoe* started in the regatta of the Royal Yacht Squadron, over the same course as that of the day before; her adversaries were *Satanita*, *Valkyrie* and *Calluna*. The wind was light from the southwest, and there were frequent showers of rain making it dull and unpleasant for the spectators. As the Prince of Wales is Commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron, it was a matter of regret that his cutter could not compete because of her sprung mast.

The starting gun was fired at 10 A. M., and the yachts crossed the line thus: *Calluna*, 10h. 35s., *Satanita* 10h. 50s., *Valkyrie* 10m. 1m., and *Navahoe* 10h. 1m. 40s. The pilot of the *Navahoe* seems to have made several errors of judgment during the day. Before the first round was finished the wind increased and heavy rain squalls prevailed. The *Navahoe* is reported to have made two tacks under the land while the others only made one, thus causing her to lose considerably. The first round was concluded as follows: *Satanita* 12h. 25m. 44s., *Valkyrie* 12h. 26m. 5s., *Calluna* 12h. 28m., and *Navahoe* 12h. 29m. 35s. The *Satanita* kept her lead, the times at the finish being: *Satanita* 2h. 31m. 56s., *Valkyrie* 2h. 33m. 45s., *Calluna* 2h. 35m. 56s., and *Navahoe* 2h. 38m. 10s. On corrected time, *Satanita* beat *Valkyrie* by 4 seconds only.

Here is an extract from an English newspaper, which gives a fair idea of the nature of the comments on the behavior of the *Navahoe:*

"The performance of the *Navahoe* was a source of amazement to yachtsmen and to other spectators who saw how she acted under the heavy wind. At times her canvas seemed to be lying almost flat on the water, yet she righted herself with ease. Her terrific heeling is a subject of much conversation in yachting circles."

This was cabled across the ocean and led to a sharp reply on the part of John B. Herreshoff, head of the company at Bristol that designed and built the boat. In an interview he pointed out that it was absurd for the London *Times* to say that the *Navahoe* was unmanageable and that her sails must be clipped. He said that in her trip across the rough water of the wide Atlantic she at no time became unmanageable, and asked if it was at all likely that she should contract that habit "in the sheltered waters where the English yachtsmen sail their races."

"In the Royal Yacht Squadron race," he added, "the *Navahoe* finished last because her skipper made two tacks while the other three boats made but one. In the race for the town prize the mishap which befell the *Navahoe* was to her mainsail. The canvas was not strong enough for the stiffness of the boat in the increasing breeze."

Mr. Herreshoff said also that the *Navahoe* was not an ideal racing craft by any means. Mr. Carroll had called for a boat which he might use as a cruiser, and this, in spite of the fact that he had been warned that the type of yacht he would be obliged to meet was far different to the old timers. He had advised Mr. Carroll to have a boat of a deeper draught, but he would not be persuaded. In comparing the *Navahoe* with the two cup defenders his firm had turned out, he remarked significantly that the *Colonia* and the *Vigilant* were racers.

Mr. Archibald Rogers, the managing owner of the *Colonia*, took a sailor-like common-sense view of the matter. These are the characteristic words he said. They are worthy of preservation:

"The Englishman who cabled that matter does not know a yacht from a coal scow. I think the *Navahoe* is a splendid success. She is a new yacht, quite untried, and went over to England, and in the first race beat one of the fastest of their boats—the *Satanita*. In the second race she did not do so well, and her alleged failure in the town prize was merely the result of an accident which may happen at any time.

"To break the jaws of the gaff is one of the commonest of mishaps, and it seems to have been forgotten that some of the English boats also met with accidents. The *Calluna* broke her gaff and tore her mainsail, and the *Britannia* is laid up awaiting a new mast.

"I believe that as soon as the *Navahoe* gets in proper racing trim and her skipper more accustomed to the waters, she will show the Englishmen what sailing is."

The next race in which the *Navahoe* took part she was more successful. It was the regatta of the Royal Southampton Yacht Club, and was sailed on August 5th. The *Navahoe's* only opponent was the *Calluna*. The course was from Netley to and round a mark boat off Lymington, thence to and round the Warner lightship and back to Netley, a distance of forty-two nautical miles. The *Britannia*, which had sprung her mast on the previous day, was unable to compete, to the general disappointment of all lovers of the sport. The Prince of Wales' craft had been chosen to sail against the *Navahoe* in all the contests for which she has issued challenges, and thus it was hoped that she would be able to meet her on every possible occasion. As before, a number of excursion steamers and yachts accompanied the yachts over the course. The wind blew stiff from the southwest and the weather looked so threatening that single reefs were taken in. The start was at 10.45 A.M. Under working topsails and spinnakers the first leg of the course was sailed over, there being little perceptible difference in the speed of the two yachts. When they hauled on the wind, however, the *Navahoe* out-pointed and out-footed her adversary. At the mark boat off Lymington the times were: *Navahoe* 12h. 36m. 30s., *Calluna* 12h. 39m. 18s. From this point it was a reach to the Warner lightship. The *Navahoe* set her big balloon jibtopsail, which set magnificently and rather surprised the English. The wind began to get lighter, and in a jiffy the *Navahoe's* reef was out and the sail hoisted with

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commendable smartness. The *Calluna* followed suit, but it took the Scotch craft more than double the time to spread her whole mainsail to the breeze. The time of rounding the Warner follows: *Navahoe* 2h. 35m. 35s., *Calluna* 2h. 40m. From this point it was a dead beat home, and the finish line was crossed as follows: *Navahoe* 4h. 33m. 12s., *Calluna* 4h. 34m. 20s.

This victory was quite encouraging to the admirers of the Yankee craft. The London *Field*, which has always regarded the mission of the Earl of Dunraven as a sort of wild goose chase, in its issue on the following day made these few pertinent comments, thus preparing its readers for a defeat in October:

"Given a steady breeze, either the *Valkyrie* or *Britannia* can beat the *Navahoe* by at least five minutes over a fifty mile course. Her want of stiffness, compared with that possessed by English yachts, renders her present performances uncertain. She will be a wonder in light breezes. . . .

"We know nothing as to the relative merits of the *Navahoe* compared with the *Jubilee*, *Pilgrim*, *Vigilant* and *Colonia*. If any of these are superior to the *Navahoe*, as the New York press asserts, there is not one among them that the *Valkyrie* could beat. There is a strong feeling here that the *Valkyrie* will be sailing after an *ignis fatuus* in New York Bay, and that she might just as well stay at home. But surely it will be well to know how much better the American machines are than our yachts in a fair stand-up fight. We shall always remember that the *Valkyrie* sailed on her own bottom to New York. If she is beaten by the shallow bodies of the fin-bulb-keelers we shall not take it to heart much."

Apropos of the "fin-bulb-keelers," as Dixon Kemp calls them, the genial Lieutenant Henn, of the *Galatea*, who is so popular among New York yachtsmen, has a similar antipathy and contempt for them. In a letter to a friend in this country, devoted chiefly to praise of the *Valkyrie* and the admirable way in which Captian Cranfield handles her, he relieves his mind on the subject as follows:

"I have a 19-foot one-rater called *Tarpon*, which is a fast little thing and can hold her own with everything except those 'bulb fin' monstrosities, which ought to be confined to Davy Jones's locker or else broken up. I predict that before long some legislation will be brought forward to exterminate them.

"Lord Dunraven's new twenty-rater, the *Deirdré*, is so shallow it is impossible to stand upright in her except in the lavatory—every other good quality sacrificed to speed. Useless traps; the moment they are outbuilt good for nothing."

Lieutenant Henn's "tin frigate," *Galatea*, is so seaworthy and comfortable that he cannot help despising and disparaging the modern racing machines, but it has been demonstrated long ago that it is impossible to unite the two incongruous qualities of a comfortable cruiser and an invincible racer in one boat. The lessons of the English season teach us that the *Valkyrie* is the best fine-weather boat, but that in a strong reefing breeze, such as on the occasion of the first day's race of the Royal Ulster regatta, the *Satanita* can walk away from the others in rattling style.

Patriotic Americans may be assured that the harder it blows on the days of the races for the America's Cup the better are the chances for that trophy remaining on this side of the Atlantic.

The London *Yachtsman* gave its impressions of the *Navahoe* on her arrival in the Solent as follows:

"The chief yachting event of the week here has been the arrival of the American yacht *Navahoe*, which came up from Cowes on Wednesday afternoon, and dropped anchor at the Itchen buoys off Crosshouse. Here she at once commenced divesting herself of her jury rig, which consisted of a stump bowsprit and topmast and short boom, preparatory to shipping her huge racing spars, which have been waiting here for about three weeks, having been brought over by the Inman liner *Berlin*. The passage from Boston to Cowes is reckoned to have been made in eighteen days nineteen hours. The *Navahoe*, which is built of steel, has of course been an object of great curiosity to Itchen-siders. Her huge mast is a marvel in the way of sticks. Standing on deck one cannot but be struck with her enormous beam, yet elegance of form, and a glance up her enormous mast to hounds is something to take one's breath away, and to lead to a feeling of wonder as to what the ship will look like when fully rigged. The saloon and cabins, access to which is gained by a mahogany brass-railed staircase—not an ordinary companion ladder—are elegantly, but not expensively, fitted, white being the prevailing color, with delicate cretonne upholstery and electro-plated fittings. She has a bathroom which would do credit to a small ocean liner. Her main cabin is a noble apartment, and has ample headroom for even a tall man. The ladies' cabin, which is on the starboard side, is also a fine room. She has staterooms right aft, and these were cram full of canvas in the voyage across the Atlantic. Her forecastle makes ud sixteen berths, and looked at from a short distance, *Navahoe* appears above the waterline, perhaps more like *Satanita* than any other of the English quartette."

The first visitor to spring on the deck of the *Navahoe* was Lord Dunraven, who gave the American yachtsman a hearty welcome. He was followed by several other distinguished amateurs. There wasn't much to tell concerning the voyage, which had been comparatively uneventful. All hands on board were well, including the owner's charming wife, who enjoyed the trip hugely. During the first eleven days out the yacht encountered aggravating head winds. On June 26th the boat was hove to in a head gale, and only made thirty-seven miles. The log gives the following distances each day:

	Miles		Miles
June 22	162	July 2	205
June 23	108	July 3	194
June 24	137	July 4	140
June 25	177	July 5	238
June 26	37	July 6	250
June 27	104	July 7	206
June 28	144	July 8	256
June 29	117	July 9	219
June 30	111	July 10	252
July 1	115		

Mr. Carroll had rented a house for the season at Cowes, and opposite this the *Navahoe* was anchored. Both Mr. and Mrs. Carroll have been quite popular among the Isle of Wight residents.

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The German Emperor, since he purchased the *Thistle* (now *Meteor*), has taken great interest in yachting matters. During the Cowes week, in which *Navahoe* sailed her maiden race, he was very much in evidence. One day he sailed on the *Britannia*, lent a hand at the spinnaker halyards and the mainsheet, took a trick at the tiller, and showed in other ways what a good sailor he is. He has presented the *Meteor* challenge gold shield (to which American yachts, however, are not eligible) and to the Imperial Yacht Club, of Kiel, a Hohenzollern prize, to be awarded annually at the club's regatta. The conditions of entry are that every competing yacht be built within the year since the last race, in a German shipyard, from German materials, and from a German design. According to the size of the victorious yacht the value of the prize would be 4,000 marks, 3,000 marks or 2,500 marks.

The *Meteor* has met with little success as a racer this season. In the contest for the Queen's Cup, open only to craft owned by members of the Royal Yacht Squadron, and which was sailed on August 1st, the *Valkyrie* came in first, but was disqualified for having rounded the Bullock buoy on the starboard hand instead of the port. The *Britannia* was second and the *Meteor* third. The *Meteor* had the great good luck to beat the *Britannia* on time allowance, and she was therefore awarded the Queen's Cup, much to the delight of the Emperor. The *Meteor* beat the *Iverna* in a private match on August 4th.

The cruise of the New York Yacht Club, which began on August 7th, was looked forward to with immense interest. The Herreshoff center-board, *Vigilant*, whose underbody of bronze has attracted so much attention, was hauled out at City Island to prepare for it. There her hull was burnished till it shone like a mirror. Her new hollow boom and gaff were shipped and the last finishing touches put to her toilet. Mr. C. Oliver Iselin, who has the boat in charge, is assisted by Mr. E. A. Willard, Vice-Commodore W. Butler Duncan, Jr., N. Y. Y. C., and Mr. Herbert C. Leeds, of Boston, all good amateurs.

The Herreshoff keel boat *Colonia* was hauled out at Downing & Lawrence's railway, South Brooklyn, and got in thorough condition for the cruise. Previous to this both she and the *Vigilant* had been well "tuned up," their trial spins being many and interesting. In a northwest breeze in the Sound on July 23d, when the wind was so violent that it forced big coasting schooners to reef, the two Herreshoff cup defenders were out and made capital weather of it. The *Colonia* sailed to the eastward with a whole mainsail working gaff topsail and her three headsails. She left Bay Ridge at 8 A. M. and was at her anchorage in Newport at 6 P. M., the distance being 140 nautical miles, her average speed being 14 knots an hour. Mr. Harold Sanderson, of the yawl *Nonpareile*, which was threshing to the westward from New Haven to Larchmont under mainsail jib and forestaysail, described her as "traveling like a steamboat and standing up like a church." The *Colonia's* time between New London and Newport was 2 hours and 30 minutes.

The *Jubilee* and the *Pilgrim*, the Boston finkeels, were being tuned up all July in readiness for the forthcoming races. Each seemed to avoid the other as though there was a marked disinclination for a test of speed. There is much rivalry in Boston as to the relative merit of these two craft. The *Pilgrim* is the product of popular subscriptions rather than the property of a wealthy syndicate, as is each of the Herreshoff cup defenders. General Paine is understood to be the sole owner of the *Jubilee*.

There was a queer story circulated during the first week in August, to the effect that the performance of the *Jubilee* had been so disappointing that General Paine had determined not to sail her in the trial races which begin on September 7. This yarn—for so the general characterized it—created rather a sensational surprise until it was authoritatively denied. Of course the *Jubilee* was at that time an experiment like the *Pilgrim*, and if she did not in the month of August justify the promise of the many good qualities she developed in her early spins the general said he might not enter her. At this writing it is impossible to form an accurate judgment of the two Boston yachts, but it is to be hoped that in the interest of sport the bulb-fins and the two Herreshoff craft may appear on the line when the signal for the start in the first trial race is made on September 7th.

There is one thing to be said about the bulb-fins and that is that their designers were so satisfied with them that very few alterations were considered necessary, and these were all of a minor character.

The *Vigilant* was out in the same blustering blow. She carried a whole mainsail, forestaysail and jib. After sailing very satisfactorily in the spiteful puffs and demonstrating her ability to stand up in them, her mainsail was torn, and she put back to her anchorage under jib and maintrysail. The most bitter critics can say nothing derogatory to the "stiffness" of these two racing yachts. In this the first strong breeze they encountered they gave ample evidence of their stability.

The cruise of the New York Yacht Club this year was of exceptional interest, from the fact that the four cup defenders, *Colonia*, *Vigilant*, *Pilgrim* and *Jubilee* were expected to take part in the many interesting events to which they were eligible. Another reason was that a new commodore was in command, and a new commodore always has a certain amount of fascination to the majority of yachtsmen. And as E. D. Morgan had arranged to signalize his first cruise by the presentation of a cup for schooners, and another cup for sloops, cutters and yawls, to be sailed for on the day of rendezvous at Glen Cove, a big fleet gathered to salute the flagship *May* and witness the race.

The morning of August 7th gave promise of fine sport. It was as clear as a bell and a bully breeze was blowing out of the northwest. There was already a goodly fleet at the rendezvous and of course the squadron was bound to swell as it cruised eastward. Many yacht owners are opposed to Glen Cove on general principles, because as a rule calms are more frequent there than racing breezes. To these New London offers more alluring attractions, and in that famous old yachting resort was assembled a big contingent of the squadron, both steam and sail, waiting for the Commodore to come along with his flagship.

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The excursion steamer *Taurus*, chartered for the occasion by the New York Yacht Club, had a large party on board anxious to view the race that had been arranged purely for their pleasure. Non-yacht-owners belonging to the club have few opportunities of seeing the yachts at a rendezvous, but of late years it has been the custom to provide a steamboat for the accommodation of members and their guests. This year there was a race in addition to the other spectacular attractions, so the company on the *Taurus* was unusually large. The fair sex was well represented. The New York girl delights in yachting and never looks so saucy or so bewitching as when clad in nautical costume. I am old and gray and grizzled, my brethren of the sea, and ought not to think of such vanities, I know, but the sight of a pretty girl in a yachting suit always sets my old pulse a-beating and makes my heart throb as it did half-a-century ago.

But as I was saying there was a splendid fleet at Glen Cove. Visitors had an opportunity of comparing the foreign built steam yachts, *May* and *White Ladye*, with some craft of home production, the result being the unwilling admission that the English know how to turn out handsome steam craft. Another British boat excited some admiration. It was the *Queen Mab*, designed by George L. Watson, whose experience in a Bermuda hurricane had given her a bold advertisement. She is certainly one of the prettiest yachts that ever crossed the ocean, and shows that her gifted designer has high artistic perceptions.

But what the visitors wanted to see was how the cup defenders looked. Only two were on hand, the Herreshoff craft *Vigilant* and *Colonia*, but they were worth going miles to see. With their enormous rigs and great clouds of canvas surmounting their low rakish hulls, they made charming marine pictures. Old sailors almost held their breath as they gazed on them and wondered how they managed to carry such an enormous spread of sail.

The northwest wind made merry music, and as the puffs smote these two big racing sloops they heeled over with consummate grace till the water gurgled up in the lee scuppers and there was a snowy wave of foam on the lee bow as the sharp cutwater cleaved the green water, and a shining furrow of sparkling wave drops marked the glory of their wakes. It may be said, without exaggeration, that the interest of the day centered on these two boats which were to engage for the first time in friendly strife. As usual there were two factions afloat. The devotees of the centerboard pinned their faith on the *Vigilant*, while the advocates of the keel type were almost vehemently in favor of the *Colonia*. There was an array of nautical talent aboard the *Taurus* and when such experts as Commodore Center, Joseph Elsworth and Secretary Oddie get together, the conversation is generally worth listening to.

As I remarked before, the race of surpassing interest was that between *Vigilant* and *Colonia* but there were two other boats in the sloop class concerning which there was a good deal of curiosity. The *Queen Mab*, the very latest embodiment of Watson's scientific ideas about centerboards, was entered, and against her was sailing the fast sloop *Hildegard*, with an old-fashioned centerboard of American type. The British boat is one of the most successful yachts designed by Mr. Watson, her winnings last season reaching the handsome total of £1,187. I hear, on pretty good authority, however, that her centerboard was rarely used when racing on the other side of the ocean. Thus these two craft, which were to sail in the same class as *Colonia* and *Vigilant*, were looked upon as possible lesson teachers.

In the schooner class there were nine entries —the *Constellation*, the largest modern centerboard yacht afloat; the *Lasca* and *Ariel*, both from the board of A. Cary Smith; the *Alcæa*, a woeful failure last year; the *Dagmar*, formerly the sloop *Titania*; the *Emerald*, designed by Wintringham; the *Ramona*, *Marguerite* and the ocean racer *Coronet*. Here was a class that promised magnificent sport, and would have compelled the closest scrutiny had it not been for the superior attractions of the cup defenders.

The course was from a markboat one mile and a half west by south from Mattinicock Point buoy, thence to and round a stakeboat three quarters of a mile south from the bell buoy on Green's Ledge, Norwalk Islands, thence to and round a stakeboat three quarters of a mile north from Lloyd's Point buoy, and back to the starting place—26 miles in all. As the wind was northwest there was no windward work. All marks were to be passed to starboard. It was a reach to the first mark 12½ miles, another reach to Lloyd's Point 4 miles, and a close-hauled stretch of 9½ miles to the finish.

The Regatta Committee, Messrs. Nicholson Kane, Irving Grinnell and Chester Griswold, were on board the flagship *May*, from whose bridge the starting gun for the single-stickers was fired at 12h. 25m., the *Queen Mab* being the first to cross the line. The start for schooners was five minutes later. The official times follow:

	H.	M.	S.
Queen Mab	12	26	13
Vigilant	12	26	43
Colonia	12	27	57
Hildegard	12	28	03
Alcæa	12	31	14
Ariel	12	31	29
Emerald	12	32	14
Constellation	12	32	56
Lasca	12	33	23
Dagmar	12	33	32
Ramona	12	34	02
Marguerite	12	39	00
Coronet	12	35	00

The *Vigilant* broke out her small jibtopsail as she crossed the line and set a balloon foresail. She passed the *Queen Mab* like a race horse, and seemed to be developing a great burst of speed. All the yachts carried working topsails and heeled well over to the freshening breeze. *Colonia* was fast chasing the *Vigilant*. Twelve minutes after the start a vicious gust smote the *Vigilant*, whipping the topmast out of her and snapping off the bowsprit a few feet outside the stem. This mishap put her out of the race and left *Colonia* a walk over. The crippled *Vigilant* let go her anchor, cleared away the wreck and later on was towed to Piepgrass' yard, at City Island, for repairs. The same squall split to tatters the *Coronet's* maintopmast staysail, which was soon replaced by a smaller sail.

The *Colonia* rushed past her disabled adversary with her lee rail nearly awash and quite a

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heel on. For prudent reasons the jibtopsail was dowsed to the breeze, and not a moment too soon, for the puff carried away the *Coronet's* jibtopsail, which blew in rags far to leeward.

With the *Vigilant* out of the contest all attention was now riveted on the schooners. The *Constellation*, which is twenty feet longer on the water line than the *Colonia*, hunted the Herreshoff boat in vain, to the immense surprise of all who thought that with the wind abaft the beam the big Burgess schooner would have by far the best of it. The *Ariel* and *Alcœa* were at it hammer and tongs, the former seeming to stand up to her work better than the other.

The times of the leaders at the first mark were:

	H.	M.	S.
Colonia	1	26	30
Constellation	1	31	20
Alcœa	1	32	13
Ariel	1	33	05
Lasca	1	34	16
Ramona	1	34	40

Soon after jibing the clew of the *Colonia's* foresail carried away and the sail was taken in. It was found that she had sailed the leg of 12½ nautical miles in 58m. 33s.

The times at the second mark were:

	H.	M.	S.
Colonia	1	47	50
Constellation	1	51	11
Alcœa	1	53	55
Ariel	1	56	03
Lasca	1	56	06
Ramona	1	56	57
Emerald	1	59	40
Coronet	2	01	39

From this point to the finish it was a close-hauled stretch. Sheets were trimmed down flat on the starboard tack, and the yachts inclined to the stiff and steady breeze made quick work of it. All the yachts except *Lasca* weathered the finish mark without a tack. The official summary follows:

SCHOONERS.

Name.	*Start.* H. M. S.	*Finish.* H. M. S.	*Elapsed Time.* H. M. S.	*Corrected Time.* H. M. S.
Constellation	12 32 56	2 43 01	2 10 05	2 07 32
Lasca	12 33 23	2 49 56	2 16 33	2 08 33
Ariel	12 31 29	2 48 14	2 16 45	n. m.
Alcæa	12 31 14	2 47 10	2 15 56	n. m.
Dagmar	12 34 02	3 01 55	2 28 23	2 11 21
Emerald	12 32 14	2 57 21	2 25 07	2 14 54
Ramona	12 34 02	2 50 20	2 16 18	2 13 16
Marguerite	12 35 00	3 03 43	2 28 43	2 16 09
Coronet	12 35 00	2 58 22	2 23 22	2 23 22

SLOOPS.

Colonia	12 27 57	2 34 36	2 06 39	—
Queen Mab	12 26 13	3 04 15	2 38 02	—
Hildegard	12 28 03	3 18 52	2 50 49	—
Vigilant	12 26 43	Disabled.		

Ariel was not measured, but it is thought she is the winner of the cup for schooners. *Colonia* won the cup for sloops, and immediately after the race was towed to Newport, where she was fitted out with new and stouter bowsprit shrouds, the accident to the *Vigilant* having given Mr. Rogers reason to be on his guard against a similar mishap. The *Queen Mab* went over the course in 20m. 47s. less time than the *Hildegard*, and in a fresh breeze is doubtless her superior. *Dauntless*, *Mayflower* and *Loyal* were also entered in the schooner class, but did not start.

It will thus be seen that the cruise of the New York Yacht Club began in a brilliant manner, and arguing from the experience of the first day, optimistic hopes for a succession of good luck were indulged in. The fleet lay at anchor all night at Glen Cove, the brisk northwester meanwhile dying out.

At dawn on August 8th the water of the Sound was smooth and oily as a mill-pond, and there wasn't the faintest breath of air. The sun rose, and the day promised to be a scorcher. It was noon before there was the slightest symptom of a breeze, and the little there was came out of the southeast.

The run was to Morris Cove, and the starting signal for sloops was given at 12h. 15m., the handicap time being five minutes later. Sixteen "single-stickers" started and eleven were handicapped, the five timed being *Queen Mab*, 12h. 16m. 25s.; *Jessica*, 12h. 18m. 55s.; *Bedouin*, 12m. 18m. 56s.; *Gracie*, 12m. 19m. 21s., and *Crocodile*, 12h. 20m. 00s. The starting gun for schooners was fired at 12:20, and the handicap signal at 12:25. Not one of the fleet of twenty-two got over in time, so all were handicapped. They were *Dagmar*, *Marguerite*, *Loyal*, *Alcœa*, *Shamrock*, *Viator*, *Ariel*, *Neara*, *Gevalia*, *Lasca*, *Mayflower*, *Constellation*, *Fleetwing*, *Emerald*, *Yampa*, *Palmer*, *Dauntless*, *Atlantic*, *Coronet*, *Brunhilde*, *Fortuna* and *Ramona*.

It was little better than a drifting match, the wind being fluky all the afternoon. At one time you would see the whole fleet close-hauled, and at another with spinnakers hung out, wooing ineffectually the coy and wayward wind. Many of the yachts did not finish until long after midnight, and the Regatta Committee had a tedious time of it waiting for the fleet to come in. The *Constellation* won the squadron run prize for first-class schooners, beating the *Dauntless* 1h. 35m. 22s., corrected time. *Alcœa* redeemed herself by winning the prize in the third class schooners. She is quite fast in a calm. She led the fleet into Morris Cove. In the same class *Lasca* took second prize. *Ariel* won in the fourth class schooners, beating *Dagmar* 2h. 8m. 2s. In the fifth class schooners *Neara* was the conqueror. *Huron* won in the third class sloops, *Hildegard* in the fourth, beating *Queen Mab* 23m. 11s. on corrected time, the Britisher being a poor drifter. The *Wasp* and the *Eclipse* were victorious in the fifth and sixth classes of sloops. It might be as well to add that none of these victories had the slightest significance. It was pure luck throughout.

Next day, August 9th, opened with a light westerly wind. The fleet was at anchor in Morris Cove and the outlook was not bright. Sailors whistled for a breeze and wanted to know who was the Jonah. Some of them scraped the mast and went through some magical rites with a bottle and a glass in the hope of raising the wind. The flagship, *May*, steamed outside the breakwater to be in readiness to start the yachts. A faint puff of wind from the westward aroused the spirits of all hands. The gun on the *May* went off with a resonant report at 9h. 40m. It was the signal for the start of the sloops and cutters, and this is the order in which they started: *Bedouin*, *Wasp*, *Mariquita*, *Huron*, *Queen Mab*, *Zingara* and *Katrina*. *Ventura*, *Eclipse*, *Rosalind* and *Gracie* were handicapped. All had spinnakers set.

All the schooners except *Yampa* and *Ariel*

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were handicapped. Soon after the start the wind hauled to the southward. Spinnakers were taken in and the boats began to make more way through the rather stagnant water. Some of the yachts stood by the Connecticut shore; others steered a mid-channel course, while others went over to Long Island, but all with one object in view and that breeze hunting.

And tedious work it was. There were only 38 nautical miles to go, a four hours' sail in a moderate breeze, but it took some of the yachts more than nine hours to accomplish the distance. The run was devoid of any inspiriting incident. It was dull, stale, flaccid and unprofitable. It made sailormen say great, big sturdy words, and it annoyed yacht-owners and almost made them forswear canvas and sigh for a steam engine and a propeller. But even a calm day on the Sound must come to a conclusion. A nice little breeze at last sprang up. It filled the *Constellation's* flying kites and the large handsome vessel quickly felt its influence and away she went, with her sharp prow heading for New London light, in the van of the much-scattered squadron. This proud position she maintained until the finish line was reached. Governor Russell, of Massachusetts, was aboard of her, the guest of her owner, Mr. Bayard Thayer. Following is the summary of the race:

SCHOONERS—FIRST CLASS.

Name.	Start. H. M. S.	Finish. H. M. S.	Elapsed Time. H. M. S.	Corrected Time. H. M. S.
Coronet.	10 05 00	6 12 23	8 07 23	8 07 23
Dauntless.....	10 05 00	5 10 45	7 05 45	7 03 56
Constellation...	10 05 00	4 04 48	5 59 48	5 56 05
Yampa.....	10 02 09	5 34 35	7 32 26	7 28 22
Fleetwing	10 05 00	6 17 13	8 12 13	8 05 01
Fortune..... ..	10 05 00	4 56 12	6 51 12	6 40 23

SCHOONERS—THIRD CLASS.

Lasca.....	10 05 00	4 16 40	6 11 40	6 11 40
Alcæa.....	10 05 00	5 43 21	7 38 21	n. m.
Mayflower.....	10 05 00	5 31 34	7 26 34	7 24 37
Emerald.....	10 05 00	5 03 28	6 58 28	6 55 14
Atlantic	10 05 00	5 16 28	7 11 28	7 06 50

SCHOONERS—FOURTH CLASS.

Marguerite.....	10 05 00	5 04 22	6 59 22	6 59 22
Ariel.....	10 04 12	4 54 03	6 49 51	n. m.
Shamrock.....	10 05 00	5 42 45	7 37 45	7 29 15
Dagmar.....	10 05 00	5 02 52	6 57 52	6 51 19

SCHOONERS—FIFTH CLASS.

Gevalia...	10 05 00	5 51 47	7 46 47	7 46 47
Neara.....	10 05 00	5 30 40	7 25 40	7 22 32

SLOOPS—THIRD CLASS.

Katrina.....	9 59 55	5 35 32	7 35 37	7 35 37
Gracie	10 00 00	7 01 53	9 01 53	9 00 02
Bedouin....	9 57 53	5 54 58	7 57 05	7 54 26
Huron	9 38 31	5 49 08	7 50 37	7 43 28

SLOOPS—FOURTH CLASS.

Queen Mab.....	9 59 13	6 37 01	8 37 48	8 37 48
Ventura	10 00 00	Not timed.		
Clara....	10 00 00	7 19 20	9 19 20	9 11 14

SLOOPS—SIXTH CLASS.

Wasp..... ...	9 57 56	4 32 42	6 54 46	6 54 46
Mariquita.....	9 58 09	6 57 41	8 57 32	8 48 57

SLOOPS—SEVENTH CLASS.

Zingara.....	9 59 45	Not timed.		
Bonnie Kate....	10 00 00	Not timed.		

The winners were *Constellation*, *Lasca* and *Neara* in the schooner classes, and *Katrina*, *Queen Mab* and *Wasp* in the sloops.

There was a large fleet at anchor in New London awaiting the arrival of the squadron. But General Paine's cup defender *Jubilee* was the cynosure of all eyes. It was the first glimpse most of the New York yachtsmen had been able to get of the Boston ballast-fin centerboard and many queer criticisms were passed on her appearance. Personally, I rather like the look of the boat. She is not a bit less beautiful than the *Pilgrim*, in spite of the somewhat bigoted views of the New York yachting scribes. General Paine was disappointed when he heard that the *Colonia* was at Newport. He had come to New London in the hope of a race with both of the Herreshoff yachts, as the tidings of the mishap to the *Vigilant* had not reached him. General Paine had as guests aboard his son John B., his law partner Mr. George H. Richards, Mr. Joseph F. Fay, and Dr. John Bryant. They all dined with ex-Commodore Gerry on the *Electra* that evening.

The *Volunteer*, flagship of the Eastern Yacht Club, and the new Boston fin-keel 46-footer *Carmita* were also at anchor. There was the usual gay time ashore at the Pequot House. Many of the steam yachts were brilliantly illuminated with colored electric lights. Lots of fire-works were let off afloat and ashore. The fleet numbered one hundred and fifty, the largest it is said that ever anchored in New London harbor.

Visits were exchanged and it was early next morning before all hands turned in for a nap, preparatory for the race to Newport.

The Morgan-Iselin yacht *Vigilant* was towed into port soon after daylight. She had been supplied with a new topmast and bowsprit at City Island and was again in racing trim. It was quite foggy at dawn but the rising sun cleared away the mists of the early morning. There was a light southwest wind blowing but not a promise of a stiff and steady breeze for which the whole fleet had been praying.

The start was from Sarah's Ledge and the signal for the yachts to race was fired from the *May* at 10 A. M. The *Jubilee* got the best of the start and with John Barr at the wheel crossed the line with the *Vigilant*, with Capt. William Hansen steering, following her about a minute later. It was a close-hauled stretch to Race Rock on the western end of Fisher's Island, about five miles and a half away, and at that point a heterogenous fleet laden with anxious excursionists had gathered. Watches were consulted and it was found that the *Jubilee* had beaten the *Vigilant* 2m. 27s. in actual time to Race Rock. It was a big victory so far for Boston.

Meanwhile the rest of the yachts had been started, but little interest was felt in their performance, the cup defenders monopolizing all attention. It is only fair to the skippers of both boats to say that every little shift of wind was taken advantage of and that sheets were admirably trimmed. Off Quonocontaug Point the *Jubilee* was one-third of a mile in the lead, and the hearts of the Herreshoff men went down into their boots. Soon the breeze slackened, and then the *Vigilant* began to crawl up on her slippery adversary. Then New York began to indulge in a little crow of triumph.

And now Point Judith was in sight on the port bow, and spinnakers were sent up in stops ready for breaking out, the booms being rigged out to starboard. The *Vigilant* inch by inch sneaked up, every minute diminishing the distance between them. When Point Judith was abeam the yachts were kept away for Newport,

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spinnakers being broken out with commendable smartness. The times were :

	H.	M.	S.
Jubilee	1	41	19
Vigilant	1	41	58

The distance from Race Rock to Point Judith is 26¼ miles, and the yachts were pretty evenly matched A minute or two later *Vigilant* blanketed *Jubilee* and passed her. The Herreshoff boat kept the lead to the finish off the Dumplings, the time being *Vigilant*, 3h. 11m. 41s., and *Jubilee*, 3h. 12m. 52s., being beaten by 1m. 11s. only. How the other yachts performed is told in the following summary :

Name.	*Start.* H. M. S.	*Finish.* H. M. S.	*Elapsed Time.* H. M. S.	*Corrected Time.* H. M. S.
SCHOONERS—FIRST CLASS.				
Dauntless	10 25 00	4 12 27	5 47 27	5 47 27
Constellation	10 25 00	3 47 54	5 22 54	5 20 54
Yampa	10 25 00	4 19 41	5 54 41	5 52 18
Ramona	10 25 00	4 05 31	5 40 31	5 37 45
Fleetwing	10 25 00	4 43 50	6 18 50	6 13 09
SCHOONERS—SECOND CLASS.				
Fortuna	10 25 00	4 10 12	5 51 12	5 51 12
Montauk	10 25 00	4 40 08	6 15 08	n. m.
SCHOONERS—THIRD CLASS.				
Volunteer	10 25 00	4 10 34	5 45 34	n. m.
Lasca	10 21 00	3 34 11	5 13 11	5 11 48
Alcæa	10 25 00	4 25 23	6 00 23	n. m.
Mayflower	10 22 40	3 51 43	5 29 03	5 25 37
Emerald	10 23 02	4 10 58	5 47 46	5 43 09
Atlantic	10 25 00	4 25 40	6 00 40	5 54 25
SCHOONERS—FOURTH CLASS.				
Marguerite	10 24 52	4 21 01	5 56 09	5 56 09
Ariel	10 21 38	3 45 56	5 24 18	5 24 18
Dagmar	10 23 57	4 26 25	6 02 25	5 55 35
Shamrock	10 25 00	4 26 18	6 01 18	5 52 22
SCHOONERS—FIFTH CLASS.				
Gevalia	10 25 00	4 58 56	6 33 56	6 33 56
Loyal	10 25 00	4 57 58	6 32 58	n. m.
Neara	10 24 21	4 50 18	6 25 54	6 22 36
SLOOPS—FIRST CLASS.				
Vigilant	10 10 00	3 12 52	5 02 52	n. m.
Jubilee	10 10 00	3 11 41	5 01 41	n. m.
SLOOPS—THIRD CLASS.				
Katrina	10 16 42	3 51 51	5 35 09	5 35 09
Gracie	10 19 10	4 33 13	6 14 03	6 12 06
Bedouin	10 17 27	4 19 21	6 01 54	5 59 06
Huron	10 16 38	4 02 46	5 46 08	5 38 36
SLOOPS—FOURTH CLASS.				
Wayward	10 20 00	4 44 21	6 24 21	6 24 21
Hildegard	10 16 24	4 17 13	6 00 49	6 00 35
Queen Mab	10 18 54	4 23 24	6 04 30	5 59 31
SLOOPS—FIFTH CLASS.				
Eclipse	10 20 00	5 01 56	6 41 56	6 41 56
Clara	10 20 00	5 04 44	6 44 44	6 44 35
SLOOPS—SIXTH CLASS.				
Wasp	10 18 00	3 53 19	5 35 19	5 35 19
Jessica	10 18 49	4 46 57	6 28 02	6 20 29
Carmita	10 20 00	4 44 21	6 24 21	n. m.
Uvira	10 16 08	4 31 14	6 15 06	6 02 03
Mariquita	10 18 40	4 40 08	6 21 28	6 21 28
SLOOPS—SEVENTH CLASS.				
Bonnie Kate	10 18 34	Not timed.		
Rosalind	10 20 10	Not timed.		
Nymph	10 18 34	4 57 44	6 38 50	n. m.

The winning schooners were *Constellation*, *Fortuna*, *Lasca* and *Neara*, and the successful single-stickers were *Vigilant*, *Katrina*, *Queen Mab*, *Eclipse*, *Wasp* and *Nymph*.

The Regatta Committee announced that it could give no positive decision about the *Vigilant-Jubilee* race, as neither had been measured, but the general opinion is that the Herreshoff boat won.

Superstitious sailors wonder how it is that commodores and regatta committees can fly with such foolhardiness into the face of Providence by appointing Friday as the day on which to sail the Goelet cup races. It would seem by the unsatisfactory results of the particular race on Friday, August 11th, that there may be something in the old salt water superstition after all. I have witnessed nearly every race sailed for these cups, but cannot recall one that was so disappointing.

Public excitement ran high. Newport was crowded. There were a number of excursion boats chartered for the occasion. Not for many years had such a bad attack of yachting fever struck the American Cowes. The cause of the commotion is easily to be understood. The four cup defenders *Colonia*, *Vigilant*, *Jubilee* and *Pilgrim*, were about to race for one of the two handsome silver trophies donated yearly to the New York Yacht Club by Mr. Ogden Goelet, the charterer of Mrs. Langtry's *White Ladye*.

It was to be expected, therefore, that on the eve of this great race fraught with so many exciting possibilities, meteorological experts, vulgarly known as "weather sharps," should be called into requisition. The heavens gave no hint of a breeze and the prophets looked glum, and their predictions were as ill-omened as those of Cassandra.

On Friday at sunrise it was foggy, with a very light southeasterly breath. A more unpromising day for a yacht race never dawned. The very sky looked stagnant. The atmosphere abounded with humidity and mankind with gloomy depression. Mr. S. Nicholson Kane, the chairman of the Regatta Committee, usually the most sanguine of yachtsmen, did not look so cheery as of yore as I hailed him at the Club's landing stage, but he said he hoped for a brisk breeze later on,

The start was off Brenton's Reef lightship, whence in the past so many magnificent races have begun. The *Pilgrim* met with a misfortune early. The sprit of her club topsail was carried away and she was deprived of the powerful pulling qualities of this immense sail. However a working topsail was sent up in its place and Designers Stewart and Binney, both of whom were aboard, kept a stiff upper lip and prayed silently for a young hurricane.

The course decided on was to the Sow and Pigs lightship, thence to the Hen and Chickens lightship and back to the starting point, a distance of 38 nautical miles.

The starting signal for the sloops was given at 11:35. First to cross the line was the *Jubilee* with sheets flattened hard on the starboard tack and with her little jibtopsail set and Capt. Barr at the wheel. Next came *Vigilant* on the port tack and under the same canvas with her designer Nat. Herreshoff steering her. Third to cross was *Colonia*, with Capt. Haff of *Volunteer* fame grabbing the spokes of the wheel. She was on the starboard tack. The 46-footer *Ilderim* was fourth and the *Pilgrim* was fifth and last in the single-stick class.

The schooners started as follows at 11:40 : *Lasca*, *Ariel*, *Volunteer* and *Emerald*, *Marguerite*, *Mayflower*, *Dagmar*, *Constellation*, *Alcæa* and *Loyal* were handicapped. The light air whose faint breath had fanned the yachts across the line soon petered out, but not before all except the *Pilgrim* were heading to the southward in search of an imaginary breeze. The *Pilgrim* went hunting for a land breeze and lost a good deal by it. There were unpleasant intervals of fog, of calm and of doldrums.

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Then would come a gentle breath of air that inspired hope and as it died away left only despair.

By miraculous means the big sloops drifted along to the Sow and Pigs lightship which they turned as follows: *Jubilee*, 3 h. 57 m.; *Vigilant*, 4 h. 45 s.; *Colonia*, 4 h. 5 m. 50 s.; *Pilgrim* was miles away. Spinnakers and balloon jibtopsails were set and the boats headed for the Hen and Chickens lightship 4½ miles due north. A number of steam yachts were at the lightship and there ensued such a screeching of steam whistles and sirens that one would think pandemonium had broken loose.

The light air had changed into a dead calm, and the flying kites that flapped as the boats rolled were hauled down, their usefulness having departed. At five o'clock the sloops were drifting past the Hen and Chickens. The *Volunteer* was three miles ahead of the schooners, and the calm looked as though it would last all night.

All the yachts not actually racing turned for Newport and dinner, the steamers stoking up at a great rate. The flagship *May* stopped out all night off Brenton's Reef lightship, waiting for the yachts to finish. How their patience was rewarded is told in the following official summary published by the Regatta Committee:

SCHOONERS.

Name.	Friday A. M. Start. H. M. S.	Saturday A. M. Finish. H. M. S.	Elapsed Time. H. M. S.	Corrected Time. H. M. S.
Volunteer	11 42 32	5 14 22	17 31 50	17 25 10
Lasca	11 42 38	5 20 29	17 37 51	17 29 23
Alcæa	11 45 00	6 40 45	18 55 45	not ms'd

SLOOPS.

Colonia	11 38 11	1 28 49	13 49 49	not ms'd
Vigilant	11 37 29	1 38 00	14 00 31	not ms'd
Jubilee	11 36 49	2 18 35	14 41 46	not ms'd
Pilgrim	11 40 00	not timed.		

Thus *Volunteer* was thought to have won her third Goelet Cup (one of them as a sloop and two as a schooner). *Colonia* captured the cup for sloops. Out of ten schooners only three finished. The *Pilgrim* did not cross the finish line. She had played in bad luck all day and all night.

The fleet lay in the harbor at Newport all day Saturday, a thick bank of fog making it unsafe for the run to Martha's Vineyard. Nearly all the yachtsmen were in favor of a time limit for the Goelet Cup races, and it is not unlikely that Capt. Goelet may insist upon one next year.

Sunday was also spent in Newport. In the afternoon the fleet was gorgeously dressed with bunting, presenting a spectacle of rare marine beauty. It was the largest fleet that ever crowded the harbor.

On Monday a protest was made against the *Volunteer* being adjudged the winner of the Goelet Cup for schooners on the ground that her owner, Commodore Forbes, had not made the entry according to the rules. The protest was allowed and the *Lasca* was awarded the cup. This was the only unpleasant incident of the cruise, and gave rise to some bad feeling among the Boston men.

A haystack can sail with a fair wind, and therefore the sail to Martha's Vineyard had no racing significance. Neither had the sail on the following day to New Bedford, on which squadron run no cup defenders competed.

The yachts ran from New Bedford to Newport, but as there were no cup defenders engaged in the race the contest was without any exhilarating interest. Nobody cared a jot about the results. The only interest was in the Astor Cup races next day.

The conditions were as follows:

Capt. J. J. Astor, N. Y. Y. C., offers two cups, $600 each, to be sailed for by sloops, cutters and yawls belonging to the club, under the following conditions:

"The winner of the first day's race is to take one cup, and the winner, second, third and fourth boats shall compete in the second race for the other cup. In the event of the second being won by the boat which was second, third or fourth in the first day's race there shall be a third race between these two boats, and the winner of the third race shall take both cups." Time limit for each race, six hours; hauling out to clean not allowed after commencement of the cruise.

Wind and weather permitting the races will be sailed on consecutive days.

On Thursday, August 17th, the superstitious were all brave and true. The four cup defenders were all in tune for the fray, as this was thought to be a significant and magnificent test. The course was fifteen miles dead to windward and back, the breeze blowing south-south-east. The preparatory gun was fired from the flagship *May* at 11h. 25m. The starting gun went off with a bang at 11h. 35m. The *Jubilee* romped first across the line, her time being taken at 11h. 35m. 21s., the *Pilgrim* following her at 11h. 35m. 26s. Next came *Colonia* at 11h. 35m. 58s., with *Vigilant* bringing up the rear at 11h. 36m. 19s. From this point it was a glorious thresh to windward, the breeze freshening as the wind increased. The *Vigilant* in the thresh to windward did splendid work, and as the wind increased, jibtopsails were taken in.

At the outside mark, where the wind got stronger and the rain began to pour, the *Jubilee* was *facile princeps*. She jibed round the stake boat at 2h. 5m. 37s, and set her balloon sails for the finish. The *Jubilee's* time was 2h. 11m. 30s., the *Colonia* being third at 2h. 12m. 20s., and the *Pilgrim* last. The figures show up as follows: The *Vigilant* shows at 2h. 29m. 11s., *Jubilee* 2h. 36m. 9s., *Colonia* 2h. 36m. 22s., and the *Pilgrim* 2h. 40m. 14s., which means that the *Vigilant* beat the *Jubilee* 6m. 58s. in the windward work, beat the *Colonia* 7m. 11s. and the *Pilgrim* 11m. 3s. That the *Jubilee* beat the *Colonia* just 13s. and the *Pilgrim* 4m. 45s., and that the *Colonia* beat the *Pilgrim* 3m. 52s.

Thence it was a run with spinnakers set to starboard. The *Pilgrim* seemed to be gaining on the others, when in a sudden squall her gaff was carried away. She hauled down her mainsail and a friendly tug took her into Newport.

Following are the official figures:

Name.	Start. H. M. S.	Next Finish. H. M. S.	Last Elapsed Time. H. M. S.
Vigilant	11 36 19	3 39 11	4 02 52
Jubilee	11 35 21	3 43 34	4 08 13
Colonia	11 35 58	3 44 19	4 08 21
Pilgrim	11 35 26	Did not finish.	

—which shows by the elapsed time that the *Vigilant* beat the *Jubilee* 5m. 21s. and the

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Colonia 5m. 29s., and that the *Jubilee* beat the *Colonia* 8s.

The *Jubilee* was second and the *Colonia* third over the mark at the end. The figures show that the *Colonia* in the run home did better than the others. The *Vigilant* required 1h. 34m. 34s.; the *Colonia* 1h. 31m. 4s., and the *Jubilee* 1h. 33m. 14s.; so the *Colonia* has the best of the bronze centerboard on this point of sailing 3m. 30s. This would not be believed did not the figures show it, and the *Jubilee* had the best of the *Vigilant* in footing homeward 1m. 20s.

On Friday, the 18th, the *Vigilant*, *Colonia* and *Jubilee* started again to determine the right to the remaining Astor cup, but in the absence of wind the time limit of the conditions was exceeded, and the contest, therefore, was null and void.

On Saturday, the 19th, it was agreed that another attempt should be made to sail the race for the second Astor cup, and the *Vigilant*, *Colonia* and *Jubilee* started soon after noon. The first log, of ten nautical miles, was southeast one-half east, which took the yachts in the direction of No Man's Land; the second, of the same length, was in the direction of Block Island, and the third back to Brenton's Reef Lightship. What little wind there was was from the south.

The first mark was passed as follows:

	H.	M.	S.
Vigilant	3	03	12
Jubilee	3	04	49
Colonia	3	22	06

The second mark was passed by

	H.	M.	S.
Vigilant	4	20	24
Jubilee	4	35	17
Colonia	4	50	54

Then the wind became fainter and fainter and with the Lightship goal in sight, and the *Vigilant* leading, the race again collapsed, for no boat succeeded in covering the course in the six hours, the specified time limit of the race, as the following figures show:

	Start. H.	M.	S.	Finish. H.	M.	S.	Elapsed Time. H.	M.	S.
Vigilant	12	20	52..	6	31	01	6	10	09
Jubilee	12	21	14	6	38	55	6	17	41
Colonia	12	21	35	6	47	54	6	26	19

Simultaneously on the other side of the Atlantic, another phase of the international problem was being solved at the Royal Dorset Yacht Club Regatta, where, over a forty-mile course in a strong westerly breeze, the *Satanita*, *Calluna*, *Britannia* and *Navahoe* were contesting.

The time was

	H.	M.	S.
Satanita	2	05	40
Britannia	2	08	30
Navahoe	2	11	40
Calluna	2	13	03

The annual cruise of the Atlantic Yacht Club began on July 15th. The yachts rendezvoused at Cold Spring Harbor. The first run was to Black Rock, where next day divine service was held on the flagship. That same afternoon the fleet left for Morris Cove. On Monday the squadron left for New London, in a light wind, and did not arrive until late in the evening. On Tuesday the fleet ran across to Dening's Harbor. Vice-Commodore Sanford on this occasion offered a cup for the three 40-footers *Choctaw*, *Moccasin* and *Awa*. The latter won. Mr. James Weir, Jr., also offered a cup for the larger sloops *Rival*, *Penguin*, *Roamer* and *Athene*. The *Rival*, in spite of the fact that she was the smallest in the class, was the winner. On Wednesday the squadron sailed for Newport in light weather, and there disbanded after quite an enjoyable cruise. The yachts that went on the cruise were:

Schooners — *Water Witch*, Commodore David Banks; *Grayling*, Latham A. Fish; *Una*, J. Fred Ackerman; *Vidette*, H. F. Munn; *Lydia*, Henry W. Banks; *Siren*, J. K. Emmett; *Loyal*, B. Franklin Sutton.

Sloops:—*Rival*, Vice-Commodore P. G. Sanford; *Saona*, Rear-Commodore A. P. Ketcham; *Awa*, C. E. Cameron; *Choctaw*, T. L. Arnold; *Moccasin*, N. D. Lawton; *Daffodil*, James R. Whiting; *Tigress*, James Weir, Jr.; *Penguin*, George E. Brightson; *Daphne*, A. W. Booth; *Athene*, Charles A. Rich; *Concord*, H. C. Roome; *Rover*, J. S. Manning; *Roamer*, S. D. McElvoy.

On July 15th, the Larchmont Yacht Club also started out on its annual cruise, the first run being to New Haven. Next day New London was made. On Monday the squadron sailed for Newport, where they arrived about midnight, and were compelled to anchor outside the harbor owing to calms and fog. Among the yachts that sailed on the cruise were: *Dauntless*, *Ramona*, *Katrina*, *Atlantic*, *Phantom*, *Viator*, *Gevalia*, *Southern Cross*, *Tioga*, *Winona*, *Nonpareile*, *Peri*, *Mistral*, *Flash*, *Nixie* and *Vision*, and the steam yachts *Ladoga*, *Jessie* and *Thyra*. Other cruises of the month were those of the New Rochelle Yacht Club, with Commodore Andruss of the flagship *Sasqua* in command; and of the New York Yacht Racing Association, with Admiral B. Franklin Sutton of the schooner *Loyal* in charge.

The trial trip of the new Vanderbilt twin-screw steam yacht *Valiant* took place on August 2d. This vessel, which is at present the finest of her class in the world, is said to have acquitted herself to the satisfaction of her builders, Messrs. Laird, of Birkenhead. At last accounts she was fitting out for her voyage across the Atlantic. Her owner was disappointed that she was not completed in time to take part in the cruise of the New York Yacht Club.

The steam yacht *Nirvana*, built for Mr. William R. Sands, of New Hamburg, by Dr. C. R. Miller, at Poughkeepsie, was launched on July 22d. She is a smart looking craft of the following dimensions: length over all 106 feet; on the load water line 80 feet, with a beam of 16 feet, and a draught of 5 feet 6 inches. She has a wooden hull, the keel, stem, stern post and frames being of oak and her outside planking of yellow pine. She is propelled by a triple expansion engine and gets her steam from a coil boiler.

Among the new fast little steam yachts like *Vamoose*, *Javelin*, *Norwood* and *Fiseen*, are two others launched this season, the *Rex* and *Yankee Doodle No. 2*. The *Rex* is owned by Mr. Boyer, of Wall street. She is 65 feet long over all, 59 feet 7 inches on the load water line, with a beam of 7 feet 6 inches and a draught of 2 feet 5 inches. Her hull is of double planking, the inside skin being cedar and the outside mahogany.

A. J. KENEALY.

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PLEASURE TRAVEL AND RESORTS.

THAT peer of railways, the New York Central, never fails to provide what the traveling public wants and in the way best suited to gratify the popular demands. For the season of 1893 the Passenger Department has published what is known as the "Four Track Series" of books, which combines some of the most valuable contributions to the literature of travel. The series consists of twelve finely illustrated and well-printed books on "The Luxury of Modern Railway Travel," "The Railroad and the Dictionary," "America's Great Resorts," "Suburban Homes North of the Harlem," "Health and Pleasure," "The Adirondack Mountains," "The Lakes of Central New York," "Two to Fifteen Days' Pleasure Tours," "Two Days at Niagara Falls," "The Thousand Islands," "Saratoga, Lake George, Lake Champlain," "In the Catskill Mountains." These have been carefully prepared so as to present the greatest amount of information possible, and completely cover the broad territory of the New York Central. Any of the works will be sent, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, Canada or Mexico, if application is made, with stamps, to Geo. H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, Grand Central Station, New York. For full particulars regarding application for books, see advertisement in this number.

AMONG the best known sporting writers, the most successful trapshots at live birds and artificial targets, and the most deadly performers on upland and marsh, the expression "Old reliable Parker" has almost become part of the sportsman's vocabulary. To Parker Bros., of Meriden, Conn., the oldest manufacturers of breech-loading shotguns in America, belongs the credit of being first to convince many American sportsmen that a strictly high-class gun, equal in material, shooting and wearing qualities, beauty and handiness, to anything produced in Europe, could be built this side the Atlantic. The Parker did not bound into favor — it was difficult to convince sportsmen that a gun did not have to be English to be worth anything, but in time one after another were converted, and ere long superbly built Parkers were sounding defiance from the very front ranks of trap and field shots. The makers claim their gun to be "the strongest shooting and best gun made" and there are thousands of sportsmen ready, who have their guns built to order by Parker Bros., to endorse the statement. Its honest merit has earned for the gun its title of "Old reliable Parker."

THE new Mediterranean and Oriental winter service established by the progressive Hamburg-American line last winter as an experiment was so well patronized that it will be continued as a permanent feature. In future instead of landing at Gibraltar, the steamers will make the port of Algiers. Many prominent physicians recommend Algiers and its surroundings as one of the most beneficial health resorts. The Hamburg-American line, therefore, affords American travelers a chance to reach the sunny shores of Northern Africa in luxurious comfort, unparalleled safety, and with extraordinary speed. The trip to Algiers will occupy only eight days.

From Algiers the steamer will proceed to Naples, whence Rome, the eternal city, with her treasures of art and her glorious reminiscences, may be reached in nine hours. The next landing place is Genoa, from which port the many famous cities and the beautiful lakes of upper Italy are within easy reach. From Genoa the traveler may turn either to the mountains of the Tyrol, to Switzerland, to the Riviera, or to the South of France.

The Oriental trip of the Hamburg-American line will be made by the *Fuerst Bismarck*, starting from New York February the first, and touching in succession Gibraltar, Algiers, Genoa, Ajaccio, Alexandria, Jaffa, Smyrna, Constantinople, Athens, Malta, Messina, Palermo, Naples and Genoa, thence returning to New York via Southampton.

THE HUDSON is the waterway to districts hardly less attractive than its own historical and picturesque border lands, and the Troy boats offer unsurpassed accommodation to tourists bound to Saratoga, the Adirondacks, Lake Champlain, and all resorts north.

THE increasing number of ladies who ride bicycles is directing special attention to the manufacture of suitable machines. Some firms, such as the H. B. Smith Machine Co., are making a specialty of ladies' wheels, and their "Ladies' Lever Bicycle" certainly deserves its extended patronage.

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ANSWERS TO "OUTING" CORRESPONDENTS.

W. W. Rahway, N. J.—In pole vaulting a person who takes a trial at a certain height cannot then say "I pass," and try at the next height, without clearing the lower height failed at. This is often attempted by athletes in competition, but strict ruling forbids it. He may pass a height without any trial, but if he tries once and fails he must clear the height in the next two tries.

F. T. B., Edsy.—Dr. W. G. Grace, the celebrated English cricketer, was forty-five years old on the 18th of July last.

F. H. N., Cleveland.—Irregularity of shape does not disqualify a track. The Irvington Oval, Boston, is very irregular, and the Manhattan Field (New York) track is shaped like a pumpkin seed, with the sharp end rounded. A track must, however, be absolutely level. The Princeton track has a slight grade, and several record-breaking performances of Luther Cary's were not allowed for this reason.

C. C. S., Wooster, Ohio.—You will get all the naturalist supplies you require and goods for mounting and preparing insects, by writing to Messrs. Crook & Co., 1191 Broadway, New York.

R. W., Milwaukee.—Question: A, B, C, D engage in a 100-yard race (foot). A wins the race, with B second. This is an amateur race, and all claimed to be amateurs, but after the race is won A says he is a professional and claims that the amateurs, B, C, D are now also professionals for running against him (A). Answer: Ignorance of fact does not excuse illegality; yet this would be a matter for the A. A. U. to decide according to the facts of individual cases.

Question: Another thing, the race was for money, but they had it so arranged that A could take the money, while B, C and D could have a medal made if they wanted it, as they would not take money. Answer: This makes the contestants indisputably professionals, and they have no reprieve except a special decree of the Athletic Union.

Question: Does one become a professional by competing with a professional, not knowing that he is a professional? Answer: An amateur of undoubted integrity would *perhaps* be excused.

Question: Can an amateur run for money and then have a medal made from the same? Answer: No.

Jos.—June record flying lagged because of the continued bad weather. The last of the month birds were either at home or waiting in their baskets at the liberating stations and losing daily in condition.

Up to the middle of July the greatest distance covered in the day was 387 miles, the best claimed time for more than this was for the Thurston loft, Fall River, 8 A.M. next day, for 555 miles. The best certified time is Charles Mehler's Clipper, at 11 o'clock next morning.

The losses through the month were not many, but they included the two brave birds Clipper and Daredevil, of Charles Mehler, sent to Pensacola, 940 miles, and Miss Herbert out from the 550 miles start. Fully a half-dozen birds were shot, all when returning from the 400 miles fly.

Powter.—The Council of American Fanciers of Pigeon Flying has entered upon its second year of existence. In 1891 it was thought desirable to have an association, with a Board of Appeal.

Commodore, Nantucket.—According to the terms of the challenge, no other yacht than the *Valkyrie* can race for the famous old trophy this year. Should Lord Dunraven be defeated, the Prince might challenge next year, but it is not at all likely that he will. The Prince is quite at home on a yacht, and he hopes to beat the German Emperor's *Meteor*—formerly the *Thistle*—and this he should be able to accomplish with singular ease, judging from the way his yacht sailed in the early races of the season.

Whether he can defeat the *Navahoe* is a problem that it would be unwise to hazard an opinion on at this moment. The *Navahoe* has not been tried against any other boat. In fact, there is no boat in existence in this country that could offer a fair test with the exception of the *Puritan*.

Outer.—The cost of a 15 ton yacht depends upon its design and material—whether a racer with lead keel, copper fastened, hard wood; long, deep and narrow, wide or shallow, or a ballast fin; such a boat might cost $10,000. You can, however, get a well built cruiser for $3,000, which you could sail the world over with a crew of three men who knew their business.

H. G. T., Boston, Mass.—Both the courses indicated in your diagram are equally safe. Course No. 1 should be sailed the quickest.

L. D. F., Chicago.—Read Varian's articles on swimming in OUTING for July. The author's opinion on the points you mention will be found treated therein.

Gyp.—It was the well-known Spratts Patent who shipped to America the brindle bulldog "Sheriff," for Mr. E. K. Austin, New York; they have since shipped a bull-terrier bitch for Wm. Tomkin, Macedonia, Ia.; a bull bitch, "Watch," for R. D. Winthrop, New York, a bull-dog "Damon," for F. F. Dole, New Haven, Conn., and two otter hounds for Mr. Ed. Brooks, Hyde Park, Mass.

H. T., Niagara, N. Y.—It must not be forgotten that the photo-corrector requires for its successful application, more perhaps than any other appliance, brains, and brains of a highly cultured variety. Its power for evil is almost as great and much easier applied than for good; and those who would employ it for art purposes must first become themselves true artists. This fact may account for your friend's failure. The old adage is often appropriate, bad workmen always blame their tools.

Boz.—The colored picture of the Columbus caravels, *Santa Maria*, *Pinta* and *Nina* published by Prang's, of Boston, is in our opinion by far the best and most truthful representation of the Columbian fleet. We have compared the details with very rare contemporary woodcuts and they are historically correct.

E. F., Cleveland, O.—You cannot do better than read Malcolm Ford's articles on the various running events in OUTING. We will send you the most useful numbers on receipt of 50 cents.

R. H. S., Newburgh, N. Y.—For a man of your weight, over country roads and rough ones we should certainly recommend *cushion tires*.

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A STERLING volume of the excellent Badminton Library is "SWIMMING," by A. Sinclair and W. Henry, Hon. Secs. of the Life-saving Society. Practical and instructive always, it is also interesting even to those who have no aspirations toward aquatic fame. The history of ancient and modern swimming, how to attain skill in the art, information about clubs and water games, etc., and an invaluable treatise on life-saving and restoring the apparently drowned, are supplemented by notable performances and records. The book is profusely illustrated with drawings, photos and diagrams. [Longmans, Green & Co., London; Little, Brown & Co., Boston.]

"WRESTLING. CATCH-AS-CATCH-CAN STYLE," by E. Hitchcook, Jr., M.D., Cornell University, and R. F. Nelligan, Amherst College, is a richly illustrated little publication which will find favor with all lovers of the sport it advocates. A too common fault of works on athletics is the difficulty authors find in making themselves clearly understood; the book in question overcomes this by presenting a wealth of good illustrations from photos from life, showing almost every valuable hold and break. What text there is is simply to explain the illustrations, hence a pair of novices can readily learn various holds by posing together as indicated in the photos. One of the athletes figuring in the illustrations is W. B. Osgood, middle-weight champion, which guarantees correctness. [Triangle Pub. Co., Springfield, Mass.]

"THE LIFE OF A BUTTERFLY," by Samuel H. Scudder, presents, in untechnical language, the story of the life of one of our most conspicuous American butterflies, introducing also an instructive account of its anatomy, development and comparison with other species. Thus, by treating of a special butterfly, the tribe is made known to the reader in a manner simple yet instructive and pleasant. [Henry Holt & Co., New York.]

"IDEAL SUGGESTION THROUGH MENTAL PHOTOGRAPHY," by Henry Wood, formulates a restorative system for home and private use. Visionary and impracticable aspects of the subject are eliminated, and a scientific basis found. When mental causation is understood, the utility of "ideal suggestion" is seen to be both reasonable and practical. "Hypnotic" suggestion has its uses, but this is on a distinctively higher plane. The book is not technical, but thoroughly plain and concise, and will prove a boon to invalids and a valuable addition to the substantial literature of the subject. [Lee & Shepard, Boston.]

"UNDER THE GREAT SEAL," by Joseph Hatton, is a story full of action and bright incidents. The author, familiar with the colonial history of Newfoundland, England's oldest colony in America, has chosen this quaint setting for the interesting characters of his book. The province traces its pedigree to Sir Walter Raleigh's brother, and these early days in its history are dealt with in a pleasing and instructive manner, yet with no attempt to limit the fiction by historical lines. [Cassell Publishing Co., New York.]

"THE ROAD AND THE ROADSIDE," by Burton Willis Potter, is not only a history of and treatise on public and private ways, but also voices the sentiments of the bicyclist and equestrian in the plea for good roads throughout the rural and suburban districts of the country. The book is very appropriately dedicated to Col. Albert A. Pope "as a token," writes the Author "of my appreciation of his potent influence among his countrymen in promoting the improvement of the highways; and with his permission also I have made up Chapter XXVIII. on 'The Value and Importance of Good Roads,' by extracts from his published addresses which have been delivered in different parts of the country." [Little, Brown & Co., Boston.]

"THE POET AND MAN," by Francis H. Underwood, relates in a brief compass the important incidents in the life of Lowell, gives some account of his works both in prose and poetry, and presents a picture of him as a man. His was a curiously complex character, and cannot be described by the customary phrases of biographers and critics. The only way to do this (as the author believed) was by *etching in* separate traits and particularities, by showing him in different situations and moods, and by connecting his thoughts and emotions with the men and the ideas of his time. A biographer might write a perfectly faithful account of Mr. Lowell as he appeared in public, and yet fail to give the least notion of the real man as known to intimate friends. Never was there a more complete mingling of opposites than in Lowell's opinions, tastes, and instincts. [Lee & Shepard, Boston.]

"KINDNESS TO ANIMALS," a little manual for use in families and schools, is published by the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, because experience has proven that cruelty most often arises from ignorance and thoughtlessness. In this little catechism the author's aim is to inculcate in the child care and humanity toward dumb creatures.

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"MR. JONES nearly shot himself while out hunting yesterday," said Mrs. Jones to Mrs. Brown.

"It is awful," said Mrs. Brown, "awful to think what risks men will run for so-called sport. I am determined that my husband sha'n't go out hunting again. At least not till his life-insurance policy is renewed."—*Exchange.*

MR. SUBURBS: "Confound it! I'm too late for the last train."

NEW PORTER: "Sor, thot's happened to ivery mon thot's been here to-day."—*Judge.*

MAMMA: "Who broke my nice pitcher?"

ALICE: "I did, ma. I read the directions that came with that dish-mending paste you bought, and they say that when things are mended with that they are stronger than ever. So I thought I'd break the pitcher and make it stronger."—*Philadelphia Times.*

MRS. FORD: "I'm getting to be quite a diplomat. Mrs. Haich was here this morning, and when she went away she thought I had told her everything I knew; but I only told her just what I wanted to."

MR. FORD: "Well, that came to the same thing, didn't it?"—*Cedar Rapids Saturday Chat.*

SENSIBLE GIRL.

MR. JONES: "Do you indulge in repartee, Miss Maggie?"

MAGGIE: "No, Mr. Jones. I prefer 'Ceylon.'"—*Judge.*

EQUALLY GUILTY.

MISS GASKET (with an effort at indignation): "You stole that kiss, Mr. Winebiddle."

WINEBIDDLE: "Oh, well, the receiver is as bad as the thief."—*Judge.*

SHE: "Why do you call your country place Paradise?"

HE: "Because it is so hard to get to."—*The Club.*

NOT WANTED.

CASHIER: "You will have to be identified."

DUTCHMAN: "Vat dos dot means?"

CASHIER: "Why, bring some one here who knows you."

DUTCHMAN: "All der bolice knows me. I bring sum in."

CASHIER: "No, don't! They might know me too."—*Judge.*

MINISTER: "So you go to school, do you Bobby?"

BOBBY: "Yes, sir."

MINISTER: "Let me hear you spell kitten."

BOBBY: "I'm getting to be too big a boy to spell kitten, sir. Try me on cat."—*Troy Press.*

INDIGNANT MOTHER: "And so he kissed you three times? Now what did you say to him?"

ARTLESS DAUGHTER: "Why, I said, 'Don't! Stop!'"

She did, only it sounded like "Don't stop." *Judge.*

A COMMON-SENSE PRESCRIPTION.

"THE poor man was dying. His breath was becoming weaker and weaker every minute when I saw him."

"And what did you do?"

"I gave him an onion."—*Judge.*

FIRST DUDE: "Pawst you in the avenue today, Chawles Chiccybird, and you stared wight at me and nevah spoke."

SECOND DUDE: "Beg pahdon, old chappie. Nevah saw you, 'pon honah! Had me eyeglahses on, dontcher know."—*Kate Field's Washington.*

"YOU inherited quite a nice little fortune," said the lawyer.

"Yes," replied the fortunate youth.

"I suppose you will pay a lot of your debts now?"

"I had thought of it, but I concluded to make no change in my manner of living. I don't want to be accused of vulgar display."—*Judge.*

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